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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

July 1915

Fifteen Cents



*Outdoor Girl
Number*



"The Children's Party,"

by H. Meyers

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Welch Junior

"WELCH WEEK JULY 2nd to 9th"

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII

July, 1915

NUMBER 7

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THE WOMAN MAKES THE HOME

August will be the Vanity Number

"A VANITY number of the COMPANION!" says Constant Reader, holding up her hands in horrified surprise. "Well, what in the world are we coming to?"

"We're coming, I hope," says the Editor, "to estimate vanity—the right sort—as one of the smaller virtues, and, yes,—a mark of strength of character. You don't believe it? Well, think it over."

And, in the meantime, read "Valuable Vanity," the August Tower Room Talk by Anne Bryan McCall, where she describes "the old healthy human longing to stand well in one's own eyes and in the eyes of the world." She adds something about the lighter vanities, "pretty clothes and all kinds of gentle pleasures and well-being," and tells why they are worth-while to all of us.

So, you see, there may be a good reason for a Vanity Number, after all.

There is an article on practical vanity, too, telling what a woman may do who wishes to make the most of her looks—who desires a good figure, a rosy complexion, clear eyes, and the good health that sponsors all these things.

The fashion editor would naturally have something to say on vanity, and she says it very

lar rates. None will be published without the writer's consent.

For You and Your Friends

THE present issue of the COMPANION—The Outdoor Girl Number—will be a real delight to girls who play golf or tennis, who swim or "dike," and who find special interests and diversions in outdoor life. If you know an "outdoor girl" who hasn't seen this number of the COMPANION, send us her name and address, and we will gladly mail a copy to her without charge to you or to her. These copies will be mailed immediately after the regular subscribers' service for the month is completed, and the name and address on a postal is all that is needed to obtain this special courtesy. Please send your letter or card to Mary Oliver, in care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



On sale everywhere Thursday, July 15th

For Practical Folks

A PAGE of odd and beautiful crochet by Helen Marvin will be a feature of the August COMPANION, including the method of darning in soft color on filet crochet, and also some designs in the new shadow crochet, a delicate and effective evolution of filet crochet. Evelyn Parsons will contribute a page of new house embroideries, cushions and runners in particular. For churches and clubs there is a description of a Sea Festival, an unusual summer fête, yet not difficult to get up. Mrs. Perkins has planned August menus for the busy housekeeper, and supplemented them with dependable recipes.

Jack and Betty on Vacation

ONE of Jack's and Betty's very small reader friends has sent us the cunning letter which is printed here. Maybe there are other little boys and girls who miss Jack and Betty too; in fact we have heard of several others.

Well, the truth is that Jack and Betty went through so many exciting adventures this last year, that they really needed a long vacation to

WHERE IS JACK
AND BETTY THIS
MONTH
I MISS THEM SO
FLEMING HAWKINS
SHINNSTON W.K.A

get rested. So they have gone away for the hot summer time just as many of their little COMPANION playmates do.

But they're coming back! Just the very same jolly Jack and Betty ready for good times again with you all.

And what's more, they have been planning a tremendous, delightful, wonderful surprise! You can't even dream what it is,—though you might try, but if you only could guess, you wouldn't know how to wait till the September number comes.

For that's when you'll find out!



One of the illustrations for "Tulle and Tipperary"

pleasantly in a page of "Little Vanities," the irresistible touches that help to make the smart toilette.

The August Stories

A SELECTION of lively and entertaining stories is scheduled for August, none of them very serious, but all jolly, with plenty of action—the sort of stories for hot-weather reading.

Holworthy Hall, author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio," contributes a love story with three pretty girls in it. Its title is "Little Mary Pierce."

"Extra! Extra! Photograph No. 27 Wins the \$1,000 Prize in the Beautiful Girl Contest of the Galesburg Gazette," by Frances R. Sterrett, is a story by a brand-new writer, with a brand-new situation.

"Tulle and Tipperary" is another delightful "Billy and Andy" story by Mabel Dill. "The Canterbury Candlestick" is a most appealing love story by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. "Who Nameth This Child?" by Gertrude Nafe, is a funny little account of how the new baby in a big family finally got its name after all the relatives had disagreed on the subject.

"Merlin's Necklace" will come to an end in the August number, and "The Runaway Best Cure" will continue its romantic adventures. As for Mrs. Larry, she, clever woman, has another "Adventure in Thrift" and comes a little nearer to the solution of her problem.

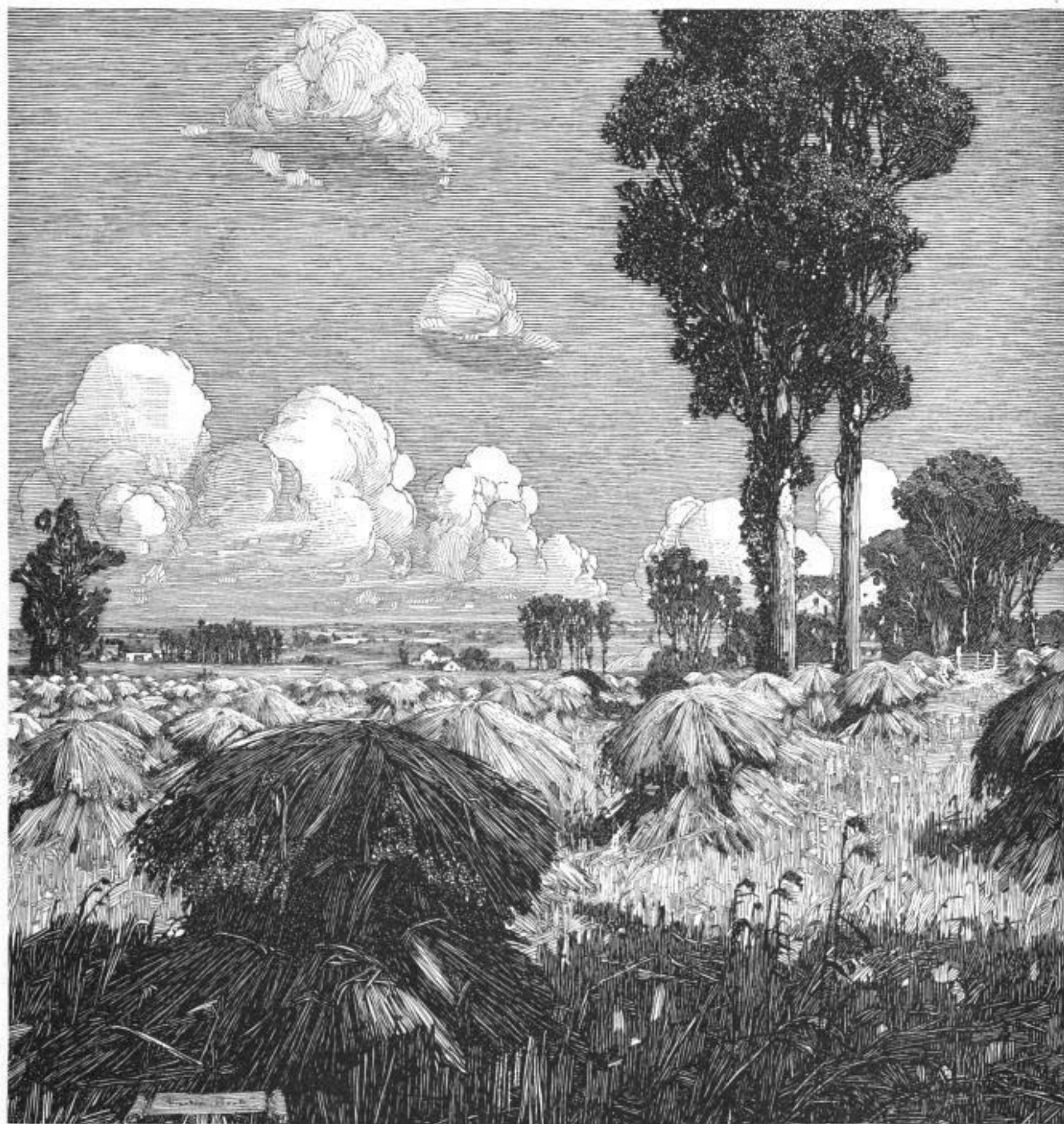
Two Letters That Need Answering

DO YOU know anyone whose problem is similar to that described in the letters on page 17 of this number? The editor is particularly anxious to hear from readers of the COMPANION on this subject, and hopes to be able to publish—anonymous, of course—a number of interesting letters. The letters accepted for publication must be genuine; they will be paid for at regu-

Older boys and girls who like fun and mystery and romance and dogs can certainly look forward to the story of "The Twins and Mr. Barker," a fresh and fascinating serial for young folks which is to begin in the September issue. And for the boy craftsman, and sport lover, there'll be a brand new invention easy to make and thrilling to use.

Contents for July

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	11
"Dear Editor," Letters from COMPANION READERS	52
FICTION	
The Runaway Best Cure, Part I, MARGARETTA TUTTLE, Illustrated by Herman Pfeiffer	3
"Any Port in a Storm," GRACE S. RICHMOND, Illustrated by T. K. Hanna	6
Before a Fall, MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY, Illustrated by George Brehm	10
The Marginal Trip to Rome, OWEN OLIVER, Illustrated by Robert McCaig	13
Merlin's Necklace, Part II, MARY BRECHT PULVER, Illustrated by George Wright	14
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Four Interesting Questions Often Asked About Better Films, Answered by HELEN DUEY	8
Ordinary in the Home, MARY HEATON VOISE, Illustrated by Frederic Duff Steele	12
Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift, ANNA STEENE RICHARDSON, Illustrated by Charles S. Conroy	16
The Country Woman's Opportunities, FRANK A. WAUGH	18
The Camping Caravan, WILLIAM J. ALBIN	19
"Made in America" Vacations, IV, An All-Water Trip from Buffalo to Boston, ALBERT LEE	22
A Seashore Bungalow, Described by CHARLES YANNIN	23
Half a Dozen Good Ideas	28
"A Little Bird Told Me," EMILY ROSE BURT	41
Filet Crochet Trimmings, Designed by HELEN MARVIN	50
FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL	
The Girl Who Swims, C. H. CLAUDY	5
A Honey-moon Trip, MRS. E. H.	5
A Down-East Clambake, ALICE BRADLEY	5
The Girl and the Garden, M. L. HANDEL	5
The Girl Who Goes Camping, A. E. SWOVER	5
VERANDA HANDICRAFT	
New Trimming Stitches	23
Centerpiece in Real Filet	23
A Bungalow Lamp of Wicker	23
"Safe and Sound" Mats	27
FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Two Easy-to-Make Gifts, Designed by HELEN MARVIN	24
A Vacation Chance	24
Frank Goes Fishing, C. H. CLAUDY	25
The Knack of Sharpening Your Knife, FREDERICK M. HOLMES	25
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
About People, Conducted by ARTHUR GUTTERMAN	9
MAN	
The Tower Room, ANNE BRYAN MCCALL	20
Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	21
The Better Habits Bureau	26
The Exchange	31
July Entertainments	36
The Puzzle Page, By SAM LOYD, JR.	37
The Pin Money Club	42
Cross-Stitch for the Man's Room, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	48
Two Embroidered Cretonne Sets, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	49
The Postscript	54
COOKING	
Tempting Cookery for the Invalid, FANNIE MERRITT FARMER	28
Hot Weather Menus, CORA FARMER PERKINS	30
FASHIONS	
The Fashion Department, Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	43-47
A Sport Costume with Novel Features	43
Clothes for Maternity Wear	44
Underwear for the Little Girl	45
Clothes for Garden Work	46
Designs for Tub Dresses	47



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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII

July, 1915

NUMBER 7

Beginning a Serial of Romantic Adventure



"At the next station a tall man with a black beard will get on the train looking for me. He will want to take me off with him"

The Runaway Rest Cure

PART ONE, introducing:

NANCY HAMELTON, a tired-out artist

BRIAN GARDNER, her physician, who prescribes a new kind of tonic

DOCTOR HASWELL, a friend in need

And the mysterious, unexpected, suspicious
MAN WITH THE BLACK BEARD!

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

AUTHOR OF "HIS WORLDLY GOODS"

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

BRIAN has known me a long time. When I was a child of nine he used to dress up in the model's clothes and go swashbuckling about in my father's studio. When I was nineteen, he used to ask me to his college affairs and hunt me up a chaperon, because I hadn't any natural ones of my own. And now, at twenty-nine, when I see him coming I try to recollect what I ate for breakfast, because he is sure to ask me. As it is usually three cups of coffee and nothing else, and as this invariably irritates him, we begin most of our encounters as this one began.

"Brian," I said, after the waiter had picked up my napkin the second time, "I don't mind eating this rare beef as a prescription; but if you tell me again that there are two grains of caffeine in every cup of coffee, I shall order four cups and drink them all in your presence, or throw them at your head, I don't know which. Perhaps it's caffeine I need."

"You can't rest your nerves by stimulating them, Nancy Hamelton." Men always use your full name when they want to be severe. "The moderate drinkers found that out ten years ago. That's what ails you now. That's why the gray veils you complain of un-

fold themselves between your eyes and your canvas. There's nothing the matter with your eyes. It's the crazy way you live—constant overwork and habitual underfeeding."

"Oh, I eat enough!" I protested, though I knew it wasn't true.

"Yes, you do! I wonder what silly things you think are food. If you only had some kind of a family, or if you lived with another woman, or any old way so you'd be interrupted now and then. But there isn't a soul to stop you, unless I do it, if you shut yourself up in your studio for days with your paint box and no food but birdseed and a cuttlebone."

"That's the reason I have a little reputation and a bank account before I'm thirty. This work has to be taken as it comes and finished when ordered. But that isn't all of it. It's the stupid way women are made. There's never one of us that does anything, except sit on a pillow and sew a fine seam, who doesn't have to pay for it in health and strength."

"Stuff and nonsense! Men have exactly the same trouble. The great problem of all workers is to find strength. And how do they do it? By resting as systematically as they work."

"Do you mean by idling?" I knew he never idled, and I thought I had him.

"No, not if you are executive or constructive. We no longer send your kind—men or women—to bed to rest. We send them to new places, so they'll use new faculties and rest the old ones. Any new place: another town, a boarding house with foreigners in it—I

sent a woman worn out with nursing on a shopping trip yesterday." Brian isn't easily cornered.

"No woman ever committed suicide on the way to buy a new hat," I admitted.

"Exactly. Will you go to Martin Springs to-morrow, Nancy? It's less than a half day's journey. There are good horses there, and you like to ride. Between times you can drink the water and, and—watch the other people."

"You can't imagine me doing it long, now can you, Brian? After one hour on a hotel veranda with nothing to do but watch the rocking-chair brigade, I'd fly to pieces; and the next day, if I could put myself together again, I'd be back in the studio."

Brian considered this a moment while the waiter put the salad before us and I mixed the dressing, brazenly putting in a pinch of sugar. Brian has told me a hundred times that sugar positively should not be combined with oil. He frowned at me now, then he demanded:

"Nancy, are you never going to fall in love?"

"I have to illustrate too many love-stories. All the situations are old before they get to me. No man has ever offered me anything new; I seem always to have drawn it the day before." This struck me as rather clever, but Brian only ate his salad and pondered. My head continued to ache, but not as badly as it had earlier in the morning when I had telephoned Brian that he must do something for it, and he had made me stop my work and lunch with him.

"Haswell would say," Brian finally evolved, "to consider the temperamental difficulties with as much care as the physical ones, and where prescriptions fail to use psychology."

"I don't want psychology, I want a prescription. I am doing the most important order I've had this year. I wouldn't fall down on it if I had to finish it with raw nerves for brushes. Who is Haswell?"

"Haswell's as good an example of the thing I am advising you to do as I know of. He's under forty



He frowned and demanded, "Nancy, are you never going to fall in love?"

and doing some of the finest work in this country. In addition to his practice and his experimentation he has a sanitarium where he does things with nervous patients the rest of us despair of. And he keeps perfectly normal himself because he has a silly little motor boat that he scoots all over the river in, and a couple of high-power automobiles that he takes apart and puts together whenever he's tired of driving them."

"Well, I can't do that. I can't unscrew the tops of the medicine bottles you give me, let alone take an automobile apart."

Brian looked disgusted. "You could try to get some new experiences. You could do something else than paint. You'll have to pretty soon. You need to now. You need new heaven; you need—a rattling good adventure, a dozen adventures, to fill your days so that you wouldn't have a minute to take up a pencil, something that would keep you moving. You need it for your circulation and your appetite."

"Adventure!" I scoffed. "Is that a nerve specialist's idea of psychology? The Spirit of Adventure is as dead as Daniel Webster. It died some time ago—about the time the tired business man—"

"Oh, bother! The Spirit of Adventure is immortal. Though I begin to believe the great Adventurer was right when he said there were no lady callips."

"O. Henry was a man. And Haroun-al-Raschid lived in Bagdad. But I am a woman and this is New York."

"Well, if ever there was a place where adventure lurked around every corner it is here in New York. As for you, you are not a schoolgirl. You are that new thing, a woman able to lead a man's life and work at a man's job."

"Right, Brian Gardner. But suppose, on the advice of my physician, I got up from this table to search for an adventure, how would I go about it, how could I come on one? I might speak to a man I do not know. But that simply 'isn't done,' and, besides, there'd be no adventure. Suppose I should pick out some personage of importance and pretend to faint in his presence. Nothing worse, or better, would happen than an ambulance call."

"Oh, you are proposing to do ordinary things in an ordinary way!" Brian exclaimed. "Of course you would get ordinary results. That's why there are no lady callips. Venturing implies some risk. You may do any ordinary thing, but you must do it in a venturesome way. If it is speaking to someone you do not know, it must be done at least picturesquely. Now if I go to the corner where the officer interrupts the traffic and get into the first victoria that holds a lone woman, and say to her: 'For the love of heaven, madam, look as if you expected me and drive on for three squares,' I'll bet you a prescription against one of your drawings I would start an adventure. Or, if you decide on the fainting method, get into the first automobile in which there is a single man—I mean a man alone—and ask him to drive on that you may escape pursuit and then faint. You'll start an adventure all right."

"Father of Good Acting! I'll never speak to a strange man any place where I can't run. The least that could happen to me . . ."

"Oh, bless you, I'm not literal,"—and it's true, Brian isn't often literal, though he has built up a large practice for a young man—"I'm merely making my point. You're venturesome enough," he went on. "You wouldn't have crossed the first office threshold, where you certainly had to speak to strange men, if you were not. I'm attacking your lack of originality. You say no adventure, that would be possible to a woman in your class, would result from your speaking to a strange man, and I answer that if you speak to him with some originality, some degree of invention, and if you pick your man, which you are experienced enough to do, adventure would follow as certainly as a blaze follows a well-struck match."

"Yes, but the match often breaks."

"Quite so, but yours will not. Suppose to-morrow, on the way to Martin Springs, you pick out a man on the train who looks, say, responsive; it doesn't matter how conventional he seems to be. Make a careful selection, then tell him—well—let me see—tell him that at the next station a man with glasses and a small mustache will board the train to take you off. Tell him you don't want to get off; that there are reasons why you shouldn't. Give him the reasons if he wants them. Then ask him if he will be on the lookout for such a man while you hide."

"While I hide! Brian, are you serious or just silly?"

"You don't really have to hide,"—he ignored my kindly inquiry,——"but such a man, with glasses and a

small mustache will either get on at the next station or he will not. In either case you will probably prove that the Spirit of Adventure is still on the job."

This was too much for me, and as we rose from the luncheon table I almost sneered, "A fine prescription for a head-achy illustrator!"

"Who has used her very good-looking eyes so steadily that gray veils appear between them and her canvas whenever she

works longer than an hour. Listen, stubborn one—I agree that girls ought to be hedged in by convention until they are old enough to realize the value of customs for women. Is that what troubles you? But you are skilled in reading faces. They are your working material. I do not say to you, Go about doing strange things. But I do say, Get outside your own life and into the lives of others. Find out what difficulties other women are meeting, find another woman who needs to learn what you already know, find one to live with you, take any chance that comes your way and meet it with originality, not with the everlasting old words and worn-out customs. One new handling of even an old situation will refresh you."

"A long speech, Brian, even for an Irishman." Brian is Irish only on his mother's side. "Suppose I take you at your word and get into some desperate situation, in two reels and six scenes?"

"Not you! Your wits move too swiftly and you are an artist, a born artist, which means that you use situations and are not used by them. But I don't mind what kind of a situation you get into if it only takes you away from your work for a fortnight."

He left me at my studio door, and whether it was the hour's rest or the rare beef, or the new train of thought, I don't know, but the afternoon went a hundred times better than the morning. I finished my work at five and sent it to the editor. Then I rode alone in the park, with a coachman not perfectly sober, who, when I insisted on his driving to my own doorstep, drove right up on the pavement.

I found myself laughing as I reentered the studio and picked up my sketch book to draw the drunken driver. But as I did so another of those gray veils began to unroll itself before my eyes and a new and disconcerting kind of lightness seemed to get into my head.

I put down my pencil and deliberately locked the studio door. Then I put the key into an envelope and wrote Brian this note:

DEAR GUIDE, PSYCHOLOGIST AND FRIEND:

To-morrow I leave for your ridiculous Springs, in search of those corners around which Adventure is supposed to lurk. I shall demand of you every wasted hour. Meantime here is the key of my studio—my sketchbook is inside.

NANCY HAMILTON.

THE chair-car porter carried my bag to my seat as if it were a feather. As it was the bag I had taken all over Italy and France, and as it held enough clothes for two weeks, including shoes and an evening gown, it was easier to carry it than to find a place for it.

"They nevah is nobody on this heah eight-ten chair car," said the porter. "I'll jest put yo' bag on this other side. Yo' bettah sit ovah heah, too. Yo' on the sunny side."

He reseated me and put the bag at my feet, where from a crazy-quilt of labels the initial H stood out boldly.

I was early, so I looked out the window at the hurrying travelers, trying to guess which one would enter my car, but the porter was right, most of them passed on. Finally an elderly woman with a double chin and a determination-to-vote look in her eyes entered and took a chair at the far end. I smiled as I recalled Brian's telling me to pick out the most personable man in the car. Then, as the train started, two men entered with the porter, and because of that new lightness—I know no other way to describe it—that had taken possession of my brain I had trouble in repressing a chuckle.

"There!" exclaimed this new thing. "they are your kind of men, both of them."

One of them was just middle age, with a heavy jaw and prominent forehead. The other man made my fingers curve for a pencil. He had one of those rare faces whose promise catches the eye instantly. Not handsome, the face was too thin for that, but fine. The eyes had a generous width between them and a clear grayness of glance, the nose a straight slant to a short upper lip, the chin also straight, but

with that lift all artists like to get because it gives poise to the whole figure. There was an outdoor glow to the face and the suggestion of close and hard study in every line, yet the eyes were too observant to be those of a scholar. He had, for instance, appraised me the instant he entered the car. We women pretend we do not see such things, but we always do. As he stopped in front of my chair I gathered out of the tail of my eye that he was tall and slim and straight, with no superfluous flesh, the figure of the trained runner, lightly poised, and built for endurance.

He looked at his ticket; then he looked at me with a puzzled frown that brought a very straight pair of eyebrows together in a way that almost made me ask him to hold the expression until I could get it on paper. I have no doubt he wondered at my interested stare, but I could not very well explain that it was what this frown did to his face that held me and not the man himself. Suddenly I realized that I hadn't any business to be looking at him in that way, but that I probably *did* have a seat to which I was not entitled. I rose hastily and felt myself blushing from ear to ear.

"Is this your chair?" I stammered. "The porter put me on this side because of the sun."

He gave a swift glance at my be-labeled bag, so swift that were I not trained to follow changes of expression, I would scarcely have detected it. Then his extraordinarily clear eyes came back to me and seemed to involve me as thoroughly as I had him.

"Please do not disturb yourself. These chairs next to yours are empty. My friend and I will take them."

"It does not inconvenience you?" I hesitated.

"Not at all. Not at all!" He made a pleasant inclination of a head whose abundant hair had a few threads of gray, and took the chair in front of mine. But for a little thing I think I should have thought it merely amiable of him. The little thing was that as he sat down he turned the chair so that he was not in front of me but at my side.

As for me, I sat still, considering with guarded glance the thin, charming profile next to me while some of Brian's foolish words of the day before raced through my brain. Presently the two men began a low-toned conversation; but as I have the ears of a wild animal and the man with the prominent forehead spoke with the precision of a foreigner who had learned English in order to lecture in it, I listened shamelessly and heard much.

"Yes," he said, "I admit she had many reasons for leaving him, but she should have waited. She should not have left him at such a time. He is a public figure, an . . ." Here we passed a freight train and I lost the rest of the sentence. With the caboose, however, I caught it up again. "And he is—what you call it?—up for reflection in five days. It will, if it gets out, . . ." Again the end of his sentence was smothered in the noise of the train.

The other man laughed softly. "Clever woman to have selected this very time. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 42]



Another of those gray veils began to unroll itself before my eyes and a new and disconcerting kind of lightness seemed to get into my head

The Girl Who Swims

By C. H. CLAUDY

MOST of the accidents, and all of the ill effects which sometimes follow a season of bathing or swimming, result from a failure to apply common sense to the sport. Here are some guiding cautions:

Don't use a bathing suit which is more stylish than comfortable. Bathing suits should be loose, especially about the waist and legs. Bathing corsets, if worn, should be supple and not tight. Tights or woollen knee trousers are better than baggy bloomers, because holding less water and leaving the legs freer. Don't wear a round garter. It may lead to cramp. If a shoe must be worn, let it be a simple loose canvas slipper.

Don't enter the water an inch at a time, if it is cool. Run into surf and plunge under, quickly. If a pool or river, jump or dive in so as to get wet all over at once. But don't jump or dive into deep water unless you know its temperature. Unexpected cold sometimes paralyzes.

Don't swim or bathe when tired or for a longer time than the body is comfortably warm. It lowers the vitality.

Don't let anyone entice you to do what you are afraid to do, whether it be a dive, a long swim, or a contest with heavy surf. Fear of the water is natural; conquer it by degrees and quietly, never by the "sink or swim" method.

Don't fight the undertow. If it catches you and sweeps you off your feet, let it have its will with you. The next roller will stop that undertow, and you can regain your feet. A heavy undertow is dangerous only when you lose your head.

Don't try to swim out beyond your safety line, because some other girl does. Your safety line is half the distance you can swim easily, from shore.

Don't swim in a heavy surf with the tide going out.

Don't dive into any water you do not personally know is deep enough. Try it by "letting down" in the water to see where the bottom is. A dive into shallow water which is supposed to be deep may easily break your neck, and you have only one.

Don't get panic-stricken and think, if you have a cramp, that you are as good as drowned. Cramp is a painful muscular contraction. It may disable a leg or arm, but it is not dangerous. Swim with the legs and arms you have left, call for help, and keep your head.

Don't fight the person who comes to your rescue. Relax. Keep your head down. You don't breathe with your chin nor the back of your neck. Keep your nose out, do as you are told, and never, never, never seize the rescuer about head or shoulders.

Don't fail to rub down briskly with a rough towel when through. Don't lie wet on the sand on a cool day. Don't fail to run briskly up and down the beach both before and after a dip, if the water or air is cold.

A Honeymoon Tramp

By MRS. E. H.

OUR friends all said we were crazy when I told them how John and I proposed to spend our postponed honeymoon. That two people would deliberately set out on a tramping tour of two hundred miles through a dull, uninteresting farming country in Ohio, and in August, too! Well, "crazy" was the right word, they told us again and again. We heeded them not, but went ahead with our preparations.

And what simple preparations! Merely the "breaking-in" of two stout pairs of walking shoes—nothing more. This we accomplished by taking daily walks about the streets and parks of the city. We were quite ready to start when the day we had set for our departure arrived.

One morning before sunrise we rode to the end of the city street-car line, and there stepped off into the dusty road that lay before us. Away and away into the south it stretched until it disappeared, a thin yellow line, in a low-lying range of blue hills. We felt that we were entering upon a great adventure, a series of adventures. What strange people might we not meet out yonder? What new friendships might we not form? What experiences might we not pass through down there among those blue hills?

Our marching equipment was very light. Each of us carried an umbrella, fit both for sun and rain. A small rubber-covered pack containing a few pieces of clothing and some toilet ar-



The Outdoor Girl

The girl who swims

The girl who goes camping

A Down-East clambake

A honeymoon tramp

The girl and the garden



ties, swung over the shoulder of each of us. Our other baggage had been sent on by express to a town which we would reach the third day out.

We walked fifteen miles that first day. This mileage we had decided on as our daily stint. We never fell below it; some days we increased it. It was a perfect summer's day. The sun was not too hot, the road was not too dusty. Several times farmers in wagons offered to give us a "lift," but we thanked them and plodded on. We had brought our first day's lunch with us, and we ate it by the roadside.

We slept at farmhouses along the way, and bought meals and lunches from the friendly farm housewives.

The weather continued beautiful the whole two weeks. Every phase of our tour was charming—the daily, yes, the hourly, change of scene, the delightful country-folk we met, the beauty and the freshness of everything, the mystery of the road ahead of us. It was, as we had anticipated, a series of wonderful adventures.

A Down-East Clambake

By ALICE BRADLEY

IT WAS a real "Down-East" clambake. I prepared for two hundred members of the Commonwealth Art Colony, on the coast of Maine. A particular cove on the beautiful front of land that separates Boothbay Harbor from Lunniken Bay, having proved itself to be ideal for big parties, a man was sent there in the morning to lay the foundation for the bake. A floor of flat stones, about twelve feet in diameter, was surrounded by a single row of larger stones that made the sides of a huge baking dish.

Early in the afternoon, two or three boys from the colony rowed over, and cut and hauled dead wood sufficient to fill the enclosed space. This was lighted at two-thirty, and a hot fire kept burning for two hours.

Meanwhile several girls had been busy. Ten loaves of whole-wheat bread were cut in thin slices, and these were spread with two pounds of creamed butter. Ten loaves of white bread were cut in the same way, but the filling consisted of three pints of mayonnaise dressing, and the leaves of six heads of lettuce, or slices of cucumbers. These four hundred sandwiches were packed in a covered berry crate, lined with paraffin paper. Three hundred doughnuts were packed in another crate.

Five pounds of coffee were placed in two cotton bags and tied securely, leaving plenty of room for expansion. These were put into a copper boiler, with boxes containing five pounds of sugar, two ten-quart cans of milk, and three cans of water, with an extra can of water to drink, and two crates full of tin cups. Three pounds of butter were carried in an old saucepan, and a couple of long-handled spoons were taken for dipping this, when melted, into clean clam shells.



A bushel of small sweet potatoes, a few bunches of large raw onions, cut lengthwise into four pieces each, eighteen dozen ears of sweet corn, partially husked, forty pounds of frankfurters, six large watermelons, a box of salt, a few packages of biscuits, and a box containing cubes of cheese were also packed up, together with two hundred paper plates and napkins, twenty tin pie plates for taking the clams off the stones, serving trays, large and small, a clean pail, two dishpans, two large knives for cutting the watermelons, a rake, pitchfork, old broom, two hatchets, a large piece of sailcloth, a couple of hand towels, and a box of matches.

Four bushels of soft-shelled clams and one hundred live lobsters were brought by another boat. Promptly at four-thirty the clambake man put on a homemade mask and began to rake off toward the water the burning embers of the fire. The red-hot stones were swept as clean as possible, then huge forkfuls of wet seaweed were pitched onto the stones. Quickly the clams, lobsters, corn, frankfurters, and sweet potatoes were put on in separate sections. These were covered with seaweed, then with canvas, and finally with more seaweed, to generate and keep in the steam.

Presently another fire was started between two rocks well adapted by their position to hold the coffee boiler. When the water was boiling the coffee bags were put in for ten minutes, then they were removed, the milk added and the coffee was ready.

It was an ideal evening and an ideal spot. The air was soft and warm. There was a lovely view of the little nearby islands, and the far off shore was dotted with trees and cottages. At five forty-five the bugle blew and the bake was opened; and an attractive picture it was to the hungry watchers.

Then, after we had eaten till there was hardly a goody left, the real camp fire was lighted, and all settled around it to sing as the moon rose across the bay, lighting up the boats and canoes that floated near.

At last, one by one, lanterns were lighted and pocket flashlights produced; by twos and threes we climbed to the path and wound our way home over the trail.

The Girl and the Garden

By M. L. HANSEL

MY MOST interesting vacation was spent at home laying the foundation for a Hardy Garden. In April I established a nursery bed where I sowed the seeds of perennials.

Desiring to build along natural lines, I selected rough cedar posts and poles for my fence. With posts eight feet apart, we made the height seven feet, running a pole along the top, then a second one a foot lower. The remaining space was filled in with heavy galvanized chicken wire. In the spaces between the posts I planted pink rambler roses, honeysuckle and clematis.

Next, I drew a plan on paper of my mental picture of the finished product, preparing only as many beds as I could handle myself.

It takes one with the true Garden-Soul to extract Joy from the garden in embryo; but once you have the vision, you ever see the garden of your dreams, and for that you strive.

The beds were dug deep, the earth well pulverized and fertilized, so that my flower family then getting a start in the nursery might continue strong when transplanted to their permanent home in September.

To these self-raised plants I added a few clumps of iris, peonies, phloxes, and fall chrysanthemums; also I started a rose bed with half a dozen old reliable varieties.

The vacation when my garden was born now dates several years in retrospect, but among the years it is marked by a milestone. Each August, when the clematis casts her white ruffle of bloom along the brown length of the fence where the honeysuckle and roses spent their riot of color and perfume in June, I am content.

The Girl Who Goes Camping

By A. E. SWOYER

AGIRL may go upon an extended canoe trip, or live in a tent miles from civilization in perfect comfort and safety without looking a fright—nor need she burden the party with a vast collection of apparel. Waist and short skirt, a sweater, hat, two sets of underclothing and two pairs of stockings, a pair of high shoes, and one of moccasins, these are sufficient, if properly selected, to meet the clothing needs of a month's camping.

The preferred material for the outside suit is closely-woven wool, or else khaki. A good combination is a flannel waist and khaki skirt. Wool is warmer than khaki and a better protection against chill, but is more apt to be "stuffed out" by briars.

The sweater should be of heavy wool and cut in the coat style. Underwear should be of wool in the lightest obtainable weight, for use in even the heat of August. If a cold spell is encountered, both suits may be worn and will prove much warmer than a single suit of double thickness. Stockings should be of wool, one pair light and one pair heavy; the thicker pair are to be worn with moccasins about camp.

For your hat, wear a wide-brimmed felt; it will protect your face from the sun and, if of good quality, will shed rain instead of dripping it down your neck. It is a good plan to fit it with an elastic, to go under the chin.

Be sure that your shoes fit. They should be ten inches or twelve inches high, of the best quality, and water-proofed. If you object to high shoes, buy those of regulation height and wear leg-gins with them.

In addition to the outfit already mentioned, which is the minimum for comfort, a few other items will pay well for the trouble of their transportation. Among these is the poncho, which takes the place of extra outside clothing of any sort—simply a large rubber blanket with a slit, closed by a buttoned flap, in the center.

Another general-purpose article is a large silk handkerchief. Also, ten or twelve yards of mosquito netting is worth the space taken; draped on a framework of sticks over your couch it will keep off insects, or it may be pinned over the tent entrance and thus provide ventilation while keeping out mosquitoes—a square of it hung over your hat and pinned to your waist will prevent annoyance from small black flies while on the stream.

Among other little conveniences may be mentioned a little packet of oiled silk or of rubber, containing your tooth brush, brush and comb, and soap in separate compartments. A bag of brown denim about one foot square will hold this packet, together with your towel,—and when at night you want a pillow, simply fill the bag with leaves, moss or the sweet-smelling needles of the balsam pine. Then, too, you will have a paper or so of large safety pins, for temporary repair work and for doing "stunts" with the mosquito netting, a small sewing outfit, and a pocket medicine kit.

Granted that you have the items enumerated, common sense, some ingenuity, and good humor, you are prepared to meet almost any condition of camp life. You can be a companion and a good "pal," instead of a nuisance and a kill-joy. Better than all, you can enjoy every minute of your stay, and return to your home the gainer in health, appearance and experience.

A Love Story on Four Wheels



"Isn't this a queer combination? Three of us in a row: the little cheap car; ours, neither cheap nor costly; the great gray limousine behind."

"Any Port in a Storm"

By

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "THE BROWN STUDY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

SHADES of Tartarus,—what a jam!" Alf exploded. He brought our car to a full stop for the twentieth time within the short, downtown block, her nose all but crushed against the dusty luggage tightly packed upon the rear of the little runabout ahead. I glanced back to find, as before, the long dark gray hood of the magnificent French limousine behind us pressing hard upon our small motor trunk. So it had been for the past ten minutes, while ahead autocratic traffic policemen held the press away from the tangle of distress caused by the interlocking of two huge trucks, and the waiting populace stifled in the July heat.

We resigned ourselves. Alf is much of a philosopher, and after ten years of married life I have learned of him that his way of enduring necessary evils is better than mine. Settling back into my comfortable seat beside him, I fell to observing the little traveler immediately ahead, which bore unmistakable signs of having taken many previous journeys.

From the car itself—small, cheap of construction but sturdy of line, and bearing besides its two passengers so many neatly-bound-on packages that it suggested nightly camps by the wayside—I passed to the interested study of its occupants. Its top was down and the young man and the girl beside him were unshielded from our gaze.

Their garb was travel-worn, like their car, but their faces were young and ardent. Both were warmly tanned, but while the man's coloring had deepened to the hues of an Indian the girl's had but taken on a dusky tint, with a touch of peach-red in the cheeks. Her little close-fitting hat kept all of her dark hair in order except an escaping curly strand or two about her ears, and she wore, like the man, an enveloping coat of dust-proof material. That the two were the best of comrades was suggested by the exchange of those signs of interested comment with which good travelers beguile such tedious waits as this of ours.

I found that Alf was observing them, too, for suddenly he said:

"Married? Honeymoon trip?"

"I don't think so," I murmured. "They're so much alike. When they turn you can see they have almost the same profile, and their eyes—notice, now—they're looking back" (there were sudden shouts behind us)—"their eyes are the same, splendid eyes! I think they're brother and sister."

"Brothers and sisters don't start off on long tours together. Look at their state, two thousand miles away!"

So it was, "Colorado." Our tag was old "New York." That of the great gray car behind—I glanced around at it, almost at my shoulder—was "Kentucky."

"Isn't this a queer combination?" I called Alf's attention. "Three of us in a row: the little cheap car, banged about with travel; ours, of the comfortable middle class, neither cheap nor costly; the great gray limousine behind. I wish I could see what the people in it are like."

"I'll find out," Alf got out of his seat and fell to tightening a loosened strap or two about the little motor trunk. I knew how much he could see without seeming rudely to intrude, I knew I should presently have a succinct description. So, when he had climbed back into his place, it came:

"Middle-aged couple, rather imposing. Man looks at least a major general in the Spanish War, wife fadedly handsome and languidly autocratic. Son along, young Adonis for looks, but bored to death by the trip. Chauffeur bored, too—everybody bored. Taking the journey for somebody's health, the mother's, I think, she seems a bit frail. Son obliged to accompany, though crazy to be anywhere else. This pair ahead could give 'em all a line on how to take a vacation, eh?"

"Alf, how could you see all that? I was watching you, and you didn't look up but once."

"Once is enough for a snapshot. . . . Hullo! Are we off?"

The little car ahead moved, fifteen feet. We moved, fifteen feet. The gray wonder behind followed us, lock-step, and halted.

The girl in front looked around and, her eyes meeting mine, smiled suddenly and brilliantly. Irresistibly I smiled back, and glancing at Alf I saw that his lips had relaxed, too. Nobody could blame him. Such

radiant good humor under trying conditions invites response. The girl said something to her brother,—I was sure he was her brother,—and the tanned young man looked back at us and smiled in his turn.

But this latest move had been the forerunner of one of those sudden clearances of metropolitan congestion which resolve all delays into swift activity. The little car moved on, we followed, the great gray car brought up the rear. Up the block we drove, our chance for speed gradually increasing, till presently we were proceeding at our usual rate through the downtown business district where we had been halted, upward to more open streets, and thence to a broad road which led out of the big town to a main highway of travel.

Still the little car led the way. When we struck the broad, smooth-surfaced road, the little car was moving at a pace so swift we had no need to pass it, and no wish. There had been a heavy rain the night before and there was no hint of dust in our faces from the small wheels. And presently, glancing back, I discovered to my surprise that at a reasonable distance the gray limousine was still behind us.

"Now that they can, I don't see why that great car doesn't sweep by us all at a pace which will put us in our places," I suggested.

"The lady is a semi-invalid, as I told you—or thinks she is. It must be a bit hard on the son, though, to stay behind the ordinary tourists. They'll go by us soon; he'll insist on it," was Alf's prediction.

But the gray car did not go by, nor, oddly enough, did we pass the little runabout. Sturdily she bore ahead, and we should have had to put on a tremendous spurt to distance her and maintain our ground thereafter. Mile after mile this order of precedence remained unaltered.

"Now we'll leave them all at this fork," predicted Alf, indicating a point ahead. "They'll stick to the main highway, we'll take the other trail. I'll wager neither of the other parties knows how much finer the upper road is, nor ever heard of that little inn, just at the top of everything, where we'll stop to-night."

But lo! at the fork the little car struck decisively into the upper road, bearing away up the first steep hill with a great thrashing of machinery. With a chuckling "Well, well, what do you think of that?" Alf sent our good and satisfyingly powerful motor roaring up behind. I looked back, to wave farewell, metaphorically speaking, to the aristocrat in the rear. And of course you know, without my telling you—else why this story?—that the aristocrat was coming, too!

WE REACHED the delightful, remotely placed Inn just at seven o'clock, and there, indeed, we parted company with the little travel-worn car from Colorado, for it drove straight on by. Its occupants turned in time to see us driving in, and the girl waved a friendly arm, while her companion pulled off his cap. Alf and I both returned the salute, and I felt a touch of real regret at seeing the last of people who looked to be so well worth knowing.

That night we dined and slept in the Inn, and the Ladbroke of Kentucky dined and slept there as well. We held brief and formal converse with them—and wished for the presence of our young friends of the little car. When we looked out of our windows, just before retiring, we spied what we were sure was their camp fire in a great field below us.

"I wish they could have afforded to stay here with us," I said. "They would have been great fun to know."

"Young Fairfax Ladbroke would keep you company in that wish," Alf declared. "He seems forlorn in this quiet spot, with not a pretty girl to look at."

"If something would only happen to bring them together! Miss Colorado certainly would be a new experience for Mr. Kentucky."

There was clearly nothing we could do; but nature

took a hand in the game, beginning before my wish was an hour old. I went to sleep in the quiet peace of a summer night. I woke suddenly in the dense blackness of a terrific summer storm, with the noise of a hurricane in my ears, of furious winds and torrential rain, the flash of lightning, and the blare and boom of thunder. The old house which had been transformed into the Inn was shuddering from cellar to rooftop in the blasts which shook it.

I clutched at Alf, my first thought, naturally, of the campers in the field below. It was his first thought, too, I found at once. Together we groped our way to the window and peered down into the great gloom without, lit as it was every few seconds by jagged, intolerable glares and scintillations of light. When all was black we could see no light of camp fire or of lantern; when all the landscape was brilliant with the storm-god's incandescence we could discover no hint of any presence at all, not even of that of the little car. Yet we knew they must be there.

We dressed at top speed.

"I'm going down with a lantern. If I can get one," cried Alf, as one of our windows shattered under the blow from a great bough flung against it.

"When the storm lets up a bit—"

"I'm going now. It's an adventure—I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Don't worry; I think the worst is over already. Such terrific outbursts don't last long."

He was right. By the time I had held conference with the landlady concerning measures of relief for the campers the rescue party was heard returning, and we ran to look down into the hall below.

It was a picture for an impressionist. The flaring hall lights lit ruddily the group of figures, of which that of the girl was fitly the center. Drenched indeed she was, yet she had emerged from the conflict of wet and wind looking like the union of maid and gypsy which might have been expected. Her brilliant eyes laughed out of a tangle of moist, dark, curly hair, escaped from all confinement. A man's raincoat enveloped her slender young body. Close beside her, with hand but just releasing her arm, stood young Fairfax Ladbroke of Kentucky, also rain-drenched, sketchily clad in trousers pulled on over his pajamas, his handsome face fired into an expression of joyous appreciation of the unexpected situation.

Upon her other side was the girl's companion camper—her brother, as Alf had already learned—his clothing in a state of complete devastation, but his gay and vigorous spirit unquenched. And behind them came Alf himself and the English innkeeper, who had met the party just outside the gate.

I ran down and took the girl in charge, rejoicing, as I led her up-stairs, that in my small motor trunk were sufficient extra garments to clothe her properly and not unsuitably. As I helped her dry her dripping locks she told me, in vivid phrases, just how it happened.

"I was dreaming away," she said,—"at least I presume I was dreaming; that makes a good beginning, don't you think?—when just all at once I felt myself in the midst of the wildest uproar I ever knew. With one roaring, ripping explosion my little tent was gone, and I was being flung after it. Gordon, my brother, was shouting at me, but I couldn't hear what he said, and I shrieked back that I was fast by a big tree. He got to me somehow, and then we just stood there clinging to each other and to the tree, and laughing—how we laughed! It was the greatest fun you could imagine. Every time the lightning flashed and showed us to each other we burst out afresh."

"And you really thought it was fun?"

"Why, of course! You see, we were out for adventure, and we had had all too little of it. We were delighted to have a touch of real stage melodrama."

"I should think that in coming from Colorado to New York you might have had more than one adventure," I observed.

"From Colorado? What made you— Oh, yes, the tag on our car. You noticed it in the traffic jam yesterday afternoon. And we looked round at you, and at the big gray car behind you, and thought how absurd it was that little Jack-rabbit should be leading the three. We called you, if you don't mind, the Kangaroo, and the gray car the Elephant."

We laughed together over these obviously appropriate christenings. Then Miss Kathleen Chester mentioned Fairfax Ladbroke.

"He came dashing down that stubby field with his lantern," she told me, evidently with immense relish, "shouting desperately at us, clearly convinced that we were buried beneath the ruins of our car. Talk of melodrama! He was the most heroic figure you can conceive. We were delighted to let him rescue us, he was so intent on the task. I believe he thought I couldn't get up the hill without his help, even though the storm had half gone over. Poor boy! It must have been a relief to him to have something happen, after traveling many hundred miles with the Elephant. Can you imagine making a journey like that in a limousine?"

She spoke the word with an amusing intensity of scorn, quite in keeping, I thought, with the sentiments of one who probably had never journeyed in any conveyance more luxurious than the Jack-rabbits of the motor-world. Yet she was very charming, and everything about her speech and her appearance proclaimed the gentlewoman, even though the only way in which she could afford to indulge her taste for travel and adventure was by the least costly means at her disposal.

By five o'clock that morning the sun was shining, and we were all trudging down the wet field to inspect the remains of the camp—all but Mrs. Ladbroke, who was reported to have spent a frightened and restless night and to have dropped at last into an uneasy slumber.

The little Jack-rabbit stood firmly wedged against a tree, none the worse for its encounter; but the camp itself was sadly demoralized, and we spent a hilarious hour collecting the belongings of the Chesters, Fairfax Ladbroke, now immaculately clothed and clearly very much in his right mind, made the most of his brief opportunity, and whenever I looked for Miss Kathleen Chester it was to see young Mr. Ladbroke, carrying a skillet or a broiler or a camp pillow, at her elbow, while he engaged with her in animated conversation. All the gracefully chivalrous qualities of the born squire of dames showed in him as he attended her, and admiration looked warmly out of his blue eyes as he watched her. From time to time I caught scraps of the dialogue.

"Of course I'm horribly sorry, and all that, you know, but it's really tremendous luck for me to have this happen. I think it's saved my life, or my reason,

you wouldn't mind telling me in just what part of Colorado—"

I did not hear the answer, if there were one, for at this very instant Miss Chester exclaimed, "Oh, excuse me!" and turned and ran back down the hill toward the camp, leaving Fairfax Ladbroke staring after her with his handsome face wearing an expression of startled chagrin.

"Never mind—let her run back alone," advised her brother, cheerfully ascending the steps. "Probably thought of some mysterious and valuable article she failed to look for in the ruins, a veil or a hairpin, most likely. By George! breakfast will go to the spot, eh? I don't seem to care for bacon and eggs in camp this morning, the frying pan was full of mud!"

Well, we were sorry when that jolly breakfast was over. All through it Mrs. Ladbroke's fine, faded eyes watched her son's eager face and the way he continually tried to look into certain eyes which now tantalizingly evaded his and again flashed at him that dark fire of audacity and appeal with which they were often heavily loaded.

Immediately after breakfast the lady insisted upon leaving, and the great gray car bore away a young man whose reluctance to motor travel was intensified tenfold over his reluctance of the day before. He must, indeed, have been a gloomy companion to the authors of his being.

An hour later the Kangaroo and the Jack-rabbit were also on their way. We had delayed to give some further assistance to the Chesters in packing up and making all snug for the journey, and then we started on together. Our car took the lead this time, at their insistence; we were expecting to part company at a certain crossroad thirty miles ahead. We shook hands all around with real regret, for Alf had found Gordon Chester a particularly pleasing acquaintance, and I had quite fallen in love with his sister.

AT THE twenty-ninth mile, according to the speedometer, which, with road map in hand, I had been carefully watching, I was looking back to see if the little car were in sight that we might wave a last farewell before leaving this road for the other, when an exclamation from my husband made me turn quickly: "Well, well, if we haven't caught up with the Elephant once more!"

said excitedly, as we made concerned inquiry. "She seems done up by the heat or the pace or something. We've been driving a bit faster this morning; she wanted to get toward home. I wish to heaven we were home! This traveling with an invalid—"

"According to the map we're within seven miles of a small town, but how much of a town, or whether the hotels are any good, we don't know," offered the younger Ladbroke.

"She ought not to go on at all," I said, looking pityingly in on the pale occupant of the wide rear seat. They had made her as comfortable as possible, but that was not saying much, in the circumstances. "Alf, couldn't you drive on and bring back a doctor from the nearest place? I'll stay with Mrs. Ladbroke."

We had the plan worked out and were about to put it into execution when the little Jack-rabbit, which must have been loitering, not to have been close at our heels, appeared around the turn and came up to us. It stopped beside us, as was to have been expected, and I saw young Ladbroke's eyes light up in spite of his evident anxiety. And in a moment the Chesters were with us at the door of the gray car, their faces full of friendly solicitude.

Mrs. Ladbroke opened her eyes to find Kathleen Chester bathing her face with something from a little handbag she carried. The sufferer feebly turned away her head and spoke:

"Please go on, Miss— I can't recall your name. Mrs. Dunstan will stay with me."

I saw Kathleen's eyes briefly seek those of her brother, just beside the door, and I afterward could vividly recall the flash of mirth and understanding which passed between them. But it was gone in an instant, and the girl was speaking with all the sweet gravity which the situation called for.

"If you are able to drive just one short mile farther, Mrs. Ladbroke, I am sure we can find you what you need." She turned to Mr. Ladbroke, senior. "Do you think she could drive on for a very few minutes, or shall we send for a physician first?"

The invalid had shaken her head, but her husband said quite confidently, "I think she could get a bit farther, if she knew she could find a good place. It's the fear that she can't that's upsetting her now, according to my belief."

"Then if you will all get in and drive on, we'll lead



I saw young Ladbroke's eyes light up . . . In a moment the Chesters were with us at the door of the gray car, their faces full of friendly solicitude

If it wasn't for the Mater, I'd have bolted long ago. You-all don't blame me, do you?"

"Not a bit. My brother and I have felt very sorry for you ever since we first caught sight of you, sitting unhappily behind all that glass—in July. Couldn't you get your father and mother to try a bit of camping by the wayside? You could buy a beautiful silk tent for her and a lot of extremely luxurious camp equipment, and just have it lashed on that expansive top. Or, if she objected to having it there, you could easily hire a Jack-rabbit to carry it behind you—at a respectful distance."

"A Jack-rabbit?" Ladbroke was naturally puzzled. "Like ours. We call it that, because it goes up hills just like one, a scared one, you know."

The young man laughed. It was not so much what the girl said as the way she said it, that attracted us all.

"I'm expecting to get out your way next winter," remarked young Mr. Ladbroke with cool assurance, just as we reached the steps of the Inn porch. "If

So it seemed. Turned well aside from the road the great gray car was standing, the chauffeur beside the open door. As we approached we saw young Ladbroke leap out of the opposite door and look searchingly up and down the road.

The region in which we now were was one of those to be found in many parts of old New England, where one may travel for miles and pass only a limited number of great country estates. Heavily shaded roads wind between walls of stone and brick and hedge, allowing only occasional glimpses of the homes of luxury and beauty which lie beyond. It is not a locality where one might look to find ready help in emergency need of any sort.

It was illness that we found as we drew up beside the other car, how serious we could not tell. Mrs. Ladbroke, it seemed, had suddenly lapsed into a curious condition of exhaustion and collapse, which the administration of such stimulants as the party had with them had but slightly relieved.

"I don't know what we're to do," the elder Ladbroke

the way—if you will trust us," said Gordon Chester. And in spite of the dust coat and the shapeless cloth hat he wore I even then observed a curious, subtle change in his manner. He looked at Mr. Ladbroke.

"Of course," said that gentleman, with some hesitation. "If you happen to know of a first-class hotel, though, naturally, coming from Colorado, I don't suppose you're very familiar. But—any port in a storm."

Chester smiled. "Any port in a storm," he agreed. "Come, Kathleen—unless you can be of service in Mrs. Ladbroke's car."

But again there came a faint but serviceable objection from the pallid sufferer in the gray cushions, and Miss Chester climbed in beside her brother. There was an exquisite flush now upon her dusky cheeks, and she did not so much as glance at Fairfax Ladbroke, though he did his best to help her in and said to her in a distinctly audible voice:

"This is awfully kind of you, whatever it is you're doing for us. It's mighty lucky for us you-all know of a place, in this forsaken country [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]

Four Interesting Questions often asked about Better Films

NUMBER I

The question of good comedy versus "slap-stick"

I STEPPED into the theatre at a certain big department store the other afternoon. It is largely patronized by young school children. When a feature play with a certain popular comedian was announced on the screen it was evident from the yells and cat-calls and whistling and clapping that he is the "favorite star" of the youngsters. Now, I'm not a saint or a prude, but it seems too bad to have children grow up with such an impression of humor, or even nonsense. While some of the actor's work is excruciatingly "funny" to many people, much of it is (with all due regard to his large weekly salary) mere "horse play," and some of it actually coarse and vulgar. The children in the audience, many of them, from eight to ten years of age, seem to prefer these comedies to the beautiful fairy stories. What can be done?

H. H. W., California.

CHILD psychologists agree that a child's, and especially a boy's, sense of humor is rudimentary—of the rough-and-tumble variety. It represents a stage of his development that must be reckoned with patiently. The love of slap-stick fun is most evident in the ages between twelve and sixteen. That some grown-ups have retained this childish characteristic is evident on occasions. The popularity of slap-stick comedy runs in cycles. It is about five years since we last had a run of it.

There is at present a noticeable decline in the popularity of the farce comedy. As evidence of this, quite recently an audience of two thousand five hundred viewed rather indifferently one of these slap-stick comedies with a favorite comedian; what laughter there was had a decidedly boyish ring. A few months before the same comedy would probably have rocked the house with laughter. After the novelty wears off people quickly tire of this type of fun.

An analysis of the slap-stick also reveals this curious condition. Some time ago a beautiful theatre, patronized by an audience made of what is considered a very high type of film patron, showed one of these comedies with a favorite comedian. The audience laughed continuously. The following week another comedy of exactly the same type was shown with a less clever comedian. People were cold. They shuffled around in their seats and rattled their programs. The first comedy was funny in spite of the horseplay because the comedian's own funny antics, apart from the other action, carried the picture.

NUMBER II

The question of state censorship

OUR state has recently provided for a commission of censorship for motion pictures. I notice that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION does not seem to be in favor of this method for improving pictures. Why do you take this attitude? M. L. P., Kansas.

THE COMPANION believes such censorship to be an artificial, unfair, and unsatisfactory method of attempting to control the most popular form of entertainment. State censorship is artificial because two to ten people are not physically and mentally capable of viewing twenty-five to thirty films a day six days a week. And, further, because no power on earth can make such a limited number of persons capable of judging for the tastes of several million people.

As an illustration, one film sent into the various provinces of Canada, each of which has its own board of censors, was so variously censored that if all the cuts required by each board had been made in toto there would not have been any film left to show.

One single film has been censored in one state because the police officials were said to have been ridiculed, in another because a religious sect was belittled, in the opinion of one censor, and in another because the night life of a city pictured was said to be immoral. Each state passed over the objections of other states.

Investigation shows that censor boards fasten on particular films because they

have been brought to their attention. The multitude of smaller or less-known films, some of which are badly in need of trimming, or elimination entirely, are passed in the mechanical working of the board. The insignia "Passed by the State Board of Censors" at the end of a film has no weight with those who have the best interests of the public at heart and who understand the artificial basis of such censorship.

In many places state censorship prevents local censorship, so that a community is compelled to accept the superficial judgment of the state board.

All censorship, federal, state or local, is more or less artificial.

The following are some of the best known methods by which a group or organization of public-spirited citizens can improve the character of films in any locality:

Ask one of your local exhibitors for the use of his theatre for one night, guaranteeing expenses and the usual percentage of profit. With the assistance of the exhibitor make a careful selection of films.

The members and friends of the organization should undertake to sell the tickets, advertising well. It will be easy to pack the house with a pleased audience, and a good financial surplus will be left for charity. The local newspaper will gladly open its columns to a free discussion of the pictures exhibited at the local houses. Encourage people locally prominent to tell what pictures they like and why. Don't discuss undesirable films, thus arousing curiosity and giving free advertising.

When you know that a recommended film will be shown in your town, if it has educational value have it announced in your schools, organizations, and so on. If it has only entertainment value, announce it in your social organizations as you would a popular drama like "The Blue Bird," and make up theatre parties to see this particular film.

Wisconsin, Iowa and California have already arranged for circuits to be served with specially selected films. These circuits at present include public schools, colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s and social centers.

Answered by HELEN DUEY

NUMBER III

The children and the "questionable" film

I HAVE four boys and one girl. They are crazy about motion pictures, and would spend all of their time at the theatre if I would let them. I have always believed in letting my children learn all they could about the world, but I have tried to back up their knowledge with a well-balanced judgment. We discuss everything together freely. I prefer that they learn the inevitable facts of life from me rather than from the children on the street in our block. But I must say some films are handled so badly morally that I am worried when the children see them. How can I draw the line?

Mrs. E. L. W., Pennsylvania.

THE mixed program frequently does contain a film not objectionable to grown-ups, but possibly harmful to children. When the program changes every night it is impossible to view the pictures beforehand, so that you must accept what is set before you, whether pleasant or not. This is one of the conditions which lead up to censorship agitation. Film manufacturers and exhibitors are feeling the necessity of informing their patrons of what is coming so the public can select what they wish to see, exactly as they do with the regular theatre. When this comes about, it will help conditions greatly.

Censorship really belongs to parents instead of to paid officers. Parents are too prone to evade responsibility for children's wrongdoing, really due to the lack of home training, and prefer to shift it upon schools, churches, and boards of censorship.

The training you are giving your children should more than balance any harm done by the films. Keep in mind that films are not the only source of contamination. Well bound books may contain more insidiously harmful influences. Undesirable playmates are another uncensored source.

In your case, the best thing to do is to find out what theatre handles, on the whole, the most desirable films, and let the children attend that one exclusively. The problem, after all, comes down to this: it must be made profitable for an exhibitor to show good pictures. From his standpoint it is a business proposition, not a philanthropic institution. Support the good theatre, and encourage your friends to support it. The others, without support, will starve to death or fall into line.

As to the plays suitable for children and at the same time enjoyable, the children's program is the best solution. Why not be the one to initiate this in your community?

NUMBER IV

The children's program and the exhibitor

FOLLOWING the May issue of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION telling about children's programs, a group of interested women approached one of our exhibitors and tried to interest him in a special children's program, but he seems reluctant to try it. Do you think the idea practicable? A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

IN ORDER to introduce any local innovation in motion pictures you must show the exhibitor that it will pay. He has his expenses to meet—rent, salaries, etc.—and cannot afford to take many chances.

An intelligent exhibitor of a large motion picture and vaudeville house in Brooklyn, New York, attempted to establish a regular children's program. He found the public schools ready to cooperate and patronize when he showed "Julius Caesar" and "The Lady of the Lake," but on no other occasions. He acknowledged that part of this was due to lack of unusual appeal in the other programs. He maintained that if the schools and public-spirited citizens would help in the selection of the programs, he could meet their requirements. Their cooperation must extend farther than selection, however. It must be a paying one, or the project would fail. When school authorities were asked for cooperation they emphasized their inability to assist any commercial project. This inability had little weight in the case of the two mentioned films. In other words, it seemed to be an arbitrary matter.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED to its readers by the Editors of the Woman's Home Companion

FEATURES

ENOCH ARDEN, Mutual-Masterpiece: A beautiful visualization of the sentimental old story in Tennyson's poem. Delightful by-play and clear photography. Worth seeing more than once.

NIOBE, Famous-Paramount: A pretty comedy picturing the statue of the weeping Niobe come to life. Amusing complications arise. Hazel Dawn is a beautiful Niobe.

HEARTS IN EXILE, World: A thrilling story of Siberian exiles. Some beautiful snow scenes. Clara Kimball Young is the young Russian woman, Hope.

THE COMMUTERS, Kleine: A good comedy based on the play by James Forbes.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, World: An exciting story of the thief who escapes, reestablishes himself in the world, but goes back to serve his time. The story is well handled.

THE OUTCAST, Mutual-Masterpiece: A splendid production. Mae Marsh portrays most sympathetically the real nature of the outcast. Perhaps the best court-room scenes ever produced on the screen.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE, Famous-Paramount: An artistic production in which the characters are very human, especially the three old bachelors. William Elliot makes a lovable, high-spirited boy who takes the wrong road but is jerked back into line in time.

SNOBS, Lasky-Paramount: An interesting ironical comedy drama of high society snobbery, and a milkman who turns out to be a duke.

THE CAPTIVE, Lasky-Paramount: A thrilling story of a Montenegrin peasant girl (played by Blanche Sweet) and a Turkish nobleman, a prisoner. Good emotional acting.

ANNA KARÉNINA, Fox: An artistic picturization of Tolstoy's great novel. Betty Nansen's emotional work is excellent. The theme is carefully handled.

BEULAH, Balboa-Alliance: An interesting development of Augusta Evans's novel, with Henry Walthal as the agnostic doctor who loves his ward.

THE OUTLAW'S REVENGE, Mutual-Masterpiece: A dramatic story said to be based on an incident in the early life of Villa.

MAY BLOSSOMS, Famous-Paramount: A pretty romance of the Civil War period.

THE LILY OF POVERTY FLAT, World-California: Based on Bret Harte's popular story, with Beatriz Michelena in the title rôle.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT, World: An entertaining story based on the theme "Honor thy father and thy mother."

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY, Rolfe-Metro: A romance of the plains based on Clyde Fitch's drama.

THE LONE STAR RUSH, Alliance: A picture of an Australian rush for gold. Full of breezy outdoor excitement.

"O-18" OR A MESSAGE FROM THE SKY, Cosmofotofilm: A clever melodrama based on conditions existing in London in the early part of the war—two German spies and their stenographer, an English spy. Exciting and well-worked-out plot.

CAPTAIN COURTESY, Bosworth-Paramount: A stirring drama of the early California mission days. Dustin Farnum is a dashing hero.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, Mutual-Masterpiece: A charming version of the old fairy story of the miller's daughter who spun straw into gold.

RECOMMENDED SPECIALS

THE GIRL AND THE BACHELOR, Kalem: A well-acted love story.

WHEN LOVE TOOK WINGS, Keystone: A clever little comedy free from the objectionable slap-stick.

ADAM BEDE, Biograph: A brief picture from George Eliot's novel, telling the story of the unhappy, ambitious Hetty, the faithful Adam, and the selfish Donithorne.

THE PURSUIT ETERNAL, Imp: An appealing romance of the days when knights were bold.

THE WAR OF THE WILD, Universal: A sensational picture in which trained wild animals play leading rôles.

SHADOWS OF THE HARBOR, Ideal: A well-staged melodrama showing some effective harbor scenes.

QUICKSANDS OF SOCIETY, Biograph: The story of people in moderate circumstances inheriting money and with it unhappiness.

A ROMANCE OF THE NAVY, Lubin: An artistic production with genuine settings and a patriotic atmosphere. A melodrama of unusual merit.

WITH BRIDGES BURNED, Edison: An intensely interesting story of a plucky young couple's struggle against misfortune.

THE WONDERS OF BIRD LIFE, Pathé: A most interesting study of birds. Of special value to children.



Landscape gardening is an outdoor art, which is one reason that it appeals to Miss Grace Tabor

About People

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY
ARTHUR GUITERMAN



Presenting seven
INTERESTING AMERICANS
*who have found in nature opportunity
for earnest work or earnest play*



Because he knows that birds are friends of man, Mr. Frank M. Chapman is the fast friend of birds

MISS GRACE TABOR, Garden-Maker—"Landscape architect" is her professional title, but perhaps her work would be more accurately described as "scenic-gardening." She is an artist who, having given up painting little landscapes on limited stretches of canvas, now employs trees, shrubs, flowers and, as they are needed, stone, wood and iron, to create pictures of a more vigorous order on the backgrounds afforded by the yards of suburban homes or the larger areas of country estates. Miss Tabor's early aspiration was to become a great painter. However, after studying and working a while at the Art Students' League in Buffalo and the school of the same name in New York, she came to the conclusion that her ambition was misplaced, so she turned to landscape architecture as a means of self-expression. At the School of Applied Design for Women she learned enough of the development of architecture, of design and of ornamentation for her purpose. Hard work in an architect's office trained her in the technical preparation of plans. A summer spent observing and studying according to her own notions at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston gave her a practical acquaintance with the various trees and shrubs and their artistic possibilities. Later, as a magazine writer, she visited many gardens, large and small, and described and criticized them; and she also prepared articles giving her own original plans for gardens plotted in accordance with different conditions and limitations. Thus she acquired the special knowledge which she used in practice; first in her own little place on Staten Island, and then in the garden of many clients.

TWO WOMEN CHAMPIONS In the Field of Sport

SO MANY tennis trophies have been going to California in recent years that it has been suggested that the Golden State should swap names with Tennessee. Last summer Miss Mary K. Browne of California successfully defended her title to the women's national championship in tennis, again winning nearly everything in sight—the singles, the women's doubles with Mrs. Robert Williams, also of California, as a partner, and the mixed doubles with Mr. William T. Tilden, Jr., as a partner. Miss Browne also won the women's Clay Court championship at Cincinnati, defeating in the singles Mrs. Robert Williams with whom she won the championship in the doubles. The principal golf championships, unlike the tennis trophies, do not seem to show a permanent tendency to gravitate toward any one locality, though Boston has been getting a pretty large share. The present holder of the national women's championship in golf is Mrs. H. Jackson of Boston, who won the title last September, at Glen Cove, N. Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
Coolness and skill in play won Mrs. H. Jackson of Boston the United States women's championship in golf



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
About all the women's national outdoor tennis championships were won by Miss Mary K. Browne of San Francisco

Athletic games were not highly developed in his day, but there is no more attractive figure in our early history than that of our first President, on foot in the wilderness in his adventurous youth, or in the saddle through all his healthy manhood. The force of custom and, in some cases, military service, made many of our Presidents at least good riders; General Grant, in particular, was a famous horseman. President Wilson is enough of a Virginian to sit a horse creditably, but golf is now his chief form of open-air recreation. Ex-President Taft is likewise a golfer and a horseman, though he is not exactly built for speed. Ex-President Roosevelt is preeminently our sporting President, boxing, wrestling, riding, shooting, rowing, and tennis being among the exercises that have helped to keep him in his habitually superb physical condition.

OUTDOOR PRESIDENTS Who Golf, Row, and Ride

WASHINGTON, with his splendid horsemanship, exceptional strength and activity and love of outdoor life, set a good example to his successors in office.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
President Woodrow Wilson is the second President of the United States to become a golfer



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
Rowing at his home on Oyster Bay is about the most peaceful of the many outdoor sports that ex-President Roosevelt has enjoyed in his active life



COURTESY OF HARRIS AND BRINK
Horseback riding and golf are the forms of outdoor sport adopted by ex-President Taft

IT WAS bright California summer. The sky was like broad blue washes of water color, the pasture slopes were khaki-brown. A stream that in spring lapped the meadow grass with brimming edges had now withdrawn to its lowest channel, leaving a trench of sun-baked sides up which the horses scrambled from their water hole. Little Miss St. John, awaiting their reappearance impatiently, did not waste any more time in consideration.

"Oh, it's *that* one," she decided delightedly, and beckoned the two stable men to hurry with her new saddle and silver-plated bridle.

"What is his name?" she demanded, hurrying toward them.

One of the men looked at the black horse and grinned. "Well, he didn't have no tag on when he came to camp, so we just took to calling him whatever comes handiest. Gunney does at times, but—"

"But generally it's Bugs," supplied the other man, leading up the horse.

"Bugs!" The girl's tone was expressive. So was her face. She looked fondly at the black, a tall, clean-limbed creature, with arching neck and flowing mane and tail, and her eyes caught the five-pointed patch of white on his forehead. "He's *Star* from now on!"

From the back of his own bay mare Jimmie Nesbit had been eyeing these proceedings with a disgust that now spoke its own mind.

"Star!" he ejaculated, even as she had echoed "Bugs!" "Perhaps he'd star in a *parade*; but I thought you wanted this horse for real work."

The leading lady gave her self-appointed companion and monitor a startled glance, but did not reply.

"You've taken him because he looks like a rocking-horse," the young man continued aggressively, "without an eye for the things that count. Watch him now."

He gestured condemnably. "Watch the way his ears go back and that hind foot comes up!"

"I like spirit," said the girl, with evidence of her own.

"That's not spirit, that's spite," Jimmie was on his own ground here; he did not pick his way. "When you choose a horse on which you are about to risk your neck you want to choose one that has a responsible feeling for that neck. Now that beast—didn't you see the crazy way he crowded out the corral gate, jamming the colts and striking out at the gray? He was panicky, and for no reason at all. He hasn't good sense. He's unreliable. He'd buck on a trail. You take my advice and ride that big bay over there. His neck doesn't arch so much, but he's a plucky, steady-eyed friend in need."

"I don't want a friend in need!" the girl said, waving at the other members of the company hurrying across the pasture to choose their mounts. "I want a riding horse."

"You mean you want a black beauty," said the young man, with an accent perilously affronting to the young lady's sensitive soul.

"Now, what do you know about horses, anyway?" she flung out, her light and airy insouciance implying that, not having known much of anything about other things, this display of particular authority was a trifle ludicrous.

Jimmie Nesbit, remembering past mishaps, felt a warm color rising up in his lean and freckled young face.

"Horses are what I do know about," he maintained doggedly. "You forget that I was brought up in the West."

"And I suppose your stable men told you that you knew it all, Mr. Millionaire Kid?" she mocked.

The feeling of warmth deepened perceptibly and its area increased. He was red from the roots of his chestnut hair to the muscles of his snowy throat. Hastily he glanced about.

"Great Caesar, don't let *that* out! That—that's not playing the game according to Hoyle."

"Then there *could* be headlines!" She laughed impishly at his alarm. She was a slim, fairy-proportioned little person of a diabolical prettiness. At least that was what Jimmie Nesbit thought about it at times, those times when he permitted himself candidly to survey the whirligig of his adventures in her train. Hers was a radiant loveliness that all the exuberance of adjectives could not picture. Her hair was captive sunshine. Her cheeks were pink Killarneys. Her lips were Jacqueminots. Her eyes were dancing springs of gray-gold water. She was perfect—Jimmie Nesbit thought.

And none of these things would have been of the least use to her before the coldly delineating camera if it had not been for a bewitching loveliness of line that made her images flit across the film in fascinating expressiveness.

The men had brought up her horse, a handsome, restive creature, tossing a nervous head, and she hurried to him, disregarding Jimmie Nesbit's quick descent for her assistance.

"No help needed, Star and I are friends at once," she boasted, and catching hold of the Mexican pommel she vaulted into the saddle as nimbly as a boy, in her short riding skirt.

Gathering up the reins she settled herself comfortably, a khaki-clad figure, with a flowing tie at her open throat, and a soft felt hat turned back from her pretty face—the Outlaw's Daughter, ready for the day's work of desperate daring before the camera.

"He has a lovely gait!" she called back triumphantly as she started across the pasture to the road, and Jimmie remounted and rode quickly after her, conscious of the amused eyes of the company upon his retreating back. His presence in all possible vicinities of the leading lady had not been lost upon the others.

It was not often that luck brought him any such chance as this ride alone with her down the road to the woods where the pictures were to be taken, but he felt a sulkingness in ill accord with the opportunity of his companionship and the loveliness of the day. She was galloping on ahead without a backward look, and he made no effort to bridge the distance and capture that privilege, rare even in the association of their work together, of a tête-à-tête with her, but reined his disgusted mare back out of the dust of those flying hoofs.

His masculine vanity had become a sulking Achilles in its tent. It was not that he had really expected to make her forswear her sudden allegiance to her black mount, but her manner rankled. The airy way she took his utter nothingness for granted! She held him cheaply because he had held himself cheaply, he thought grimly—following her like a hypnotized young fool from one end of the continent to the other!

"Goat!" he addressed himself coarsely. It was not a choice form of monologue, but it revealed his feeling.

His joining the company had been a piece of sheer boyish impulse, mischievously resolved, to thrust the scorned delights of his acquaintanceship upon her. His staying on had been perhaps a curious mingling of the glamour of her eyes and a gritty, obstinate resolve to make good in a field where he had begun by making several kinds of fool of himself. The business of being an actor, even a lowly, among-those-present, follow-the-leader actor, had not been as simple as his untutored mind had thought.

When the company, after his first three weeks with it in the East, had been sent to join the Western camp, Jimmie Nesbit had gone with it, partly that he might see his adventure to some sort of conclusion and partly because he

told himself that he wanted to go West anyway, and partly and principally because little Miss St. John had so clearly expected him not to.

But, once in the West, once settled as a routine member of the company, he had not distinguished himself by that brilliance with which he had ex-

Before a Fall

By

Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

pected to dazzle her. True, he ceased to leap lightly into the picture, and he learned to control his responsive facial muscles, but he had not seemed to the general director as an heroic opportunity continued to be cast for farm hands and tramps and important sons, and his slightly outstanding ears and freckles, gruesomely augmented with grease paint, were more a characteristic of his rôles than manly proportions.

Nor were his ideas, most earnestly conceived, the grouping and arrangement and playing of the recorded anything but a harshly jocular admonition "dry up." This was his first riding part, and he had eluded the prospect. He could ride, anyway. That about all he had done in those years of his delirious hood in the mountains, at his father's expensive farm. To that Montana ranch he had sent for his horse, and the company accepted casually his explanation of having "worked" on a Western ranch and owned horse before he came East.

Jimmie Nesbit was no unusual name, and it had taken a more sensational imagination and a more interest in him than any member of the company possessed to connect this humble and inconspicuous worker with the Millionaire Kid whose vast inheritance had made him a momentary victim of the headlines.

His bankers and lawyers believed him to be an incognito somewhere in California to escape the glare of publicity, and so did his friends, of whom there were not many, for he had not chummed intimately those sterling companions with whom his busy father had safeguarded his lonely youth. He believed himself to be sowing some innocent wild oats by celebration of his independence. Now his crop appeared to him as sour grapes.

The road made a sharp bend. Turning the corner a few minutes after Miss Juliet St. John it gave him a momentary pleasure to observe that her mount was actually before a motor, and a motor that was stationary at that, while the chauffeur had descended to remove some article belonging to the two ladies in the car.

The sound of the engine appeared to have startled Star into an infantile panic. Balking absurdly, rolling eyes and snorting nostrils, he rocketed about front of the car, raising an enveloping pillar of dust sufficient to convey any number of Israelites to Promised Land. It was not a dangerous moment. Jimmie enjoyed it derisively, reining in his own horse to watch the girl struggle with her notional beast. With a sudden sharp cut of the whip, she brought past the car and sent him off at a gallop.

The eyes of the young lady in the car had turned the girl on horseback to the young man who had ridden after her. The rather striking note of his costume, of flamboyant white sheepskin "chaps," was enough to draw her attention, and her dark eyes dwelt upon his cartridge belt, sagging with a long-handle-

his rough-and-ready blue flannel shirt, his rolling-mountain hat.

And then something in that lean freckled face, blunt jaw, and the shrewd, yet boyishly innocent eyes, brought a startled exclamation to her lips, turned quickly to her mother, whispering. The lady's reply was distinct.

"Nonsense, Gwen! He's a motion picture actor!"

Jimmie galloped by without a sideways look, remembered them with horrible distinctness, months away in time and four thousand miles in upon an Eastern shore beside an Eastern lake, where Gwendolyn High had sat out two dances beside the piling waters.

It had been time fraught with danger. Return the dance she had turned her foot. He remembered soft weight on his arm, her clinging hands, her upturned face, and he remembered, with a sudden weak drop of its chill, the coldness of terror which had seized him. For he was a susceptible youth, and of *la femme fatale* he was no more than lay between the covers of his books.

But not for him were random and light-hearted explorations of the exciting mystery. He was a youth, the horrible Millionaire Kid of the headlines, these charming girls were not there to let opportunity slip through their delicate hands. One false step—was done for. His freedom was gone. One word of indiscretion—

So he had fled, fled from Gwen of the dark eyes and the clinging hands—and the frail ankles.

It occurred to him sourly that he had fled from frying pan into the fire. Not that Miss Juliet St. John regarded him as opportunity, her drawing power had been that she didn't, but his vanity was smarting from pricks of his present situation and the scorn of his lady of the chase.

A motion picture actor! "Yes, and a bum one, too," he soliloquized bitterly. In his present mood it was so to remember the past devotion of a girl like Gwen High.

Another turn in the road had brought them to a forest, and a rougher road, crossing the main



e "MILLIONAIRE KID" and GIRL do another thrilling vie act that was not included the author's original scenario

ed through the woods over the crest of a hill down river. In these woods many of the pictures were taken, and at an old dilapidated building at their left camera men and director were already arranging while waiting for the rest of the company.

the Outlaw's Daughter" was strung upon a simple One blood-curdling escape succeeded another. of the earlier adventures had already been filmed; the situation had reached the point where the outlaw's place in an old mill has been discovered by the , who with his fearless posse is about to descend the outlaw and his band. The outlaw's daughter—own to be such by her sweetheart, one of the sheriff's played, alas! not by Jimmie Nesbit but by the highly st and finely featured leading man, Brett Granger—through this sweetheart of the plan; and the daughter, by reckless riding and swimming a river on her steed, reaches the old mill in time to warn them.

e scenes of the sheriff's departure had been filmed ay before in the streets of the little city of the s' Company. The morning's work began with a between the two lovers, played in the wood at the ng place of this dilapidated building. All went ally: Brett Granger, the stern defender of law and rode swiftly off to join his sheriff, and his sweet-exhibiting to the camera the agonizing fear for her which she had been repressing before him, rushes horse, clasps her hands against him as if in prayer, mounts and gallops off.

ere followed wild scenes along the road—alternate of the girl and the sheriff's band. At one time she in the bushes while the posse sweeps by. Then she into a short cut, and abandoning her efforts to make rd she gallops toward the river.

was a fine road for the scene, and the leading lady a gallant picture as she appeared over the crest of ll, her black horse galloping, her hat gone, her child-rls flying in the wind. For a moment she was sharp t the sky, then she came dashing down, ready for unge into the foaming river.

t, just at the brink, her horse refused that plunge. He ed blindly and veered into a thicket, floundering dedly until the girl brought him out upon the path again. at scene was spoiled. Several yards of celluloid were , together with one successful dash down the hill.

as St. John called out to the camera man and he out to her, and resolutely she started back up the gain, patting her refractory horse and explaining to hat other and finer things were expected courage. Jimmie Nesbit's point ervation was from be- he bushes at the

very brink of road and river where the horse was to enter the water. With anxious interest he peered out at her as she reappeared, taking the road slowly this time and encouraging her horse with a ur of speech. But at the river's edge he refused the again, tossing his head against the tightened rein, anced up and down in one spot at the touch of the

oax him in anyhow—we'll get the best picture we shouted the camera man from the other side. sperately Miss St. John coaxed. A distended nostril s much as Star permitted to approach that water. o! You shall have a real picture!" the girl called with sudden decisiveness, and wheeled her horse , settling herself firmly in the saddle. From behind shes Jimmie raised his voice in unsolicited advice. on't rein him in like that at the edge—give him his as for a jump. But don't 'lift' him. And don't come too fast. Try—"

it Miss St. John did not pause for his suggestions, rotted sharply up the hill, her pretty face set in resolve. And as for not coming down that hill too

fast—she came like a runaway train.

It was evidently her notion not to give Star pause for reflection. His own velocity was to carry him into the water. Down she came, fast, faster, riding with a wild disregard for her mount's knees or her own neck. It was a beautifully suicidal piece of work. And at the bottom she piled her whip recklessly, but, when it seemed that one more bound would take them straight into the current, Star stiffened and stopped, half sliding, and then reared straight up into the air, so straight that it seemed as if he would topple over backward upon his rider.

For one breathless moment he balanced there, his forefeet pawing the air, while the blood seemed to freeze about Jimmie Nesbit's heart and the chill gooseflesh of terror rose upon him. Then down came Star with a jarring crack upon the earth, instead of in that frightening water, whirled madly about and bolted up the road.

That clinging figure upon his back looked a mere trifle to be tossed to right or left at each leap.

Some company members watching behind the camera man started for their horses, but Jimmie shouted, "No stern chase!" with sudden authority, and made for his own horse, left just back of him in the field that paralleled the road. Fearing to alarm the panic-stricken black by direct pursuit he kept Cheyenne to the field, over rocks and stumps and treacherous tangled grass, making for the main highway into which the river road turned at the top of the hill.

There were some villainous jumps and your true Western horse hates jumps. Cheyenne did not rise over bushes like a Kentucky thoroughbred, ears forward, shoulders lifted, launched lightly and confidently through the air; she went over things in convulsive bounds like a jack-rabbit, but she went over them. Eyes bulging, ears laid back, she took her hazards gamely, gathering up her wiry legs like springs. And with one last frantic effort she was over the last of the undergrowth and out upon the main highway.

Jimmie's hope of intercepting the black at the cross-roads was gone. Star had been there before him, and now he saw the big horse tearing straight on ahead, and then he saw something else that brought his heart into his throat.

Straight down the road toward them a motor was tearing—no more stationary car, but a chugging, whirling monster of dust, with an imbecile at the wheel, who began sounding a horn. Perhaps he did not know a runaway horse when he saw one. Perhaps he thought that runaway horses stopped at horns.

In one corner of his mind Jimmie found space for the program of things that he would come back and do to that driver when he had taken care of Star. One of the things was to feed him that horn, the more forcibly the better.

Star was all over the road now, frantic with fear,

rearing

and plung-

ing. Jimmie saw

that the girl on his

back was no longer rid-

ing the horse; she was

scarcely riding the saddle. Both

hands were gripping the pommel,

and the reins were dangling slackly

from them; one stirrup was lost. It

seemed to Jimmie that the next leap

would send her down into the dust un-

der those trampling hoofs.

He had touched Cheyenne, and the bay mare was letting out a burst of speed that annihilated like magic the distance between her and the black, but this rush of pursuit came to Star as a new and altogether overmastering danger. Forgetting the motor, still oncoming, the black raced off toward it, utterly blind and witless with panic.

After him went Jimmie, his right arm busy with the coil of rope which had been adding local color to his saddle, a coil in whose art his boyhood had trained him well. There were but scant seconds in which to uncoil it, to shake out a noose and swing it about his head, but his fingers did not fumble. The other horse met the motor and reared again just as there was a singling, speeding streak of lightning

through the air, and then a circle that descended. . . .

He had been afraid that the shock might unsettle the girl, but she clung tight as her horse was roped, choked and dumbfounded. The motor car came to a belated stop.

With all four legs sturdily planted Cheyenne was pulling in true cow-pony style; but her master did a thing surprising in her history of cayuse-roping. There was no throwing, no tying. Instead, after that long pull which successfully windled the victim, there was a sudden dash up to the bewildered black and a grip on his bridle. And then, with a heavy hand, Jimmie led the breathless horse by the motor and down the road.

The girl's breath was coming in quick, distressing gasps. She turned to Jimmie a face chalky white under the dull film of dust, and her eyes were gray as agates with purple flecks in them. She said not a word.

"Do you want to get off?" he asked gently.

She shook her head, fighting for steady breath.

"You'd better get down while I cinch your saddle."

She slipped silently to the ground, and he dismounted, and after stroking the quivery Star began tightening the loosened leathers. Just a moment more and that saddle would have swung over.

Then, still in silence, he helped her back into it. She drove her feet into the stirrups, cowboy fashion, and gripped the reins. Her knees were pressed tensely against the black's heaving sides. Her lips were quivering in the reaction of her nerves, but she set them stiffly.

She said, very quietly, "This horse is registered in all those pictures, Jimmie. How can I make him take to that water?"

She had not called him Jimmie before. She did not seem conscious that she had called him Jimmie, now. Perhaps it felt the more gratefully upon his ears because of its unconsidered simplicity. . . . A small thing? Very.

But he straightway forgot that she had been a flouting bit of mockery. He forgot that he had held her a willful, reckless, pig-headed scorn of his advice. He forgot that Gwendolin High had soft dark eyes that dwelt delightfully upon him. He forgot the rankling sting of Mrs. High's, "A motion picture actor!" He forgot, even, that this girl had a roseleaf skin and Lorelei hair. He saw only a grimy little face, overlaid with dust, turned to him in touchingly plucky appeal.

Very matter-of-factly he heard himself answering that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]



Whisper it:—"There is many and many a woman who would love her husband if it were not for his conversation"

Oratory in the Home

*An amusing thesis on
the Average Husband and his
Habit of Speechifying*

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THIS modest paper pretends to be nothing more than a warning. It is along the familiar lines of many another warning which reads: When women compete in the world with men they lose their charm, their womanliness, and their love of children.

My thesis differs in that it doesn't seem to me that women stand in danger of losing any of their essential qualities as they enter more and more into the nation's life; but, participating in men's public activities, they stand in danger of contracting a vice from which they have up to this time been free. I mean the vice of oratory. We are so accustomed to a man's getting up and advocating the passage of a law, or urging people to vote for a candidate in an unnatural voice reserved for oratorical utterances alone, that we are unaware of how thoroughly absurd is the platform affectation. We are so used to the bombast in which plain and sensible men clothe their thoughts on such occasions that we accept the perverted, oratorical vocabulary as a matter of course.

The oddity of two men rising in a public tribunal, one to defend a fellow being from a crime and one to accuse him of it, and both using an unnatural vocabulary, simulating emotions that they do not feel, arouses in us no astonishment. We are used to it; orators stand in our pulpits; we cannot escape them at dinners, whether they be to celebrate the coming together of the alumni of a college or an association of salesmen; wherever a dozen men gather together for a meal oratory is in order—oratory pompous, bombastic, and infinitely depressing to the blithe of heart.

The orator must be sententious; he must deal in wide generalities, in plausible platitudes; he has always had a form of speech all his own. The limitations of the medium are so many that only the very greatest of humankind have ever achieved great oratory. Yet the desire for oratory is so keen in the male heart that men dabble in its various forms continually. It is the men who have always been preachers; and political oratory with all its wild extravagances is the invention of men—from the hysterical, great convention to the impassionate shriekings from barrel tops and cart tails; and that most dismal of all amusements, just mention the after-dinner speech, men endured that.

The after-dinner speech in its various forms is an incredible custom, only possible because each man is willing to endure what he may have to from the others that he, in his turn, may rise up and with expanded chest formulate a series of commonplaces that kill all human thought. No company of women who followed their own intellectual instincts would submit to being bored for the sake of a few moments of unchecked didactic speech.

Here we come to the menace which confronts us. It would not be very important whether we take to after-dinner speaking or not, or to the peculiar oratorical voice with its hyperbolic vocabulary, if we did not bring this further than the platform; but this is difficult. The habit of thinking in smooth, sententious phrases and talking in second-hand generalities affects the mind. The man who is oratorical-minded only too often becomes in the home that terrible thing, a sententious instructor and destroyer of conversation and discourager of spontaneity, and this is what women should guard against. There is an insidious poison in the love of oratory which saturates many men's whole spirits; and the home, as Chesterton points out, being a wild, free place, a man can there indulge himself in this vice unchecked.

What I mean can be well illustrated by taking the case of my cousin Elizabeth Saunders, whom I often visit in the summer. The conversation which occurs at table is often a good deal like this:

"When I went up the back lane to see if I could get an extra dozen of eggs from Mary Dyer for my pudding, who should I see but Jennie Colton and Arthur Lanthorne, talking up there by the back fence, and you know well enough that the Lanthornes and the Coltons haven't been on speaking terms. Oh, there'll be a fine to-do if those young people fall in love with each other! The Lanthornes and Coltons have been on such bad terms ever since they had the falling out at the church raffle that the Coltons planted out the Lanthornes' and they planted out their own view at the same time, but Mrs. Colton said she would

rather have no view at all than always be reminded of disagreeable things. Mary says Mrs. Lanthorne keeps burning bones in her kitchen stove for spite, but I know that's nonsense, Mary Colton has got morbid on the subject." About this time John will remark:

"Women are such gossips. You can be sure what with you and the others that will have seen them, the Lanthornes and Coltons will know all about it before night."

The next paragraph should be a monologue by John on the gossiping tendencies of women. Our interest in the Lanthorne-Colton feud drops and withers by the wayside. Directly Elizabeth's spirit revives sufficiently to say:

"A perfectly awful thing has happened since last summer. You know Rev. Mr. Whitby? Well, poor man, he isn't very clever. Oh, yes, you remember Mr. Whitby! Why, my dear, he's the one who moves his head like this when he walks." (Impersonation by Elizabeth of Mr. Whitby that brings him back to my mind exactly.) "Well, who do you suppose had the heart to send him an anonymous post card, which, of course, was read at the post-office, telling him that the parish was tired of his sermons? Of course, he resigned. It's true, there's been a strong feeling against him for some years, but still I've always said



Enter the home and you find him dealing out sententious comment, instructing, lecturing

this is no way to treat a minister!" At this point John breaks in with an eloquent speech on the meannesses of human nature.

Now, in any given forty-eight hours, what I could get from the Saunderses would be this: I will have from Elizabeth a sort of *comédie humaine* of the whole town of Worthington. Before my eyes will pass the silhouettes of a score of men and women, their history, their aspirations, their meannesses, their high courage, their self-abnegation, their griefs, their sorrows. John in the meantime will contribute several anecdotes that he has read in the newspapers, homilies on the meanness of men, the impudence of children, the ingratitude of sons, the gossiping qualities of women. If the high cost of living comes up, Elizabeth will tell you about it in this way:

"Well," I said to the butcher, "Mr. Jones, I'm going to live on beans."

"I don't blame you," said he. "I wouldn't buy a leg of lamb myself, not while prices are what they are."

John will moralize lengthily on this subject. On the one hand you get your philosophy as a live and vibrating thing, taken out of human speech and human experiences, and, on the other, you get it trussed up in tiresome phrases. And this difference is one which is to be found in almost all average families. Women gossip, which is another way of saying that they take an interest in life and character and personalities.

At least, simple women do—the common run of the women of the plain people. So do the women of European origin. They gossip so well, their words are so trenchant, they so often find the perfect phrase, that there have been great playwrights who, to get living speech, have gone eaves-dropping at the door of a cabin full of Irish peasants. It is said that even their men are capable of this plastic and vital talk.

This is also true of women at the extreme opposite end of the social scale. I have known one or two women of European countries, of the kind entitled to be called great ladies, and, while their gossip was of the world-wide kind that dealt with politics and movements in art and literature as well as the personalities of the people making these movements, these subjects became fluid and alive. They had sacrificed none of the first-hand observation of the woman of the people.

I do not deny that certain small groups of men here and there have excelled in the art of conversation, but they were not average men and they were not oratorically-minded, as is the average man in this



country. The average woman approaches people and events without any preconceived ideas, making them seem alive and enlivening them with happy phrases, and often illuminating what she says with a deep mimicry.

Especially is the average wife a better gossip than the average husband. A terrible blight falls over the average male in the bosom of his family. Outside, in the club, he may be a charming talker, and the orator in him who uses symbols for thought temporarily dies. But enter the home, and you find him dealing out sententious comment, instructing, lecturing, striving to mold the joyous and new-minted individualities of his sons and daughters into heaven-knows-what forlorn and conventionalized image of what a boy and girl ought to be. This passion for instructing, by the average husband, is what causes the bird of joy to depart in thousands of homes as well as in that of my cousin Elizabeth's.

It is evidently the duty, as well as the policy, of all in the household to listen. Perhaps the first duty of a wife is to take her husband seriously. The wise woman realizes that since her husband has probably come to stay, his peculiarities have come with him, and as long as his love for instructing his wife and children continues she had better stifle any desire for flippancy.

Here is the real reason that people have for saying that women have no sense of humor. As long as the husband is sententious, a sense of humor in the home would be as dangerous as dynamite. There are many young girls who start out well-equipped in this respect, but marriage changes all that. Blasphemous laughter, which shows disrespect for a man's opinion, kills his self-respect and his love for his wife at one and the same instant, just as one ribald laugh would wilt the floweriest alumnus after-dinner speaker. While tears and anger in a wife prove the husband's superiority and importance, it is laughter that is absolutely fatal to both.

The home is the only place a man can enjoy that gratifying feeling of superiority which the platform speaker has over his audience. If that happens to be his taste; and a wife's laughter, however kindly, and her little joke at his expense, however affectionate or sprightly, is the deadly enemy of this superiority. Only equals may laugh at each other.

Show me a house where a wife freely chaffs her husband, and I will show you a truly delightful man. For what a dreary person it is whose dignity one can wound with a little laugh! How sad, the purse of whose sympathies is so meager that he does not like to stand a joke at his own expense! And yet here is the failure of many a husband. Neither drunkenness, nor brutality, nor any of the crimes which books tell us of, mar their homes. Not a breath of tragedy blows its strengthening wind through the air of these drab-colored households. It is the slow death of any spontaneous self-expression that has been silently accomplished there day by day. There is many and many a woman who would love her husband if it were not for his conversation.

It is the sententiousness of the male that makes children leave home and that kills wives. Indeed, the husband and father is rare who never offends this way, for the orator is latent in almost every man, and marriage and fatherhood is apparently the acid which develops in the negative of his character. There is nothing over which a man may not be sententious, just as there is nothing over which a man cannot make a speech. He can be sententious over a meal being late; over the fact that he is the family's bread-winner; over the fact that his wife is younger than himself or that she is older; over the illness of his offspring, or on their health.

There is more than one mother who has had her pleasure in her children dimmed by the homilies she has listened to on the sacredness of motherhood, on the education of the young, or on the treatment of infantile diseases. Many and many a sensitive child has succumbed to spiritual dumbness because his attempts at being articulate were met by some destructive maxim. Yet I must also point out that it is not the talkative man, by any means, who is the only offender in dimming the spontaneity of the home. There is a wordy silence worse than words, and it is very often your usually silent husband who pops out at you with his destructive precept, his careful platitude.

We women have many shortcomings; our husbands surpass us in many ways. But let us do ourselves justice in our natural state. We are spontaneous, and as a sex we have not had, either at home or in public life, the itch for oratory nor any of the faults of the orator, and it is to be hoped that as women participate in public life they will continue to bring to it their first-hand viewpoint, as they have shown a tendency to do, and that, above all, they will continue to gossip joyously among themselves and that they will, as much as is in their power, keep the home free from the blight of oratory.



Many and many a sensitive child has succumbed to spiritual dumbness because his attempts at being articulate were met by some destructive maxim



Phyllis (longingly): "If some one left us a legacy—"

Paul (eagerly): "We'd be married next Monday and—"

Both: "Go on a trip to Rome!"

And so in London rain and fog they played the game of
"Let's Pretend"

The Magical Trip to Rome

By OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

IT WAS an April Saturday afternoon and raining heavily. Paul Wood shook the rain from his hat and waterproof when he reached the railway station, where he waited for Phyllis Read Saturday afternoons and five evenings a week. He shook her umbrella for her when she arrived and stroked the wet from her coat with his hand. Afterward he wiped it dry with his handkerchief.

"If only one of us had a home to go to," he lamented, "or any place where we could be by ourselves, the confounded rain wouldn't matter much."

"Well," she proposed brightly, "we can go to the Museum. It's quiet there."

"And free!" he remarked gloomily.

"Two sixpences saved," she commented, glancing at him with a mischievous little smile.

"For our house," he said; and then he smiled at her.

She put her little bag and handkerchief in his pocket, having none of her own, and tucked her arm in his, and they went off to the Science and Art Museum by rail and subway, deposited their wet coats and her umbrella, saved another sixpence by dispensing with a catalogue and wandered through the quieter courts arm in arm. They took more notice of each other than of the exhibits, though Phyllis grew animated over some old faces and a room of antique furniture, which "would do nicely for us, Paul boy!" They lingered some minutes between tall stands of old missals, to snatch a kiss. Presently they found a seat in an alcove in a deserted room. The seat provided for at least six occupants, but they squeezed close together in the space for a person and a half.

"It's almost as good as the country," she observed cheerfully.

"It isn't like a place of your own," he said mournfully. "If your people or mine lived in town we could go to them, and—"

"And be with each other," she interrupted. "Well, boy, we are!"

"That's the great thing, of course," he agreed. "It's splendid being with you, Phil, only— You don't know what I'd do for you, if I weren't poor."

"Don't I, boy? I think I do! But you shall tell me." She squeezed his arm. "Suppose you had a great big legacy? What would you do?"

"Marry you to-morrow!" he asserted emphatically.

"To-morrow year!" she teased. "Oh, what a face, Mr. Grievous! To-morrow month then? I'd have to get ready, you know. . . . Will to-morrow week do?"

"Would you, Phil?"

"I suspect I would. Someone will see! There! Now be sensible."

"We only want a few hundreds to be perfectly happy," he remarked.

"Even without them we needn't be perfectly miserable," she philosophized. "Let's play that the legacy has come and plan out what we're going to do with it."

"You dear kid!" He gave her hand a squeeze. "All right. We're going to be married next Monday week. Where shall we go for the honeymoon?"

"Where would you like, Paul dear?"

"Wherever you wanted to go. I'd get my fun out of watching you enjoy things. You pretty kid!"

"I wish I were!"

"I've often told you—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You think I am. That's as good as if I were! It wouldn't really matter where we went, except—I think our love is worth just the best background."

They forgot the question of background for a time. Then Phyllis said, "Just look at my hair!" and put her hat straight.

"What's the biggest background, Paul boy?" she inquired with a hatpin in her mouth. "I know! We'll go to the great, great city. To Rome!"

"To Rome!" he echoed enthusiastically; but in a few moments he sighed. "We never shall," he declared.

"Oh, boy!" she protested. "You're not playing prop-

erly. We're pretending that you've got the legacy; or I have. It wouldn't matter which."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Of course not! Now play, like a nice, cheerful boy. The legacy came to you this morning—I'll let you be the one to have it—and we're going to be married someday." She looked at him mischievously, with her head tilted a little forward. It was a way of hers.

"Next week," he interposed hastily.

"Monday week, sir! We have decided that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wood—doesn't it sound funny?—will have a little trip to Rome. You've brought a time-table and a guidebook and a map, to plan out the trip. You know that's just what you'd do! You'd have made up your mind about everything, so I should only have to say, 'Yes, Paul,' and 'No, Paul,' and, 'Which do you think best, Paul?' Now *you* play. . . ."

"Well, I think we might stay in Paris for a day or two first. There's a chap at the office who went last year, and he says there's a lot of things to see."

"What sort of things?"

"Well—er—I don't remember at the moment, except that the taxis went to the right instead of to the left. He says he expected a collision every moment. You'd scream and cling to my arm, little, little *bride*!" He whispered the last word.

"Now you're playing nicely! What fun we'd have, trying our French! We'd go and see the—whatever they call the places—and the shops. Oh, Paul! I should tease you for French hats and dresses! Wouldn't it be lovely to be able to buy things without weighing up what else you'll have to go without, if you do?"

"It would be lovely to buy for you, darling! That's what hurts in being poor, that I can't do things for you."

"I know, dear; but you *do*. Lots and lots of things. You take me out and give me chocolates and tea, and make me very happy. Paul. . . . We're forgetting to play. We *are* rich, and you *can* buy things for me. Don't forget again! . . . You'd have to hurry me off from Paris before I'd spent all the money. I wouldn't be very extravagant, boy, but I'd have just one French hat and gown. Do you know, I've always wanted to be dressed properly *once* in my life, if I had to live on bread and butter ever afterward! A man can't understand how a woman feels about clothes! You'd buy them for me, wouldn't you?"

"I *could*!"

"I should look so distinguished in them that you'd be quite proud of me."

"I couldn't be prouder of you than I am, kiddie!"

"Couldn't you? Well, I could. Oh, Paul! I hate to be a nobody, and have to be in a show-room and serve a lot of stuck-up fidgety *cats*! Oh, I forgot that we were pretending that I'm a somebody! Mr.

and Mrs. Paul Wood will sweep down the grand stairs of their grand hotel in Paris and tip the grand attendants. And where will they go next?"

"Well, I should like to have a long time in Rome."

"So should I then. We'll go straight on to Rome."

"First class! Reserved compartment! Do you know, dear, I've always thought I'd like to see Rome more than any place in the world. If you remember, I told you that— What are you grinning about? . . . Was that why you said Rome?"

"It would be your trip as well as mine, you see. Tell me about Rome. What do you know about it?"

"The head of our establishment goes every year. He has a lot of pictures of Rome in his room, and whenever he gets a new one he talks about it. There's a great column that's called after some emperor. I forget the beggar's name—"

"Romulus?"

"No-o. He wasn't an emperor, only a king, or dictator, or something. I think it must have been consul. They had a lot of funny offices. We'd learn them all out of the guidebook! I looked through his once. There's an enormous monument to one of their kings, Victor Emmanuel—that was the chap's name—a building with a huge gilt statue of him on a horse in front of it. Then there's the Forum, where their senate used to sit out in the open air, and they had triumphs and set up arches; and there's the Coliseum, where the gladiators used to fight."

"And they kept lions there, and fed them with Christians!" the girl contributed.

"Yes. And the beautiful Roman ladies used to sit in rows all round it and look down at the fighting, and hold their thumbs down—well, I think it was 'down'—if chaps who were beaten were to be killed. If we went there, a beautiful lady would look down from the old ruins! . . . What I feel is— As you say, we don't get a proper background for our big love, sweetheart!"

His voice shook with sudden passion, and the girl put her arm gently over his shoulders.

"Never mind the background," she whispered. "We have the foreground, dear old Paul!"

"Phil," he said rather huskily, "you're just an angel!"

"Just an ordinary little fool!" she told him, with smiling lips and wet eyes. "But I'd like to be rather angelic to you! I think I'll try a little harder to be nice. Then perhaps you won't mind so much about the trip to Rome. Oh, I do want it, Paul!"

THE next heavy rain was on a Tuesday evening. Paul had not brought his umbrella or overcoat that morning, and he was distinctly wet when he reached the railway station. His chiefs had been fidgety and the work had been worrying all day, and the damp had turned his headache to neuralgia. Little Phyllis was also wet and very late. An irritating customer had kept her after time, she explained, and she felt "savage."

"Where *can* we go, Paul?" she asked, almost pettishly. "The Museum, everything, is shut. There is nowhere out of the rain except places where you pay; and we've no money to waste, goodness knows!"

"I can manage a picture palace," he suggested; but Phyllis did not care for that. She hated pictures, she declared, and they wouldn't be able to talk; and he was wet and ought to go home; and he mustn't waste money, and she wouldn't either, because they had to save for their house, and for "the trip to Rome."

"I've made up my mind to go to Rome," she stated, as if she challenged argument, "and we won't be married till we can."

"That's as good as saying we won't be married at all," he remarked.

"If you call that good," she quibbled captiously.

"You aren't quite yourself to-night, Phil," he suggested.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]



"You shall buy a fine new gown and a fine new hat; and I shall be proud of you!"

The romantic story of a girl who always spoke the literal truth and, though a great heiress, had not been taught to read or write

Merlin's Necklace

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

POOR little Lorna West! Only twenty-one and all her life, so far, spent in central China with her father who taught her that she was beautiful,—which she wasn't,—who wouldn't let her learn to read or write, and who gave her the "Merlin's Necklace" of truth. Now her father is dead and she has come back to civilization, heiress to a great fortune. Her trustee, young Amory, and some old friends of her father, Col. and Mrs. Chance, take her in charge at Marseilles and bring her to New York. They find her naïve and sweet, but most embarrassing at times because she is so thoroughly unsophisticated, and she will tell the truth. They are also distressed and worried when she announces that she is engaged to Victor Schlegel, a young German stenographer, at the Canton consulate, though she has seen him only a few times and he is clearly a fortune-hunter. But the Chances cannot convince Lorna of this. She rebels against the conventional falsehoods of her friends.



"You should have heard Father . . . he loved the truth so! . . . M-my—f-father—"

PART II

Lorna finds it hard to wear the necklace

"NECKLACE? Your necklace?" Mrs. Chance looked at her, puzzled. "We don't understand. What do you mean, Lorna?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Merlin's Necklace? That's what I mean. It's not real, you know. It came out of an old legend." Then, as the two women still looked their bewilderment, "It's a Truth necklace. Long ago, Merlin, who was a conjuror, put it on the neck of a little girl who told lies—and it cured her. For when she lied, it tightened suddenly and choked her; and when she resisted a lie and told the truth it grew long and beautiful. So that everyone knew. Father told me about it when I was tiny. And he told me always to wear it, always to speak the truth. And I've always tried to—pretend that it was on my throat. Sometimes I can almost feel it. I cannot forget it, and I speak always what I think—what I feel. Father said there were hardly any truthful people in the world, but that I should never forget that I must be one, . . . and not to let others rob me. You should have heard Father . . . he loved the truth so! . . . M-my—f-father—"

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed quietly. Mrs. Chance went to her and put her arms about her.

"Thank you, dear," she said tenderly, "things are clearer now. I don't know whether we can stand your test. . . . We're not literally truthful. I sometimes think we weren't meant to be. I'm not sure that that is truth. It's the spirit that counts, what we stand for. But we're not going to talk it over now. You've had so much sorrow, and you're so tired. You must rest now, only rest. And try to believe that we'll love you and never willingly rob you of any ideal."

The girl clung to her tightly, and let the older woman kiss and comfort her.

"And so, Jim, what are we to do, exactly?" Mrs. Chance asked her husband later. "I've never heard of

anything so improbable! Frank West, of all people! With his record!"

"It may have been reaction, Nell, a fantastic kind of atonement when he had brooded on things, or—or a kind of madness, like his teaching her she is beautiful; but it's going to turn out to be a white elephant, I'm afraid."

"She's a nice little thing, not pretty, but likable."

Only—She can't go through life this way, Jim. She'll bring down vengeance on her own head."

"Oh—someone will give it to her, an unglossed, fiery truth that will both hurt and cure."

"Not yet. I hope, not yet. She's so ignorant and unprotected. I want to help her for a while. There are things that will hurt. If she discovers the truth about herself, . . . and Frank's story."

"They've got to come," sighed the Colonel. "I can take care of Frank's share if you'll look out for the rest."

"We'll do our best," the good lady promised.

The autumn Lorna West came "home" and the big, handsome West Court, closed these twenty-five years, was reopened, brought much food for curiosity to the pretty Long Island town of Eastbury. To the older generation the event brought back much forgotten rumor and gossip concerning the Wests, as well as speculation about this new member of the family. The younger set concerned itself entirely with the latter. Lorna's coming meant an eventual new member for their gay little country club set and a strong possibility for much social enjoyment.

But within a fortnight the breathless young folk had discovered that Lorna West was not like unto any other young person of their ken. The Chances had brought her back and were staying with her, but there was a governess as well, for—"Miss West can neither read nor write, she has to learn how like a child! Fancy! And she's twenty-one." "Miss West's father went quite mad in China and has let her grow up like a savage. She says the most impossible things! She speaks whatever comes into her mind, with horrible candor and no regard at all for one's feelings. She's quite impossible!" "Miss West is not pretty—only just average good-looking! But, my dear, I've heard she considers herself beautiful! I believe she has said so. . . ."

All of which was both horrifying and fascinating, but the most piquant of all was Lorna's engagement. "Engaged, my dear, think of it, before she ever saw America—to a young German baron she met in China! He was negotiating some loans with the Government. I believe. I don't see how—but, of course, it's the West money. But he writes her pounds of letters, I'm told."

This seemed quite true, for Lorna did not wait for the mail to come up to the Court but rode or drove in to the post-office to get it. On these trips she was usually accompanied by her governess, Miss Hyde, or by Mrs. Chance. She was living very quietly, being in mourning. But her days were full of novelty to her. She had an ardent desire to catch up her arrears, and spent her mornings in study. In the afternoons she often rode with Colonel Chance, who had selected a saddle horse for her. She was an apt pupil and enjoyed it, looking like some trim, eager-faced boy in her mannish togs.

Now and then she touched the younger life of Eastbury, passing motors full of light-hearted young people, who halted the Colonel and candidly stared



"But I'm not usual," she had answered wistfully, "I can't write"

at her. In due time, of course, she realized, she would meet them all.

"I do so want to know them," she said wistfully. "they look so nice and happy."

The Chances were anxious for her to meet them, though they had misgivings. Some old acquaintances of the Wests had called, and there had been a few introductions to young people. Always there had been some need of diplomacy.

"But anything to break up her infatuation with that young man out there," as they told young Amory.

The young man "out there" did not give them much chance. He wrote ceaselessly. A steady stream of thick, impassioned epistles continued to travel across the sea. The Chances could only guess their contents. They did not try to force Lorna's confidence, and she never asked their assistance. Undoubtedly, the Colonel reflected, Miss Hyde must be taking the burden of the loathsome correspondence.

But Morton Amory could have enlightened them. He wondered what his friends, what Eastbury would say, if they knew that Miss West's legal adviser and man of affairs was actually reading and writing her love letters. He hardly knew how he got into it. He had been a pitiable weakling, he told himself. He spoke sharply to himself for his lamentable lack of firmness. He said to himself that he positively lacked character.

What neither he nor his world would have guessed was that, like many another tailor-made young American, there was hidden in him a deep fund of knightly chivalry—as tender as ever Round Table Knight boasted—that in his own case was stirred by the injustice of Lorna's situation. There were moments when, as he said, "his blood boiled" to think of Mr. Francis West in the parental relation.

"But you don't expect your counsel to read and write your love letters?" he had asked her.

"But if I can't myself? If Father had lived, he would have done it. He told me once to get any help I needed from my lawyer. Aren't you my lawyer?"

"But it isn't at all usual," he protested feebly, as she pushed paper and pen toward him.

"But I'm not usual," she had answered wistfully. "I can't write," and his pity had swallowed his distaste.

So he had read the first letter to her most uncomfortably, and picked up the pen.

"Well," he said, "what shall I say?"

"Well—You must begin it first? What does one usually say?"

"Oh, I don't believe there's a precedent exactly," he smiled. "Do you care to copy Mr. Schlegel's style?"

"Oh, no, no!" she frowned. "That is for him to use. I couldn't say such things!"

"I might write formally: 'Miss West wishes me to state—'"

"That seems a poor way," she said thoughtfully. "I will tell him you are writing for me, but—it sounds so cool." She paused. "Oh, just—just begin," she said. "Go ahead and begin the way people always do, the way you did in the last one you wrote."



In the afternoons she often rode with Colonel Chance, who had selected a saddle horse for her. She was an apt pupil and enjoyed it, looking like some trim, eager-faced boy.

"What makes you think I write letters like this?" he asked quickly, almost in irritation.

"Well, Mrs. Chance says you are very popular with the Eastbury girls. Last winter, she says, she is sure you were in love with Percy—Percy Latham?—a girl here. Are you still in love with her?"

He looked across the table at the small candid face above the schoolgirlish neck frill in mingled amazement and exasperation.

"That's hardly relevant, is it?" he answered. "It doesn't really matter, does it?"

"It does to me," she answered frankly. "I don't know why—but I'd rather you wouldn't be in love with anyone."

"Does it?—You think it might impair my legal ability?" he asked with a touch of irony.

"I don't know why, just now. Do you know?" she interrupted herself absently, "your hands make me think of Father's, they are long and slender as his were. He had beautiful hands. That's the only thing not so nice about Victor, his fingers are so short and thick. What are you writing?"

"I've made a beginning: 'Dear Victor.' How does that strike you. It's very safe and sane."

"It will have to do," she said doubtfully. "The rest should be easy. I haven't much to say."

Amory often smiled afterward to recall that first letter.

DEAR VICTOR [it read]:

I am very well. Mr. Amory is writing this for me. He is very kind. Your letter was nice. Please write me some more. I love to get letters. I never had them before.

I have very nice friends. I shopped in Paris. Then we sailed on the ship. Colonel Chance met me before that at Marseilles. And Mr. Amory. They are both splendid. I like them. Colonel Chance is old—older than Father, but Mr. Amory is young. I hope you are very well.

LORNA WEST.

P. S. I believe you asked me if I still care for you. I am very fond of you. I often think about you. I shall not forget you. I told you that before.

It isn't necessary for you to ask me so often. L. W.

It came slowly—in halting phrases.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "Does it sound nice? You know I've never written any letters. I sometimes used to wish I knew a girl who would write to me. Girls do, you know. When Mrs. McCabe was young she had a friend who wrote every week. It must be awfully exciting. But this one—is it all right? If you were in love with a girl and she wrote you this, would it please you?"

"I think," Amory had answered diplomatically, "that Mr. Schlegel should be—will be—both delighted and honored. The essential thing is there, you know. In the postscript. After all, that's what counts."

Lorna breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's what I think. There's no need to say things over and over. Victor would not need to. But he does write a beautiful letter. I never heard things that sounded so lovely."

"They sound as if he enjoyed doing them," was Amory's comment.

They did indeed. All through the subsequent weeks, when Amory bore his share of the correspondence heroically, they continued a weltering ocean of impassioned phrasing. Miss West's admirer did not fear "spreading it on too thick," and the presence of a third person seemed only to stimulate him. Once or twice he dropped to a different key, a minor note, referring with vague, half-playful allusion to his impetuosity, to Lorna's fortunate condition, "where the sordid necessities of the bread-and-butter world never oppressed her." It seemed to touch Lorna; she suggested sending him some money, an offer Amory deflected. But Mr. Schlegel received some very handsome presents, several costly pieces of jewelry, which he referred to lightly as "little bijoux forever tender with association." Amory more than half suspected the fate of the "bijoux."

He roundly and soundly hated Mr. Schlegel. The man's fervor could never be sincere, and only Lorna's inexperience kept her from understanding. He often speculated as to her feeling for Mr. Schlegel. In spite of her candor and literal honesty, she had made no statement, and her letters were all prim little notes.

He saw a great deal of Lorna. She was his special client, and the estate's business required many personal visits to the Court, where usually, after affairs had been discussed he had tea with Lorna and Mrs. Chance. He liked to be with her then—to tease her about her studies and enjoy her naïve questions. But he liked best the hours when she played for him, repeating unerringly bits of harmony from opera or symphony concert or, most often, her own melodies. Her music always moved Amory, and Lorna realized it. "I love to play for you," she said.

He had never known anyone like Lorna before, and had looked forward at first to every encounter with a certain amused interest; gradually his feelings had changed. In the face of Eastbury's gossip and comment, a fierce instinct for protection had surged up in his heart. He began to look upon her as a special charge, a sort of innocent young sister who must be saved from her own maladroitness.

One afternoon when he was there, two callers were shown in—Persis Latham and a Mrs. Sally Haynes, a rather vivid and sharp-tongued young widow who was staying in Eastbury.

Persis was a lovely white and pink and gold young person who ravished the hearts of countless young men. She divided her pretty smile now between Morton Amory and Lorna as she greeted the latter. Lorna was frankly fascinated, but her glance changed as she turned to Mrs. Haynes.

"Mrs. Sally" was a person who figuratively "twinkled." She atoned for scanty physical attractions by sensational dressing. Her small dark face was obviously "retouched;" her some-



Lorna eyed the dress judicially. "I think it's a hideous dress," she said bluntly

what angular figure was revealed to its utmost in an eccentric Futurist costume wherein purples and yellows and vivid greens and reds mingled. She cuddled a "Pom" dog under one arm as she greeted Lorna effusively.

"Miss West! So delighted! We've heard so much about you."

"What have you heard?" asked Lorna gravely.

"Oh, lovely things, of course, charming!" She narrowed her eyes and laughed coquettishly. "We're all so delighted to have you with us, you know. Ah, Mr. Amory! . . . I've not seen you for ages. Why do you never come to see me any more? Come and sit beside me now and flirt with me. You do it so nicely. You've been abroad? Shall we flirt in French or German?"

She had turned away almost immediately from Lorna to Amory, but she was recalled by a cool young voice.

"How do you know he wants to flirt with you? Do you think it nice to talk to him like that?"

Mrs. Sally turned with lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, la, la," she shrugged, "the candid Miss West! *C'est une originale!* But of course Mr. Amory's dying to flirt—with Persis. And I don't intend he shall. You don't object, Miss West? You sound so—proprietary."

"He's my lawyer," said Lorna, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"That's so conclusive," laughed the other; "we'll not flirt, then. Two lumps for me," she twinkled at Mrs. Chance, "and one for Lolo, please. I've had him a week. He's a gem, isn't he?"

She lifted the bushy little dog and kissed it.

"You don't mind my doing that, Miss West?" she laughed, as Lorna looked frankly disgusted. "I adore dogs, don't you?"

"I couldn't kiss one," said Lorna coldly.

"No? We've been so busy, Persis and I. I've been to the dressmaker all morning—Madame Cochard, you know. She really does beautifully. So different! Thank you!"—as Amory brought her tea. "She always turns one out so perfectly! She built this frock,"—she turned mischievously to Mrs. Chance—"rather stunning, don't you think?"

Kindly Mrs. Chance tried to be polite and evasive with a mere monosyllable, but Lorna eyed the dress judicially.

"I think it's a hideous dress," she said bluntly.

"Oh—oh? Really?"

Mrs. Sally eyed the girl's simplicity of Lorna's white wool house gown with amusement. "I'm not sure that isn't a compliment. Hideous—but effective! It takes rather a lot of courage to wear such things."

"They shouldn't be worn at all," said Lorna; "or, if they are, not by a person who is so plain."

Genuine color vied with false on Mrs. Sally's cheeks. She drew her breath in sharply.

Mrs. Chance, white-faced and embarrassed, spoke hurriedly, with an imploring glance:

"These are the prize carnations I was speaking of last week. The pink ones are over by the window. . . ."

She led the way to a great marble pedestal where the lovely blooms were arranged. The others followed. For a minute Lorna and Amory were left by the table.

"Do you know, I'm afraid you did it that time?" The young man was genuinely concerned. "That was a knife-thrust for Mrs. Haynes, and she's the sort that never fails to get even."

"You mean because I said that? Aunt Nell isn't pleased, I can see it,"—two spots of color glowed in Lorna's cheek—"but it was true. It is an ugly dress,

and she is plain. . . . Do you think I did wrong?" "Oh, for myself," he shrugged, "I have no love for Mrs. Sally. We're not any of us burdened with it. But it was wrong for you. I'm just wondering what weapons she'll fight with."

Mrs. Chance was concerned on a different score.

"It was dreadful, Lorna. You were her hostess. Think of it—and you insulted her!"

"I didn't ask her to come. She came herself. Must I lie to her because she came?"

"There was no need to speak at all. She did not ask you to. Sometimes it is best to be silent, kindest. We must keep our thoughts to ourselves. Would you like someone to say that to you?"

"Oh, but they couldn't. Mrs. Haynes is ugly."

"She may not think so. There may be people who even believe her pretty. Beauty is not an arbitrary thing. It's all in the eye of the beholder. It's a matter of taste. We don't admire the same thing—except in a few instances. I'm a plain woman. I've always known it. But it would have killed me to have had it said to me when I was young. No woman likes it. Besides, there are people who disagree. Jim has always liked my looks—immensely. And things run that way. Only a few people, like Mrs. Ranor and Persis, can be beautiful to everyone."

"Persis? Do you—does everyone consider her beautiful?"

"I never met anyone who did not."

There was a pause, then.

"Aunt Nell—do you think? . . . Am I as—as nice to look at as Persis?"

Mrs. Chance turned slightly pale at the direct question.

"I—Why—my dear—"

"You don't think so," said Lorna gravely. She was suddenly pale herself. "But other people might think so. Don't you think they might?"

It was the time for a diplomatic but effective disclosure. But Mrs. Chance hesitated. She hesitated a shade too long.

Lorna's eyes were suddenly stricken.

"Aunt Nell,"—her lips could scarcely form the words,— "tell me—would people generally—Am I beautiful at all?"

"Oh, Lorna!" The good lady opened her kindly arms to her. Then, as the girl's eyes entreated:

"Not beautiful, dear, perhaps. To me—to those who love you, you're winsome and dear and sweet, but—"

"But not beautiful," Lorna's pale lips faltered the words. "Why—why, I've always thought I was. Father told me so—Oh, since I'm here, sometimes I've been puzzled. Do you know, I never seemed beautiful to myself—since I came back—but I thought Father—" her lips quivered—"I thought he knew. I wanted to be beautiful to him. I was glad to be—"

"No doubt you were. He loved you—and he thought you so. He had no thought, perhaps, of judging you by the world's standard. That's what I meant. There will be others to think so, too. You mustn't take it too hard, dear."

"Oh, I won't. Not if it's true." She lifted her head proudly. "Only it's so hard to tell—Isn't it?—what is true. When people think differently but believe sincerely, each is right—"

"That's what I mean, Lorna. One person cannot make truth for all. You're trying to hew to the line, and you can't do it, because things are so relative."

The girl was silent a moment.

"Aunt Nell, it does hurt—dreadfully. Not for me. I don't care much for myself—but—" She stopped. "I was so used to thinking—and I suppose it struck Mrs. Haynes that way,—bearing the truth. Oh, I thought it did then and I didn't care. I detested her. . . . but I didn't realize how much it would hurt. You think she would forgive me if I asked her?"

Privately Mrs. Chance had [CONTINUED ON PAGE 35]



"Do you know you are a very rude and ill bred girl?"

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"The housewife's pocketbook can beat its owner at keeping thin."—H. C. OF L. PROVERB NO. 4

THIS IS THE FOURTH PART of the true story of a woman who wants to get the full value of the effort and money she puts into her household expenditures. So far she has investigated the Housewives League and the Municipal Markets of New York, the Brooklyn Market Club, the Chicago Clean Food Club and the Housewives Coöperative League of Cincinnati. As yet she has not found the method of economy suited to her own particular case. But she is still seeking.

MRS. LARRY, plunged in the doorway, watching Mrs. Larry array herself for her next adventure in thrift. Lena, the young maid, similarly occupied, sat on the shirtwaist box, with Larry, Junior, and his wee sister snuggling close.

"The money for the milkman is next to the sugar can," announced Mrs. Larry, settling her hat above anxious brows. "And you may boil rice for the children's luncheon."

"There ain't any, ma'am," answered Lena.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Larry, reaching for her veil. "I didn't have time to go over the groceries yesterday. When you take Baby out, buy a pound package at Graham's."

"Yes'm," murmured Lena. "But he's a robber, Graham is. Our grocer sells two pounds for what Graham charges for one."

"Yes, yes! But that is loose rice. The package is cleaner."

"Then, don't I wash the package rice, ma'am?" persisted Lena.

"Why, of course you do—you wash everything," answered Mrs. Larry, a bit irritably, as she drove a veil pin home. Whereupon Lena, the tactless, pursuing her own line of reasoning, remarked with a mere suggestion of triumph:

"If I gotta wash it anyhow, what's the difference whether it's clean or dirty to start with?"

Mr. Larry suddenly ducked out into the hall. The door bell rang sharply, and Mrs. Larry reached for her gloves.

"There is Mrs. Moore now. One more kiss, dears, and then Mumsie is off."

The babies watched her going with mute disapproval. Lena was all right in her way, especially during the daily outing, but Mumsie was a most wonderful person and greatly to be missed. But then, when one is properly trained, one does not cry; so Mrs. Larry made her departure without the accompaniment of childish wails. Nevertheless, the lines in her brow had deepened, and as Mr. Larry started to open the door for her, she laid a hand on his coat sleeve:

"Larry dear, these investigations of the high cost of living are getting on my nerves. I'm leaving the babies too much with Lena, and I haven't saved a penny yet."

"The way of the investigator is hard, eh?" murmured Mr. Larry, as he bent for a farewell kiss. "But think what you will save when you have found out the right way! Anyhow, I think it is good for you to go about a bit. You were sticking too close to the house before you started to look for short cuts in economy. Here you are—out of the house and away at eight o'clock."

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Norton were waiting in the reception hall.

"So you're all off for Montclair, home of the Coöperative Store, the Coöperative Kitchen and the School for Housemaids!" exclaimed Mr. Larry. "May I have the honor of escorting you as far as the Hudson Terminal?"

"Indeed you may!" answered Teresa Moore the audacious. "And you may help on the cause by paying our fares—all of 'em."

"Delighted!" answered Mr. Larry, falling into step. "Especially as I expect these investigations to make a millionaire of me someday."

"You may laugh, but I firmly believe that in coöperation, or, at least, the coöperative store, lies our one sure hope of reducing the cost of living. It works two ways—it actually cuts down the price of food-stuffs, and it teaches the woman thrift through investment in stock. You know this has really been proven."

"No! Where?"

"In England. The International Coöperative Alliance was originally founded to reduce the cost of living for the underpaid working classes. From a sociological and economic experiment it has grown to be the soundest and most democratic organization of its kind in the world, numbering among its shareholders men and women from all walks of society. Before the war broke out, families to the number of two million seven hundred and one thousand were buying their food, clothing and homes, through the Alliance. It employed more than eighty-one thousand persons, ran a dozen factories to supply its different stores,



"Then it is a success, your store and your society? And the women believe in it and support it?"

and had its own fleet of steamships for transporting the output of its various plants, which included plantations in Brazil and Ceylon. It sold more than half a billion's worth of goods annually on a margin of two per cent. And in 1913, it distributed among its stockholders of coöperative members, profits amounting to eleven million dollars. Think of the war breaking down an economic structure of such magnificent possibilities."

"Perhaps it will survive even war. But I don't know what you mean by its stockholders buying homes through a coöperative store."

"Oh, that is quite simple," explained the enthusiastic Teresa. "A member or stockholder decided that he wished to use his interest or profits to buy a home. When the next dividend was declared, he did not draw out his money. When his dividends had accumulated in the association treasury to the amount of one fifth of the purchase price on the home he desired to own, the association advanced the remaining four fifths, so that he could pay cash for his home. The association was repaid by future dividends. In other words, he could buy a home through the association without loading himself with the usual mortgage and its high rate of interest. The association was safe because it knew dividends would be forthcoming, and that once a man or woman is started on the path of thrift it amounts almost to an obsession to save and to possess."

Mrs. Moore stopped to open her bag and assure herself by means of the wee mirror against its gray lining that her hat was at the perfectly correct angle. Mr. Larry studied her in frank amusement.

"Teresa, you are a singular combination of the frivolous and the practical. Can you leave your mirror to tell me how they have managed to keep this English association free from graft?"

"Through the high ideals of the men who have founded and conducted it. The association has never deteriorated from its original design of saving through honest coöperation into any scheme whereby the mass of stockholders would save only a mere trifle, while the executive officers built up private fortunes through trickery, watered stock, et cetera."

"And you believe that men with the same high ideals can be interested in such a project here in America?" inquired Mr. Larry.

"Finding the right men and women to act as directors is not the problem," answered Mrs. Moore soberly. "The trouble is to convince individual stockholders, especially housekeepers, that coöperation eventually spells saving—a lower cost of living. It may be the fault of our bringing up, but we women seek economy in only one of two ways—an actual and consid-

erable reduction in the price of goods sold or the money we put in the savings bank. We lack the economic vision of the man, which sees money invested, paying a profit six months or a year ahead. The feminine instinct for chasing so-called bargain sales blinds her to the bigger and safer saving which coöperation represents. Here in America coöperation is a form of fanaticism, not of everyday common sense."

They were all sitting together on the elevated train, and Mrs. Norton remarked crisply:

"Then you consider that men have higher ideals than women?"

"No," said Mrs. Moore; "but in financial matters they have a broader vision. For example, a number of Boston men who had studied the plans and ideals of the English association started a coöperative society under the name of the Palmer Coöperative Association. It was designed especially to help the employees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Road and its allied branches to reduce the cost of living. About two thousand of the railroad men subscribed to the stock, but they were very slow about paying up. The men believed in it, but their wives did not patronize the store. This was largely because all the business was done on a cash basis. There was no sending Johnny or Jennie around to have something 'charged.' Goods were delivered only when bought in large quantities, and on certain days."

"The women did not figure that in the average retail store delivery adds eight per cent to the cost of goods. Then the wives of the subscribers seemed to think that they should get goods at cost, because their husbands held stock. The manager of the store, an experienced buyer, saved them from fifty to seventy-five cents on a five-dollar order. The profits of the store were to go back to the stockholders in the form of dividends. The women, and some of the men, could not grasp the idea of future saving, of dividend paying. They felt that they were saving very little by paying cash; they were annoyed by having to make out orders for large quantities, when they had been accustomed to send round to the corner grocery three or four times a day. And so the association died."

"When you figure that those allied roads employ 60,000 men, each of whom would spend a minimum of \$400 a year in a coöperative store, you find that such an association would do a business of \$24,000,000 a year. At least three per cent would go back to the men in the form of a dividend, amounting in all to \$720,000. Then, allowing an average saving of five per cent on goods purchased, you find that the store could have saved its stockholders \$1,200,000 at the time of purchase. plus [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]



Mrs. Moore assured herself that her hat was at the perfectly correct angle.



OUR OWN PAGE

The Editors of the COMPANION cannot answer these letters. Will the readers help?

HERE are two real letters, written in confidence to the Editor of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Frankly, we need help in answering them. We very specially request response from young men and young women whose experience is similar to that of the writers of these letters, or who have something to say, some light to throw, on the subject. Every letter received will be held in the strictest confidence; none will be published without the writer's consent. Those letters published will be paid for.

The Girl's Side of it

SO MANY people tell us nowadays that the happiest life for women is in marriage and home-making—just as ten years ago it was the fashion to urge us into the business world. Well, we went into business, thousands of us. I didn't—but I haven't achieved matrimony, either.

When I came back from college I settled down to a home life. I live in a Southern town, peaceful and lovely. I've been a good daughter—my father and mother dote on me, and depend on me for a great deal. But I am not satisfied. I am nearly twenty-seven, and I have absolutely no life of my own. It may be unwomanly to cry it aloud like this—but I want a home, I want a husband, and I want children—I want them all, terribly.

The young men who grew up with me, those that were worth anything, have all gone to the city long ago. Sometimes they come home—and bring their wives with them—girls they found and married far from our little town. There are a few well-to-do young farmers hereabouts; but I don't want to marry one of them any more than they want to marry me. We'd have not a single thought or impulse or taste in common. The other boys who were in my "set" are mostly in New York, or out West, save one or two ne'er-do-wells, who are below par either physically or mentally. One works in a drug store—and drinks too much. One is a justice of the peace and a sort of local politician, and he seeks only the company of girls who do not have good reputations. One has a grocery store of the dirty, untidy, smelly kind. Oh, honestly, I *couldn't* marry one of them! And right on this one street are no less than five girls who are in the same position as myself—nice, attractive, healthy, well-educated girls, all lovers of home, all good house-keepers, and not a single beau amongst the lot!

I used to think I'd meet The Man if I went visiting and traveled about, but, though I have met men in this way and had a proposal or two, I haven't met The One. And I do not want to be an old maid—I hate the thought of it! I haven't a lot of outside interests to keep me happy and content as I grow older, and when I think of the narrow, shut-in sort of life that I shall probably lead, and of the dull years from thirty to sixty, when I ought to be bringing up my own darling children, and living a rich, full woman's life, a mother's life—well, I rebel against it with all my strength.

What's going to become of girls like me, dear WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION? Is it fair? Is it right? I know I'd make a good wife and a good mother, just as well as I know that I've got blue eyes and brown hair—but what can a girl do when she doesn't meet any eligible men? There are ever and ever so many girls like me in little towns like this one, girls who have stayed at home and just withered up, while the men they should have married went to big cities, or far afield somewhere, and forgot them. It's all very well to say that marriage is woman's best life and that home-making is the greatest profession for women, but what about the women who don't get a chance at it?

Instead of agitating for votes for women I'll cheerfully join any sensible movement that will undertake to provide husbands for women, for the educated, refined, home-loving women who will die old maids unless someone rescues them and gives them their rightful chance at life. And I hope I may be one of the first ones rescued.

The Man's Side of it

I AM just thirty years of age. My college education was general and in the law. I am now right in the interesting and absorbing occupation of building a practice. The fruits of my profession enable me to live comfortably, to enjoy reasonable luxuries, and to maintain a properly equipped office. Most of my solitary evenings are happily passed with books; sometimes I go to the theatre, a dance or a party. Sundays I try to attend morning services at a church which I recently joined because of its friendly attitude toward me the first few times I dropped in there, and because I am beginning to feel the wholesome satisfaction of spiritual atmosphere.

I get lots of enjoyment out of an occasional hunting or fishing trip, and in the summer and late fall I play tennis several times a week and golf occasionally. I still keep in touch with the doings of my university's football team and I am very fond of baseball.

Truly, my life is very full and time seems to fly. But I must admit that, being a reasonable, ordinary man, there are times when I picture the possibilities of a home. But the fact is that I have never openly made love to any girl, consequently I have my first proposal of marriage to make. I confess that I have "rushed" several girls with ardor, and probably would have a string of proposals, as a great many men have, to soliloquize over had my home training been different. My mother, early in my adolescence, taught me impressively that an engagement is a serious, I might say sacred, matter.

By this time you are picturing me as a cold-blooded, cynical young man, beyond his years. If so, please dispel that vision at once, and conjure up if you can, an ambitious, healthy man just beginning to live, and therefore sanely thoughtful of the future. And let me remind you that, although I am speaking as an individual, there are many young, unmarried men in the same category as I.

I do not meet any girls who attract me, except superficially. They seem to me selfish, and, for the most part, very shallow. Nice to look at, but very hard to talk to. I want for my wife a woman who is, first, companionable, and, second, physically attractive. I do not expect to find a girl who likes to do everything that I like, but I hope that her life will have been so similar to mine that we can with simple adjustment pool our interests with but little deprivation. I feel that any marriage might be happy if based on congeniality of temperament, taste and intellect, plus physical love, not as a dominant, but as a secondary attraction.

Now it seems to me, since every normal girl, rich or poor, expects to marry, it is really her duty to prepare herself for that most wonderful of life's work—home-building. A lawyer, for instance, wouldn't get very far in his profession if he ceased studying and applying his law to practical cases just as soon as his examination admitted him to practice.

Just as soon as American girls quit looking for a prince out of the skies, and instead busy themselves with what should be the satisfying and intensely interesting occupation of fitting themselves physically and mentally for home management and motherhood, the everincreasing number of young unmarried men who are working and studying at their respective life work will dwindle. And I'm going to keep on looking for My Girl, let me tell you, until I find her.

The Country Woman's Opportunities

In church work

In a club of her own

In the rural schools

For country boys and girls

In neighborhood social life

By FRANK A. WAUGH

PROFESSOR OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING AT MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN OCTOBER, 1913, the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States addressed a letter to fifty-five thousand country women, farmers' wives mostly, asking them to tell the Department how it could be of service to them and to present the principal problems that confront country women of their own communities.

The answers to this letter have now been compiled by the Department in four extremely interesting reports:

SOCIAL AND LABOR NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN

DOMESTIC NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN

EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN

ECONOMIC NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN

In reading these letters it is strikingly evident that there is no one fixed type of country women. Some are contented, others discontented; some complain of isolation and monotony, others tell of interesting and varied lives. Their problems, as they relate them, are largely individual. Yet they express, many of them, a longing for more social opportunities, and they reiterate that they might have them if they knew just how to go about it.

Professor Waugh's article, presented here, offers definite suggestions to the country woman who feels that her life is lived too much to itself and desires to vary it. Professor Waugh was born and raised on a farm; and he has lived in the country, not only in the East, but in the West and Southwest. His life work, his interest, and his sympathies all belong to the country life of America. Hence, he is no theorist, but a friend among friends.

There are other school problems, too. The consolidation of schools is a burning issue in many rural neighborhoods, surpassing in interest and importance any question discussed in the Presidential campaign. And the question whether, in any given neighborhood, certain schools ought to be consolidated, is one which the women are highly qualified to answer. It ought to be left to them. There is, further, the problem of keeping the schoolhouse and grounds clean and orderly, and of providing sanitary and attractive surroundings for teacher and pupils. As one drives through the country the school grounds and houses on every hand cry out for help—the help which any public-spirited woman or band of women could give.

It has been my experience that when one or two venture, others follow. A call on the teacher to secure her cooperation, or better still, a friendly meeting with the teacher and half a dozen neighbors, and the subject of the school grounds can be discussed and the improvements definitely planned. Someone will lend a team for a day to plow, someone else will spare a bag of fertilizer, another will contribute half a dozen shade trees, still another some rose bushes, or a spring-flowering shrub of some kind. The children will turn the work into play, and before you know it teachers from other districts will be coming to see your school-house and learn from your work.

There are other kinds of church work, too, and some of them peculiar to the country. It ought to be a part of each churchwoman's ambition, if she belongs to a rural church, to understand these questions and to help in their solution. She should find and study such books as Rev. J. O. Ashenurst's "The Day of the Country Church," President Kenyon L. Butterfield's "The Country Church and the Rural Problem" or Professor William A. McKeever's inspiring "Farm Boys and Girls." Here the great problems of modern country living are brought into direct relation with the work of the country church, definite programs of public service are expounded and the call for personal participation made very plain and persuasive.

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Country Church Work

A WOMAN of enterprise and conscience, looking about for opportunities of service, perhaps usually thinks first of the church. Any live, wholesome woman anywhere with any church connection of any sort can always find church work to do. It may be questioned, of course, whether all the conventional forms of "church work" are genuine public service. Some of them surely appear to be a dreary routine into which well-meaning people have fallen and which nobody has the moral courage to annihilate. Other elements in the customary church program are unquestionably sound. Sunday-school work is usually of this quality; and the woman who can organize a Sunday-school class in a country church, teaching and training, entertaining and befriending her little group of boys and girls perhaps through all their adolescence, has in her hands a social opportunity which few city women can surpass.

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The Rural School

IF THE country woman wishes to apply her talents to some other field of helpful endeavor she has the neighborhood school always at hand. She may have taught school herself and know something of the teacher's problems. In that case she will be wise enough not to be meddling or censorious, and she will know that only the most skillful tact will enable her to interfere in any way with the running of the school. Still, there are large and vital school questions of a public nature in which she may always safely give her help, provided she knows her ground and is ready.

The curriculum of the rural school is challenged on every hand. Everywhere one meets such questions as, Shall there be school gardens? Shall there be manual training? Shall the school teach domestic arts? Shall the school teach agriculture? Country men and country women have long entertained strong prejudices on these questions. They have believed, in a theoretical way, that such subjects ought to be on the rural school programs. But now the case has progressed, almost everywhere, beyond the realm of theory to the verge of accomplishment. Country schools are ready for some of these innovations; but the only way to get the thing done, even now, is for one or two energetic,

Rural Civic Art

THE salvage of the school grounds is only one undertaking of many. The rural cemetery is usually a by-word of neglect. The roads need improvement. Every sort of fair grounds, picnic grounds and public place of whatever kind probably needs a cleaning up. It is not primarily a question of beautifying, yet there may be park and roadside trees to plant, shrubbery to arrange, and even some embellishment of flowers to place upon the cemetery or the church grounds. If flowers can brighten the world anywhere they should certainly be at home in the country.

In the big cities they have planning commissions and landscape architects to design more convenient and beautiful municipalities; in the smaller towns they have village improvement societies to promote the same high purposes; but the country needs to be planned, too,—to be made more convenient and beautiful. A rural improvement society is just as feasible, and would be just as useful as a village improvement society. In such organizations women may take a leading part. They should always bear an important share.

The Country Woman's Club

EVERYWHERE there are country clubs and woman's clubs, but it is seldom enough that one hears of a genuine country-woman's club. Yet a woman's club made up of real country women, enthusiastic for their country homes, earnestly devoted to the better country life, intelligently seeking to promote the welfare of their own neighborhood in all economic, educational and spiritual ways, would be a most praiseworthy organization. It would occupy a field equal in opportunity to the very best of the city clubs.

At the present time the best of the country-women's clubs are also men's clubs. Perhaps this is the best way. Amongst such organizations nothing compares

in popularity or in the efficiency of its social work with the Grange. In hundreds of thousands of rural neighborhoods it is the center of social life. In its literary programs it offers limitless opportunities of intellectual stimulus, while its very definite program of public service gives ample outlet for the work and good will of every high-spirited man or woman.

The country woman who wishes to make herself useful, however, will not confine her thoughts to a club for herself, nor even for herself and husband. She will be especially concerned for the boys and girls. She may find it in her heart to promote an organization of Camp Fire Girls or Boy Scouts. Country boys are keenly in love with camping, fishing, hunting and field sports; yet in these human and useful instincts they are usually repressed, seldom directed, organized and encouraged. Then there are boys' corn clubs now forming or flourishing in every part of the country. Surely they are worthy of all sympathy and support. Parallel with them run the girls' tomato clubs, which have already accomplished wonders in many difficult neighborhoods. Here are forms of organized work and play, fully tested, perfectly adapted to rural conditions, and capable of adoption almost anywhere. How can any woman lay down her magazine and say there is no opening in the country for her?

Old-Fashioned Country Festivals

IT is not necessary, however, to wait for all these forms of organization. Organization comes hard in the country, and it may be doubted whether much of it is desirable. The most informal country picnics, the unprecedented old-home weeks, the impromptu plowing matches, often yield the most fun, excite the most good spirit and bring the most substantial blessings to the community. In this class of irregular entertainments—"movable feasts"—appear several of traditional worth. The old-fashioned husking bee is much more valuable as a social function than as a means of getting the corn husked. It is such a jolly and wholesome festival that it is a pity to let it be disused. Any country woman, with the help of a reasonable husband, can get up a husking bee, and the chances are ninety-nine to one that it would be a better hit socially than any pink tea, auction bridge or reception that was ever pulled off. The old-fashioned spelling school is another country entertainment that richly deserves revival. The "last day of school" can always be made worth-while when parents cooperate with teacher. And there are dozens of other opportunities in the course of the year for genuine native country frolics, clean and wholesome, and capable of promoting good will and friendly relations amongst all neighbors. Really it is worth while.

I should like to say a word, too, about hospitality: just plain hospitality, where we invite our friends to eat with us whatever we happen to have, without the fuss and worry of special preparation. I shall be sorry to see the day when the country woman thinks she must give a guest grapefruit with scalloped edges, and salads made after an embroidery pattern. Potatoes, boiled with their jackets on, and eaten with salt and butter, a slice of ham from your own smokehouse, a jar of last summer's preserves, a loaf of homemade bread and a pitcher of milk form a meal that any country woman can offer a guest, with a minimum of labor and a maximum of pleasure for the guest. Don't let us superimpose city fashions upon the country table. They do not belong there.

Home Interests

LIKE every good woman, the country wife and mother will find her first and greatest interest in her own home. It has been greatly to the discredit of country living in the past that the housework has been an abounding, never-ending drudgery. Farm women have broken down under it—if not in body at least in spirit. They have had no surplus of time or strength for civic affairs or for social interests outside their own homes. Often they have been so heavily burdened that they could not keep their own domestic duties up to a creditable standard, nor give to their own children the care and companionship which their hearts yearned to offer. If there ever was excuse for such conditions the time for them has fully passed away in America.

The average country woman of the present day has reasonable leisure or can make it if she will. For her the home duties of cooking, sewing and caring for children, instead of being a routine of drudgery, may be transformed into a fascinating profession. It is a curious and deeply significant fact that in the great modern state colleges where advanced agriculture is taught, the home-making arts follow strictly parallel courses. It is as though by a supernatural inspiration, the educational world had recognized that the advancement of rural life requires better methods indoors and out, better housekeeping, marching hand-in-hand with better farming. For the educated women, especially, it ought to be no problem to make the cooking and child-training assume an outlook as engaging as any work could ever offer to any eyes.

Some women there are who crave the city life. Let them live it. To others the country makes the stronger appeal. They love its breadth, its quiet, its simplicity, its wholesomeness, its unquestionably better environment for children. Yet in the past many women have given it up out of disgust with its grinding labors, and many still fear that country life does not supply the opportunities for the serviceable employments of civic and social life which they feel they should undertake for the sake of humanity and their own consciences. It is time all doubts on both heads were cleared away. The slavery of woman's work has been or can be abolished on every farm; and in every country neighborhood from ocean to ocean splendid and manifold opportunities of social service are ready and waiting.

The Camping Caravan

FOR those who want a novel, comfortable vacation trip there is nothing that equals caravanning in a home-built gypsy wagon. In England the country roads are full of these caravans during the summer months. Such a vehicle renders the travelers independent of hotels and boarding houses; it is not expensive to build or to maintain, and it turns a camping-and-tramping trip into quite a luxurious thing—indeed, it is a complete house on wheels. It contains two bunks, which form seats in the daytime, a folding table, a kitchen table, a stove, and a case of drawers and bins, lockers, a feed box and a tank for water. Detail views of these and of the wagon are shown below. The canvas curtains which roll up at the side are a practical feature, and when camping form a welcome shade on both sides of the wagon and a shelter for those who prefer to sleep out of doors.

The wagon is not difficult to build and may be attached to the running gear of any wagon with good springs and wheels. Be sure that the measurements as given here for the camp wagon agree with your running gear, and if you find they do not, alter them to fit.

To make the wagon body take two pieces of 1 inch by 12 inches by 14 feet, fir or pine as the case may be, for the side pieces; one piece of 1 inch by 12 inches by 3 feet 6 inches for the front. The floor of the wagon may be made of 1 inch by 4 inches by 14 feet No. 2 flooring. Nail the flooring securely to the bolsters of the running gear, then miter the two side pieces at each end, and put in the front pieces, mitered to fit the sides. At the rear end, miter two pieces 7½ inches long at each side which will leave 27 inches for the door.

For the upper part of the body begin by taking two pieces of 1 inch by 18 inches by 12 feet to make the overhang, nailing securely to the sides, so that it will project 17 inches over the sides.

After this is in place put five braces on each side an equal distance apart under the overhanging board. The braces are made by bending 1-inch by 1½-inch irons to fit the bottom of the wagon and extend up at an angle until they hit the overhanging board at the extreme outside. There should be ½-inch holes drilled through each iron, so that they can be bolted in place. Now the foundation is made, proceed to the frames for the sides and roof. The posts or stanchions are made out of 1½ inches by 1½ inches by 5 feet with a tenon ¾ inch by 1½ inches (see illustration) cut into the top of all the posts. In all, there are fourteen posts. Four of the posts should be 12 inches longer. They are for the front and back of the wagon. Take two pieces of 1½ inches by 1½ inches by 14 feet 6 inches long to make the plates, and mortise holes into them for the side posts. The first mortise should be cut into the plate just 24 inches from the front end of the plate, and the last hole cut just 6 inches from the other end. The other three holes should be spaced an equal distance apart. After the holes are all cut into both plates, the side posts can be fitted into the plates, and two screws put through the tenons, so as to tie the whole structure together solidly. Great care must be exercised in this, as the sides must be rigid. It would be a good idea to make two braces for each post, about four inches long, out of ¾-inch by ½-inch flat iron, bent at right angles, one to bolt against the side posts, on the rear side and extend along the under side of the plate, the other to bolt on the inside of the posts and extend along the under side of the roof pieces.

After the side posts are in place, the whole structure is braced temporarily. Now put the front and rear roof pieces in place, bolted on top of the side plates, with an angle iron bolted at each corner. The roof piece can now be made. Take four pieces of 2-inch by 4-inch, 7 feet long. To get the curve of the roof, choose a thin strip of wood that will bend easily. Now take one of the 2-inch by 4-inch and draw a pencil mark 1½ inches from the edge. Tack a nail through this line ½ inch from each end. Tack another nail in the center as near the edge as you can. Take the thin strip of wood and press it at the center until



Making camp for the night

For a vacation trip there is nothing so comfortable as this
Homemade Gypsy Wagon

Designed by
WILLIAM J. ALBIN

piece should extend across the front and at the rear up to the door posts, which should be fastened to the floor and braced as the other posts.

The door can be bought from the mill, as it is a stock size, 2 feet by 6 feet by 1½ inches, and the top panel can be taken out and glass put in, if desired. Now the seat can be made and a place left under it for tools, etc.

Directly back of the seat and between the posts should be celled up with ¾-inch ceiling. A small opening can be left for a window, say 12 inches from the roof. The back at each side of the door is also celled up. Now we are about through with the outside of the wagon, with the exception of the water tank and feed boxes, which are placed under the body and between the wheels. The water tank is made out of heavy tin, with a faucet that can be reached from the outside, and a cover that fits tight into the raised rim of the tank. This tank should be made to slide into the box, so that it can be taken out and cleaned.

The feed boxes can be used not only for the horses, but for storing vegetables as well. They make a very handy cupboard. The screen wire is now tacked on, using the side posts to tack the screen to, and after the screen is put on, a small molding is used to cover the joints. The side curtains are next made and put on, using a round pole about one inch in diameter and twelve feet long. Tack the canvas, after it has been sewed together to this pole, as on a window shade.

The canvas should be long enough to reach the ground, and when you stop to camp this curtain can be extended on both sides of the wagon by erecting two posts at each end of the curtain, and fastening a guy cord to pegs driven into the ground.

We are now ready to fix up the inside of the wagon. Four pieces of 1 inch by 3 inches by 6 feet 6 inches are needed to form the frames of the lockers. Now out of 1-inch by 4-inch flooring make two covers 26 inches wide and 6 feet 6 inches long, and fasten to the frame by hinges so that it will swing up. The front of the lockers will take two pieces of 1 inch by 14 inches by 6 feet 6 inches long, which should be fastened to the floor on the inside by clips or angle irons.

The space under the hinged covers makes a good locker for clothes, etc. At the foot of the lockers or beds, a partition is made to extend to the ceiling and a space left open in the center for a door or portière. The table is made to fit between the two posts at the front of the wagon, and hinged to them, so that it can be folded up to the wall and hooked there. A leg can be hinged to the under side of the table to hold it level when let down.

The beds or lockers will be the only seats needed at table. A mattress can be bought and a cover of heavy denim or corduroy made for it. This will make a bed and a cushion as well, a great comfort on a long trip.

The kitchen will finish the house on wheels. In it there must be a table to work on, and a small camp stove on one side, with a case of drawers and bins on the other. The drawers should have cast-iron or wooden buttons on them to keep them from sliding out when traveling.

The material for construction, except the running gear, can be bought for thirty-five or forty dollars.

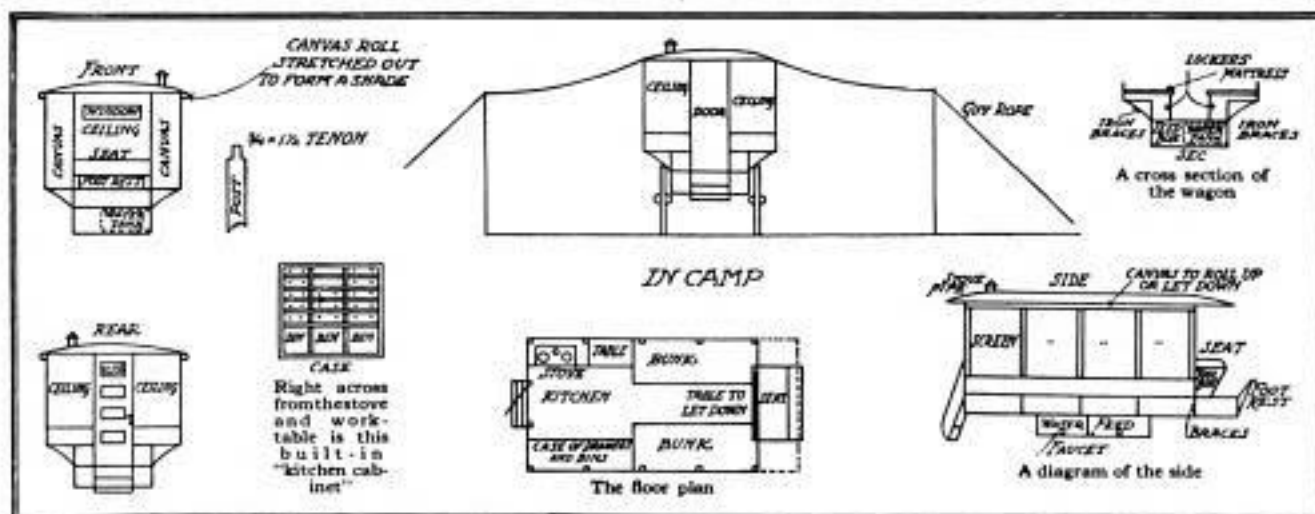
it touches all three nails. Mark along this strip on the 2-inch by 4-inch, saw to this mark, and the curve will be sufficient to shed the rain. After they are planed up they are ready to bolt on the top of the plate and directly over the side posts.

The roof is made of ¾-inch ceiling well nailed to the roof pieces, especially at each end. After you have sawed the ceiling off and smoothed the ends, the canvas can be tacked on, using carpet tacks, tacked about one inch apart. The canvas should be laid across the top rather than lengthwise. After it has been securely tacked down, paint with two or three coats of good roof paint to make it watertight. Two pieces of 1 inch by 6 inches by 12 inches are used for the sides, which should be bolted to the posts above the overhanging pieces, which secures them from slipping. This side

For
Clean
Clear
Glassware



It is important that you use this
**Hygienic
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On your table glassware and fruit jars.





A Convalescent

can build back to health only by avoiding wrong habits of eating and drinking.

One of the most harmful of these habits is coffee-drinking—a frequent cause of stomach, heart and nerve troubles.

Coffee may agree with some persons for a time. To others it is a definite poison, and its daily blows at health finally show.

Many family physicians now use and recommend

POSTUM

in place of coffee

This pure food-drink, made of whole wheat and a small portion of wholesome molasses, is absolutely free from caffeine and tannin, the drugs which make coffee injurious to most users.

If you conclude that it's more fun to be well than to drink coffee, remember there's a delicious Java-like flavour in POSTUM—and some genuine nourishment, too—including the vital mineral salts which Nature requires for her rebuilding of body, brain and nerves.

It's easy to shift from coffee to POSTUM, and

"There's a Reason"

The World Takes Holiday

A Tower Room Talk

by Anne Bryan McCall



SUMMER is generally accepted as the holiday time. Not alone school and college give over their work, but almost everyone manages to have or could manage to have, it would seem, if they tried, a good deal of recreation and pleasure. The world takes holiday, with much gaiety and frivolity and amusement and laughter, by sea and river and shore—for the world loves to laugh and loves to be gay.

Yet there are people who have practically no gaiety in their lives at all, and that is bad enough and sad enough; but, what is worse, there are those who, having given over such things for themselves, see no necessity for others having them—people of older or saddened or embittered lives, who look with disgust and disapproval on gaiety in the lives of others.

And the cure for all this is, of course, to shut the door on our too-personal experiences and opinions, and to look upon this whole question of amusement and gaiety in a more out-in-the-world manner.

If we go down the road, as it were, of the world's experience and history we shall from time to time, on that road, come upon certain great epochs as upon certain great cities, and we shall find that these epochs which are the most advanced and beautiful and kindly are just those in which amusement is notably evident. If you stop at that marvelous epoch which we call the Great Greek Age, you shall find the masses of the people turning out for holiday again and again, a festive and festival-loving populace. And in that age which we call the Renaissance, there, too, were pageantry and gaiety and dance and song. And in the Elizabethan Age, which is so much our pride, we will find the English of city and countryside making merry with pageant and festival and rustic dance, and Shakespeare, the greatest genius of his age, devoting his magnificent gifts to the making of plays.

And what is further noteworthy and memorable is that these times when gaiety and amusement most flourished were the very times, too, when the greatest work was being done.

While the Greek plays and festivals and games were at their height, so, too, were Greek art, Greek philosophy, Greek civilization, Greek glory. While the pageantry and frivolity of the Renaissance advanced, so, too, did that progress and blossoming of wisdom and beauty, the like of which the world had not seen before; and while the amusements and gaieties and plays of the Elizabethan period were enacted there was enacted, also, that great drama of progress and discovery, colonization and advancement, which first made England a great and noble country.

Brightness and gaiety and amusement go hand in hand with the nobler powers of life. And when we turn the parable toward our own lives it applies no less truthfully there: our lives are healthiest, most powerful, most useful, when there is along with their more serious purpose brightness, gaiety and recreation and amusement.

What Amusements Shall we Have?

But this is to talk in generalities. What amusement, you say? What gaiety? The answer to these questions can only be determined, of course, individually. Our lives vary so much that their amusements are likely to be as different as their circumstances. Taste and temperament, too, enter so largely into the matter, and our tastes are apt to change as the years go.

There was a time when to me the most delightful form of amusement was to go to a cotillion in a pretty evening gown and satin slippers, and dance well. I confess to-day that a horseback ride across country, or a hunt through autumn fields and woods, or a picnic supper on the slope of a late afternoon hill, outrank the cotillion very far. There was a time, too, when to see a star actor or star singer in some good play or opera was to me the *ultima Thule* of delight. Though I still delight in the theatre and the opera, were you to give me a chance to go, instead, canoeing on a quiet river, or on a walking tour through lovely country, or on a long sailing trip—I should, I think, leave the theatre and the opera unvisited.

Dancing and the Theatre

But just here one comes to a serious side of this question. I mean personal prejudice against certain forms of amusement. I am soberly aware that there will be those who, reading for the first time in the Tower Room a recommendation of dancing and the theatre, will make this the last time that they read the Tower Room. Dancing is, I know, very especially, anathema to many people.

It is impossible, of course, finally to settle a question concerning which there are so many and varying opinions. The extremes of either side of the question are sure to be wrong. To maintain that no wrong ever comes of the theatre or the dance, would be to shut one's eyes to large facts and many instances. To maintain that dancing and the theatre are pernicious influences and bad for everyone is equally to ignore facts, history, and entire communities.

There are people, and there are even communities, though fortunately they are apt to be rather small ones, of so unsound moral strength and of so inferior an order of intelligence that these two arts, the drama and the dance, are lowered by them to a point of moral weakness and intellectual fatuity. So, too, there are those who lower the great art of music to mere riotous ragtime and vulgar topical songs; those, too, who can get from great masterpieces of painting such as adorn, let us say, the Sistine Chapel, only vulgar and wanton suggestion; those who reduce literature to a taste for vicious books and stories.

"Always gaiety and pleasure and recreation will be a part of life. It rests with us to make these lovely, not unlovely; worthy, not unworthy."

Deplorable enough! What is one to do about it? Will even the most extreme person say, "Because this is so, it is the duty of the community to denounce and banish all these things; all manifestations of the dance, the drama, all pictures of all kinds, music of whatever order, and all books?"

But even the most ardent extremist does not say this. He would be thought clearly to have lost his wits if he did so. He moderates his intolerance and confines it to two arts, namely, the drama and dancing. You cannot argue with him about it. These are prejudices that he has inherited, or has been taught with such persistency by others that it never enters his mind to think the matter over for himself,—really for himself.

Some, I know, will say that they have thought the matter over carefully and, even so, they feel they cannot tolerate these things. But this intolerance arises mainly in thinking of these things as mere amusements, and forgetting to give them consideration as arts.

For that is what they are—arts. The fact that you or I dislike them does not alter that fact. There are people who dislike the great art of music, also. I knew an estimable old Kentucky mountaineer who thought books little less than inventions of the devil, because his son having learned to read them had from that gone on to want a better education, and then developed a desire to go to the city. "You kin come into my house and welcome," he said to me, "but don't you bring no books with you."

It is so with many of us. It is our personal experience that we judge by and not the large truths and facts of the case. The art of the dance and of the drama are as old as the first civilization of mankind. Man first used them as a part of his religious services. By drama the moral truths and lessons were set out and taught in the temples, and by the dance joy and thanksgiving were expressed.

And however the fashions in these things have altered, you will note that in the main their purpose remains the same: the drama still teaches, even while professing to amuse, and the dance is still expressive of gladness.

Amusement and Recreation

If we look back into the history of words we find convincing testimony of the same sort. We speak, for instance, of taking a holiday, and we mean, usually, indulging in some diversion and pleasure. But the word comes little changed from the old word *holy-day*, in which in times gone and with a more simple and glad faith they danced and made gay, and sang songs of rejoicings. So, too, our word *recreation*, which meant originally to recover from illness, to be refreshed, made new, restored, given fresh life, came to mean diversion and amusement which, it was found, did all this for one who was ill, or who was worn or tired with work. So, too, *amusement* in its original meaning was that which made one ponder and muse and think, as all the arts were like to do.

All this is far too large a subject to enter here; but surely these are truths which it were dull of us to ignore. For in these words and old customs and amusements lies hid the history of the very peoples from whom we ourselves are sprung. These are old treasures and heirlooms of the world. They belong to you and me. We have inherited them. And to discuss the drama and the dance as mere harmful rubbish is mightily like throwing treasures out of the window by someone who does not know what is precious from what is trash.

But still, you contend bitterly, dancing often is trash; theatrical performances often are harmful, you think, to our young people, and you point out to me instances.

Yes, certainly, so they are. But we return to the old argument. So are some pictures vulgar; so are some books vicious. From vulgarity in dancing, as from vulgarity in books, it is important enough that our young people should be shielded.

But that, mind you, is not what most people opposed to these things contend for. They make it a matter of personal prejudice and opinion. They do not say: "Let us educate our young people to good taste in these things." Not at all. They say: "Away with these amusements!"

Our Own Duty

The world has always taken holiday, and always will. Always gaiety and pleasure and recreation will be a part of life. It rests with us to make these lovely, not unlovely; worthy, not unworthy. Every day we can add to the vulgarity and temptation of the world's holiday, or we can add to its wholesomeness and charm. It is not putting a ban on dancing and the theatre that will rid the world of harmful influences, but setting high standards and resolves for ourselves.

I always like to remember Browning's lovely heroine—the little mill girl who had just one holiday in the whole year, you remember—she might have been excused, perhaps, for spending it as selfishly as she chose. Ah, but that was not Pippa. Some native loveliness in her went wherever she went, and some lovely influence was about her. As she went she wrought beauty and goodness in the lives of others, not even knowing that she did so.

That is in a sense the ideal holiday. I wish all our holidays might be as lovely, and they could, in many a varied and lovely way, if we but resolved that they should.

Alderbrook Farm

IN JULY

*We do our haying in the old-fashioned way
We sow three kinds of cover crop
And we enjoy life*

By ROBERT LANE WELLS



WHEN haying time came to Alderbrook Farm I looked forward rather joyfully to the task, and wished we had more hay land. Hay is a safe and profitable crop on many acres of farm land in this section. It is an easy crop to grow, requires little capital, little labor, and it always sells at a good price. With five acres of fairly good mowing, and with the clean-up of the roadsides, and with other small patches, we had enough to give us a good taste of the work. Louis Fresne, our French-Canadian hired man, could swing a scythe and he loved to do it. I was deeply prejudiced against the small and fussy work of hand mowing, but Louis Fresne eventually proved to me that he could make enough hay in that way to pay a handsome profit on his wages. Indeed, I see quite plainly that many of our Western prejudices against the small labors and economies of New England are either dead wrong or are the result of misunderstanding. Thrift is something the whole nation needs, and if the Yankee farmer could impart this virtue to anybody it would be a public benefaction.

Let me say, however, that some of these economies go wrong. This haying offers a prime illustration. Here we are cutting our hay in July. In this I was following the old Ohio practice and also the coaching of Louis Fresne and the example of most of the neighbors. But I noticed that a few of the very best farmers, and notably my shrewd neighbor Handy, got their haying all done in June. There was sound reason for it. Early-cut hay, though possibly lighter than late-cut, contains very much more nutriment. The good digestible proteids, in particular, decrease rapidly between June and July as the grass stems harden and ripen, and are replaced by dry and comparatively useless carbohydrates.

But the poorer class of farmers are influenced by other considerations than chemical composition. They have more time for haying in July than in June, and the weather is apt to be fairer, and the hay dries out more rapidly. Of course it does, for it is nearly ripe and ready for firewood, anyway, by the middle of July. And thus the poor chap who delays his haying by a month in order to save in labor loses it all in proteids.

We put up seven tons of hay, such as it was; but next year we hope to be earlier in the field and to get better results.

Cover Crops

NEXT to spraying, I suppose cover cropping is the highest refinement of modern orchard practice. To anyone who does not understand the professional jargon of the scientific fruit grower I should explain that a cover crop, technically so called, is a special planting of buckwheat, clover, cow peas, or any other annual quick-growing species, sown upon the ground between the rows of fruit trees for a short term of a few months. Orchards which are vigorously cultivated with plow or harrow during May and June, perhaps to mid-July, cannot safely be left alone for the remainder of the year. For one reason, unprofitable weeds promptly take hold of the ground the moment the harrow is hauled into the shed. Or, in case those weeds do not grow and the ground stands bare then the snows of winter blow away instead of lodging there, and the snow is wanted for protection during freezing weather. But worst of all is the erosion that takes place on unprotected land from the heavy rains of March.

Hence the buckwheat or the clover. These are sown between the apple trees or the peach trees about the middle of July when the last turn of tillage comes, and some sort of growth develops during August and September. These, after holding the snow through the winter and the soil through the early spring, are turned into the land with the spring plowing. They add vegetable matter, fiber, humus, to the soil, and clover or cow peas will catch from the surrounding air some of the high-priced but almost inaccessible nitrogen. This nitrogen goes into the land when the crop is plowed under.

We were determined to keep abreast of good practice in the matter of cover crops. The real question was whether to sow red clover, crimson clover, peas, cow peas, buckwheat, rye, rape, or something else. So we experimented a little. We planted three different kinds of cover crops—crimson clover, cow peas and buckwheat.

Then the Drouth

This first year the buckwheat outdid the crimson clover and the cow peas most scandalously. This wasn't the way we wanted the experiment to turn out,

but that's just the way with experiments. Of course there was a reason. This time it was the drouth. August was fearfully dry. There was hardly a decent dew the whole month. The soil was like ashes. How could clover seed germinate? How could young and tender plants of any kind live through those dry, weltering hot days? It doesn't seem reasonable that they should, but the buckwheat did. Not only lived, but grew. On the western orchard strip, which was the poorest, roughest land, where we sowed the buckwheat, we had a good, strong cover crop serving all purposes except that of collecting free nitrogen from the air. But the cow peas and crimson clover collected precious little nitrogen, for there was precious little of them to do the work.

The conclusion of this experiment plainly is that buckwheat is the cover crop for us. Our plan is to sow it rather early, that is, not later than the middle of July. We put on one bushel of clean seed to each acre. The sowing is done at the time of the last cultivation. Indeed we make this a sort of double cultivation, going over the land first with the harrow and opening up the soil. Then we scatter the seed broadcast, following immediately with the harrow again, thus covering up the seed.

We will not stop experimenting with cover crops, though, for under different conditions something else might prove much better than buckwheat. The neighbors all say that last year was unusually dry. But Neighbor Handy says it is always dry like that "for six weeks in summer."

If the late summer drouth is the rule and not the exception in this region, then the local farming system needs some readjustment. Why not make the yearly plans in view of a probable drouth and work them out on that line? What about irrigation? What about earlier planting? What about special methods of moisture saving, of which I have heard? I can't answer these questions—yet.

Peas—Potatoes—Poetry—Profits

MY FATHER, on the old Ohio farm, used to have a fixed idea that we must always have green peas and new potatoes for dinner on the Fourth of July. He always worked toward that end and rarely missed it. I can well remember, too, how good those small tender round potatoes used to taste all cooked together with the peas in an abundance of cream.

Well, I remembered my father's amiable whim, and I tried to equal his record. But I didn't make it. The best I could do was to get a fair dish of peas and potatoes together by the sixteenth of July. Margaret cooked the fresh peas and the young tender potatoes together and drowned them in cream, quite according to the dictates of my memory.

It is odd how much of the enjoyment of all such things comes from purely psychological associations—from the memories of youth; how much of it, in short, is pure imagination—simply poetry. Many of the joys of country life are of this poetic, imaginative sort. Indeed, right here lies the point of disagreement between those honest persons who think farm life all drudgery and those who think it all so glorious. The matter-of-fact man or woman finds everything hard enough, but the person of imagination, who can see the poetry of life in simple things, finds large rewards in country living.

While we were eating our peas, potatoes and cream, I theorized that all those folks over there in the city eating canned peas and last year's potatoes would be as happy as we were to get the real thing. So I tried hard to open up a trade in those delicacies. Briefly I may report that the business has thus far been a flat failure. The reason? Well, there are several: It will not do to put such delicate products as new peas into the ordinary green grocery markets. The wilting and the waiting and the handling take off all the poetry very quickly and irremediably. But to go and look up the retail customers, the final consumers, and to make the bargains for such very small quantities as each family wants takes so much time and labor that the profit is all gone. All gone, and more, too. The peas, potatoes and poetry are for us on the farm. The profits have not as yet been located.

The Good Old Summer Time

SUMMER in the country, as the city people see it, is one thing; summer on the farm, as the farm family lives it, is obviously something else. And no one need jump to the conclusion that the city transients see the best of it, either. "The husbandman," say the scriptures, "must be first partaker of the fruits," plainly meaning that if there is anything good in the country the farmer gets it first.

The problem of taking care of the children for the summer is a serious one for many city parents. Now on the farm there is always something to do. Robert, Junior, Janet, and even seven-year-old Jamie have their chores. A few regular daily duties go a long way toward establishing orderliness. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)



One of Borden's Better Babies

This sturdy boy is a prize-winning "Better Baby." Not long ago he captured the silver Loving Cup in a State Contest. Talbot was 13 months old when this photograph was taken. He weighed 23 pounds, had 8 teeth, and when standing measured 29 3/4 inches.

Talbot is a typical "Eagle Brand" baby. He has been brought up on Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk since he was three weeks old. And his mother before him was raised on this same body-building, health-giving food.

You can make your own baby a "Better Baby" by giving him

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Summer-time is danger-time for babies. Make it a glad, happy, comfortable time for your baby and an unworried time for yourself by giving baby the food that has built three generations of sturdy, healthy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls—Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk is made of pure cow's milk scientifically prepared under the closest and strictest supervision, to make it a food which the most delicate baby's stomach will digest perfectly.

In "Eagle Brand" you have the bone and muscle building elements that are in cow's milk. And you know that it is pure—safe—protected from dust and dirt. Easy to prepare. Simply boil the water and when cooled to the feeding temperature add Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

Send this coupon today. Protect your baby from threatening summer dangers by giving him the food that will build him up and make him strong.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York



Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 105 Hudson Street, New York City.
Please send me your helpful book "Baby's Welfare" which tells me how to safeguard my baby and make him plump and strong. Also send me "Baby's Biography" for the record of his life.
Name.....
Address.....



This Meal for 3c

Prepared by a Famous French Chef

A meal of Van Camp's will cost, on the average, about 3 cents per person. It is as nutritious as a meal of meat. And it is, if you wish, a complete meal in itself.

It comes to you ready, with the fresh oven flavor. Even the sauce is baked into it. Serve it hot or cold.

It is welcomed by all, and all will pronounce it the most likable dish of its kind.

Not Like Yours

Van Camp's isn't like your home-baked beans, or like other kinds you know. It's a delicacy, prepared by master chefs, baked in new-style ovens.

No beans are hard, none mushy, none crisp. All are whole and mellow.

It doesn't tax digestion. It gets hours of baking in a humid heat, impossible at home. And a wondrous sauce gives to every bean delicious tang and zest.

All the faults you know in old-time Pork and Beans are completely wiped out in Van Camp's.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH
TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

These are some things that Van Camp's has done:

It has made a homely dish a dainty. It has multiplied the use of Baked Beans. It has made them digestible.

To a million homes it has brought ready-cooked meals, ready for instant serving.

It has changed the meaning of Baked Beans. Our national dish in this form has a unique appeal.

Let it help you out this summer. It means less cooking, better meals, a likable, nutritious, inexpensive dish. You will serve it so often when you find it out that you'll buy it by the dozen. Try serving it tonight.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



(379)

"Made-in-America" Vacations

By ALBERT LEE

IV. AN ALL-WATER TRIP FROM BUFFALO TO BOSTON

THE first of the series of articles of which this is the fourth described a trip through the Southwest—the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Yosemite, the San Francisco and San Diego expositions; the second took the traveler to the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond and Washington; the third extended through the Northwest, including the Canadian Rockies, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Portland and the Yellowstone Park. The present trip covers the Northeastern section of scenic and historic America, from Buffalo to Boston, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, the St. Lawrence River, Charlottetown, on Prince Edward Island, and Halifax. Practically the entire journey is accomplished by boat. There is only one short stretch of railway travel (from Picton to Halifax) and two brief trolley trips (from Niagara Falls to Lewiston and from Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupré). Boat travel, in summer, is the ideal way to get about—and is also considerably cheaper than the railway—but tourists should not fail to take warm wraps, for the decks are breezy, and at night, even in August, it becomes very cold in these northern waters.

EVERY American must see it at least once—that marvelous, colorful, curving wall of water we call Niagara Falls

The tour is planned to be completed within the period of a two-weeks vacation, and at a cost of \$123.70 a person, for two traveling together. This includes meals, transportation, tips—everything. In the previous articles the economic advantage of two people traveling in company has been fully explained. Buffalo has been chosen as the starting point because of its central location in respect to the greatest number of probable tourists. Those who live considerably west of Buffalo may add greatly to the delight of their holiday by prefacing the present tour with a trip through the Great Lakes, from Duluth or Chicago. The boats from Duluth require five days to make the trip to Buffalo, and the cost is \$35 a person, including state-room berth and meals. From Chicago to Buffalo, two and a half days; cost about \$20, meals being *à la carte*.

The boats down the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to Charlottetown, Picton, and Halifax, make fortnightly trips only. It has therefore been necessary to plan our tour to begin on a Friday, in order to meet the sailing date at Quebec, which is Friday of every alternate week. Intending tourists should write for a schedule of sailing dates when planning their vacation. (See Itinerary and Schedule of Costs for further particulars.) This also makes it possible for those living west of Buffalo to start at the beginning of the week, and take the Great Lakes trip; it allows them, likewise, a couple of days in the third week (at the conclusion of the two-weeks tour) for their more extended journey home.

Almost all railroad tickets to Buffalo from distant points are good to Niagara Falls without increase of price. We shall assume, therefore, that our tourists either arrive in Buffalo on an early train, or have arrived the night before, and are prepared to set out on their vacation voyage by taking the 8:02 train of a Friday morning, which lands them at Niagara Falls shortly before nine o'clock, with a full day ahead of them for sight-seeing. Since the establishment of the Canadian and the American National Parks, the extortionate fees for everything, that were formerly in vogue, have been abolished, and now practically all the natural wonders may be seen at no cost; the few commercial enterprises that are worth patronizing give ample returns for small expenditure. Visitors should walk from the railroad station to Prospect Park to get their first view of the Falls. Fifteen million cubic feet per minute pour over the rim of the great cataract—one cubic mile of water each week! After satiating yourself with this imposing sight, follow the Parkway to the Goat Island bridge, whence there is a fine view of the Upper Rapids. A little farther on are the Bridle Stairs and the office, where a guide and rubber costumes are obtained for the descent to the Cave of the Winds. Upon reascending and resuming normal apparel, walk on to Terrapin Rock for the best view of the Horseshoe Falls. Return then, to the mainland, and take luncheon at any one of the many restaurants. Afterward, cross the New Steel Arch Bridge to the Canadian side of the river, and spend an hour in visiting Queen Victoria Park, where, from Table Rock, the most wonderful view of all is to be had. Find your way then to the landing of the "Maid of the Mist," at the foot of the Inclined Railway, and make the trip across the river within the very spray of the Falls. Perhaps, after all, this is the most sublime and awful view of the foaming, roaring cataract. By this time the tourist will no doubt be quite willing to rest a while, have dinner, and seek an early bed.

Two landmarks of history worth the remembering—La Salle's house in St. Paul Street, Montreal, Montcalm's headquarters in Quebec

On the following morning, have an early breakfast and board the trolley which follows the American side through the Gorge to Lewiston. On this seven-mile trip we pass, first, the Whirlpool Rapids, then, the mighty Whirlpool itself, getting excellent views of both. At Lewiston board the steambout for Toronto. There will be time enough to obtain a general survey of this busy Canadian city before the departure of the lake steamer at 3 p. m. Sight-seeing cars are waiting on the dock, and deliver passengers back again on time.

The boats which ply Lake Ontario and go on down the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands are large and commodious. Meals are served on the American plan. You sleep on the boat Saturday night, and find yourself at Kingston at six o'clock the next morning. Here begins the delightful sail of several hours through the Thousand Islands. At Prescott passengers transfer to the "Rapid" steamers, and from then on, down to Montreal, is to be enjoyed the strange and exhilarating sensation of shooting the rapids. We arrive in Montreal in ample time for dinner.

There are several sight-seeing trolley rides that may be taken in Montreal; but the tourist will doubtless wish to reserve this method of exploration until afternoon, using the morning hours to walk about the city. Visits should be made to the churches of Notre Dame, and Notre Dame de Bonsecours. Interesting landmarks will be found at the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets, the site of La Salle's house; in Vaudreuil Lane, the warehouse where John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of the Astor millions; at St. Peter and Notre Dame streets, the site of Montgomerie's headquarters in 1775. The pleasantest sight-seeing ride to take in the afternoon is to Mount Royal.

The boat for Quebec leaves Victoria Pier at 7 p. m., and dinner may best be eaten on board. As the arrival in Quebec, next morning, is quite early, the first duty of the traveler should be to locate his hotel for the night's lodging, and get breakfast. Then sally forth into the quaint, old, narrow, hilly streets of the ancient French town. The chief objects of interest in the city proper may be covered in a morning's walk. They should include the Dufferin Terrace, a fine broad promenade with a wonderful view of the river and of the lower city; the Citadel; a tour of the walls, where one still sees many batteries of old cannon; the Basilica; Montcalm's headquarters; the lower town, with the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

After luncheon take the electric train for Ste. Anne de Beaupré, passing Montmorency Falls on the way. The Church of Ste. Anne is most interesting, being filled with relics and offerings placed there by those who have undergone miraculous cures. There is also a "holy staircase" here, copied from that of Rome, where the devout may constantly be seen ascending on their knees. The great day of the year at Beaupré is July 20th.

There will be time, upon the return to Quebec, for an hour or so among the curious and interesting shops, and in the evening, as likely as not, there will be a band concert on the Terrace, where the youth and beauty of Quebec may be seen at its gayest.

Not so much a river as a deep silent fjord—the Saguenay's waters are bordered by threatening precipices of sheer rock

The boat for the Saguenay trip starts at eight in the morning, and the entire day's ride is through grand and picturesque scenery, the Laurentian Mountains rising in bold headlands from the very water's edge. Reaching Tadoussac at dusk, the trip up the Saguenay is made during the night, depending upon the tide; and the start down-stream from Chicoutimi, next morning, also depends upon the tidal schedule; but two or three hours may always be had ashore. The Saguenay is no doubt one of the most remarkable rivers in America. It is a deep, silent fjord bordered by precipices of sheer rock which rise, at Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, to the height of 1,700 feet. This tremendous chasm, some sixty miles in length and averaging less than a mile in width, is a wild solitude. The stream in places is immeasurably deep, and at its confluence with the St. Lawrence the bottom is six hundred feet lower than that of the greater stream.

We reach Quebec again at six o'clock Friday morning, and have six hours for additional sight-seeing. These may best be spent by taking a ride on the observation car, which starts at 9 a. m. and makes a tour including the Plains of Abraham and Wolfe's Monument.

Vacation tours in America are the last things one might suspect would be affected by the war in Europe, but nevertheless the fact that the steamships which usually carry travelers from Quebec up the Saguenay and on down the St. Lawrence to Charlottetown and Halifax are being used for military transports makes it necessary for us to cover our tracks all over again between Quebec and Tadoussac. The boat for the gulf leaves at noon, and we pass along the same route we followed two days before. Yet such beauty and grandeur may hardly become monotonous. All day Sunday we steam along rugged coasts, and early Monday morning pass by Gaspé, a quaint little French village, where Cartier first landed in 1534 and took possession of the land in the name of the King of France. Later in the day, the boat passes Percé with its wonderful arched rock rising abruptly from the sea about a mile off shore, on the top of which nest literally millions of sea gulls and cormorants. We reach Summerside, a favorite resort for Canadians, early Monday morning and spend several hours ashore. At Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, we also have ample time to visit the strange and picturesque little Northern city. Picton is reached very early Tuesday morning, and thence, by rail, we move onward to Halifax.

The afternoon should be spent in making a tour of the Park, where there is an interesting old Martello tower. The morning of the following day may be devoted to a visit to the Citadel, or to such parts of it as are shown to visitors in war time. In the afternoon, see the Parliament Buildings, the Cathedral, Dalhousie College, and the Public Gardens. There is much enjoyment to be found, too, in merely wandering about the curious and hilly streets, with many interesting shops, and the constant sight of soldiers moving to and fro. The steamer for Boston sails at midnight, but passengers may go aboard in the early evening.

NOTE: A complete itinerary and schedule of cost for this trip will be sent to those interested on receipt of two two-cent stamps.

Veranda Handicraft

Of many fascinating kinds for summer days

New Trimming Stitches

TO MAKE the fine crocheted edge (designed by Katherine Kuehling) draw three threads a quarter-inch in from each edge, and baste the edge in a tiny hem. Crochet over this hem into the drawn part, using No. 90 crochet cotton and a very fine steel needle. Make one single crochet in the space after every fourth thread of the drawn part, and after every seventh single crochet, chain 5, and catch for a picot.

For rice stitch, as described by Mrs. B. W. Jones, insert needle and bring through at apex of petal. Next insert needle at base of petal, out at apex, take up the thread attached at apex and wrap around needle eight times. Pull needle through, drawing toward center. This forms the first half of petal. Next bring needle entirely through from



In rice stitch



A tiny crocheted finish



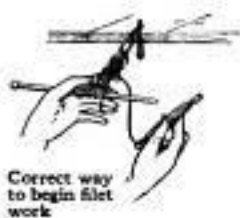
Picot edge for scallops

base to apex, thus leaving thread attached at apex as in the beginning, and repeat as for first half. Finish by inserting needle at base and begin new petal like first.

To make picot edge on scallops, designed by Mrs. J. F. Brett, crochet along edge of scallop, beginning just below center until 4 stitches past point of scallop, 3 chain, fasten with a slip-stitch into fourth stitch on next scallop. Turn 6 crochet over chain of 3. Crochet 6 along the material, chain 7, fasten into center of bar crocheted between scallops, 7 chain, fasten into sixth above bar, turn, 4 crochet on chain of 7, 4 chain for picot, 6 crochet, picot, 4 crochet.

On the other chain of 7, crochet 4, picot, 3 crochet, 8 chain, fasten in center of other crocheted loop, turn, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet. On the rest of chain of 7, crochet 3, picot, 4 crochet. Again crochet along scallop edge, make picot at top of scallop, and repeat.

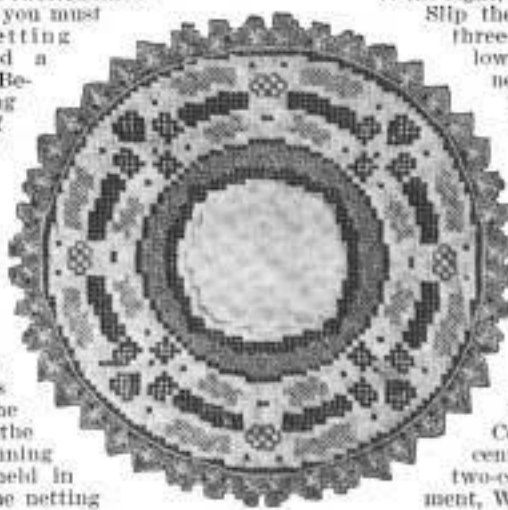
Centerpiece in Real Filet



Correct way to begin filet work

THE net of the centerpiece is made of No. 40 or a somewhat coarser hard-twisted linen thread, and you must have a netting needle and a mesh stick. Begin by taking a length of cord of about ten

inches, tying the ends together. On this ring of thread the meshes of the first row are made, and the ring must be made fast to something before which the worker sits. Having made the ring firm and filled the netting needle with linen thread, tie the end of the latter in the end of the ring. Hold the left hand crosswise, the fingers straight out, the palm toward the worker, and the stick between the thumb and the forefinger and running parallel with them. The ring is held in such a way that the beginning of the netting



thread lies just above the stick, with the needle in the right hand. Draw the thread down over the stick and along the inside of the first three fingers, back between the third and fourth fingers, up behind the fingers and the stick, in front of the ring to the left, then above that back to the right, and down again behind all four fingers.

Slip the needle into the loop over the first three fingers, entering upward from the lower left inside the hand, passing the needle beneath the stick and into the ring, then out through the loop of thread thrown over the ring. In doing this the thread brought down behind all four fingers is formed into a loop held by little finger. Draw up the mesh. Slip the first three fingers out of the first loop and draw that up tight without letting the little finger drop the loop it holds. The loop over the first three fingers forms the mesh and must be drawn close around mesh stick each time, that all meshes may be same size. This must be done before releasing loop on little finger. Complete directions for making the centerpiece (CK-99) will be sent for two-cent stamps. Address Crochet Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York.

A Bungalow Lamp of Wicker

TO MAKE the base of lamp cut 12 pieces of No. 4 reeds, in 8-inch lengths, and one 5 inches long for the spokes. Cut inch slits at the middle point of 6, and push the other 6 through the cut thus made; this gives 24 spokes crossed at the middle point. Insert the short spoke at the middle; this extends from the center and makes 25 spokes in all.

Weave 8 times around the center with a strand of raffia, separating the spokes so that they radiate evenly. With a pliant No. 2 weaver, weave 20 rounds. Then take a No. 3 weaver and finish the bottom, which should measure 8 inches across.

When the weaving covers the bottom spokes to within an inch from the ends, insert spokes for the sides. These are of No. 3 reeds used in pairs, and 8 are cut 24 inches long, and the rest 18 inches long. The long spokes are placed on opposite sides and form the handles. The spokes for the sides are inserted so as to extend along beside the spokes at the bottom for several inches, one on each side of the bottom spokes. Finish weaving the bottom. Turn up the spokes for the sides and weave 3 rounds with the triple-



DESIGNED BY MARGARET DILL

twist weave. As the spokes at the sides are even in number, it will be necessary to weave alternately with 2 weavers. After weaving an inch, flaring gradually from the bottom, draw the sides in, and continue the slant to the top, which should be made to fit the bowl of the lamp, the entire basket being in the simple over and under weave.

At the top, turn the spokes abruptly back and down. They must be very pliant. Now weave the rim in 10 rounds. Insert the ends of the long spokes at the bottom to form the handles. Finish the rim or border at top by turning each spoke under the next to the right, over the next, and in.

To make the handles, reinforce each of the outer spokes by inserting an extra heavy reed, preferably a No. 6. Begin weaving at the bottom, weaving over and under the spokes and through the sides of the basket at the bottom, for several rounds, to keep the handles from pulling out. In weaving the handle, weave over and under in the usual way, but make an extra turn or twist around the outer spoke each time you pass over it.

Directions for the lamp shade will be sent on receipt of two-cent stamps. Order by number, H-277, and address Handicraft, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



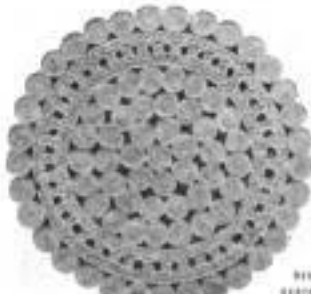
The wheel, the four-strand braid and the lovers' knot

"Safe and Sane" Mats

THEY are safe because they prevent damage from heat; they are sane because they are easily made with no strain to eyes and nerves.

The tubular cord for these mats comes in balls, and two balls are needed for a set of one round and three oval mats. Ordinary sewing is the method by which the mats are made, using coarse strong white sewing cotton.

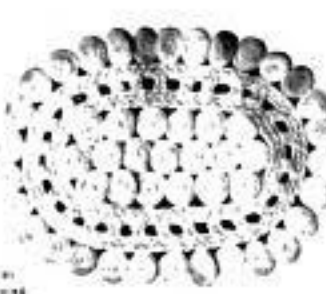
Cut the cord in lengths of eighteen inches each. Divide one length in halves, marking its center. Run the needle through one end, and wind the thread firmly around it. Then begin to coil the cord around the end (now the center of a wheel) always sewing the coiled cord in place, until the center of the length of cord is reached. Fasten off the sewing cotton and, be-



ginning again at the other end, make a second wheel, coiling oppositely. For the center of the oval mat, sew five wheels in a straight row. The fifth wheel must be made separately, of a nine-inch length of the cord. Around this center of five wheels sew a string of fourteen wheels.

The border rounds on all the mats are made alike: Measure twice around the outer edge of one of the mats, and cut four pieces of cord of that length, making a four-strand braid of them. Sew this braid around the mat.

The next round is the lovers' knot. Measure three times around the edge of the mat. Take a piece of cord of this length, mark off the center and fasten it at that point to a table. Make a loop with the cord at the right, laying it over the cord at the left, so that the end of the right-hand cord forms the upper half of the loop. Put end of cord at left under end of right-hand cord, over upper half of the loop, and through the loop, going under the left-hand cord. Sew completed strip around the mat. Make another four-strand braid, and sew outside lovers' knots. Finish with row of wheels.



DESIGNED BY MARGARET DILL

Sensibly thick to protect a polished table from hot dishes



For white woodwork

DID you ever try Bon Ami on white paint? It dissolves the grime like magic and restores the fresh, white new look. Frequently one magic sweep of the cloth, wet with a little Bon Ami lather, will erase an obstinate finger-mark that resists floods of plain water!

You mustn't use coarse, gritty soaps or powders to scour that grime away—they would scour off the white paint too.

Bon Ami

To meet the wishes of housewives who like their cleaners in powder form, we are now making Bon Ami that way as well as in the well-known cake form.

The new powder is made of exactly the same fine materials as the cake; it will do exactly the same work and like the cake, will not scratch.

We leave you to choose between our cake and powder. Both of them are wonderful for cleaning windows and mirrors, bath-tubs, tile, paint, and polishing metals; not for scouring or rough work but for all the finer kinds of cleaning and polishing.

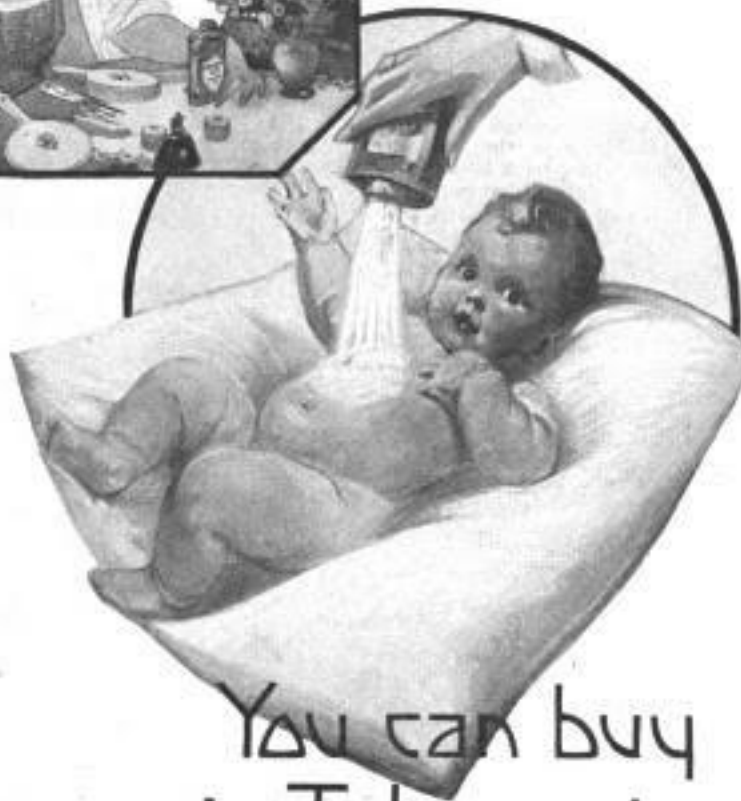
Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



You can buy
Mennen's Talcum in
a variety of shades
and perfumes

For example—the Cream Tint Talcum with the fragrant Narangia odor, made for those who find a white talcum unbecoming. Another is the Flesh Tint, a powder rich in Rose color and perfume.

The perfumed white powders are Violet and Sen Yang, in addition to Borated, the standard Baby Talcum.

All the Mennen talcums are made according to the original Mennen Borated Formula, and have the standard Mennen quality, which you can only get under the Mennen name. Mennen's is the one universally recommended by doctors, nurses and mothers.

For sale by more than 100,000 Dealers

We want you to know *all* of the Mennen Talcums so that you can select the one best suited to your skin. For 5c we will send you any one sample or all five for 25c. Send for them today.

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GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.

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Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Factory—Montreal, Que.



Two Easy-to-Make Gifts

Cross-stitch and crochet for little girls

Designed by HELEN MARVIN

ON A JULY afternoon four little schoolgirls sat upon a shady veranda and wished for something to do.

"It's too hot for playing tennis," said the first little girl.

"Or even for croquet," said the second.

"And a long way down-town for an ice cream soda," said the third.

"If we knew what to make, we could begin Christmas presents," said the fourth.

So to help those four girls and all other girls who have vacation hours to spare, some ideas for useful and pretty gifts that are pleasant to work on in warm weather are suggested.

The first is a pincushion design of flowers in filet crochet. The pattern is good for cross-stitch, too, but the crochet is a little more unusual. The pincushion top is made with No. 30 white crochet cotton, and it has one row of holes around the design, then the scalloped edge, which is worked as follows: Make one hole and four double crochet alternately all around, increasing at the corners. Join the round, then make eight single crochet stitches in each hole of the edge.

When completed the crochet is tied to a long colored satin pincushion with rosebud ribbons.

Rather nice to go with the pincushion is a dresser scarf to match. This is the way in which it should be made: Begin with enough holes for the width of the scarf—about eighteen inches—and work the design in the center of the garland of flowers and working to the top. When the design has been completed make one row of holes, then continue on the twenty-nine holes at each end, working row after row of holes, until enough has been crocheted to give half the length needed for the scarf, less thirty-seven rows.

In the next row begin the design, the rows crossing the pattern, and working so that the bottom of the design is to-



In quaint flower design for a girl's room



The little clean handkerchief case for traveling days

ward the outer edge of the strip of crochet. After the design, work as many rows all holes as were worked before it, then connect the two strips with a chain long enough to make one row of holes, then work the design for the second end of the scarf, but begin at the top of it. Make a final row of holes, and work the two edge rounds used for the pincushion on the outer edges. Overhand the crochet to a center of

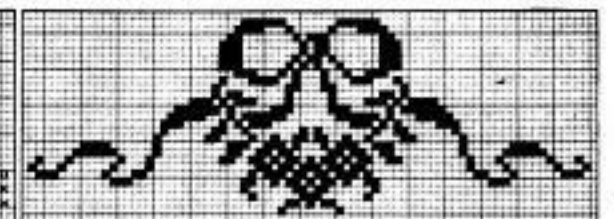
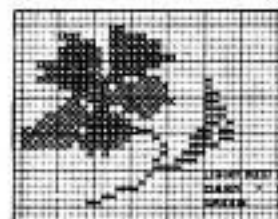
linen, and finish the two ends with four tassels, one at each corner and two between. These tassels should be about six inches long.

The same design would be decorative on the end of a guest towel. Be sure to do the work tight, with a fine steel hook.

A thoughtful present for a girl to give her mother to use when she takes trips away from home is a handkerchief case for her bag. It is crocheted of white perle or pearl crochet cotton No. 3, and worked tight with a steel crochet hook.

Begin with a chain of forty-two stitches. Turn, skip the first two chain stitches, and in each of the others make one double crochet. This row should be about five and one-fourth inches long. On it work back and forth in single crochet, picking up the stitches on the double thread until there are seventy-six single crochet rows; then make one row of double crochet, and fasten off.

In working the cross-stitch pattern on the crochet, begin the top of the pattern in the fourth single crochet row from the end, and use pearl embroidery cotton No. 5 for the cross-stitch. When the embroidery is finished insert a length of featherbone beneath the turned back double crochet row at each end, hemming the latter down; then fold the case double and overhand the sides together. Do the sewing with white buttonhole twist; or crochet the sides together with the crochet cotton.



At the left the working cross-stitch pattern for the handkerchief case flower; at the right the filet crochet pincushion pattern

A Vacation Chance

Prizes for Companion young folks

IN THE middle of vacation imagine a rainy day or a very long dull day, when you are tired of everything you've been doing all summer. That's your chance!

For what? Why, to try for a July prize in one of the Children's Contests. Girls' Stories; Subject: "A Guess." Length not over three hundred words. First prize, \$2.00.

Boys' Stories; Subject: "My Invention." Length not over three hundred words. First prize, \$2.00.

Verses: "A Seashore Song." First prize, \$2.00.

Drawings or Photographs: "A Real American." First prize, \$2.00.

Twenty one-dollar prizes for good work in the contests, and a number of books and toy prizes will be given.

Now, Vacation Boys and Girls, why don't you all try for a prize?

Special to the Fourth of July

Are you patriotic?

Did you celebrate?

How did you celebrate?

For the best letter telling how you spent your happiest Independence Day, an American flag will be given as a prize. The same rules as for the other contests apply to this one.

Just a word to the boys and girls who don't read the rules very carefully. It seems such a pity to miss getting a prize for a good story simply because you forgot to mention your age or, possibly, your address. Be quite sure you've followed all the rules before you put your contribution in the post box.

Rules—Be Sure to Read Very Carefully

1. All work must be original.
2. Write on one side of paper only.
3. Write name, age, and address plainly on contribution.
4. Do not roll manuscripts or drawings.
5. Send contributions before July 8th.
6. Address all contributions to "Children's Contest Department," care of the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"Playtime" was photographed by Maurice Pursell, aged ten

Frank Goes Fishing

And learns the right tackle for trout and bass

By C. H. CLAUDY

FRANK and his elder brother Jack stood knee deep in the swiftly running river. Uncle Ben was close behind, interested in his younger nephew's first experience with game fishing.

"I don't see anything hard about that!" cried Frank, watching Jack make a skillful cast of the bright-colored artificial bait, with its little propeller in front, its three sets of triple hooks flashing in the sun. "Watch me try."

Frank took his rod, twirled the reel, and, in clumsy imitation of his brother, threw the bait from him. It fell short, and a laugh came from both brother and uncle watching him.

"You needn't laugh!" cried Frank peevishly. "I never tried it before! What's wrong, anyhow?"

"I'm not laughing at your cast, it was good, for a first try!" Jack said. "But you cast up-stream. You must cast down-stream for black bass. They feed up-stream."

"Oh!" puzzled Frank. "But in pictures I've seen—"

"That's trout fishing!" cut in Uncle Ben. "Trout come down-stream, so we fish for them up-stream. And that's fly fishing, which is quite different from bait-casting for black bass. There are no trout here. Look at that!"

Uncle Ben had been casting as he spoke, twitching and jerking his eight-foot rod. There was a whirl in the water, a buzz from the reel, and Uncle Ben had both hands on the rod "playing" the fish. Frank watched interestedly. Suddenly came a cry from Jack, and he, too, had a fish on the end of his line and was excitedly working it into his landing net. But the water was cold, and the sport, though interesting, was not exciting to Frank, standing knee deep. So he cast, down-stream this time, and worked his rod in imitation of his companions. Suddenly he, too, saw the swirl of water as the fish "broke," felt the tug on his line, and became, then and there and for life, a fisherman.

"Easy, now, easy—give him some line!" cried Jack. "Don't do it all with the rod—reel him in! Quick, quick!" Jack was as excited over Frank's fish as if it had been his own first one. "Don't give him any slack! Oh, a whopper! Now, the net—there!"

At the end of the long morning, when it was time to stop for luncheon, Frank had caught four good sized bass, Uncle Ben had ten, Jack had seven.

"But we can come back this afternoon!" argued Frank. "We are not through!"

"Yes, we are," said Jack gravely, and Uncle Ben nodded. "We have all we can eat, both here and at home."

"But can't we catch them just for fun, and put them back again?" asked Frank.

"Nothing to it!" responded Jack vigorously. "I don't know for sure that a bass, put back, dies. But most trout do, unless they are very strong."

"Right!" cried Uncle Ben. "No good fisherman catches more than he can eat, or than his friends can eat. No good fisherman likes to put back a caught fish, unless it is a big, strong one."

"How about the fellows who fish with just a line and worms?" asked Frank.

"Oh, that's not game fishing! In game fishing, you know, you put your wits against the fish's cunning and skill. Anyone can run a seine up this river and catch all the bass in it. But it isn't sport. That's why we have fine rods and light lines, and use our skill."

"What's fly fishing like?" Frank wanted to know.

"Well, fly fishing," answered



"Easy—give him some line!"

Uncle Ben, "let us say trout fly fishing, is the art of getting the trout to swallow a hook incased in something he thinks is an enemy or good to eat, no one is quite certain which. You saw the way the bass went at the bait? Well, the bass probably thinks that a little painted fish full of hooks is something to kill. He doesn't do it as if he was hungry, so much as if he was angry. In fly casting for trout, we use a long, light rod, ten or twelve feet if we are expert. For you, Frank, I've got just the nicest little split bamboo rod, nine feet long, you ever saw! It doesn't have a multiple or duplex reel above the handle, like the bass rod,

just a plain reel below the handle. But it's feather-light. We have a taper line for it, a line heavier in the middle than at either end, and a hook full of flies. See here—"

Uncle Ben dipped into his pocket and brought out a little leather book of flies. Frank opened it with a cry of delight. Curious and bright-colored affairs they were, of different material, each concealing a hook and looking like some bright-colored insect.

"Aren't they pretty?" cried Frank.

"What do you call them?"

"That's a 'Royal Coachman,'" pointed Jack eagerly, "and this is a 'Parmanchee Belle,' and this, a 'Silver Doctor'."

"Yes, they all have names," agreed Uncle Ben. "In fly fishing for trout," he went on, "we use several of these things, each on a 'leader' of gut, fastened to the line. It is an art to cast for trout, for the line must go a long way from you, so the trout doesn't know you are near. It must be most artistically twisted and moved, so that the fly seems to the fish to swim or to crawl upon the surface. That means a light rod. Then the trout, when he swallows the thing, darts away, and you have to 'play him,' much as we played the bass, only more so. There are fly rods and bait casting rods, and rods for still fishing or 'wait for a bite' fishing, and trolling rods and salmon rods and salt water rods," went on Uncle Ben. "Fly rods have the reel below the handle—bait-casting rods for bass, especially like these we use, have the reel above the handle, so its action can be controlled. If you can't have but one fly rod, a five-ounce rod nine feet long is about right. If you can have two, have a longer one for fly fishing, and a short, stronger one for bait casting."

"It isn't so easy to choose, then, is it?" wondered Frank.

"Easier than to choose tackle," answered Uncle Ben. "There are about sixteen hundred varieties of hooks, and fully a thousand kinds of line. I told you fishing was an old art."

The Knack of Sharpening Your Knife

By Frederick M. Holmes

FEW boys who undertake to sharpen a knife have any great difficulty in getting a sufficiently keen edge; it is in keeping this edge that the trouble arises. This is due to holding the knife blade too flat when sharpening.

By holding the knife blade very flat a sharp edge can be readily produced, but is so very thin that it is easily broken and the blade is marred by jagged nicks.

The men who are employed in factories to sharpen the best grade of knives hold the blade at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and really sharpen only the cutting edge itself. This method leaves the blade behind the immediate point of contact, sufficiently thick and strong to stand any ordinary usage.



Another "Playtime," photographed by Florence Stolte, aged 12



"What luck to find
This Campbell 'kind'
Right in the milky way!
'Twill make a bisque
Worth all my risk.
I'll eat some more today!"

And there's no higher to go—

When you've had *Campbell's Tomato Soup* prepared as a bisque or cream of tomato you've enjoyed a soup that cannot be excelled for quality and flavor.

And it is so easy to prepare! A child could follow the simple directions on the label, and have this delightful nourishing tomato bisque ready to serve in three minutes.

Besides this, there are many other tempting ways to prepare this wholesome Campbell "kind," so many, in fact, that practical housewives now-a-days order it by the dozen or the case, so as to have it always on hand.

Don't you need another dozen today?

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

10c a can

Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The 1916 Overland

TRADE MARK REC.



The Newest Overland—

The 1916 Overland is essentially the same as the 1915 Overland—the famous Model 80 that sold for \$1075.

But the price is \$325 less.

The stream-line body is the same as the \$1075 model of last season.

\$750
Touring Car

United States Prices
f. o. b. Toledo

\$725
Roadster

It has the *same* magnificent finish; that deep, rich tone of dark Brewster green with fine hairline striping of clear ivory-white.

It has the *same* powerful, economical thirty-five horsepower, four-cylinder motor, but weighs less.

It has high-tension magneto ignition.

It has the *same* under-slung rear springs. It has the convenient arrangement of electric control buttons on the steering column.

It has the *same* easy-

working woman *same* "shifting" "easy to the same"

It has is unusu price.

1916 catalogue on request. Please address Dr.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY,
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton



\$750

MODEL 83 FOB TOLEDO



25 Less Than Last Year

which any
operate; the
o handle"
; the same
with" wheel;
ve brakes.

tires which
a car at this

In detail, finish, mechanical fineness, comforts and conveniences, this newest Overland gives you all there was in the \$1075 Overland and even more power.

And it costs you but \$750 — \$325 less than last season's

large 35 horsepower Overland.

Deliveries are being made now all over the country.

Every Overland dealer already has a waiting list.

Place your order immediately and you can be sure of a speedy delivery.

Canadian Prices

f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

\$1050
Touring Car

\$1015
Roadster

Specifications

35 Horsepower motor	Electric starting and lighting system
High-tension magneto ignition	Headlight dimmers
5-Bearing crankshaft	Rain-vision, ventilating type, built-in windshield
Thermo-syphon cooling	Instrument board on cowl dash
Underlung rear springs	Left-hand drive, center control
32" x 4" tires; non-skid in rear	One-man top and top cover
Demountable rims; with one extra	Magnetic speedometer

"Made in U. S. A."

DO, OHIO



When You Make Out Your Grocery List

Remember that for all-round cooking purposes, Crisco is rapidly becoming the choice of intelligent women the country over.

Its many points of superiority over lard, and its marked economy as compared with butter are the good and sufficient reasons.

The daily experience of a multitude of American housewives is your guarantee of the value of

CRISCO
*For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making*

It costs much less than butter—generally about half. It is more digestible than even the best of lard—and its year-round cost is lower.

It is more convenient than either butter or lard. It can be kept indefinitely in ordinary kitchen temperature without getting too soft or too hard, or turning rancid.

It reaches a proper frying temperature without causing any of the smoke that makes cooking disagreeable and leaves odors in the kitchen.

Rose Leaf Cakes

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cupful rose leaves | 1 cupful milk |
| 3 cupfuls flour | 2 teaspoonfuls |
| 1 cupful sugar | baking powder |
| ½ cupful Crisco | 1 lemon |
| 3 eggs | ½ teaspoonful salt |

(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly together, then add eggs well beaten, flour, baking powder, salt, milk, grated rind and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, and fresh rose leaves. Divide into Criscoed and floured gem pans and bake in moderate oven from twelve to fifteen minutes. Sufficient for 35 cakes.

If you would care to know more about Crisco write for a copy of the "Calendar of Diseases", addressing your request to Department E-7, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing five 2-cent stamps. You will receive a book of 615 new cooking recipes and a complete account of what Crisco is, how and where it is made, and what it will do to simplify and improve your cooking.



Tempting Cookery for the Invalid

These individual recipes were especially planned

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER



Toast meringue is a fluff of egg and cream



A poached egg cooked "just right"

NOTE: In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

IT IS certainly true that if families were properly fed it would seldom be necessary to know much about cooking for the sick. Statistics prove that two thirds of all disease are brought about by errors in diet. Either the food principles have not been properly maintained or the food has been improperly cooked. To one accustomed to visiting children's hospitals or children's wards in general hospitals this statement cannot seem an exaggeration as the results of malnutrition may be seen on every side. The recovery of a patient is much hastened if the cook does her part intelligently, for "good cooking saves the digestion half its work."

BARLEY GRUEL: Add two tablespoonfuls of cold water to one tablespoonful of barley flour to form a thin paste; then add gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point and let boil fifteen minutes. Add one-half cupful of milk, bring to the boiling point, add one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and strain.

THICKENED MILK: Scald one cupful of milk in a double boiler, reserving two tablespoonfuls. Add reserved milk to one tablespoonful of flour gradually, while stirring constantly. Pour into scalded milk and stir until mixture thickens, then cover, and cook over hot water twenty minutes. Season with a few grains of salt. An inch piece of stick cinnamon may be cooked with the milk if liked, and tends to reduce a laxative condition.

OATMEAL GRUEL: Add one fourth of a cupful of uncooked oatmeal mixed with one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt to one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil two minutes, then cook over hot water (in double boiler) one hour. Strain, again bring to the boiling point and add milk or cream to meet the need of the patient.

INDIAN-MEAL GRUEL: Mix one tablespoonful of granulated Indian meal, one-half tablespoonful of flour, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, three tablespoonfuls of cold water to form a thin paste; then add gradually two cupfuls of boiling water and let simmer one hour. Add milk or cream to meet the needs of the patient.

KUMISS: This dish is of great value in the sickroom, as it is one form in which milk seldom fails to be retained by the patient. Kumiss made at home in the following way is most satisfactory: Heat one quart of milk to 75° Fahrenheit, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one fourth of a yeast cake broken in pieces and dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place bottles, inverted, where they can remain at a temperature of 70° Fahrenheit for ten hours; then place in ice box for forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent cream from clogging mouth of bottles.

MOCK-BISQUE SOUP: Scald two thirds of a cupful of milk and thicken with three fourths of a tablespoonful of flour diluted with cold water until thin enough to pour. Cook in double boiler ten minutes, stirring constantly at first. Heat one fourth of a cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes to the boiling point, add one fourth of a teaspoonful of sugar and a few grains of soda, and add gradually to thickened milk. Add one-half tablespoonful of butter, bit by bit, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Strain and serve at once. If not served immediately this soup is liable to curdle.

DROPPED EGGS ON TOAST: Butter the inside of a muffin ring and place in an omelet pan of hot water to which one teaspoonful of salt has been added. Break an egg into a saucer, then slip into the muffin ring, allowing water to cover the egg. Place a tin cover on pan and set on the back of the range. Let stand until white of egg is of jelly-like consistency. Take up the ring and egg, using a buttered griddle-cake turner, and place on a circular piece of buttered toast. Remove the ring and garnish the egg with toast points and parsley. By using a muffin ring there is no waste, and the cooked egg is also much more attractive.

TOAST MERINGUE: Cut one slice of bread one fourth of an inch thick, remove crusts, and toast on both sides. Heat one third of a cupful of thin cream in a small omelet pan, and when the cream is nearly at the boiling point add one-half teaspoonful of butter and the white of one egg beaten until stiff and sprinkled with a few grains of salt. Fold the egg over and over in the cream until firm; then pile on the toast; pour around the toast the cream that the egg has not absorbed. Garnish with a sprig of parsley.

ORANGE JELLY (in sections of orange peel): Cut a circular piece of peel one inch in diameter from the stem end of an orange. Place the handle of a silver spoon into opening thus made, remove pulp and juice, and strain. The forefinger may be of assistance in loosening pulp lying close to skin—which should be discarded as it is apt to make a cloudy jelly. Soak three fourths of a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one-half tablespoonful of cold water, add one tablespoonful of boiling water, and as soon as gelatine is dissolved add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar, one fourth of a cupful of orange juice and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Strain through cheesecloth. Fill orange with mixture, place in pan and surround with cracked ice to which a small quantity of water has been added. Be sure that it is well balanced, and watch carefully lest it be upset by the melting of the ice. As soon as the jelly is firm cut in sections. Arrange on a plate covered with a lace-paper doily and garnish with green leaves.

COFFEE JELLY: Soak three fourths of a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one half of a tablespoonful of cold water three minutes. Add one third of a cupful of hot boiled coffee, one half of a tablespoonful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Strain through cheesecloth into a mold, first dipped into cold water, and chill.

WINE JELLY: Soak three-fourths teaspoonful of granulated gelatine three minutes in one-half tablespoonful of cold water. Add one tablespoonful of boiling water; when the gelatine has dissolved, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of sherry wine and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Strain into an individual mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING: Put two-thirds teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in a small bowl, add one-third cupful of boiling water, and dissolve by placing over hot water. Put one-fourth cupful of sugar in another bowl, add white of an egg, and pour over strained gelatine; then add one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt. Beat mixture until stiff. Turn into a shallow pan first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from pan and cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows. Arrange in serving dish and accompany with sugar and thin cream.

VANILLA ICE CREAM: Mix one-half cupful of thin cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt, and freeze. One-fourth cupful of heavy cream and one-fourth cupful of milk may be used in place of one-half cupful thin cream. Finely crushed ice and rock salt, or coarse salt, are necessary for the freezing of ice creams. These are used in the proportion of three measures of ice to one measure of salt. If more salt is used the cream is coarser and less smooth in texture; where less salt is used more time is required for the freezing, with no better results. Cover bottom of the pail with finely crushed ice (an old lard pail may be used), put in baking-powder box or tumbler containing mixture to be frozen, and surround with ice and salt in correct proportions, adding ice and salt alternately, until it comes up to three fourths the depth of the box or tumbler. Turn the box or tumbler with the hand, and as soon as the mixture begins to freeze, scrape the frozen portion from sides of the box or tumbler and beat mixture with a spoon, so continuing until the entire mixture is frozen. Miniature ice cream freezers are a great convenience when freezing small quantities.

MILK SHERBET: Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to one tablespoonful of sugar, and pour on gradually one-half cupful of milk (or one half milk and one half cream) then freeze.



Orange jelly and marshmallow pudding are sure to refresh the jaded appetite

The Better Babies Bureau

offers its help and advice to

ALL MOTHERS
AND MOTHERS-IN-WAITING

THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS' CIRCLE

EVERY prospective mother who reads the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* is cordially invited to register in the Prospective Mothers' Circle. Just send your name, your address, and the date when your baby is expected to the Director of the Better Babies Bureau.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB

EVERY mother who reads the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* is invited to register in the Mothers' Club, sending her name and address, and stating her special problems of health, education, discipline, etc. Her letter will be promptly and fully answered.



BETTER BABIES CAMPAIGNS

EVERY social worker who is interested in Better Babies Campaigns, either through Contests, or Health Exhibits, or Baby Conferences, is invited to use the helpful literature and other material prepared by the Better Babies Bureau.

INQUIRIES

A STAMPED and self-addressed envelope must accompany all inquiries. When ordering books and pamphlets not prepared by this Bureau for free distribution, price must be sent with order. Address Better Babies Bureau, *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Better Babies News

THE following letters show individual ways in which Better Babies literature and posters are being used to good advantage. We shall be very glad to send this material to other librarians, teachers, social workers, and club women who wish to follow these successful plans.

FROM A KANSAS LIBRARIAN:

We should never have been able to start a Better Babies movement here without your help. Here, in our public library, we are making our Mothers' Department a clearing house for information about the care and guidance of children, eugenics, sex hygiene, education; and, as you suggested, I arranged a corner in the library where mothers meet once a week and discuss some topic in connection with Better Babies. We have been using the material you send out for Mothers' Clubs. I have not been able as yet to buy all the books you recommended, but have a number of them, and have also hung up the posters, which we find most interesting. The women are reading the books eagerly. Once a month our doctor gives us a talk on the care of children, and the two ministers are each giving us a series—one on the "Religious Training of Children," the other on "The Training of Young People for Parenthood." We have succeeded in getting women to join the club who have never come into the library before, and they are tremendously interested. Some have driven ten to fifteen miles in from the country for these meetings. And now we are starting a campaign for a better schoolhouse.

FROM A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER IN TEXAS:

Some time ago I asked you to let me join your Mothers' Club, and when you enrolled me you sent such interesting material that I thought it was a pity some of the mothers I knew had not seen it. Then I had an inspiration: I got the principal of our school to allow me to organize a Mothers' Club to meet at the kindergarten once a week and talk over the problems of children. It is amazing how much we have learned in the few weeks we have had the club! The women are all very eager to have their babies Better Babies, and I find that since we have the club here at the kindergarten, they are much more willing to cooperate with the school authorities in the care of their children. There are a number of

Bohemian women here, and their ideas of bringing up children are so different from ours! But I find them very eager to do anything that will help their babies.

FROM A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER IN MINNESOTA:

I am trying, in my domestic science department, to teach my girls something of the glories of motherhood. I want to prepare them for the life that most of them will no doubt lead; and the materials you have sent me—the list of books and the suggestions for subjects to study—have been of great assistance to me in outlining my course. Whenever you get out anything new, won't you let me have it?

FROM A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE OF WASHINGTON:

My husband is a physician, and he thinks the work you are doing is perfectly splendid. He has written you for a supply of your leaflets to give to his patients, and now I am coming to you for help. The ladies' aid society of our church started a Mothers' Club at the church mission—using your material, which you sent us sometime ago—and it is now so big and flourishing that we want to have a health exhibit or a contest at the mission. Some friends of mine in Texas got up a Better Babies contest last summer, under your directions, and it was a tremendous success. It made women realize that the health of their babies is the most important thing for them to work for. Now we want the women in our Mothers' Club to have the inspiration of a contest, too. So please send us the necessary instructions.

FROM A SOCIAL WORKER IN GEORGIA:

I am a social worker in a mill town, where I see terrible ignorance on the part of mothers and dreadful suffering on the part of children. I want to educate the women and I need your help. I have distributed your leaflets and talked, and talked, and at last they are beginning to see what is meant by Better Babies. I secured permission from the mill authorities to hang up your posters in the mill where the operatives would be bound to see them. Now, after months of preparation, I want to have a Better Babies Health Exhibit at the County Fair this summer. Won't you give me full instructions how to conduct it, and let me have all the leaflets you can spare to give these poor, ignorant women?

Mother Calendar for JULY

I
Keep the babies cool, inside and out. Have clothing loose and light. The child two years or more needs nothing but sandals and rompers, with a thin knitted shirt, low-necked and sleeveless, if there is a tendency to bowel trouble.

II
Babies require only knitted belly bands, shirt and diaper, with a plain slip if desired. For cool nights and mornings add lightweight kimono, nightdress or sacque of Shaker or outing flannel.

III
On very hot days give baby a cleansing bath in

the morning, a cooling bath before bed time. When baby is feverish eight ounces of alcohol may be added to one quart of warm water and used as a sponge bath.

IV
When the baby suffers from prickly heat do not use soap, but put a cup of bran meal in a cheese-cloth bag and stir this in the bath water until the water takes a milky hue.

V
Never expose the baby to the sun in hot weather. If protected from the flies by mosquito netting the baby may take an outdoor nap in the shade of the porch or tree.

VI
No baby, whether breast fed or bottle fed, should be given sips of ice water, iced tea, lemonade, ginger ale, root beer, soda water or any other hot weather drink.

VII
Water that has been boiled and cooled and kept covered is sufficient to quench a baby's thirst.

VIII
Baby should be fed more lightly in summer than in winter, and if he shows a tendency to vomiting, colic or indigestion, the mother should eat more lightly, or if baby is bottle fed, skim milk may be used instead of whole milk.



—for its cooling relief to sunburned skins

—for its absorbent action that removes hot weather stickiness, refreshes after exercise and makes dressing comfortable

—for its judicious amount of boric acid and other sanative and soothing ingredients

—for its wide choice of perfumes, meeting every personal preference.

These are some of the many reasons why they all resort to Colgate's Talc.

Sold everywhere—or a dainty trial box (any perfume shown below) sent on receipt of 4c in stamps.

Cashmere Bouquet
Baby Talc
Dactylis
Éclat
Violet
Tinted
Monad Violet
La France Rose
and Unscented

COLGATE & CO.

Dept J

199 Fulton Street

New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious—lasting—refined





Grape Juice Sherbet

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 5 minutes. Make a syrup by boiling 1 cup sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water ten minutes, and add soaked gelatine. Cool slightly and add 1 pint grape juice, 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice; then freeze. Serve in glasses and garnish with candied violets or fruit, if desired.

Summer Ices

Cooling creams and ices "stand better" and are smoother if made with

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

(It's Granulated)

It is the secret of home-made frozen dainties—this Grape Juice Sherbet will prove it.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample (enough to make this grape sherbet) for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX COMPANY
309 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Yellow Package



Blue Package

Look for this Brand



When you purchase bacon ask the dealer to show you the double

"Swift's Premium"

brand. Or if you 'phone your order, look for this brand when the bacon is received.

To be sure of the best—best in appearance, taste and tenderness—demand

"Swift's Premium"

Swift & Company U.S.A.



Hot-Weather Menus

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

IN CHARGE OF MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

NOTE: The menus on this page are planned to meet the needs of the average family and are given merely as suggestions. The recipes for starred dishes will be found below.

JULY MENUS

1	Breakfast Cereal; broiled liver; creamed potatoes; rye gems; coffee. Dinner Pan-broiled lamb chops; Turkish plaf; shell beans; baked Indian pudding with cream. Supper *Jellied veal loaf, horseradish sauce; Parker House rolls; chocolate eclairs; tea.
2	Breakfast Blackberries; cereal; dropped eggs on toast; coffee. Luncheon Fish chowder; Dresden sandwiches; iced tea. Dinner Tomato soup, crisp crackers; baked mackerel; *Alphonso potatoes; beet green salad; snow pudding, custard sauce.
3	Breakfast Raspberries; French omelet; buttered toast; doughnuts; coffee. Dinner Veal cutlets, brown sauce; potato cubes; string beans; *rice soufflé. Supper Egg and potato salad; finger rolls; coconut cream pie; iced tea.
4	Breakfast Cereal; raspberry shortcake; coffee. Dinner Iced mock-tomato bouillon, pulled bread; creamed sweetbread timbales; cold sliced boiled ham; asparagus salad, finger rolls; strawberry bomb; fancy small cakes; fruit punch. Supper *Stuffed eggs, tomato purée; dressed lettuce; finger rolls; devil's food cake; lemonade; *summer fudge.
5	Breakfast Cereal; boiled eggs; blueberry muffins; coffee. Dinner Consommé, bread sticks; roast stuffed chicken, giblet gravy; potato croquettes; summer squash; watermelon sherbet; nut wafers; demi-tasse. Supper Tomato rarebit; lettuce sandwiches; cup cakes; ginger ale.
6	Breakfast Cereal; blackberry shortcake; coffee. Luncheon Ramekins of creamed fish; pin-wheel biscuits; fancy crackers, pimiento cheese; egg chocolate. Dinner Veal cutlets, *horseradish sauce; baked potatoes; Swiss chard; dinner rolls; Spanish cream.
7	Breakfast Cereal; fresh currants; German toast; coffee. Dinner Broiled ham; baked potatoes; dressed lettuce; coffee cream. Supper Boston baked beans; dressed cucumbers; brown bread; *Rochester squares with whipped cream.
8	Breakfast Cantaloupes; Spanish omelet; hashed browned potatoes; quality muffins; coffee. Dinner Iced currants; roast leg of lamb, brown gravy; Franconia potatoes; green peas; ginger ale coupe; Berwick sponge cake; demi-tasse. Supper Devilled sardines; brown bread sandwiches; nut caramel cake; lemonade.

ROCHESTER SQUARES: Scald one cupful of milk, and when lukewarm add two-fourths yeast cake broken in pieces; when yeast cake is dissolved add one and two-fourths cupfuls flour. Cover, and let rise. Then add one-fourth cupful each, butter and lard mixed, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth cupful sugar, yolk of one egg and our to knead, the amount required being about one and one-half cupfuls. Knead, cover, and let rise. Spread in a buttered dripping pan, brush over with melted butter and arrange parallel rows of steamed prunes (from which stones have been removed) lengthwise of the pan. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, again let rise, bake in moderate oven. Cut in squares, serve hot or cold with Whipped Cream.

WHIPPED CREAM: Soak one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water five minutes, and dissolve by placing cup containing mixture in saucepan containing boiling water; then cool slightly. Mix one and one-half cupfuls heavy cream and one-fourth cupful of milk, and add dissolved gelatine. Beat until stiff, using an egg beater. Add two-thirds cupful powdered sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla and a few grains salt. This is an excellent way to prepare whipped cream, especially during the summer months, to prevent quick liquefying.

ALPHONSO POTATOES: Wash and pare five medium-sized potatoes, and cook in boiling salted water until soft; then cut in one-fourth-inch slices, and slices in one-fourth-inch cubes. Parboil six minutes one green pepper from which seeds have been removed, and cut in one-eighth-inch squares. Add to potato cubes with three-fourths cupful milk, one-fourth cupful cream, and one-half teaspoonful salt. Let simmer fifteen minutes. Put in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with one and one-half tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan cheese, and bake ten minutes. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

JELLIED VEAL LOAF: Soak one tablespoonful granulated gelatine in one-fourth cupful cold water five minutes and dissolve in one cupful boiling water; then add one-fourth cupful sugar, one-fourth cupful vinegar, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and one teaspoonful of salt. Strain, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen add one and one-half cupfuls cold cooked veal cut in small cubes, and one and one-half canned pimientos, cut in small Julienne-shaped pieces. Turn into a narrow pan, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with crisp lettuce leaves. Cut in thin slices crosswise and accompany with Horseradish Sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE: Mix one tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, two tablespoonfuls grated horseradish root, one teaspoonful English mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of cayenne; then add one-half cupful heavy cream beaten until stiff and three tablespoonfuls mayonnaise dressing.

STUFFED EGGS, TOMATO PURÉE: Clean and chop two chicken livers, sprinkle with onion juice and sauté in butter. Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthwise and separate yolks from whites. Rub yolks through a sieve and add to livers. Season with one teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, and salt, pepper and tabasco sauce to taste. Refill whites with mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake until cheese melts. Remove to toast rings and pour around tomato purée. To obtain tomato purée, drain liquor from canned tomatoes, put pulp in saucepan, simmer twelve minutes; rub through a purée strainer; again simmer to a thick pulp.

RICE SOUFFLÉ: Pick over and wash one-fourth cupful rice. Add one-half cupful boiling water and cook in double boiler until rice has absorbed water; then add two cupfuls scalded milk and cook until rice is soft; then add two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Beat yolks of two eggs and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour rice mixture slowly on egg mixture, return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until it thickens. Remove from range, and add whites of two eggs, beaten until stiff. Chill, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve in glasses, garnish each with one teaspoonful raspberry jam.

SUMMER FUDGE (uncooked): Cut one-half pound dipping chocolate in pieces, set saucepan in larger saucepan of boiling water, and let stand until melted. Beat two eggs until thick and add one cupful of powdered sugar gradually, while beating constantly. Add to melted chocolate, and when well blended add one teaspoonful vanilla, a few grains salt, two-thirds cupful of English walnut meats, broken in pieces, and one-third cupful glacé cherries cut in pieces. Turn into a buttered pan, and let stand to set. Cut in cubes and pile on a dish.

NOTE: In these recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

The Exchange

A department of household news

Contributed by COMPANION READERS

PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to \$16.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows: \$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems. \$3.00 for the second best. \$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch. \$3.00 for the second best. All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less).

Efficiency in window washing—When washing the outside of bungalow windows any short light-weight ladder may be used by simply nailing across the upper end, on the under side, a light strip of board. The board should be long enough to reach from one side of the window casing to the other, measured by the widest window. The ladder is easily moved. *Mrs. W. F. P., Oregon.*

For transparent blouses

One of the little niceties of finish which every bride in the hurry and flurry of honeymoon traveling is sure to thank herself for taking the time to make, is to include in her dressy, transparent lingerie or lace blouses a little underbodice of net or of the same material as the blouse. These made on brassiere lines or with the straight top, are especially pretty. These can be attached at the belt line of the blouse and lightly tacked under the armseams, so that they will always stay in place. Finish the top with a net casing with draw string of moire or satin, preferably white. *V. W., New York.*

"Left-over" covers

dishes containing "left-overs," may be avoided by the use of paraffin covers. Fill dishes frequently used for such purposes nearly full of mashed potatoes or food that may be smoothed off, then cover half an inch thick with melted paraffin. When it is nearly hard, press into the center of it a screw eye or brass ring.

This makes a durable and perfect-fitting cover which may be used indefinitely, especially if kept cool. *Mrs. W. J. A., Minnesota.*

A picnic stove

iron rods were sharpened at one end and bent in a double curve at the other.



Holes were made in each end of two pieces of heavy hoop iron, two or two and a half feet long, and as many other strips of hoop iron as desired were provided. To set up the stove, drive the rods into the ground the proper distance apart, hang the two strips of iron with the holes in the end on the hoops, and lay the other strips across. This is a great camp convenience. *Mrs. L. M., Kansas.*

Salt box inventions

There is a little ten-cent wooden salt box about six inches square, with a high back in which a hole is pierced to hang it by. With the front cut out and the lid taken off, it makes a hanging bookshelf for about four ordinary small books. A row of them standing side by side, with lids or without, at the back of a little table transforms that table into a desk. One nailed firmly at each end of a 6 x 24 inch board, boxes with backs toward each other, will make an excellent book holder to stand on a big table. Nail one up on the wall in a convenient place for incoming or outgoing mail. A small hole bored in the bottom of one will make it a holder for a ball of string. With the lid removed, it can receive a tumbler for cut flowers. *A. J. M., Pennsylvania.*

No excuse for disorder

Very often the top dresser drawer is filled with small articles and sometimes there is difficulty in keeping them in order. I made a tray of light wood that fits easily inside the drawer and nailed wooden cleats across each end of the drawer on which the tray can rest and be slid back and forth. The tray is just half the width of the drawer, so that when articles are wanted from beneath, it can be pushed to back of the drawer out of the way. *M. H., China.*



SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS

The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month. Contributions received between June 8th and July 8th are eligible for the October prizes. All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the October number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the October number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted. Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts sent to this department, as positively no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Tomatoes canned whole

Select medium-sized, smooth and perfectly sound, ripe tomatoes. Put a few at a time in a colander or wire basket and plunge them into boiling water; then remove the skins and hard stem end and put carefully into wide-mouthed jars. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of salt in two gallons of boiling water, fill the jars to the very top, and steam about fifteen minutes.

This steaming may be done by putting the filled jars into a wash boiler with hot water covering about three fourths of the jar; or, better still, by putting them into a steam cooker. Then seal.

These tomatoes may be eaten cold with salt, pepper, sugar or mayonnaise. They are especially tempting each one on a lettuce leaf, topped with mayonnaise and a slice of hard-boiled egg. *Mrs. W. H. Z., Pennsylvania.*

Homemade vases for garden flowers

Everyone knows how hard it is to arrange flowers in a low open bowl, yet for those who cannot afford the devices to hold short-stemmed flowers in place there is a clever way out of the difficulty. Cover the top of the bowl with an open square mesh work in raffia, finished on the outside so that it fits snugly over the mouth or rim of the bowl.

This open work, which can be removed when the vase is washed, serves as a framework through which to thrust the stems of the flowers, holding them up regardless of the length of the stems.

For these, even ten-cent glass bowls will serve, and ordinary glass tumblers, when given a similar top in raffia, become useful little flower vases. *N. W., New York.*

To clean lace yokes

Lace yokes may be cleaned by an application of any white paste (not liquid) for cleaning white shoes. Rub paste on smoothly, allow to dry, and then brush it off. Do not use any cleaning preparations which require water for mixing. *A. G., Pennsylvania.*

A new flavoring

Several tablespoonfuls of peanut butter creamed with the shortening will give your spice cake, or cookies (or any dark cake) a novel flavor. Try it next baking day. *C. L. C., California.*

Handy invalid's table

The top of the table is a board twenty-six inches long by eighteen inches wide, with a tiny edge of molding to prevent books and papers from slipping. Underneath, across the middle of the board lengthwise, is a small piece of wood, one inch square. To this are fastened the standards by thumb screws admitted by means of open slits in the upper part of the standard, by means of which the table is raised or lowered. The foot rest is fastened by thumb screws in the same way. The table part can be tipped for holding a book to read. *G. A. C., Michigan.*



A caution

I am afraid the article on cleaning photographs in the March "Exchange," by E. B. D., Massachusetts, may be the cause of spoiling some old and valued photographs; so I would advise our readers to try it on the corner carefully. Alcohol can be used only on the newer photographs, as the paper used a few years ago will not stand alcohol. It will take the image completely off. Just a piece of cotton dampened with water is all that can be used. The correct cleaner for the new black and white photographs is equal parts of water and refined wood alcohol. *Mrs. G. S., Massachusetts.*



This is the End Of the Road in the Art of Cooking As Applied to Grain

On every housewife—every mother—we wish to impress this fact: Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice represent the final limit in fitting grain for food.

It took ages to get here, but this is perfection. And all future ages cannot get beyond that.

Every Food Cell Exploded

These are whole grains, in the first place. Not an element is lacking.

They are toasted by an hour of fearful heat—a heat that would burn them to cinders were the grains not constantly rolled.

But the great fact is this: Within every food cell this heat creates a bit of super-heated steam. At the end of the process that steam is exploded by shooting the grains from guns.

Over 100 millions of these explosions occur in every grain. Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, for easy, complete digestion.

That is what Prof. Anderson did when he invented this remarkable process. Other methods of cooking break up part of the granules. This method breaks them all.

Not all grains can be puffed in this way. But the grains that can—Wheat and Rice in particular—represent the utmost in these whole-grain foods.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
CORN PUFFS 15c
Except in Extreme West

Delicious Toasted Bubbles

And these perfect foods are delightful. The grains are puffed to bubbles—to eight times normal size. They come to you airy, fragile, crisp, with a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections, used in many ways like nut meats. They are used in candy making, eaten dry like peanuts, used as a garnish for ice cream. They are served with cream and sugar, mixed with berries, floated in bowls of milk. Every day in summer you'll find uses for them. Keep them on the pantry shelf.

Puffed Grains in milk, in countless homes, now form the bedtime dish.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers



When Your Face and Hands are
SUNBURNED

the skin is inflamed, sore and painful, and should never be rudely touched, or rubbed—simply moisten a soft handkerchief or some absorbent cotton with

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

and gently, very gently, apply it to the injured surface; let it remain a few minutes, and repeat at intervals, or, if possible, keep the skin covered for an hour or longer. The effect is refreshing, cooling—usually it heals over eight. To prevent sunburn apply the cream before and after exposure. It keeps the skin soft, smooth and clear. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients, and to conform to the required standard of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.
Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.
Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage.
A. S. HINDS, 273 West Street, Portland, Maine
You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.



If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



All out-doors invites your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalog free at your dealer's,
or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



Over a wide expanse of water look the windows of the living-room, bedroom and living porch

A Seashore Bungalow that includes even the garage

Described by **CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD**

THIS bungalow is constructed of hollow tile coated with white cement stucco; the roof is of red asbestos shingles. The general exterior trim is painted ivory-white, but the cornice is, instead, stained deep brown.

The living-room, the bedroom, and the living porch are at the rear of the house, where the occupants can enjoy an outlook over the sea, and the kitchen porch and the garage entrance are built to face the street.

The porch furniture varies in material and design, but is all finished in black enamel. The cushions are of old-rose and ecru striped linen, harmonious with the awning material used on the adjacent triple window.

The walls of the living-room are hung with a two-toned, striped ecru paper, carrying also stripes of deep rose color. The woodwork is of chestnut, the craftsman furniture of oak, both stained to the warm brown hue of the one large woven grass rug used as a floor covering. At the



The pleasant living-room with sturdy craftsman furniture



A small but adequate kitchen



Solid comfort artistically expressed in the bedroom

windows are simple hangings of ecru scrim, with valanced over-drapes of cretonne having a pleasant design in brown and rose, with touches of wistaria and green.

The fireplace is of rough-textured brick, laid in ecru mortar, and the lighting fixtures are of oxidized copper with amber globes.

The bedroom walls are treated with flat-finish paint of a soft ecru tone which harmonizes with the gray-brown coloring of the standing woodwork. The oak furniture is of craftsman design in

"Scotch gray," that color exactly matching the woodwork of the room.

Two natural wicker chairs and a box couch are cushioned with linen pongee, which has wide alternate stripes of ecru and old-blue, accented by very narrow lines of the deep rose color seen in the living-room.

The window draperies, topped with shallow lambrequins, are of similar linen pongee and the inner hangings are of a changeable mercerized sun-proof material in old-blue and gold. The grass rug is of plain old-blue, with a darker border; the lighting fixtures are of oxidized copper, and the bureau covers are of ecru linen.

The woodwork of the passage which connects the living-room, bedroom, and bath is of fumed chestnut; that of the bathroom is of poplar, finished in white enamel, while the woodwork in the kitchen is of hard-varnished pine. The walls in these rooms are, however, all treated alike with flat-finish paint in a lovely deep ivory tone.



Back porch and garage entrance face the street

AT THE right are the floor plans of this interesting one-story bungalow planned by a man according to his ideas of convenience





In Childhood
—and All Along Life's Way

Grape-Nuts

and Cream

supplies in splendid balance, those rich, true food elements from whole wheat and malted barley—including the “vital” mineral salts—which build healthy nerves, brains and bodies.

Economical—easily digestible—delicious!

“There’s a Reason” for Grape-Nuts



*For 26 years America's
beauty and brains have
found delight in*

Coca-Cola

*Times change & styles change,
but the fundamentally good things
of this world change neither in them-
selves nor in popular esteem.
For 26 years Coca-Cola has held and
increased its popularity. That's be-
cause it is fundamentally delicious,
refreshing and wholesome.*



THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Merlin's Necklace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

her doubts. But she was rejoiced to have brought Lorna to an understanding of her mistake.

Suddenly the girl shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh—I've just remembered something horrible. Why, I said—Oh, oh—I published it—about my looks. I 'thanked God I was born beautiful.' Oh, Aunt Nell—I said so before him." She finished with a sudden fit of wild tears.

"Do you mean the Colonel?" Mrs. Chance stroked her hair. "He adores you. No doubt he considers you lovelier than you ever believed yourself. . . . Or, perhaps,"—she forced herself to speak the distasteful name with an effort—"you mean Mr.—Schlegel? He—he—doesn't he?"

"Oh, Victor thinks I'm beautiful—he says so often—enough."

"Then you have everything you wish, haven't you? If the people who love you feel that way, the rest don't matter. You must forget what you said. We all know that you weren't reared like most girls."

"No." She lifted her tear-stained face a moment. "I love my father—I do—but I can't help blaming him. . . . It isn't right to let a girl think a thing like that of herself. . . . I'm so ashamed—so ashamed!"

"If only that were all," sighed Mrs. Chance to her husband, "but there are the other things, too. This idea of hers, this 'necklace,' and all it leads to. People don't understand when you try to tell them. I've explained to several, but it only makes confusion. I believe there's a rumor about that Lorna's father 'sold her to the devil,' figuratively speaking; that she holds a queer religious belief. Mrs. Ryde referred the other day to the 'amulets' she wears, and asked if she uses 'incantations.' Such absurdity! She'll be the most unpopular girl the most shunned, on Long Island, if we don't watch. Jim, have you told her about her father yet?"

"Not yet, Nell. It doesn't do to be too sudden. . . . I'm leading up to it."

"You're not procrastinating, are you?" Mrs. Chance looked at her husband almost severely.

"Why—no! The idea! But it's a delicate thing—"

"It should be done. A good, plain talk, Jim. If you aren't careful, someone else will—"

In the next week Mrs. Chance's worst fears seemed realized. There were no more visitors for Lorna. Without hearing it, she was well aware that gossip hummed regarding the girl. People whom they met in passing bowed pleasantly, curiously, but no one offered any overtures toward acquaintance.

Lorna seemed indifferent to it.

A change had come upon her. She was quieter, more restrained. Her forthright speeches continued, but they came now only in answer to questions. She was no longer Truth's challenger, only its defender.

She seemed very happy in a peaceful fashion. She lived a great deal for her studies and for her music. She relied more upon her friends, was sweeter, more affectionate. The Chances loved her genuinely.

"If people only knew her better," said Mrs. Chance to Morton Amory. "She's going to make a splendid woman—a genuine woman. If only this wretched Victor! Morton, do you think she still loves him? If she ever did. Couldn't you—Why can't you? If she could care for you—"

Amory flushed very red.

"Heavens!" he laughed, "what sort of a figure could I cut beside Mr. Schlegel?"

"You're cut plenty beside other young men. You're always been kotowed to by our girls far too much. You could do it—if you ever fell in love with Lorna. I don't see why you don't!"

"Any port in stormy weather," he smiled. "But there's no use expecting me to save her. Miss West looks on me as if I were a—rubber mackintosh or an old shoe or—any old, everyday comfort."

There was no denying Lorna's reliance on him. More and more his business calls at the Court involved his opinion on irrelevant matters. He was with the girl a great deal, and their talks, at first impersonal, presently took a different tone. They became friendly interchanges on all sorts of topics Lorna was interested in.

Only one thing was never discussed—Mr. Victor Schlegel and his place in Miss West's affections. Amory was still writing letters, but once the matter was attended to it was decisively dropped until next time. He had tried several times, by deft, harmless questions, to elicit some more information about Mr. Schlegel, but he had no success. Lorna had hurriedly, rather nervously, changed the subject. He found the Chances were no better informed than he. Except for Mr. Schlegel's manner the affair might have been considered "off" for any reference by the girl. Her suitor continued to woo, to promise an early coming, to apostrophize and worship. But there were times of late when it seemed to him Lorna had appeared depressed after hearing them. Amory was oddly elated at the thought. He wondered what time and Mr. Schlegel himself might not do to end the thing.

Lorna was more confiding on other matters. She had long since discussed

her "necklace" with him—and the present social situation.

"You know people aren't going to come to see me," she said gravely. "They don't like me—that is for wearing my necklace. But how could I change things if I wanted to, when I've worn it all my life?"

"You might save it as a precious, intimate thing for just a few. You could wear it when I'm around—and the Chances. Your real friends will never mind hearing the truth," he smiled, "no matter how bad."

She smiled back wistfully.

"That's the trouble. There isn't anything 'bad' to hear. I love you all so, and you're all so nice."

"Careful!" he warned. "That's the trouble with this literal-truth business. One's feelings spoil the vision. Besides,"—he laughed, then wished he had not spoken—"you gave me rather a knock-out blow once when we first met."

She misunderstood him. A deep red suffused her face; she buried her face in her hands.

"I said some dreadful things. I didn't know it—but they weren't true. You must have thought me insane."

"You mean—you've changed your mind—?"

Young Amory had a heady, light-hearted sensation he couldn't have explained. They were both at cross-purposes now.

Lorna looked up, her lips quivering.

"I had to be told the truth myself. . . . Oh, I know something of what it's like. That's why, if I ever get the chance, I'll ask Mrs. Haynes to forgive me. Perhaps she'll like me then—"

"Better not," he advised quickly. "Patching would only make it worse—a thing like that. We've only got to be patient and wait."

"But I don't think it will do any good. I won't be any different. People won't like me any better. I've said other things Aunt Nell thinks wrong: when Mrs. Havisham called and asked Aunt Nell how she looked after her operation, and I said 'Dreadful.' She did, too. She looked even worse after I said it, and Aunt Nell said it was because I was cruel. I didn't mean to be. And when old Mrs. Harper asked if I would have guessed she was seventy, and I said I would have thought her at least eighty. And when the Minstrels interrupted my writing lesson and said they were so sorry, and I said I was, too. And when I told young Mr. Cleveland he rode 'terribly.' Oh, I've said so many things that seem to be 'wrong.' And I want to be liked! But I never will be."

She looked so pathetic, so young and forlorn, with two big tears suddenly shimmering on her eyelashes, that young Amory's heart melted with pitying tenderness, and he had some ado to remember she was another man's fiancée and not to take her hands in his and comfort her. He was doing all he could with their social world, loyally to condone, explain and support Lorna.

It was largely due to his efforts that Lorna and Mrs. Chance were included among the guests for a Christmas musicale at the Lathams'. Lorna was just out of deep mourning, and as the affair was an informal one among old friends, it was arranged they should go.

Lorna was radiant with delight. She came in to show herself to Mrs. Chance before going, in the simple white mull dress she was to wear.

"Isn't it lovely to be going out?" she rippled, then she flushed wistfully. "Do you like the way I look?" she asked.

"You look pretty. Pretty enough for anyone," Mrs. Chance kissed her warmly.

All too soon, it seemed to Lorna, she had reached the Lathams', passed up the stairs, and found herself in a dressing-room of softly chattering young girls.

Most of them spoke politely, half-graciously, yet with a certain shy reserve. She was, after all, the formidable Miss West, this quiet-looking young person in white with the starry eyes and the schoolgirlish blinks about her head.

None of them included her in their chatter. By twos and threes they moved out and presently Lorna, alone, followed to the staircase.

The hall below was lit by a Yule log, was full of holly and groups of pleasantly chatting people. Mrs. Chance awaited her at the foot of the stairs, and farther back she saw Morton Amory with several other young men. She paused a moment with a sort of shy pleasure in the pretty, gracious picture below, then she heard a light footfall above her, and turned.

Mrs. Sally Haynes had come out from a dressing-room and started to descend. There was that in Mrs. Sally's appearance, in the extreme bow cut of her trailing, vivid red gown, in the harsh coloring of her face, and the eccentric high coil of bejeweled hair, to have arrested anyone for a breath-taking moment; but Lorna was conscious only of a wave of engerness, a swift and contrite longing to atone.

She turned and raised her face to Mrs. Sally impulsively. And one observer below muttered a sort of prayer in his throat:

"Don't let her do it—not here—Don't let her do it!" But the prayer was unanswered.

Mrs. Haynes would have swept languidly by, her unseeing glance deliberately brushing Lorna aside as one might a cobweb. But she could not.

Lorna blocked her path directly, her face flushed, her eyes shining. And so to those watching below the little drama was played, unheard, but very clear in pantomime.

"Oh, Mrs. Haynes, I've wanted so to see you—"

"Ah, Miss West." Mrs. Haynes paused, her head slightly higher. She smiled a small, cold smile, but her eyes were like jade.

"I didn't expect to see you here tonight; you wanted to speak to me particularly?"

"Oh, yes! For a long, long time. Ever since that dreadful day when I offended you. When I—I said that dreadful thing and hurt you so—"

A well-imitated expression of bewilderment appeared on Mrs. Haynes's face.

"I don't think I understand what you refer to. You have never 'hurt' me by any remark, Miss West. Indeed, I do not recall anything you ever said. Not very complimentary, but quite true."

She would have trailed past Lorna, but the girl stayed her.

"Oh, you must remember. Anyone would. I—I said you were 'so plain.' Don't you know? That's what I mean, and I'm so—so sorry I said it. It was so unnecessary. One shouldn't speak one's thoughts so plainly. It must have hurt you so. I know—for I've found out about myself—it's dreadful—having the truth flung at one so."

"Ah!" Mrs. Haynes stared at her a moment. "Are you trying to be insulting again. . . . Miss West? . . . Do you know you are a very rude and ill-bred girl? . . . if you care for equal candor."

"Oh, no, no—you will not understand me. I don't mean to be rude, even if I sound so. I was rude that day. Aunt Nell has made me see that. But now I'm only trying to tell you how sorry I am. I—I've wanted you to forgive me for a very long time. It was just one of my mistakes. I make a great many of them—because I try to tell the truth. And sometimes—it's hard to know—"

"Do you consider yourself an authority on truth?"

"My father taught me always to tell it."

"Your father!" Mrs. Haynes sent a cool, amused glance from the girl's head to her feet, a glance that set Lorna's heart beating in troubled fashion.

"Really, Miss West, I'm afraid if your father's acquaintance with truth was extensive enough to be helpful."

The girl met her eyes blankly.

"I don't understand—" she faltered.

"No?" Mrs. Haynes picked up her skirt and started slowly downward. "If you do not, suppose you get someone to tell you. It might be wise. Ask Colonel Chance to tell you why your father ran off to China. Ask him to tell you why your father's position regarding truth is a delicate matter—to explain the famous West swindle he perpetrated."

All of Mrs. Haynes's suppressed anger and irritation spoke beneath the purring, cruel tone she used. But Lorna did not notice it.

She stood an instant, pale and immovable. Then she put out her hand as though to stay the other.

"I—I—" she began, but did not finish.

She turned, instead, with a little blind, fumbling gesture and faltered her way up-stairs.

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]

Alderbrook Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

methodical habits, toward inculcating patience, industry and responsibility.

But Janet and Robert at least were old enough (twelve and fourteen respectively) to help in thinning the apples on the old trees, in raking hay and picking the peas.

All the children, too, looked forward eagerly to the Fourth of July. The main features of our celebration were eminently safe and sane. Margaret put up a big dinner and we all drove to Cedar River, away up in the hills. We took along our tackle and caught two trout, and we gathered some wild strawberries, not yet all gone up here in the cool hills, and we had the grandest picnic dinner in the woods that anybody ever had. We came home before sundown, and after the chores were done Mr. and Mrs. Handy and their children came over, and we set off some Roman candles and rockets from the gate down by the brook, where we had the forest and the hill for a background. They made a very pretty sight and it was perfectly safe down there.

Then we went back to the house, and Mr. Handy took out of the back of his buggy a freezer full of ice cream that Mrs. Handy had made for the occasion, and two big rich cakes to go with it. The children didn't refuse any of that, nor the grown-ups, either. And so we concluded the holiday very appropriately, feeling that we had had about as much entertainment as could safely be crowded into twenty-four hours.

Does it all seem very simple and bucolic? Perhaps it does; but I challenge anyone to mention any scheme of life, liberty and happiness (Independence Day ideals) that is better or wholesomer.

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Move the family living room outdoors this summer, where all can breathe the pure, fresh air all day long. You can add a cheery room to your house—a shady, cool retreat for summer days—an outdoor sleeping room at night—by equipping your porch with

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Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



YOU know how it is with a boy—growing almost while you look at him—romping around all day—forever demanding “something to eat” and brutally critical of what is set before him.

There is never any difficulty in getting him to “eat plenty of bread”—if the bread can be made to appeal to his palate.

Try him with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter and see!

There is the nutrient he needs—the balanced food—the flavor of the finest Virginia and Spanish nuts, blended, delicately roasted, lightly salted and crushed to a smooth golden-brown butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes ready to serve in vacuum-sealed jars—three sizes, 10c., 15c., 25c. (in the extreme West, a little more). At grocers' everywhere.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—Beech-Nut Bacon.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



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I want to put a White Frost in your kitchen on a month's trial. Postal brings free catalog. Tell me what style you like best. Send no money—I will pay freight—so you can find out what a real refrigerator is like. Send it back at my expense if I am wrong. I make the only round metal refrigerator in the world. I have no dealers, but will deliver to you. You can buy a White Frost on easy terms while enjoying its beauty, sanitation, ice economy and modern improvements. Exquisite snowy-white inside and out; revolving shelves; cork-cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and air-tight. Cooling coil for drinking water—no ice. Nickel-plated. Move-anywhere. Many features found in no other refrigerator. 25-year guarantee. Lends a lifetime. Insured delivery. Rush me catalog and factory price you for a good.

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Two apple pies made ready to put into the oven in thirty-five minutes (to say nothing of the baking). Two quarts of delicious ice cream mixed, frozen and packed ready to serve in twenty-one minutes and no hot fire to fuss over. That's why we say: "Ice cream made the right way with a White Mountain Freezer is easier to make than a pudding or pie." We have proved it—so can you. If you don't know the right way ask your dealer for our folder or write to us direct.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Nashua, New Hampshire



White Mountain Freezer

July Entertainments

Patriotic affairs that are easily planned for the Fourth

A FIRECRACKER PARTY: The invitations are written on strips of paper about three inches wide, rolled up and wrapped with red tissue paper to resemble firecrackers. A bit of string at one end forms the fuse. Small sticks of candy are broken into even lengths and wrapped in the red paper. Four or five of these “crackers” held together by the “fuses” are laid at each place. Cannon crackers made of stiff paper rolled and covered in similar manner, contain salted nuts or candies.

A feature of the party is the “bomb” contest. Small paper bags are covered with red tissue paper and then folded flat again. The object of the game is to see who can unfold five bags, blow them up and burst them in the shortest time. While the contestant is trying to blow up his bags, the company try to make him laugh.

The illustrations show some funny figures which may be copied for place cards or score cards. Trace the designs carefully on water-color paper, the hot-pressed paper being easiest to use. Outline these with black waterproof India ink, and dry them thoroughly. Then fill in the figures with bright red. The tops of the crackers should be dark gray where the inside shows: the fuse, also, is gray. Departing Cracker has bits of red, orange and yellow to indicate the sparks at the top, and his suit case should be brown: Foolish Cracker's companion should be light brown with orange-red where the top is burning, the smoke may be light gray. Retired Cracker has a white bandage around his head, and Departed Cracker is gray and black where the inside shows.

Long narrow cards should be cut for score cards, and red stars used on them. For place cards the paper may be cut about three by four inches, allowing space to print the names of the crackers and to write the names of the guests.

For refreshments, serve a salad of tomato jelly molded into appropriate shapes, sweet sandwiches filled with red jelly, or stuffed olives chopped, plain olives wrapped in paper to resemble torpedoes, strawberry or raspberry mousse, and small cakes or cookies iced with frosting colored with vegetable red, or red, white and blue.

A large “bomb” covered with red paper may be suspended above the table filled with confetti, and in it can be hidden little favors for each guest. Red ribbons attached to each favor hang out of the “bomb,” one ribbon leading down to each plate. After luncheon the ribbons are pulled and the bomb “explodes.”

GERTRUDE S. TWICHELL.

TABLEAUX FROM AMERICAN HISTORY: Boys and girls can get up this entertainment easily. The background should be a dark curtain with curtains to draw across the front:

1. **LANDING OF COLUMBUS:** Columbus standing with upraised eyes and hands holding the standard of Spain in one hand. Around him kneeling men from his ship, wondering Indians in the background. **COSTUMES:** Columbus—Black loose coat and red loose underdress reaching to knees, broad belt, chain around neck, coat edged with fur or cotton wool, red sleeves should show from elbow to wrists. Some of the Spaniards should be dressed more or less in this way, and some like common sailors, with baggy trousers to knees and loose shirts, sashes tied around waists and heads tied up, rings for earrings.

2. **CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS:** Captain Smith lying on ground with his head on a log. Pocahontas kneeling beside him with raised hand to ward off blow of Indian with club. Indians standing about. King

Powhatan sitting on throne made of box covered with fur rug. **COSTUMES:** John Smith—Baggy trousers tied at knees, breastplate made of pasteboard covered with silver paper. Shoes tied with bows, white flaring collar, beard and long hair. Indians should have their faces, necks and arms stained with walnut powder. Bright pieces of cloth can serve for blankets, and beads, feathers, bows and arrows are all easily obtained. Pocahontas should be dressed in a Camp Fire Girls' costume.

3. **PILGRIMS LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK:**

Heaped-up boxes covered with gray cloth, to represent Plymouth Rock, with cotton wool and crushed paper for snow. Two stepladders can be laid on their sides for the boat and covered with brown cloth, a green rug for the sea. Pilgrims standing boat against rocks. Mary Chilton has jumped out and is standing on rock. **COSTUMES:** Men—Baggy trousers of black or dark gray, capes, broad white collars, surplis hats with wide brims, buckled shoes. Women should have simple dark dresses, capes, broad white collars and cuffs, and white caps or woolen hoods.

4. **BOSTON TEA PARTY:** Arrange the stage to give an idea of the deck of a sailing ship. Boys dressed as Indians breaking open chests of tea and pouring it over sides of ship. Night: stage lighted by lanterns.

5. **THE MINUTE MEN AT CONCORD BRIDGE:** Planks laid on uprights can serve for the bridge, which should be crowded with boys dressed as Colonial farmers, with old guns and sticks for arms. Two British soldiers dressed in red can be in foreground, one lying dead and one wounded.

6. **SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:** In almost any illustrated history of America will be found a copy of Trumbull's picture to serve as a guide. The group around the table will be sufficient.

7. **BETSY ROSS AND THE FLAG:** Betsy Ross and George Washington looking at flag which she is proudly holding up. Thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen stars in circle on blue field. Betsy wears flowered overdress looped up over plain skirt, elbow sleeves and ruffles, soft kerchief about neck, powdered hair.

8. **RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. WASHINGTON:** They are standing on platform covered with rugs, silk curtain draped behind them. Groups of boys and girls standing about dressed as ladies and gentlemen of the time.

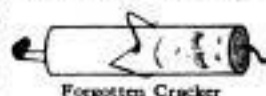
9. **OPENING OF THE WEST:** Band of pioneers camping by the wayside. Kettle over camp fire made of sticks and red paper. Men, women, children, a dog or two, grouped around it. One man serves as lookout.

10. **THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES:** A boy dressed to suggest Lincoln standing in the midst of a group of ragged slaves, with hands spread as if in blessing.

11. **LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD:** A pretty, tall girl, dressed in white Grecian draperies, stands on a pedestal holding a torch. This should be an electric one or a cardboard horn filled six inches deep with sand and packed with red, green, white and blue tableau powder. Groups of girls and boys dressed in white, waving flags of all nations and singing “America,” in which the audience joins.

PICTURES in histories or other books will help in the grouping and costuming. A simple drop curtain painted to represent a blue sky would be a great addition in several of the tableaux. **LUCY ABBOTT THROOP.**

NOTE: A list of poems and quotations for each tableau will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Entertainment Editor, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



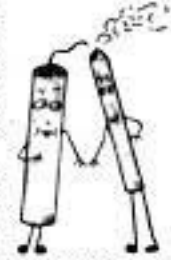
Forgotten Cracker



Retired Cracker



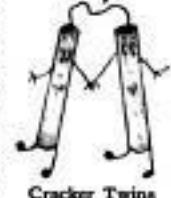
Departing Cracker



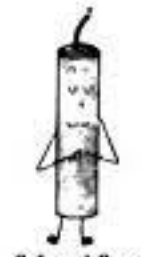
Foolish Cracker



Grandpa Cracker



Cracker Twins



Safe and Sound Cracker



Departed Cracker

The Puzzle Page

Can you guess these hidden birds?

By SAM LOYD, JR.

EACH one of the pictures below represents the name or names of birds. For example, No. 1 stands for Jay and Starling (star l in g). Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. The competition closes on July 8th, and all contributions must be received on or before that date. Address Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, in care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



No. 1. The answer to this is given above.



No. 2. What bird does this represent?



No. 3. What two birds does this represent?



No. 4. What two birds does this represent?



No. 5. What two birds does this represent?



No. 6. What two birds does this represent?



No. 7. What two birds does this represent?



No. 8. What two birds does this represent?



No. 9. What three birds does this represent?

May Puzzle Answers

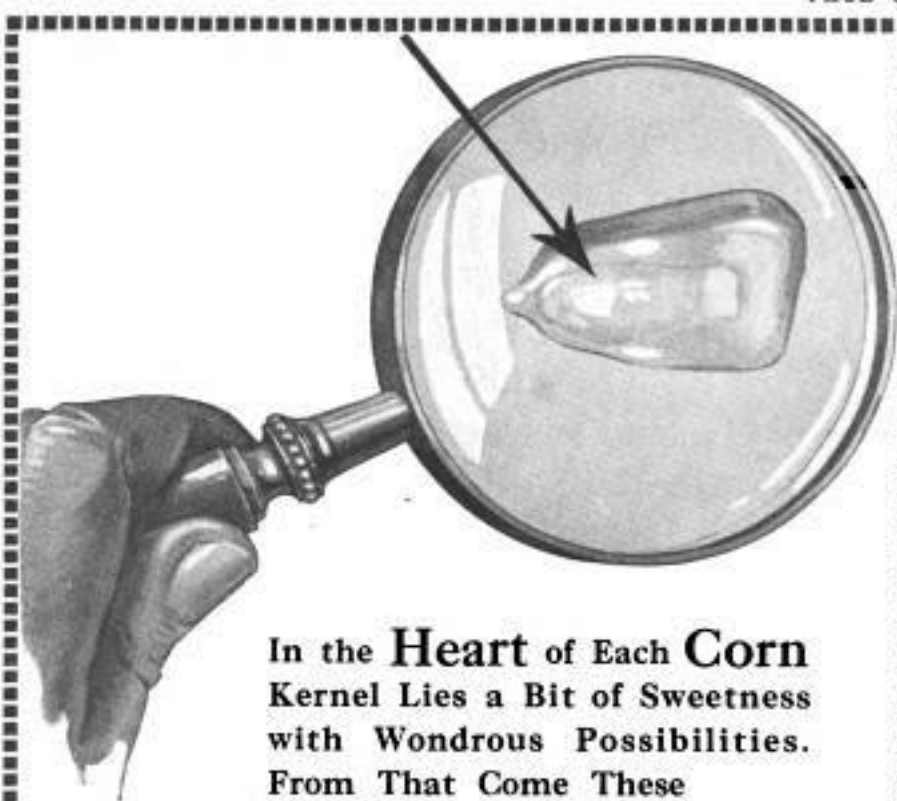
The answers to the puzzles published in the May COMPANION are: No. 1. Primrose; No. 2. Virginia creeper; No. 3. Daisies, Ivy (days ees) (4 in Roman numerals is IV or iv); No. 4. Hyacinth (high a c in th); No. 5. Peonies (a peon at ease); No. 6. Carnation (car nation); No. 7. Sunflower and Morning glory; No. 8. Rose (rows).

April Prize-Winners

The Honor Prize of Ten Dollars for the best set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion is awarded to Miss Alice Puddlefoot, Indiana.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the

twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion are awarded to the following solvers: Mrs. James Fairhead, Nebraska; Amos Clement, Maine; Jessie Howser, Iowa; Lelia E. Morris, Virginia; C. K. Stottemeyer, Maryland; Mrs. E. W. Ledbetter, Alabama; Mrs. Homer Weber, Kansas; George S. Dunn, Ohio; Lenyat Little, New York; Mrs. H. E. Davenport, Missouri; J. L. Carson, Jr., South Carolina; Ruth G. Allyn, Connecticut; Susan M. Doane, Massachusetts; Howard Lockwood, Kansas; Miss Helen Pidgeon, New York; Mrs. E. P. Goodwin, Vt.; L. M. King, Tenn.; Mrs. E. H. Dadey, N. J.; Alta Baker, Ohio; Alleine Langford, N. Y.



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Toasted Corn Bubbles

These centers are milky when the corn is green. Then they ripen into white, sweet bits. From them are made some of the choicest dainties known in cereal foods.

One familiar form is toasted corn hearts. These have stood for years as a premier breakfast dainty.

Now come bubbles made by steam explosion. Tiny pellets of corn hearts are super-toasted by an hour of fearful heat. This creates a most bewitching flavor. Then explosion puffs these pellets into drop-size globules, thin and airy, sweet and crisp.

We call them Corn Puffs. They are food confections. You will be amazed to know that Indian corn can yield tit-bits like bubbles.

They're shot from guns, like Puffed Wheat and Rice. They are made by the famous Prof. Anderson process. In form, texture and flavor they are entirely unique from other products of toasted corn.

You will find in these a new delight which every person, young and old, will welcome at your table.



"The Witching Food"
15c per Package



Order them today. Let your breakfast table introduce them to your folks.

Then, for hungry children in the afternoon, prepare some Corn Puffs this way: Douse with melted butter, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn. They will like Corn Puffs better than either.

We promise you here a toasted corn product which you will be glad to discover. But it will have a double fascination if you serve it while it's new.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(908)



Save Your Towels! —Your General Summer Housework

CHILDREN from play have very little thought for the fabric towel—"a lick and a promise" and the dirt generally goes on the towel. Here Absorbent Scott's Tissue Towels, always clean and sanitary, would save a lot of work and laundry.

But remember, Scott's Tissue-s are more than towels, though in that capacity they are well worth the price.

For instance, try them for draining grease from fried foods—they are absorbent and perfectly clean. Save a clean fabric cloth when drying fish, meats, lettuce, etc. You can even polish your windows with Scott's Tissue Towels.

Have a roll of Scott's Tissue Towels hanging in the garage for greasy hands and other purposes. Take them with you for toweling and napkins on your summer trip and picnics. Avoid the carrying home of soiled napkins and towels. Three sizes.

Absorbent

Scott's Tissue Towels

Junior Roll, 10c. Standard Size, *25c Large Size, *35c.



Scott's Tissue Toilet Paper
Soft and Lustrous

A very soft, white absorbent paper of the finest grade put up in big, tight-wound 10c rolls.

Sani-Tissue Toilet Paper
Soft and Clothlike

A balsam-treated toilet paper of strong and soft texture. Three rolls in dust-proof carton, 25c.

Ask your dealer for these products or

Take Up This Big 50c Offer

On receipt of 50c (in Canada 75c), we will send you, all delivery charges prepaid, the following: 1 roll Standard size Scott's Tissue Towels, 1 neat Towel Fixture, 1 Pure White Scott's Tissue Table Cover, 1 package containing 12 Scott's Tissue Dyedees, 1 roll of Soft Absorbent Scott's Tissue Toilet Paper, 1 roll of Sani-Tissue Toilet Paper and 1 other roll of high-grade Toilet Paper. All for 50c (75c in Canada).

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, 724 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi River and in Canada.



"Ah, there's the rub!"

Half a Dozen Good Ideas For the housekeeper, the school-teacher and others

By COMPANION READERS



A HOUSE BUILT OF ADS: Someday, I am looking forward to planning and owning a home of my own, and I have started a novel filing book, which may be of help to other prospective home-makers.

Whenever I see an advertisement of a new invention, appliance, labor-saving device or convenience or any other article, which appears to me superior to anything of its kind hitherto on the market, I cut out the advertisement and paste it in a blank book that I keep for that purpose. Under it I write any remarks I may care to make about it, or else I note the name of the article, general description, and name and address of manufacturer. When I am ready to buy, instead of wasting time looking through innumerable magazines for that particular advertisement, I have only to turn through my book to find all the information necessary to purchasing the article that I have long been sure I wanted.

I have an index to my book with all the advertisements in alphabetical order according to subject. Of course, as I keep adding to the book it is impossible to keep it strictly systematically any other way. I do not make a task of keeping the book, and it is, indeed, one of my favorite diversions. **BERYL BRASHER.**



GOOD FOR GTEA: Before oranges get scarce and high-priced it is wise to make up a stock of orange sticks for summer use. The following rule has been proved excellent: Cut the peel with scissors into strips. Put into an earthen dish and cover with cold water, to each quart of which has been added one large tablespoonful of salt. Soak twenty-four hours, or longer if the peel is still bitter. Put into clear cold water in a granite kettle and boil until very tender. This process may take from six to sixteen hours. Change the water at least three times, always putting in cold water. If it is necessary to put it away overnight change the water before doing so. Add cold water while cooking to keep the kettle filled.

When the peel is very tender, drain and add equal weight of sugar to the fruit. Cook an hour covered, then remove cover and cook until the syrup is nearly all boiled away. Be careful not to burn the sugar. Drain in a sieve and roll each piece in sifted powdered sugar.

When perfectly cold and dry pack in glass jars. It keeps well. Great care should be taken not to break the pieces in handling. Never use a spoon when cooking the peel. Give the kettle an occasional swirl to prevent sticking. Thick-skinned fruit only should be used. Grapefruit prepared the same way, but soaked a little longer to remove the bitterness, is delicious. **MARY STARRUCK.**



ROUND ROBINS: It is more than thirty-five years since our first family letter started out, but it is still faithfully going the rounds from Boston to China, and from Maine to Brazil. Most of the addresses have changed several times; but new names appear every little while, to fill the blank spaces on the roll, for we are continually being surprised to find that the new baby that came just the other day in California or in Florida is now big enough to write her little note to go with the others.

Many of our relatives I have never seen, yet I feel that I know them all, because of that faithful old family letter. Twice a year the big, bulky envelope reaches me, bringing, among all the others, the letter I had written the last time it came around. I take this out, read all the others with the greatest interest, and then write a new one. **MARGUERITE WILLEY TRAVIS.**

When children grow up, choose their life work, and follow it in foreign fields, how lonesome does the home often seem to the remaining parents!

To such parents the idea of the Beecher family's circular letter may prove interesting. A sort of peripatetic confessional in the form of a large folio

sheet was started. Each son and daughter wrote in his or her contribution and then sent it on to the next until, in its long circuit, it returned to the point of setting out, from which it was forwarded to Mr. Beecher himself.

Each portion thus became not only a letter to the father, but one to the other brothers and sisters, and a common awakening force in the family life.

Families containing eleven children are not common at the present day, but is not the idea of the circular letter adaptable? **ADRIAN HAYWARD.**



A "FRIEND IN NEED": The hands of those who go a-camping, who garden, or who clean house are all apt to encounter "cuts and jabs." Even in these antiseptic times the impulse of the average sufferer is to tie up the wounded member with a rag. This makes an unsightly bunch, which, if you go on working, is practically certain to get both wet and soiled. Its one mild advantage is that same bungling thickness, which protects the wound in a measure from bumps.

The more fastidious person tries to make shift with ordinary courtplaster, made of thinnest silk, which comes off at the least contact with moisture and must be renewed every little while, retarding the healing process.

For use in real emergencies, in or out-of-doors, it is odd how few families know of that heavier courtplaster, which is made on thick, soft kid. While it seems rather stiff "in the piece," it is fully as pliable as the thin sort, once moistened. The thickness of it, once on, gives a very comforting protection; it is strong enough to hold quite a deep cut closed, even before the bleeding has ceased; and—it can encounter an incredible number of casual wettings without getting loose and coming off, without even freeing the corners to catch in things! A splash may seem to have wet it through, but the heat of the hand will dry it almost at once, without its getting stiff or awkward. To the mother of active small sons, or active big ones, there is no more faithful "friend in need." **ALDIS DUNBAR.**



THE HOT LUNCHEON PROBLEM: Since the importance of a hot, nourishing luncheon at noon is well recognized, the only problem is how to get it. Five teachers in a suburban school near Chicago solved the problem.

Instead of bothering with a luncheon every day, each teacher furnished the entire luncheon for five, one certain day in the week, and the mothers rejoiced. One hot dish, often more, was brought in the basket. The primary teacher who was free at eleven-thirty immediately went to the basement, unpacked the basket and set the pan of creamed potatoes or baked beans on the shelf of the furnace, where the food would be piping hot when needed. Steak was often broiled, and always there was a hot drink.

An oil stove was used when there was no furnace fire. Each teacher brought her own plate, cup and saucer, spoon, knife and fork, which were washed in a few moments and left in a small cupboard near at hand.

The arrangement was most satisfactory, and besides furnishing a hot, nourishing meal, eaten comfortably at a table, it was a relief to the mothers to be free from all thought of luncheons except one day in the week. **A. MAY HOLADAY.**



THEY STAND UP: High collars are much worn on dresses, coats and blouses, and the home dressmaker finds it a great problem to wire them so they will not fall back. If you will take a wiring bone, two inches longer than the height required, and sew it so that the extra two inches are placed down the shoulder seam, then, by bending the wire where the shoulder seam and collar are joined, it will always stand upright and firm. **EMMA DENAULT.**

Highest Quality at Lowest Price



A. H. HEISEY & CO.

Dept. 29

Newark, Ohio

I Am Making A Special Factory Price On
10,000 Rapid Fireless Cookers



Big bargain to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods quick. Write before price advances.

30 Days' Free Trial

Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Complete outfit aluminum utensils free. Write for Free Book with 100 recipes and Bargain Prices direct from factory.

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 27, Detroit, Mich.

New Triumphs in Desserts.

Write for "Freezer Book" (free) with Mrs. Rorer's recipes, and showing how expertly and easily you can make frozen desserts in the

LIGHTNING FREEZER

Your dealer can supply the Lightning Freezer

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

Serve
Enjoy **Junket**

A nourishing food dessert, good for invalids and children. Made with milk. Healthful and delicious.

At druggists and grocers—
10 Junket Tablets 10¢



Protect Yourself
At Soda Fountains
Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE



The Food-Drink for All Ages
Nourishing Delicious Digestible
Others are Imitations

ALADDIN HONEYMOON HOME



The House—All Fixtures & Furniture **\$968**

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.,

863 Aladdin Avenue

HERE'S a little nest for the new bride! ALADDIN designers worked hard to make it perfect. You'll agree they have succeeded. It's furnished complete, ready to nestle in.

Price Includes this complete ALADDIN Ready-to-set house. Durable-Knot material all cut to fit. Hardware, etc., all furnished for dining-room, living-room, bedroom and kitchen; electric fixtures for complete outfit; rugs for entire house; complete bathroom outfit—bath tub, lavatory, closet; kitchen sink; complete furnace ready to install—everything ready to furnish complete. Get the ALADDIN catalog No. 200 today. It tells all about this house and a hundred others.

Homebuilders to the Nation
Bay City, Michigan



Before a Fall

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

they had better walk the horses until they were cool and then try again at a ford.

"Perhaps if Cheyenne leads Star will follow," he suggested, "and once Star has taken to water—"

"Star!" she echoed in a shaky little voice. "A fallen Star, Jimmie!"

He looked at her in quick anxiety. He hoped she wasn't going to hate him for being so horribly in the right and having proved it with such a spectacular flourish. Perhaps she loathed the ignominy of the rescue. Perhaps he might as well have put a rope about his own neck as her horse's.

But she was looking at him in an entirely new way. There was appeal between her long lashes, appeal and humility, and a deep, almost heaven-born respect.

"You do know how to ride and—use that rope thing! It's all in the day's work, of course, Jimmie,—but you certainly did save my life."

A sudden grin flickered across the young man's face. "Again!"

"Again!" Laughter leaped into her voice, the gay notes of sunshine came dancing back into her hazel eyes. "Again—and really! You just can't get away from us, Jimmie—we will be rescued! . . . And now, mind that you come promptly to call this evening to see how I'm feeling. That—that was the procedure, you reported, wasn't it, Mr. Millionaire-Kid-Hero?"

But there wasn't any procedure in the way Jimmie Nesbit was looking at her. And there wasn't any procedure in the way his ridiculous heart was beating, nor in the way his candid young countenance was decking itself in beams.

And he had an agitating certainty that there wasn't going to be any procedure about that divinely-permitted call, if she continued looking at him like that, looking up at him like that, as if he had become for her a real and important person.

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

\$720,000 in dividends, or \$1,920,000 in a single year. This shows you what one group of industrial workers, coöperating in the purchase of food alone, could save themselves. The beauty of this system is that the more you spend the more you save."

Mr. Larry rose, laughing.

"It's a good thing that this is my station, otherwise you might inspire me to resign my position and start a coöperative store. Well, a pleasant day to all of you, and more knowledge on the subject."

The three investigators nodded gayly to their vanishing escort and then settled down to the discussion.

"So you think the average housekeeper would rather chase the rainbow of special sales than the more solid investment represented by a coöperative association?" asked Mrs. Larry.

"Not when they have grasped the true idea of coöperative buying," responded Mrs. Moore. "Boston now has a very successful association known as the New England Coöperative Society, which uses the Rochdale System in operating its stores. Its headquarters are at 7 Water Street, and it operates the following stores in that city: Charles River Coöperative Market, South Boston Coöperative Market, Tremont Coöperative Market, Devonshire Coöperative Market, Charlesbank Coöperative Market.

"I understand that markets of the same sort will soon be opened in Allston and Melrose. Bucksport, Maine, also has a market under the direction of this society. You remember that night at our house when you met Mrs. Gregory of Boston? She told us that she belonged to a marketing club in which the women took turns in marketing for the entire organization. This saved money, but it was quite a tax on the individual members. She did not know there was a coöperative store in Boston until she heard it discussed at our house. When she returned home she bought a ten-dollar share in the New England Coöperative Society, resigned from her club and now does all of her buying at the Charles River Market. Only one share in a local society may be held by any one person. Those who wish to invest more than ten dollars may do so by purchasing what are known as preferred shares in the New England Coöperative Society. These shares have a par value of ten dollars and draw dividends at the rate of seven per cent. Shareholders, you see, not only draw dividends, but they receive discounts, given at stated periods, in proportion to the amount of cash purchases by members.

"The New England Coöperative Society, incorporated under Massachusetts laws, is required by those laws to maintain a certain reserve, but all net profits of the stores above this reserve are distributed in discounts and dividends."

"My dear Teresa, you talk like a man," sighed Mrs. Larry. "Can't you put that into woman-talk?"

Teresa Moore patted her friend's hand in a comforting way. "I'll try. The coöperative society secures as managers for its stores men who know how to buy for markets which have earned from 15 to 25 per cent. net, on the capital invested. Now, if you own shares in that association, you get your share of the profits. Do you see that?"

Mrs. Larry nodded.

"You also buy your groceries at the lowest possible price for desirable goods. Instead of buying 'seconds' in groceries, and inferior meats and fresh vegetables, fruit, etc., at slightly cut rates, you pay a fair market price for the best the market affords, and at some future date you get part of what you paid out, in the form of discounts and dividends. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Larry. "Then it must also follow that if a store is not properly run, there will be no discount and no dividend."

"That is quite true," said Mrs. Moore; "but the history of coöperative societies in America proves that there are more failures from lack of coöperation than from bad management. As soon as shareholders grasp the idea and really coöperate, the store is a success; but, as I said before, one must believe and understand coöperation to realize the benefits which will eventually accrue from membership. It is what you might call a waiting game."

"Are there many such associations in the United States?" asked Mrs. Norton. "I really have no idea how many," answered Mrs. Moore. "But occasionally a guest tells me of a new society formed in her community. For instance, Polly Sutton, of Washington, was visiting me only last week and told me of the Civil Service Coöperators, Inc., which has a very nice new store in her neighborhood." Mrs. Moore opened her address book.

"Yes, here it is—located at 1948 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W., in a very fine residence district. This society had a very peculiar start. In the Forestry Service a small group of men wanted to purchase a superior brand of butter made in Minnesota. To secure it they had to order in large quantities, and they were amazed at the large saving eventually made. They had been banded together for the avowed purpose of increasing their efficiency, protecting and promoting common interests, cultivating harmony and good fellowship, and maintaining high ideals in connection with public service. Their success with purchasing butter in quantities showed them the practical possibilities of the phrase 'promoting common interests'. Gradually the social and civic betterment projects were abandoned, and the club devoted itself to buying household supplies.

"After a year, the members decided to incorporate, with a capitalization of three thousand. The shares are the smallest of any coöperative enterprise I have heard about. They are of two kinds. There are five hundred shares of common or voting stock, at one dollar each. No member may hold more than one share of common stock, and every member must take one. Preferred stock costs five dollars a share, and each member is expected to hold at least one share. By a very helpful arrangement the entire five dollars does not have to be paid at once. If one dollar is paid in toward a share of preferred stock, the remainder may be accumulated through dividends, though on stock not fully paid up only half the declared rate is allowed. Preferred stock gives no voting privilege, but it receives a regular six per cent interest each year out of the profits.

"The society soon outgrew its original quarters, which were in a basement near the heart of the business section, and it began to look around for a new location. This was actually chosen by comparing the size of orders received from shareholders in different parts of the city, with the map of the city itself. About this time Mr. J. P. Farnham, an expert accountant, who had been auditing the association books, became imbued with the coöperative idea and was made manager of the store. He believes that coöperative business solves the bulk of our high cost of living problem and he has developed many good ideas. He has tried out the parcel post plan of shipment and secured direct dealings with farmers. The store is simply fitted, but immaculately clean, and the white-washed cellar, dry and sweet smelling, is a joy to the women who get a peep into it.

"Every Saturday morning each member receives a printed order blank on which are listed the two hundred and sixty odd items carried in stock for the coming week, with the current prices. A printed news letter usually accompanies the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

ANSCO

CAMERAS & FILM

NEAT, flat and so compact that it can be easily slipped into coat, vest or hip pocket, the Anso Vest-Pocket is the smallest and lightest camera made which takes a picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Uses a standard six-exposure film-cartridge, obtainable all over the world. Needs no adjustment for different distances. Price \$7.50. For perfect results use the combination of Anso Camera; Anso Film, the court-decreed original film; and Cyko, the prize-winning paper. See your Anso dealer. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.



Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.



Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Anso patent rights, establishing Anso Film legally as the original film.



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK

YOU CAN make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As old skin dies, new skin forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

This is your opportunity—you can make the new skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with



it will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "work's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, and Powder. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., 400 Spring Green Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 400 Sherbrooke Street, East, Ontario.

Going to Furnish a Guest Room, Too?



"Fred and I have just moved into a new home and wanted to furnish a guest room. I happened to see a 'Come-Pack' advertisement and sent for their large catalog. On page 32 we found just what we wanted—a beautiful suite that matched our decorations and met our ideas of simplicity."

"WE SAVED \$50.00 ON THE SUITE. With the extra money, we purchased several additional pieces for Fred's den. It was the best satisfaction purchase of furniture we ever made."

HOW THE COME-PACK WAY SAVES YOU MONEY

"Come-Pack" furniture is not sold in stores—ONLY direct to purchaser with a money back guarantee. Furniture stores make enormous profits. YOU save that profit for yourself—from 33-1/3 to 50 per cent. Think of it! It is shipped compact "Come-Pack" and our method of construction insures lowest freight rates.

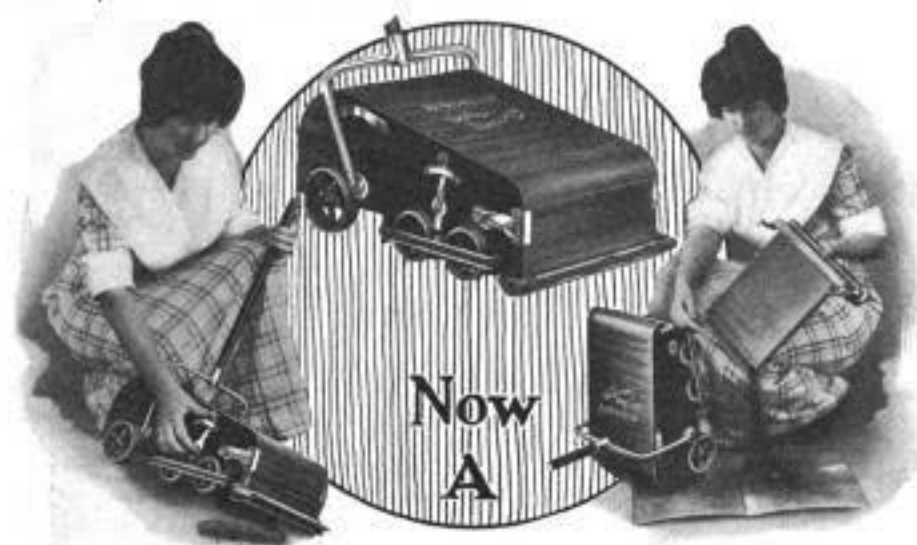
Free Catalog showing several hundred pieces for the home. Samples of all finishes on quartered sawed white oak, also actual samples of leather and upholstery material, from which to make your selections, will be furnished on request. Buy "Come-Pack" furniture and save money.

THE COME-PACK FURNITURE COMPANY, 702 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio



Price \$24.00
Selling \$13.00

COME-PACK



BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

With Conveniences No Other Make Affords
—Plus Adequate Power for Real Cleaning

Three extra-capacity bellows pumps and original construction produce the powerful suction. No matter how much dust and dirt has been tramped into your rugs and carpets, the BISSELL gets it. At the same time, it is light running and easy to use.

Equally easy to empty, also—another very important feature. The litter pans dump with a finger movement. The dust receptacle comes out with the nozzle in one piece, and in replacing takes correct position automatically. You can go through the whole operation without fassing or soiling your hands.

This ease of emptying is an exclusive BISSELL feature. It is only one of the points of superiority that make this Vacuum Sweeper worthy of the Bissell name and guaranty.

which is sufficient recommendation to every American housewife.

Use either Vacuum Model in connection with BISSELL'S Cyro Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweeper and you reduce the cleaning to a science.

The Vacuum Machine does the general cleaning—and does it thoroughly.

The Carpet Sweeper takes care of all the daily sweeping—and does it thoroughly—as it has for nearly 40 years. It is just as needful today as ever.

Prices are \$7.50 for the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) and \$9.00 for the Vacuum Sweeper (with brush). Slightly higher in the West, South and in Canada. Carpet Sweepers \$2.75 to \$3.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World
Dept. 25, Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, Too

(213)

CONGRESS THE BICYCLE

OFFICIAL RULES OF PLAYING CARDS

Hoyle up-to-date CLUB INDEXES 25c

For Social Play

Shuffling and dealing Congress Cards is a real pleasure because Air-Cushion Finish prevents sticking.

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

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You pay not a cent for the reputation of Bicycle Cards, but for the quality that made and keeps it up.

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THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

A rich, full magazine

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Picking Up Stage Wisdom

Katherine Grey, one of the fine women on the stage, tells you about famous stars and things you want to know about the theater.

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Rowena and the Front Page

What if you had a romantic disposition and had a chance to become the heroine of a big newspaper story? Lucy Huffaker tells what Rowena did.

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Revenge is Sweet

A ten-year-old bandit king, his detective sister. The crime, the escape, the detection, and the punishment! Maybe your own son is the hero.

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The Lady Cop of Tonopah

Doesn't look it, but she is a police officer. No male prisoner can resist her. She is one of five interesting people. Another is a self-made farmer of fifteen.

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Ida M. Tarbell and David Grayson

How to make more money with less work and how to get the greatest joy out of living.

THE JULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

order sheet, giving notes of the business, frank explanations of changes in price, news of directors' meetings, and generally serving to keep the members in touch with one another.

"While telephone ordering and personal calls at the store may be done, more housekeepers prefer the mail order system, as the fact has been well established that the quality of the goods never varies, and that the full weight may be depended upon. By Tuesday morning these order sheets must be received at the store, accompanied by check or money order to the amount indicated. This business is not only on a cash basis, it actually requires its pay in advance! But as it can proudly point out that it has never lost a dollar in bad debts, the shareholders do not object.

"Polly sent me one of the price lists or order sheets, and on comparing it with what I pay at my own corner grocery I find the Washington coöperator saves not less than two per cent on her purchases at the time of purchase; in some lines of goods it runs as high as ten per cent, but the real saving comes in the form of the dividends.

"And with the Civil Service Coöperators, Inc., as with all societies of this sort, the woman must figure ahead in order to save. She must have money on deposit at the store or send check or cash with her order; she must order in quantities practically for the week, and she must be satisfied with a weekly or semi-weekly delivery. This plan absolutely breaks a woman of the expensive habit of sending maid or child to the nearest grocery store where she can have goods charged and delivered at any hour of the day. I presume we will find the same conditions existing at Montclair."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Larry, "co-operative stores present a very complicated problem."

"Indeed they do," admitted Mrs. Moore. "All economic questions are more or less complicated, and it's a great pity that we women are rarely educated to see financial administration in our homes as anything deeper than what we pay for actual groceries, meat, vegetables, etc., at the actual time of purchase."

"You must not expect Dahlgren equipment and decorations in this co-operative store," suggested Mrs. Moore as she led the way through the crisp sunlight down Montclair's well-kept streets to 517 Bloomfield Avenue. "Dahlgren adds the cost of mirrors and white marble to your cuts of meat, while a co-operative store is run without frills, at the least possible expense."

Thus prepared for simplicity, if not downright unattractiveness, in the cause of economy, the New York trio almost gasped on entering the store of the Montclair Coöperative Society. If there was an absence of glittering mirrors and obsequious clerks in white caps and aprons, there was no lack of up-to-date equipment and methods. Efficiency and success shone in every corner of the plant, consisting of a three-story and basement brick business block with a forty-foot front.

"In a material way, this plant is one of the things we have to show for our three years' existence," explained Mr. Leroy Dyal, the manager of the store. "And when a co-operative society has weathered its first three years, it may feel comparatively safe."

"The store is owned by over four hundred residents of Montclair, and run in their interests by a board of directors as follows: President, Emerson P. Hains; vice-president, Mrs. Alfred W. Diller; secretary, Miss Florence Hains; treasurer, Henry Wheaton; directors, Ralph T. Crane, W. W. Ames, H. B. Van Cleve, Edgar Bates, George French, Mrs. William Ropes. You will note that we have women on our board of directors and they are extremely interested and active."

"All business is cash, or the members may, if they wish, make a deposit and draw on that. Once a week I make a budget of prices, and on comparing them with the prices in other stores of the same class, I find that they run about four per cent lower. In addition to this, while we will deliver goods, we allow a discount of five per cent to members who carry goods home. Therefore the housekeeper who markets here and acts as her own deliveryman, using her motor, carriage, the trolley or even the family market basket and walking, saves at the time of purchase about nine per cent. In addition to this, as a shareholder she is paid her share of the profits on the business we do. Of this I will speak later."

"We do everything we can to popularize this store not only with our stockholders, but with the general public. You see, we have both a dry and a green grocery department, a meat and a fish department. On Saturdays we have a special sale, known as the 'no rebate and no delivery sale,' which runs from 5 to 10 P. M. This is so popular as a matter of economy with Montclair people, that we have great crowds during those hours, many customers arriving at 4:30 and waiting the half hour till specials are on sale. This is valuable as

giving us a chance to sell off all vegetables and other perishable foodstuffs that otherwise must be carried over the week-end. I mention this merely to show you that a co-operative store is not necessarily highbrow as some women think. We try to follow all the modern business methods—but we permit no substitution, adulteration, nor any other of the evils of so-called modern merchandising."

To explain the theory on which our store and society is run, I will say that the requirements for this, as for all co-operative ventures, are an adequate organization of consumers to act in their own behalf, and a first-class plant. Our aim is not merely to transfer to the pockets of our shareholders the small net profits made by other storekeepers, but so to manage the journey of food products from source to kitchen as to cut out certain evils from which the housewife suffers—the cost of duplicate or wasted motion, and the adulteration and unsanitary conditions which surround the handling of products. We eliminate many of the cost items of ordinary retail trade in competition, and we protect the society from loss by doing only a cash trade.

"Our shares have a par value of ten dollars. Members may own one share or more. The stock is non-assessable when fully paid, and subscriptions may be paid in cash or at the rate of two dollars per share down, and the balance at the rate of one dollar per share monthly. All sales are recorded on double sales slips. One is kept by the shareholder and one by the society."

"After effecting an organization and proving the honesty and sincerity of our members in supporting the venture, the next step was a plant which would insure the most efficient handling of the trade."

"Of vital importance is to provide a proper medium for keeping fresh foods, such as meat, vegetables, fruit, etc. This means an abundance of dry cold air, in place of the ice supply with its unhealthy dampness and general unreliability."

"For this purpose we have installed in our basement a Brunswick refrigerating machine, which produces an amount of cold air equal to the melting of six tons of ice daily. This cold air is piped through ammonia cooling pipes which run through our glass counters, wall cases and the regular refrigerators. This system of cold air protection saves enormous waste in handling the stock. We also have driven our own well, one hundred and twenty-seven feet deep, which is capable of furnishing thirty gallons of pure water per minute."

"Our plant follows in principle and construction the superb modern public markets of Providence, Rhode Island, and Worcester, Massachusetts. It keeps the stock sanitary, and enables us to regulate temperature in different refrigerators to meet the requirements of different sorts of food."

"All the foods sold in our delicatessen department are prepared in our model sanitary kitchens on the floor above."

The New Yorkers were shown through these kitchens, where colored women, immaculately dressed, were preparing delicious salads. They studied the method by which running water in the fish department positively eliminated all odor. They were especially impressed with the freshness and crispness of the vegetables and the high standard of dry groceries on the shelves.

"The best of everything," murmured Mrs. Larry, "and at exactly what saving?"

The manager smiled at her earnest query.

"That cannot be expressed in round figures. It varies. As I said before, I think our prices average about four per cent below those of the competitive stores, largely because they must spend money to attract trade which we hold through our membership. The housewife who takes home her goods saves an additional five per cent. The member who attends our Saturday evening sales saves a little more. And, finally, stockholders get back money in these two ways:

First, regular interest on their investment of not more than six per cent; second, gains or profits which the store has made, redistributed every quarter at the rate of five per cent on the amount of purchases recorded on duplicate sales slips."

"Then it is a success, your store and your society?" asked Mrs. Norton. "And the women believe in it and support it?"

"They certainly do. They have the true co-operative spirit."

"And what of your Coöperative Kitchen and your housemaids' school and your—"

"Those? Oh, they are another story! The Coöperative Kitchen is managed by a different society, and the School for Housemaids by the Housewives League."

"Shall we see them?" inquired Mrs. Moore as the trio walked down the sun-bright street.

"Yes, let us make a day of it in this remarkable community with its co-operative spirit, even if, as Mr. Dyal says, it is another story."

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]

The greater the work
of art, the more
widely it is copied.



**BABCOCK'S
CORYLOPSIS
of JAPAN
TALC POWDER**

is a masterpiece of per-
fumery. Its success
has led other makers to
adopt the name Cory-
lopsis of Japan and to
imitate the can. But
no one has ever ap-
proached its fascinating
fragrance.

The scent is inde-
scribable—delicate,
exquisite and distinc-
tive. The powder
itself is soft and
smooth and fine.



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you want it.

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Perfumes Sachets
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Write for sample cake!

Smell its real violet fragrance. The mo-
ment you do you will want
this crystal clear soap—the
"Frothing-up" soap
of the dainty woman.
Lathers freely in any
water. Send 2c
for your sample
cake. Do
it to-day!



Address
**The Andrew
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DISTRIBUTORS WANTED GOOD PAY; STEADY WORK;
Performing Best Soap Powder with Soap, etc. No capital or ex-
perience needed. **N. WARD & CO., 225 Institute Pl., Chicago**

**You Can Weigh
Exactly What
You Should**

You can—I know you can,
because I have reduced 32,000



women and
have built up that
many more—scientifically,
naturally, without drugs,
the privacy of their own rooms.

**You Can Be
So Well!**

—if you only knew how well!
I build up your vitality—
at the same time I strength-
en your heart action; teach
you how to breathe, to
stand, walk and relieve
such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver,
Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

Our pupil writes: "I weigh 83
pounds less, and I have gained
wonderfully in strength." Another
says: "Last May I weighed 100
pounds, this May I weigh 126 and
oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write
now for my interesting booklet?
You are welcome too. His FREE.
Don't wait, you may forget it. I
have had a wonderful experience
and I should like to tell you about
it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 25, 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Mrs. Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized
authority on the scientific care of the health
and figure of women.

The Runaway Rest Cure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

A woman ought to have some defense,
even if it is only time and chance."

"You look at it all wrong, Haswell."

"All wrong! You say the man abused
her. Why shouldn't she leave him?"

"But not in this secret way. It will
make a scandal. He doesn't know where
she is or how to bring her back."

"Perhaps she doesn't want to be
brought back."

"She should be made to."

"Oh, come now, this is not the eight-
eenth century."

"Your sympathy always was with the
women, Haswell."

"Well, remember, here is a big bulk-
ing man bullying a woman only because
her strength is less than his. If he acted
in this fashion with a man his own size
he'd be thrashed, or if he behaved this
way to any other man's wife he'd be
thrown out of the house. The woman
does not fight, according to your state-
ment, she just goes away. And you
would help bring her back to abuse she
cannot defend herself against. Well,
I would not."

The name Haswell began to rever-
berate in my brain. Where had I heard
it? I leaned forward to look at the two
men again. At my movement the
younger man turned his head and his
eyes met mine. I drew back into my
chair in a state of panic at the atten-
tion I had aroused, but the eager young
face observed me with an interest that
somehow seemed as professional as my
first glance at him had been. Then the
older man began to talk again. I did
not listen for some minutes. Presently
I heard the younger man say:

"Ill temper usually needs a doctor,
not a priest. Why don't you suggest an
operation to your exalted patient?"

That was why his interest was profes-
sional! He, also, was a physician,
and a physician has to be the most
observant of men. To him, even more
than to an artist, expressions are of im-
portance. He makes his diagnoses tak-
ing such things as eyes and lips and
color and strain into account.

Their conversation soon drifted to
general topics, but when we reached the
outskirts of Philadelphia, as the elder
doctor put an Alpine hat above his
prominent forehead, the younger said:

"Here's hoping that you find your
patient reconciled to his loss."

"Would I be going to attend him if
he were reconciled?"

"Is he in Philadelphia?"

"No, he is at his country place down
the river beyond Philadelphia, but I have
to go the rest of the way by automobile.
The thing's an outrage."

The younger man laughed. "Well,
she has apparently given you a fat job,
so don't be hard on her. I don't know
who your exalted patient is; but if I
meet his wife, I'll tell her to stay away
long enough to keep you busy."

"If you see her it will be worth your
while to bring her back."

"Is there a reward? Dear me, how
melodramatic!"

"Not a public reward. But there is
one. You see the thing has to be kept
quiet. They'd find her to-morrow if they
could publish that she was five feet, six
inches tall, and had blue eyes and brown
hair."

The young man lifted his chin and
grew perfectly still. It was such a
chance to catch arrested motion that I
frowned with the annoyance of traveling
without pencil and paper. There was
such a thing as carrying Brian's advice
too far. And then, in the seemingly un-
related way in which the subconscious-
ness acts, the thought of Brian brought
me a swift and illuminating recollection.

"My friend Haswell," Brian had said,
"He is doing the finest work in my pro-
fession." Surely there could not be two
such doctors. This was the man of the
sanitarium and the motor boat! Here
was a perfectly beautiful chance—if
only—if only my wits would work and
my inhibitions cease troubling me. Then
I saw that, still as he was, the young
man was watching me.

For no reason at all my heart began
to beat like a velvet-padded gong.

"He is probably discovering," I said
to myself, "that I have blue eyes and
brown hair," and I turned in my chair
and smiled into my handkerchief. I was
not a runaway woman, thank heaven,
but here was a man who would take any
woman's part, and—why should I
not be a runaway woman? After all,
gray veils were as good to run away
from as brutal husbands, and the friend
of one's own best friend was not to be
found on every train.

We pulled in at North Philadelphia
and the elder doctor got off. Left alone
in the car, save for the woman with the
double chin, my courage rose. Perhaps
it was the lightness in my head, or per-
haps it was that even the man's walk as
he returned from escorting the elder man
to the door, was thoroughbred, but what-
ever it was the Spirit of Adventure that
awoke within me seemed suddenly a
very pleasant guest.

In my early youth I had been left
motherless to the unaided care of a de-
lightful and irresponsible artist father.

There are many advantages to a girl in
being brought up by a man, but there
are some drawbacks also. One of them,
in my case, was that not only did I
never have any money, but I was so
sure also that my father hadn't that I
never could bear to ask him for any. At
such times as I was actually forced to
do so I usually spent twenty minutes

gathering up my courage and then
launched myself with the one word
"Father!" After which I had to con-
tinue.

So now, as the young man turned to
his chair with another one of those
luminous, observant glances, I did not
drop my eyes nor draw back in my chair
nor turn aside. I met it squarely, forc-
ing my courage with a silent "Now!
now is your chance—one chance in a
million!"

He sat down, his face turned toward
me as if waiting. As for me, I swal-
lowed a hard lump in my throat while
the rhythm of the flying wheels snapped
out:

"And you let the chance escape you?"

rapped the rattling tongue-bar.

"What a chance and what an idiot!"

clicked the vicious tongue-bar.

Suddenly, I leaned forward, seizing
the chance of adventure in my two
nervous hands.

"Doctor Haswell!" I said breathlessly,
and waited, as I used to wait for Father.

The young man looked at a man does
when the thing he has worked out in his
brain happens before his eyes, and I
suddenly realized that, after all, I had
nothing to say. Before this expectant
gaze of his it was especially idiotic to
be stricken dumb. I searched my brain,
demanding an excuse for addressing
him, but all that it gave me was the
memory of Brian's foolish suggestion of
yesterday.

"I am about to ask you a great favor,"
I said breathlessly; "it is quite a simple
thing for you to do, but most complexly
helpful to me. At the next station a
tall man with a black beard will get on
the train looking for me. He will want
to take me off with him. I'll not go into
all the reasons why I ought not to be
taken off the train. Indeed, I would
not ask your help if there were any reason
why I should go with this man. I
have a right to go where I choose, and
it is sheer bullying to interfere with
me." Beneath the ready acquiescence
in his face I found words coming faster,
or else, having entered Brian's foolish
path to renewed energy, I found the
energy actually coming. "I ask you only
to look about for me; not to do any-
thing or say anything on my behalf. As
we approach the station I'll go into the
empty compartment at the end of the
car, and I want to ask you if you won't
see whether there is such a man at the
station—and if he gets on the train."

For a moment the man's look was
doubtful and I said to myself that I had
failed.

"I—I am—so sorry to trouble you. I
ought not, of course, to ask such a ser-
vice of a stranger. It is entirely uncon-
ventional. But indeed I—I cannot
choose my means. It is of the gravest
importance to me—and, oh, in a minute
we shall be in the station!"

I found myself trying desperately to
do the thing well.

"I shall be very glad," said the pleas-
ant voice, "to do so trifling a service for
you. Perhaps you will not mind if I
ask you one question?" He bent his
head and looked at me under his straight
brows. "Are you married?"

I felt myself blushing. Also I felt
myself hesitating. Then I said in a low
voice, "No, I am not."

It is curious, but the perfectly truth-
ful statement sounded flatteringly un-
likely, while the fiction I had just uttered
had run glibly enough off my tongue.

"Not that I entertain the usual prej-
udice against interfering between a man
and his wife," said the doctor, "it is
merely that if you are not married I
need ask no more questions. Tell me
with a black beard you say? Not much
of a description."

"You will see him peering about," I
answered nervously. "Perhaps—per-
haps he will ask questions."

"Do you expect him to get on the
train?"

"I—I don't know—he would, of
course, if he saw me."

"Very well. In that case I will stay
in the car and watch. Hurry! The
porter has gone and you can slip into
the compartment."

"Thank you," I breathed. I gave him
a grateful glance and moved swiftly to
the end of the car and into the single
compartment there. It was fortunately
unlocked. I closed the door until only a
narrow space remained through which I
could peep into the car. Then I leaned
against the partition and laughed shame-
lessly. Suddenly I realized that this was
the second time I had laughed in several
months, and that the pain at the back
of my neck was nearly gone. "Oh,
Brian!" I murmured. Then I wondered
whether a tall man with a black beard
was more likely to be about than a
little man with glasses and a short
mustache, and I considered, during my
ten minutes' wait, whether I had done
well to make the man tall and bearded.
It seemed a very long while before we
were under way again, for I could see
nothing out of the window, as another
train was drawn up next to ours on that
side, and I had only my nervous thoughts
for companions.

When I felt the wheels begin to slide
over the track I opened the door a little
wider and peeped out. My heart gave a
bound that nearly choked me. Standing
in the middle of the aisle was a tall
man with a dark and bristly beard.

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]



Many Companion
readers are earning
the money now for
delightful vacations

The Money for Your Vacation

IN ALL the pleasant plans we make
for a vacation, for a nice visit with
the home folks, or a trip to that fas-
cinating, beautiful San Francisco Ex-
position, there is always the vexing ques-
tion of *enough money*.

Doesn't it seem as if we either have
not quite enough money to go comfort-
ably or, like the old story of Simple
Simon and the Pieman, "indeed we
haven't any!"

Did you know there is a department
of the COMPANION, called the Pin-Money
Club, which solves this problem for COM-
PANION readers by showing them how
to earn money for vacation expenses?

Money for Other Things Too

Of course the Pin-Money Club does
not limit its help to vacation money.
You can imagine the thousands of ways
the girls and women who are P. M. C.
members spend Club dollars.

For instance, I know a COMPANION
reader who for years has thought she
must deny herself any "extravagances"
(she used to say) in the way of nice
clothes, until one day her small son told
her how pretty he thought another boy's
mother was and that he wished she'd
"fix up that way too." So she turned
to the Pin-Money Club and earned
enough money for some cool, pretty little
lawn dresses in less than two weeks.
And aren't the children proud of the
way she looks now!

I know another, a girl just starting
in business, who is very anxious to get
ahead, and realizes the importance of
looking her best and as fresh as a daisy
these warm summer days—small salary
or not. So she, too, has earned the
extra money for her clothes right here
in the Pin-Money Club.

Then there is Mrs. W. B. S., who has
needed a new ice chest for baby's milk.
She just wrote to thank me for a \$12
check from the Pin-Money Club that is
going toward that ice-chest fund. And I
know a girl who treats the family to ice
cream on hot evenings and trips to the
beach with the pin-money she earns in
this same big helpful Club of ours.

And these are so few of the many
pleasant things Club dollars will buy
this summer!

For All Companion Readers

We want you to know more about the
Pin-Money Club. As the money-earning
department of the COMPANION it is at
the service of all COMPANION readers.
If you would like to have some extra
money yourself, whether it is for your
own vacation or screens for your porch
or a new pair of slippers, the Club can
show you how to earn it.

The P. M. C., you know, was formed
in response to the many letters received
by our Editors asking, "How can I earn
money at home?" "How can I earn
extra money after business hours?" "I
am a housekeeper with no business
training. Isn't there a way I could earn
a little money?"

And the Club has succeeded in find-
ing that way to earn money, both for
the home girl and home woman who has
no business training of any kind; and
for the business girl and professional
woman who seeks a way to earn extra
money "after hours."

Just drop me a card or a note and
I'll be very glad indeed to send you our
beautiful new Club Book as a gift from
the P. M. C.—it will tell you all about it.

Margaret Chase

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Fashion Department

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD



Poucher

Note the loose pocket for golf or tennis balls

A Sport Costume with Novel Features

TO FIND something different in a sport costume is almost to accomplish the impossible, and yet it has been achieved in the dress shown on this page. The dress has a special novelty in the waist which proves a practical feature as well; it has the long, close-fitting sleeves which fashion dictates and which, when the wearer is engaged in sports, can be detached, leaving the arms perfectly free to a point above the elbows. This should be welcomed by devotees of golf as well as tennis. Then, in the skirt, instead of the conventional pocket on each side of the front there is a deep, wide pocket on the right side only, so arranged that golf or tennis balls may easily be carried. The skirt is a four-gored model with a deep, fitted yoke. Suitable materials for the development of this dress are some of the old stand-bys, such as linen, gingham, cotton crepe and white serge, and then a few of the new materials—which

are carraival, that has taken the place of ratine and is quite a bit like it; Panama cloth, which is between a pongee and a linen, and some of the crepe ginghams so popular this season. This is a simple costume to make; even the woman with little dressmaking experience need not hesitate to use it for herself. For the dress there are Woman's Home Companion patterns, which are easy to understand and simple to use. Before ordering the patterns be sure to take accurate measurements. Always give bust measure in ordering waist patterns, and in ordering skirt patterns both waist and hip measures.

THE PATTERNS for the dress may be ordered from either of the following pattern depots: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 2813—Waist with Detachable Long Sleeves

34 to 40 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-fourth yards of thirty-inch material, or two and three-fourths yards of forty-inch material, with five-eighths yard of contrasting material for the collar and belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2814—Yoke Skirt with Deep Side-Pocket

24 to 30 waist. Hip in 24-inch waist, 38 inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. Material for 24-inch waist, three and three-fourths yards of thirty-inch material, or three yards of forty-inch material. The price of this practical yoke skirt pattern is ten cents



The Most Famous Beauties in the World

QUEENS and members of royal houses, celebrated artistes, and well-known society people—the most famous beauties in the World—have sought out Mme. Helena Rubinstein at her Paris, London and New York establishments, known as the *Maisons de Beauté*, for remarkable beauty treatments.

In fact, her name is of world-wide reputation among all women who feel the imperative suggestions of Nature to gain and keep good looks.

Madame Rubinstein has written a booklet, "Beauty in the Making"

from the original French "Comment se fait la Beauté," from which you may learn, as though she were advising you face to face, how to develop and maintain the beauty of the complexion and how to prevent threatening blemishes such as freckles, sallowness, unsightly open pores, dryness or greasiness of the skin, blackheads, "shiny" appearance of the nose, wrinkles and crowfeet.

So, if you are not of those fortunate ones who can go to Mme. Rubinstein for treatment, you may receive it in your own home, because this booklet is replete with scientific suggestions and object lessons, and tells you also of her many rare beauty specialties (brought from abroad and supplied at reasonable prices), and how you should use them to the best advantage.

Mme. Rubinstein will send you this book by mail on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Write for it now, and if you have any question to ask, ask it when you write. Letters addressed to Mme. Rubinstein have solved many and many a complexion trouble.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
15 East 49th Street
New York City
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PARIS: 255 Rue Saint Honoré



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D. E. RICHES & COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Muslin Underwear
Established 1872 New York

Wedding



You, too, can look younger

Six to ten minutes a day of pleasant exercise for the face—in your own room—bring a quick and marvelously youthful expression. *Summa's* *Cosmetic Physical Culture for the Face* is as effective as her exercises for the body have proven to be in more than 70,000 cases. Course includes care of hair, eyes, hands and feet, and relieves such age-adding blemishes as wrinkles under eyes, wrinkles on forehead, thin, sagging facial muscles, chin, crow's feet, tired eyes, sagging facial muscles, plumpness; thin, dry or oily hair; tender inflamed feet; rough, red hands, and other beauty-destroying ailments.

Write for FREE booklet today

Learn what prompt and gratifying results you can secure, and how you can look as young and happy as you should.

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624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 6, CHICAGO



"Come on in if your suits are Skinner's Satin. Water won't hurt them!"

Skinner's Bathing Satin has made possible the growing vogue for satin bathing suits. Treated by a special process of manufacture, it does not fade in fresh or salt water. Tell your dry-goods store you want

Skinner's BATHING Satin

Cotton Back or All Silk
(30 inches wide)

Black, Navy or Brown
Guaranteed Fast Color

Woven of pure silk, Skinner's Bathing Satin has the great strength for which Skinner's Satins have always been famous. This, together with its non-fading quality, makes it the most beautiful as well as the most practical material in the world for bathing suits.

Don't accept a substitute, but insist on Skinner's and look for the name in the selvege.

Write us for samples of the popular bathing suit shades. Address Dept. E

Wm. Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.
NEW YORK CITY

Mills, Holyoke, Mass.
Established 1848

NOTE:—Skinner's All-Silk Satin (404) is the standard light weight fabric for summer suits—also the best material for silk waists, petticoats, etc. Look for the name in the selvege when you buy.



Clothes for Maternity Wear

Designs that will answer every dress need at this time

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

EVERY woman owes it to herself as well as to her friends to look her best at all times. There is no special time, however, when this is more important than during the period that she is waiting and preparing for her baby.

To be sure, clothes must be comfortable and easy to adjust for the changes in the figure, but they must also be attractive in style and developed in becoming colors and materials.

In summer white is permissible, but otherwise it is better to keep to the dark tones, as they are less conspicuous.

For dress occasions, crepe de chine, taffeta, silk voile, and foulard are pretty materials that are light in weight and for everyday wear, cotton voile, cotton crepe, wool crepe, cashmere and such fabrics are practical.

Then, in materials for coats, the very light-weight worsteds are suitable, while for warm weather silk and pongee are especially comfortable as well as serviceable.

Pique is used a great deal this season for trimmings, particularly for collars and cuffs. In plain white it does much to lighten up an otherwise dark coat.



No. 2806
No. 2807

SUCH a dress as the one illustrated above is most practical for general wear. It can be developed in wool, wash or silk fabrics, and can be made from patterns Nos. 2806 and 2807. The pattern descriptions are very clearly given on the opposite side of this page



No. 2808
No. 2809

No. 2808—Gathered Maternity Waist with Flaring Collar and Cuffs

34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-inch material, with three-eighths yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs and one-eighth yard for the belt. The price of this waist pattern is ten cents

No. 2809—Full Maternity Skirt Shirred at Waist Line

24 to 34 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, five and one-fourth yards of thirty-inch material, or four yards of forty-inch material. Width in 24-inch waist, three and one-half yards. The price of this skirt pattern is ten cents

No. 2810—Sleeveless Maternity Jacket with Yoke

34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two and one-half yards of thirty-inch material, or one and one-half yards of forty-inch material, with one-eighth yard of contrasting material for the belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents



No. 2811

No. 2811—Maternity Top Coat with Plaited Skirt Portion

34 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, four yards of thirty-six-inch material, or three and one-fourth yards of fifty-four-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents



No. 2811

No. 2810
No. 2809

No. 2808
No. 2809

No. 2806
No. 2807



No. 2810

THE sleeveless jacket which can be made from pattern No. 2810 is really a very handy garment to possess. It can be worn with the dress Nos. 2808-2809, and will give it quite a different look, and if it is made of silk or some such fabric will give extra warmth on cool days

Underwear for the Little Girl

A DRESSMAKING LESSON

about the making and trimming of this set

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD



No. 2812—Girl's Set of Underwear Patterns

2 to 10 years. Quantity of material required for the entire set in 8-year size, seven yards of thirty-six-inch material—mainsock, long cloth or fine muslin. The price of this set of underwear patterns is 20 cents

THE fashioning of dainty underwear is quite as pleasant an occupation for summer mornings on the porch as embroidering or other "pick-up" work.

We all know how expensive really fine handmade underwear is when purchased ready-made, even the small garments for children, so I am going to tell about a set of drawers, underwaist, petticoat and nightgown which may be made for a girl of eight from seven yards of long cloth or from a twelve-yard piece costing about \$1.80, whichever is the more convenient way of purchasing it.

Fine mainsock, batiste or cotton crepe are other good materials for such a set; cotton crepe has been used considerably for this purpose for several seasons past. It wears and washes well and requires no ironing.

For trimming the set shown above I am going to suggest linen Cluny, one of the new filet edges, or a narrow Irish picot. The Irish picot is expensive if purchased by the yard, but it is easily made if one cares to take the time to make it, is pretty and wears well. The Cluny is, I think, however, the most practical. A good quality of Valenciennes edging may be used if the heavier lace is not fancied for very small girls.

The embroidered butterflies, the buttonholed eyelets through which to run the ribbon, and the uneven briar- or feather-stitching heading the hems, are other details that make for daintiness, although they may be used or not as preferred. Instead of the buttonholed eyelets a narrow Cluny or Valenciennes heading may be used to run the ribbon through, and in place of the embroidered butterflies, lace motifs may be set in, or the garment left plain.

Follow pattern directions carefully when cutting, marking seam allowances, hems, etc., with a tracing wheel.

TO MAKE THE UNDERWAIST: Join shoulder and under-arm seams; the French fell or seam is best to use for underwear. In the French fell the seams are sewn up on the right side about an eighth of an inch outside of the indicated seam allowance; the material is cut away close to this line of stitching, the seam turned, creased and stitched again on the wrong side along the line marked for the seam allowance.

Neck and armholes of the underwaist may be finished as illustrated with the lace edging, or may be faced with a narrow bias facing. The lower edge should be turned up and hemmed. Large-eyed, white bone buttons for buttoning on the drawers should be attached to the bottom of waist with tape. Close waist in back with small buttons.

TO MAKE THE DRAWERS: Join the inside curved leg seams, stitching them by machine or running them up securely by hand in a French seam. Join the side seams in the same way, and finish the side openings with a continuous finish. A straight strip of material about an inch wide may be used for this finish, sewing it on around the edges of the openings, turning it back, creasing through the center and hemming it down over the seam on the wrong side.

There is an old-time finish for these openings that is good also, although not quite as easy to apply. A straight piece of material about two inches wide and about an inch longer than the opening is creased down the center and slashed to the depth of the opening. The lower ends are pointed or rounded. The edges of the slash are sewn to the

edges of the openings from the right side; the facing is then turned back and its outer edges hemmed down neatly on the inside. The pointed or rounded ends act as stays for the seams, preventing them from tearing down.

Turn up the hems allowed on the bottoms of the drawers. These hems may be stitched by machine, hemmed by hand, or a few threads drawn and hemstitched. The irregular briar- or feather-stitching illustrated is an unusually pretty finish if one has the time to do it.

To sew the lace to the lower edges of the drawers draw up the thread in the upper edge of the lace, or gather it slightly along the top just enough to ease it a trifle, thus providing for any shrinkage in laundering, and whip it on lower edge of the hem by hand. By whipping is meant sewing it on from the right side with short, firm over-and-over stitches.

Another way of sewing lace edging to underwear is to make a tuck about a quarter of an inch wide, leaving an eighth of an inch allowance below the tuck; fold this allowance back on the wrong side until even with the edge of the tuck, and crease. Gather the lace slightly, turn back the tuck, baste the lace to the turned-in edge, and stitch. Bring the tuck down to cover the seam, and stitch, slip-stitch or catch down with the briar-stitching along the lower edge of the tuck. When this finish is used for the lower edge of the drawers the hem may be omitted.

Gather the tops of the drawers as perforated on the pattern, stroke the gathers and sew to the bands. These bands are made from straight pieces of material doubled. They should be seamed on from the right side, turned back and hemmed down to cover the seams.

A buttonhole should be worked in each end of the band and one in the center of each band for attaching the drawers to the underwaist.

THE PRINCESSE SLIP: Join seams with the French fell as directed for the drawers. The lower edge of the skirt may be finished with any of the finishes mentioned or with the briar-stitching as illustrated; the edging is sewn on in the same way as directed for the drawers. It is more effective to have all of the set finished alike. Neck and armhole edges may be finished with a narrow bias facing or turned in a seam's allowance and hemmed. Whip the lace on and finish as desired.

A bit of embroidery may be added to the slip like that on the nightgown or it may be left perfectly plain.

THE NIGHTGOWN: Finish the seams as directed for the other garments, and the hems in the same way also. The embroidery may be worked out in mercerized linen or cotton floss.

It is a good idea when sewing up the under-arm seams of the nightgown to stitch a line of tape in with the seam where it curves under the arm; this will prevent the seam from tearing out, which is apt to happen.

Another pretty way of finishing handmade underwear of this kind is to scallop the edges with hand-embroidered scallops, worked in a rather heavy mercerized floss.

Any store or department where embroidery materials are sold will stamp the scallops or any other embroidery design desired. Such a finish does away with all hemming and is most attractive.

Woman's Home Companion patterns may be purchased from either of the following pattern depots: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio

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Clothes for Garden Work

A picturesque smock and two becoming bonnets

Drawings by

MARGARET OWEN



No. 2815—No. 1

No. 2815—Sunbonnets in Two Styles

One size only. Quantity of material required for No. 1, five-eighths yard of twenty-seven-inch material for crown with one eighth of a yard of contrasting material. Material for No. 2, three and one-fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material. The prettiest way to develop the sunbonnet No. 1 is to have the crown of plain material and the brim a figured fabric. No. 2 is attractive in a striped fabric. The price of this pattern is ten cents



No. 2816



No. 2816

No. 2816—Garden Smock and Hat

32, 36 and 40 bust. Material for smock in 36-inch bust, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material; for brim of hat, five-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch material with five-eighths yard of contrasting material for the crown of hat. This smock can be worn with any skirt; with white skirts it is most effective, though the colored ones are far more practical. Tan is a good color and with the smock of art green, blue or brown it makes a most attractive costume for garden work. Price of this pattern is ten cents



No. 2815—No. 2

WORKING in the garden has become such a pleasure to so many women that a costume especially designed for such work cannot fail to be welcome. The smock shown on this page is an attractive garment to wear, and it is especially comfortable. It may be made of unbleached muslin dyed any desired color, and when finished with hand-made trimming of raffle is unusual. The seams are overlapped and sewed with a long basting stitch with black raffle; large bone rings buttonholed in raffle hold the belt in place at each side; button molds with holes in the center are covered with raffle, and the loops to fasten the smock are also made of raffle. A six-inch black taffeta ribbon serves as the belt.

IF YOU want any of the patterns illustrated on this page you can order them by mail from either of our pattern depots. The addresses are as follows: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

Too much care cannot be taken in measuring for patterns. Bust, waist, and hips should all be measured when ordering patterns for costumes. For the bust the tape should be passed across the back at the shoulder blades and across the front, low at the fullest part. For the skirt, the measure should be taken tight around the normal waist line and six inches below loosely over the hips.

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Drawings by A. M. COOPER

No. 2759—Waist with Collar in Two Styles: 34 to 46 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and five-eighths yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one-eighth yards of forty-inch, with five-eighths yard of thirty-inch contrasting material. Pattern, ten cents

No. 2797—Three-Piece Skirt with slightly-raised Waist Line: 24 to 34 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, four yards of thirty-inch, or three yards of forty-inch. Width in 24-inch waist, two and one-half yards. Hip, 38 inches. Pattern is ten cents

No. 2727—Misses' Blouse with long Raglan Sleeves: 14 to 18 years. Material for 16 years, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six inch material, one fourth yard for collar. The collar may be of the same material if preferred. Price of pattern is ten cents

No. 2732—Misses' High-Waisted Circular Skirt with Yoke: 14 to 18 years. Quantity of material required for 16 years, three yards of thirty-six inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 16-year size, three yards. The price of this pattern is ten cents

Order patterns from either of the following addresses: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio. Order from the nearest depot



No. 2759
No. 2797



No. 2727
No. 2732



No. 2711
No. 2712

No. 2711—Vest Waist with long One-Piece Sleeves: 32 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, one and three-fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, three-fourths yard of twenty-seven-inch lace for collar and vest, one-half yard of material for chemise and one-eighth yard of silk or satin for belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2712—Gathered Two-Piece Skirt with Yoke: 24 to 32 waist. Material required for 24-inch waist, four yards of thirty-six-inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 24-inch waist, three yards. Hip measure in 24-inch waist, 38 inches. The price of this skirt pattern is ten cents



No. 2711
No. 2712

No. 2727
No. 2732

No. 2759
No. 2797

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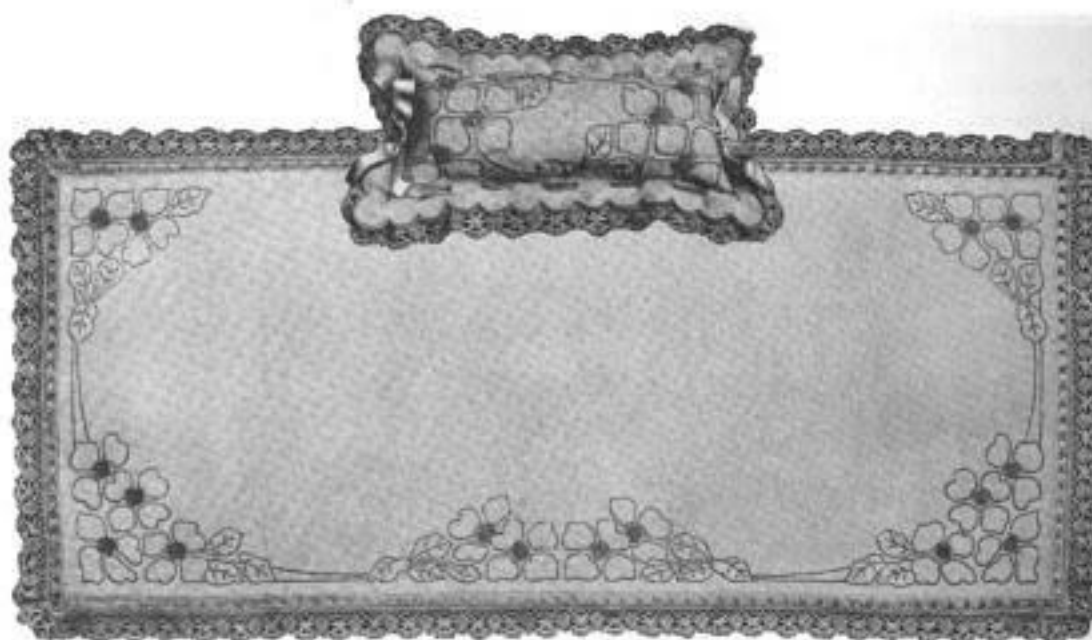
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Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

THE dresser cover, 1402-A, has an edge with a linen beading, through which colored ribbon is run, finished with an inch-wide linen lace. If preferred the beading may be omitted, the lace edge sewed on and an outline of color worked over it.

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1403-A—Stamped cushion cover (for 12 x 5 in. cushion) 25 Cents

Embroidery cotton (pink or blue) 15 Cents

(Edge is worked with two threads of a finer cotton and eyelets for ribbon are white.)



1407-A—Cushion with cross-stitch design in six colors

THE cross-stitch designs stamped on the linen are very easily and quickly worked. Accurate patterns have been made, so that the work when completed will have the same effect as if it were done over the regular cross-stitch canvas. With each stamped piece a diagram is provided showing the placing of the colors. This diagram is made on the squared paper like the regular cross-stitch design, and so can afterward be used as a pattern for working with cross-stitch canvas.

Before ordering, please read carefully all of the Directions for Ordering, which are printed on the opposite page

PRICE LIST

No. 1404-A—Stamped dresser cover (41 x 18 in.) \$1.00

Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents

No. 1405-A—Stamped cushion cover (for 3 x 6 in. cushion) 25 Cents

Foundation cushion 15 Cents

Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 15 Cents

No. 1406-A—Stamped centerpiece (18 in. square) 55 Cents

Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents

Centerpiece on a light tan linen at same price. This same design might be used for an 18-inch cushion cover in tan or oyster-white linen.

Stamped cushion cover \$1.00

THE Cross-Stitch Set for a man's room consists of a dresser cover, small pincushion, and square table centerpiece. Two shades of old-blue and a touch of dull yellow on ground of oyster-white linen are colors used



1405-A—Pincushion to match dresser cover, 1404-A, below

PRICE LIST (continued)

No. 1407-A—Cushion of light tan linen. The colors used are two shades of pink, two of green, with old-blue and golden-brown.

1407-A—Stamped cushion (20 x 20 in.) \$1.00

Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents

The cross-stitch patterns will be sold separately, but neither the cross-stitch canvas for working, nor the cottons, unless stamped goods are purchased, can be provided.

1404-A—Dresser cover and cushion pattern 10 Cents

(The centerpiece is made from the same pattern.)

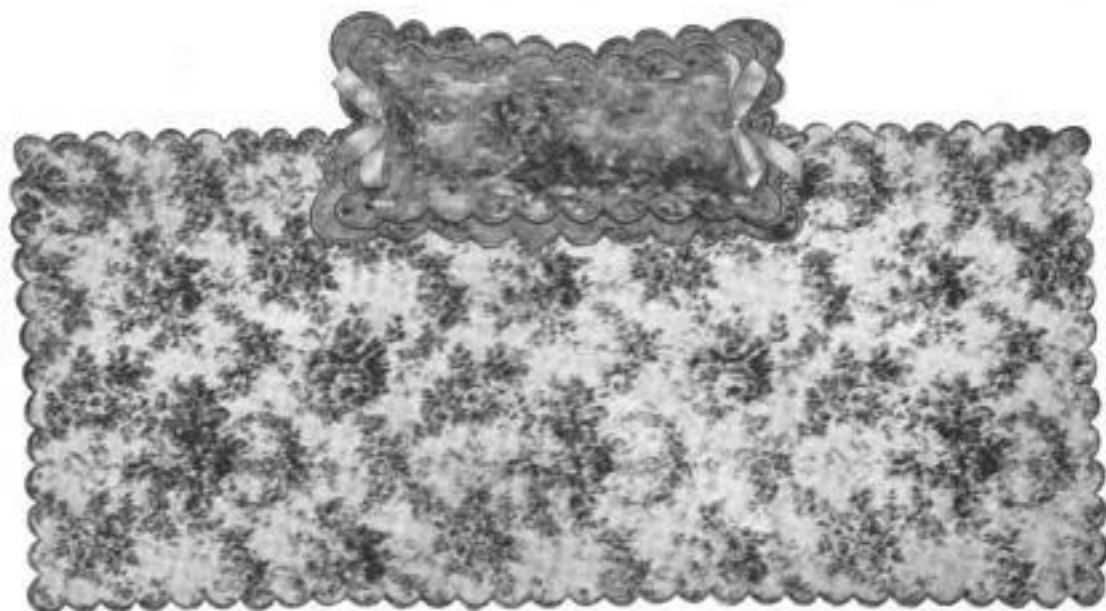
1405-A—Cushion pattern 10 Cents



1404-A—Dresser cover with cross-stitch design in two shades of blue



1406-A—Centerpiece to match, 1404-A, dresser cover and, 1405-A, pincushion



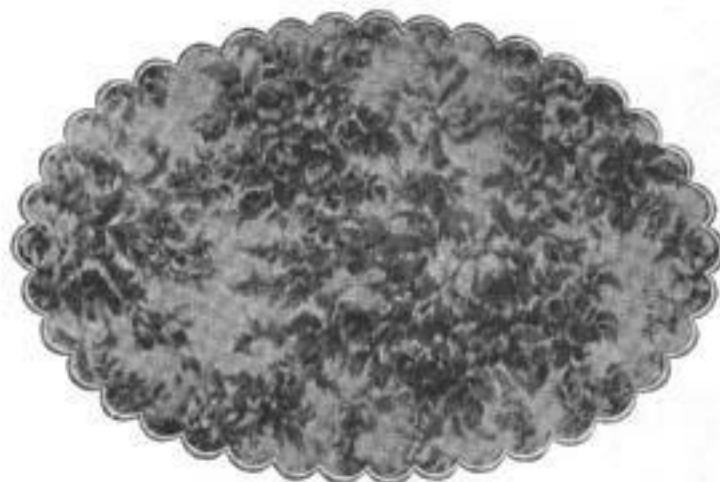
1395-A—A cretonne dresser cover and, 1396-A, a cretonne-covered pincushion for the summer girl's bedroom

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For the summer bedroom and dining-room

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1398-A—Oval cretonne doily of breakfast set

THE cretonne selected for these articles is a good, heavy quality and may be laundered without losing any of its color. If samples are desired they will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope

PRICE LIST OF BREAKFAST SET

Perforated patterns of complete set	60 Cents
Stamping paste	10 Cents
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No. 1397-A—Centerpiece (18 inches diameter) stamped on cretonne	35 Cents
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No. 1399-A—Six Plate Doilies on cretonne	90 Cents
No. 1400-A—Six Bread and Butter Doilies on cretonne	60 Cents
No. 1401-A—Six Tumbler Doilies	40 Cents

Complete set, consisting of centerpiece, 1397-A, 2 oval pieces, 1398-A, and 6 of each size doilies, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A, stamped on cretonne

White embroidery cotton for set

Complete set consisting of centerpiece, 1397-A, oval pieces, 1398-A, and 8 of each size doilies, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A, stamped on cretonne

White embroidery cotton for set (Rather a coarse cotton is used for the buttonholing; price, 2 skeins for 5 cents)

DIRECTIONS for ordering: Write the correct number and the name of article. Give name and full address. Remit by money order or check. *Do not send currency or stamps.* To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders, Embroidery Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City

THIS cretonne has an all-over design with evenly distributed color. The background is white, the flowers in pinks, tans and blues, the leaves in two shades of gray and the ribbon blue. The effect is extremely pleasing both as to color and design, and the cretonne will harmonize with almost any color scheme

PRICE LIST OF DRESSER COVER 1395-A, AND PINCUSHION 1396-A

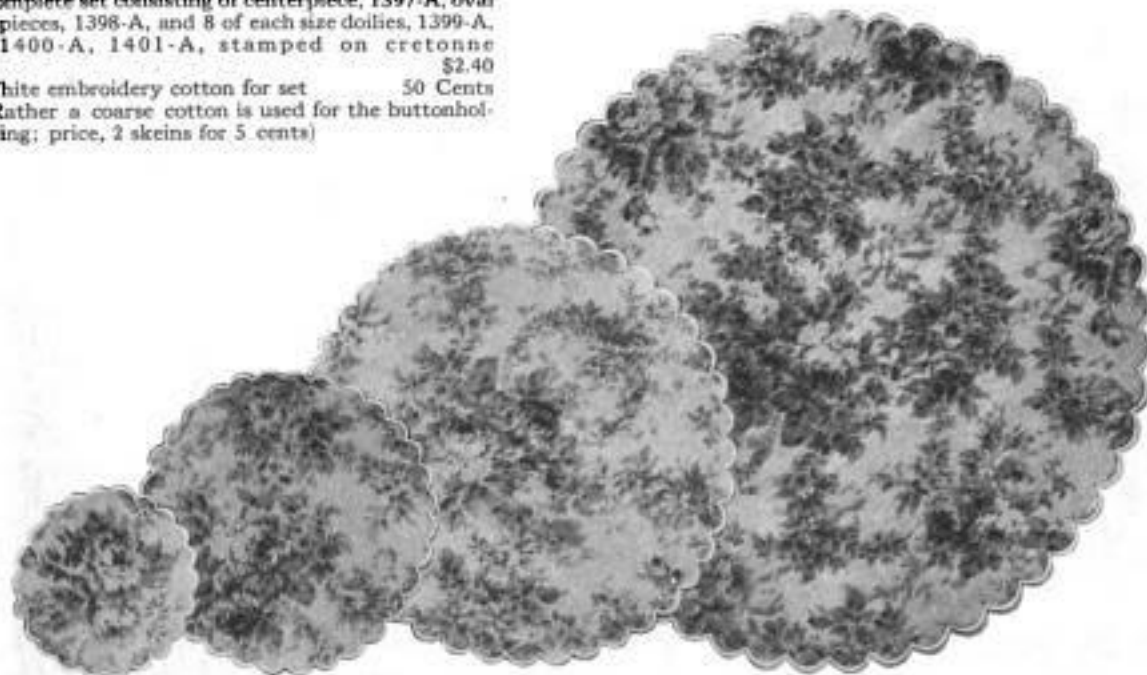
The buttonholed edges are white and the pincushion is laced with white ribbon.

No. 1395-A—Dresser Cover (19 x 41 in.)

Stamped on cretonne	75 Cents
White embroidery cotton	15 Cents

No. 1396-A—Pincushion Covers (5 x 12 in. cushion)

Stamped on cretonne	25 Cents
White embroidery cotton	10 Cents
Perforated pattern of cushion cover, 1396-A, and dresser cover 1395-A	35 Cents
Stamping paste	10 Cents



1397-A, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A—A complete set of cretonne doilies for the breakfast or luncheon table

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Single Texture, 25c.

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For blouses and lingerie

Designed by
HELEN MARVIN



In suspender effect for a little tot's frock

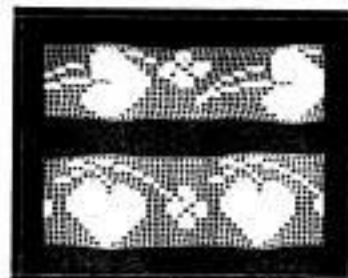


A blouse made smart with filet stripes

Pattern diagrams, showing every stitch, and directions for making all of the designs in filet crochet on this page will be sent for 20 cents. Please order CK-100 Filet Trimmings and address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

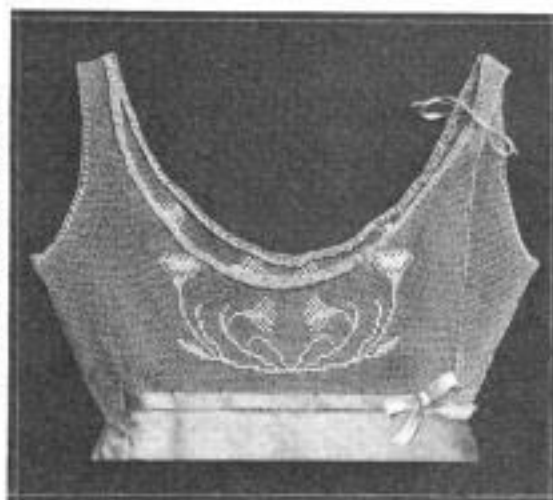


The two cherry insertions are 3 1/2 and 1 1/2 inches wide respectively



Violet leaves and flowers used for insertion in two widths: 1 1/2 and 2 inches

The crochet patterns do not include the actual cutting patterns for these garments. All the articles on this page are made by Woman's Home Companion patterns. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



This filmy yoke for an envelope chemise is cut low with thistle design

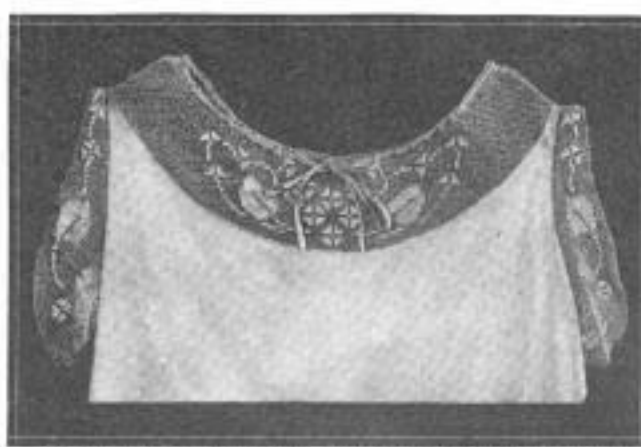
Cutting patterns for all the garments shown may be ordered by number as follows: Child's dress 2736; blouse 2762; nightgown 2687; chemise 2688; open drawers 2569. The petticoat blouse may be used on any petticoat pattern or on princess slip 2689



A medallion 3 by 2 1/2 inches and a 4 1/2-inch band for the bottom of drawers leg



An edge 3 1/2 inches wide and an insertion 1 1/2 inches wide for a petticoat



A circular yoke and cuning sleeves of filet to trim a nightgown



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Sold where you trade.
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Waterbury, Conn.
Makers also of Clinton Never-rust Nursery Safety Pins and Sorran, the King Pin of toilet pins.

The Magical Trip to Rome

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

"That's just what I am," she replied. "You don't know what a disagreeable little beast I can be. It makes me just mad to see other people rolling in money! Oh, do say something, Paul! Don't stand staring at me like that. . . . It's worse when you laugh."

"There wasn't much laugh in it," he said grimly. "I've had a rasping day. It seems to me I'm going to have a rasping evening."

"It seems to me that we're going to have a rasping forever," the girl cried piteously. "Paul! Don't look like that. I didn't mean you. It isn't your fault, poor boy. Let's cheer up and talk about something nice. How about the trip to Rome?"

"Oh!" he said with a groan. "Dash Rome! I wish you'd never got it into your head. You know you'll never have a chance to get there."

"I could have the chance," she told him defiantly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded fiercely.

She did not answer for some minutes. In those minutes she fought a very hard battle against jaded nerves, injured dignity, depression, and other weaknesses of a kind little lover. Paul was a dear boy, she reminded herself, and evidently worried, and she was sure that he didn't really "mean anything," and they had never quarreled, and she had never meant to. She had only to slide her arm through his to put matters right. . . . Her hand was almost moving toward him; and then he gripped hers so hard that it hurt.

"I demand an explanation!" he growled.

Phyllis's indignation almost boiled over at that; but even then she made an effort for peace.

"You have not the right to 'demand' yet, Paul," she told him with dignity. "You are not yourself to-night; and I do not want to make a quarrel. Don't you think you might take me home now and then go home yourself and get out of your wet things? We can finish our discussion to-morrow, when I hope we shall both be in a good temper."

"I have the right to demand an explanation of such a taunt from a girl who has promised to be my wife," he insisted. "I understand you to mean that you could marry someone else who would take you to Rome. Do you mean that, Phyllis?"

His face was very white, and his eyes seemed to burn. She fought another battle with herself, and lost it.

"Well," she answered, "if I wanted to, I could."

If Paul had looked hurt, she would have added, "I don't want to." But he gritted his teeth instead.

"You mean that bouncer, Hardy?" he hissed.

"He is not a bouncer. He is a sterling good fellow!" she cried indignantly.

"Well, you meant him," he said stubbornly.

"Yes, I did, and—"

She shut her mouth tightly and kept the rest in.

"And you have already told me that you won't be married unless you can go to Rome for your honeymoon," he said. "I—!" He felt unable to find words for a moment. Perhaps neuralgia and jealousy combined had stupefied him. "I quite understand, Phyllis. I will not be an obstacle to your trip to Rome."

He made a queer sound in his throat, turned on his heel and went, a rudeness for which neuralgia and jealousy combined cannot excuse him. He felt that when he reached home, and wrote to tell Phyllis so; but Phyllis felt it also, and returned his letter unopened. She made two remarks when she sealed it in another envelope.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" and, "Cnd! To insult me before everyone! I will never go in that station again!"

She returned Paul's ring and his presents, and he returned a few little things which she had given him. He put a slip of paper in his parcel and she read that, "My letter was merely to apologize for my rudeness in leaving you so abruptly."

Phyllis cried over it and made excuses for him. He had had "a rasping day," and she had rasped him a little more; and if he had been less polite than he should have been for once, he had been more chivalrous and courteous than he need have been a hundred times. She wiped her eyes and faced the situation like a sensible little person, which, for all her gayety, she was.

"I love him," she decided, "and he loves me. I'm not going to let us both be miserable if I can help it. Let me think how I can."

And then she thought, with her dimpled chin on her little hand; and presently she smiled. It was the first smile since Tuesday.

THE next Saturday morning was bright and sunny, but Paul Wood's face was clouded as he strode to his office at half past eight. It did not clear when he read the lawyerlike letter waiting for him on his desk, and at the end he gave such a heavy groan that his desk mate looked up from the ledger that he was posting.

"Bad news?" he asked.

"Worse," Paul answered. "Good news a few days too late."

"Too late for what?" his comrade inquired.

"For a trip to Rome," Paul informed him with a fierceness which did not encourage further conversation. Then he

stuffed the letter in his pocket, and applied himself to his daily routine.

In the course of the morning he "gave notice" to his employers that he should leave at the end of the week. He did not offer any reason, but in reply to the question whether he had any complaint he said, "None, sir. I have received a considerable legacy." The senior partner told the junior partner that the statement was obviously only an excuse. No man who had received a legacy could possibly look so gloomy. The junior partner said that he would overhaul Wood's petty cash book in case the legacy came from that. He found the cash correct.

He suggested to Wood that he had lost a relative to whom he was attached, but Paul stated that he had never seen the old lady in his life; whereupon the junior partner remarked that he could spare a few relatives of that sort himself, and he was surprised that Paul did not rejoice more in his good fortune.

Paul was surprised himself that the legacy seemed actually to depress him more than it cheered him. He would go to a music-hall matinee, he decided, and live himself up; but he found himself going to the station where he had been accustomed to meet Phyllis, and after a short wait there he went on to the Museum, which no stretch of imagination could make an enlivening place. He paid no attention to the show cases, but stood for some time regarding the old faces and furniture which Phyllis had admired. Then he walked to the quiet upper room where they had sat and took the same seat. He closed his eyes and went over their conversation there, and many other conversations in many other places, places that would never be the same with his little comrade gone from them. He ought not to regret what had happened, he told himself. The case was plain enough. Phyllis liked him; but she liked money and ease and finery more. He did not want a wife of that kind, a woman who would sell him for a trip to Rome!

And then he felt a soft touch on his arm.

He opened his eyes and saw Phyllis's face smiling down at him, opened his arms and found her in them!

"I knew you'd be here!" she cried, with her tears wetting both their faces, though she smiled all the time. "I always know just what you'll do. Silly old Paul!"

"Phyllis kid!" he said huskily. He was not sure that the tears were all hers.

"My little kid!"

"Fancy us quarreling, boy!"

"It was I! I behaved like a—"

"Hush! You shan't say it, Paul. We were just tired and wet and worried and jarred. Paul darling! Perhaps you were crosser that time; but there are hundreds of times when I am pettish and your kindness sets things right for us. Let's put one against the other and wipe them off."

"You find just the one thing to ease my self-reproach. I was a cad, Phil. I hate to say that. Now it's wiped off. . . . I'll try so hard to be good to you, dear."

"And I, dear."

They kissed each other very solemnly, and were serious and thoughtful for a long time; but presently she laughed, holding her face a little forward as he had pictured it so often in these last sad days.

"Now," she said, "we will play that we haven't had a legacy, Paul. But never mind! We'll save enough soon for a trip to—Home."

"Home!" he cried. "Yes! Home! A home for you and me."

"Yes, someday a time will come when we shall be going to be married—"

"On Monday week!"

"Yes, and we'll have a trip to Home. Let's play we're planning out that, Paul boy! I think first we'll have an afternoon at this old Museum and looking round the shops. I'm sure they're better here than in Paris. I don't want to look like a mademoiselle, I mean madame. We'll look at our own shops, won't we?"

"Yes, and you shall buy a fine new gown and a fine new hat; and I shall be proud of you."

"I shan't buy either, only some things for our house; but you shall be as proud of me as you like!"

"We'll go to a theatre instead of the Coliseum, and the most beautiful lady that ever looked up from a stall—"

"No, no! She'll look down from the gallery. But I think she'd rather go home."

"We'll ride home in a taxi, anyhow; and you shall cling to my arm."

"We'll ride on a motor 'bus and save our pennies; but I'll cling to your arm. Hard!"

"Little bride!"

"We'll get out at the corner, and walk the rest of the way, and then—home! And—dear—if we never get to Rome—it won't matter."

Paul laughed such a great laugh then that the custodian walked along to see what was happening, but finding only two happy lovers laughing at nothing he laughed at them and went away again.

"What are you laughing at, Paul boy?" the girl asked, with her head against his shoulder.

"I was thinking," he said, "that we'll start our trip to Home on Monday week, and—read this, darling. It came this morning—we'll go via Rome!"



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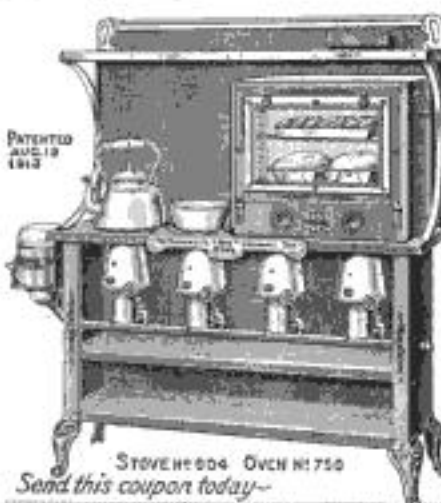
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"Dear Editor"

"This is what I think about our magazine—"

From Friends of Long Standing

Dear Editor: I wonder if you have been Editor of the COMPANION as long as I have been reading it. About thirty years ago, as near as I can figure, a kind neighbor loaned my mother some copies. I was very much pleased with the Children's Page. I can't remember when we began taking it, but it was much smaller than now, and was fifty cents a year.

I began taking it myself twenty years ago, as at that time I went from home to teach, and have taken it ever since: first in the name of Miss Lucy Smith, at different places in Kansas, Idaho and Washington, and the last eight years my present name and address.

In that length of time I can't begin to remember "how much my COMPANION has saved me," for it has always saved for me in its fashion department, and by its valuable sewing and millinery lessons given so frequently of late years. The cooking of cheaper meats, the canning helps, were of untold value in my first housekeeping, to say nothing of good advice to young mothers and the care of the baby. In fact, I've so absorbed the good things of the COMPANION that it is part of my household management.

Mrs. A. L. H., Washington.

Dear Editor: Just a note to you about the COMPANION and my acquaintance with the publication since I first knew it.

I do not know how long ago it was when I sent my first order blank to Mast, Crowell and Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio, and received a copy of the HOME COMPANION. This was before the name was changed to the LADIES' HOME COMPANION. After a few years the name was again changed, this time to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. I have watched its growth to the splendid publication it now is with a great deal of interest, and pleasure too, for at no time have I seen the COMPANION lower its standard of excellence.

The story by Grace Richmond entitled "The Brown Study," pleased me greatly. I believe I get as much enjoyment from the COMPANION's pages as does my wife.

Mr. A. H., Michigan.

Dear Editor: I have been acquainted with this magazine for about thirty-five years. My mother subscribed for it for me when I was but a little girl. It was only a very small pamphlet then, only twenty-five cents a year. "But, oh, how you have grown!" May you still grow in the future in size and in wisdom. We all like this magazine because it is so homelike, practical, and wholesome. I see someone has suggested a change in the name. Now if you are thinking of changing the name I wish you would consider this one: Everybody's Home Companion. Mrs. E. O. H., Indiana.

Dear Editor: Enclosed find subscription blank with enclosure for \$2.00 for renewal of my subscription for two years to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. It grows better every year and I see no way in which you could improve it. I have taken it since it was the size of a Sunday-school paper (and it was a fine little paper then), and I am sure I am qualified to pass judgment on the magazine. With all good wishes for your prosperity. Mrs. A. P. P., Illinois.

The Useful Adams Page

Dear Editor: The feature that has been most useful to us is the John D. Adams page. His drawings are so exact a beginner has no trouble in working out the design.

Years ago I saw a pretty little desk drawn in the COMPANION and asked my husband if he could make it. He decided to try and at once began to draw his patterns, which he took to a lumber mill. He had the wood sawed the proper shape, then he bought and borrowed tools to do the work, staining and finishing according to directions. The result was a desk of which I am more than proud. Since then he has spent all his spare time working out the COMPANION designs, including a Morris chair, buffet, lamps, tables, music and newspaper racks, footstools, etc., which, made of oak, with brass fittings, are beauties. He has cut out and filed all the pages on woodwork as well as "The Exchange" page.

Will you please extend our hearty thanks to Mr. Adams, who has by his

simple and complete drawings enabled us to furnish our home in such a nice way?

Just a word to the critics of the COMPANION. If it were smaller, the fashions could not be shown so well, nor could fancywork, millinery and special articles, if placed on several small pages instead of one large one.

Dear Editor, the only changes that I wish made are those that you, in your own good judgment, are always making—a finer and larger WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Mrs. S. A. W., Canada.

A Temperate Protest

Dear Editor: I have thought many times of writing and telling you how much I enjoy the COMPANION. There is so much of interest in it, it seems to me peculiarly well-balanced. In fact, the only department which I think really needs revising is this one: Better Babies.

You have, no doubt, hundreds, if not thousands of mothers among your readers, therefore, the articles on better

babies should have their full share of the paper and I have no right, as a spinster, to complain, any more than I am justified in feeling injured because among your fashion models there are so few for a woman of fifty-three who weighs a good deal more than her height justifies. On the other hand, I think the remark that it is incredible that any one can prefer fiction to "Better Babies" is decidedly uncalled for (consistency forbids my using a stronger expression). Why should we, whose life work does not happen to lie among the little ones (and there is a good deal to be done for adults in this present world) be expected to find more interest in reading about the care of nursing bottles or the best kind of infant food or other details which the mother, who is a specialist in that line, finds most helpful, than in good wholesome fiction? A true-to-nature love story, or a really good detective story is a great pleasure to me and I do not see any reason why I should be sneered at or jeered at because such is the case.

I am glad L. R. C. has protested against the remarks about "childless homes." I think very few women are childless by their own choice and there are frequently serious obstacles to adopting children, so that the quiet house is often our misfortune rather than our fault. Miss J. C. C., Kansas.

A Suggestion

Dear Editor: I wanted to tell you that of all the magazines we take I like yours best. If we had to give up all our reading matter and could take only one, it would be the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

I wish that you would sometimes print directions with the illustrations for hairdressing, as you used to sometimes. We live so far away from big cities that it is hard to keep up with hair styles, although you keep us so well posted on other fashions.

Miss M. J., Arkansas.

"Just for Our Club"

Dear Editor: For many months I have been going to join the enthusiasts on my favorite page but have delayed until the March COMPANION arrived with that perfectly splendid editorial of Zora Gale's. After I had read it I said, "There, that was written just for our club," and laid it aside to read at the next meeting. It will do much good. I am sure, for our little club, like many others all over the country, is devoting too much of its time to foreign study and not enough to home interests. I want also to add my word of appreciation for those delightful pages of John Rae's. Mrs. M. A. T., Pennsylvania.

A Suffragist, Evidently

Dear Editor: I was very much amused at your article in "The Postscript," in the March number of your magazine, "Starting a Bank Account." I was particularly amused at the ending where the cashier laments that women will have a vote someday. I just want to say I know men dumber than that, who vote. Mrs. J. M. A., Pennsylvania.

The New Puzzles

Dear Editor: Please accept my thanks for the check received this morning as a prize in the Puzzle Contest.

I greatly enjoy working out these puzzles and think the new puzzle pictures by far the most interesting series your magazine has yet published. All I have to say is "Keep it up."

Miss E. U., Virginia.

Thank You

Dear Editor: In the April COMPANION a subscriber is disgusted with your Christmas suggestions for 1,000 presents. Here is another subscriber who was very, very much pleased, and has cut out the two pages, never expecting anything better. A. B. C., California.

The B. A. B. Y. Degree

Dear Editor: May I come into the "Expectant Mothers' Circle"? I am expecting my first wee baby and I know so little, so very little, about babies. I felt very wise two years ago when I acquired a B. A. degree, but in the face of a B. A. B. Y. my self-confidence has dwindled.

I am in the lonely hills of north Georgia. My doctor is seventy-five miles away. Around me are mountain women who feed their new-born babies on coffee and molasses, who suffocate them with foul air and unfit clothing. Later, with your help, I am going to try to organize a Better Babies Club for this section.

The first and most important step will be making my own baby sturdy and splendid. No more beautiful work has ever been done than your service to babies and mothers. The news of the "Expectant Mothers' Circle" brought hot, happy tears to my eyes. I am so thankful that my baby is coming in such a wonderful age for children.

Mrs. S. H. F., Georgia.

The World at Home

Dear Editor: These words of appreciation should have been spoken years ago. However, the appreciation has grown deeper with each succeeding year. Since my little children keep me from going out often my husband tries to "bring the world to me." The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is his first and favorite aid. The fifteenth of every month is a gala day at our house, and it is lovely to have the magazine on the fourteenth when the fifteenth comes on Sunday!

The fiction is always so "right," never a jarring note of "cheapness" or sensationalism, always the kind that brightens and helps. Diantha is the most lovable and admirable character I have ever known in fiction—ancient, medieval or modern!

Mary Heaton Vorse is always enjoyed—especially her Jimmie; also Laura Spencer Porter and Ida M. Tarbell. The "About People" page is interesting, and a "Page of the Best Plays" a treat. I like to meet the people in "Dear Editor" page—how funny the one who thinks "Jack and Betty" besthenish! The sprightly adventures are given a joyful greeting here.

I would congratulate you on the atmosphere of your magazine as a whole—the atmosphere of a cultured, happy home. I feel, when I open its pages, that a troop of kindly, witty, entertaining, helpful friends have come to visit me.

Mrs. J. A. M., California.

The Panel Covers Will Help

Dear Editor: Living in a small house where I can have only a few pictures on the wall and limited space for magazines on tables, the thought and wish came to me that the lovely cover pictures of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION could be uniform in size, for at least one year, so that I might have one picture frame, in which to put a new picture for each month of the year.

C. B., New York.

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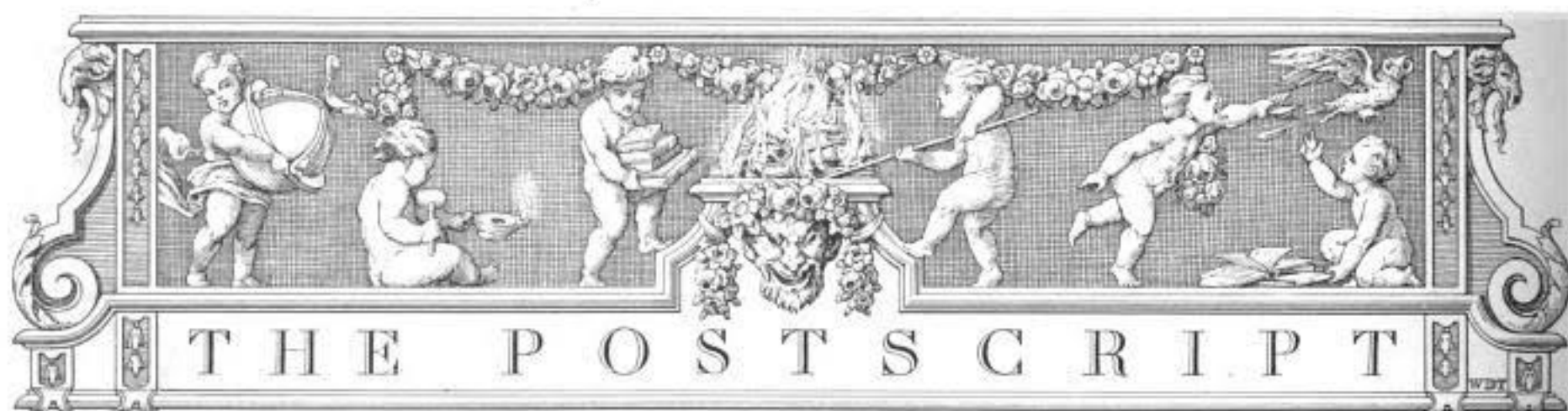
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THE YOUNG NATURALIST

Little Jimmy was fond of giving realistic touches to his reading lesson. He had been corrected repeatedly by his teacher for adding matter that was not in the book.

The lesson was about pigs one day. Jimmy read the concluding sentence:

"And the little pig said, 'Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.' Just then Teacher interrupted him.

"Jimmy, read that last sentence again. Can't you see that in the book there are only two 'wees'?"



The Day We Celebrate

Jimmy looked up defiantly. "Teacher," he declared, "there never was a little pig that said 'wee, wee' just twice, and then stopped!" S. V. R.

LITTLE PINK SUNBONNET

Out in the garden, these sunny sweet days, Little Pink Sunbonnet toddles and plays, Little pink apron, with round pockets wee, Flitting so lightly from flower to tree. There drop the petals all rosy and white; There sift the sunbeams, in golden delight.

There 'mid the roses, unfolding each day— Little Pink Sunbonnet chooses to play, Bees humming near, o'er their daily sweet task,

Robbing the blossoms, are puzzled and ask—

One of another, before they flit over— "Is it a child—or a bonny pink clover?" DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE

Little Bess and her father were several blocks from home.

"Do you think we'd better take a car or walk?" he asked her.

"I'd wather walk if 'oo will tarry me," replied little Bess.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

NEEDLESS TO SAY

The millionaire is needy, I am not.

I don't need anything; he needs a lot.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

HONESTY FIRST

John, age five, was being put to bed against his wishes and started his prayers as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—but I don't want to."

ANNA MUDDIMAN.

CHIN-CHIN!

FATHER: What is it now?

WILLIE: Do two-faced people always have a double chin?

K. A. B.

BENNY GIVES THANKS

Oh, dinner seems so very late, I don't see how I'm goin' to wait!

But since I've got a whole hour yet, I'm thankful I can smell, you bet!

D. D. STEPHENSON.

YE MOVIE-HERO

Reel I

He was a Phantom of Delight When first he dawned upon my sight— A wondrous Apparition sent To be the Movies' ornament. He rode a fearsome mustang-beast For miles and miles—four-score at least— And then leaped off so blithe and gay, And, tireless, fought till break of day With twenty horsemen—bandits tall— And, single-handed, captured all.

Reel II

I saw him in another view, A Cowboy, yet a Courtier too, On polished floors till dawn he danced, Then swam six miles, because she chanced To smile at him with siren eyes What time he fenced—and won the prize! Next film he rowed with wondrous skill; And drove six horses straight downhill With iron wrist and mocking smile; All Chesterfieldian grace the while.

Reel III

So now I watch with eye serene The magic crop of that machine: Those Creatures not too bright and good For Movie Fan-dam's daily food, Who lavish, till I've had my fill, "Endurance, foresight, strength and skill," Those perfect heroes, nobly planned, Who ride, all-conquering, through our land! Romance arise, you're not herefit, You have Ye Movie-Actor left! WINIFRED ARNOLD.

FROM THE LANGUAGE CLASS

Among other words given the language class for sentence-making was "furbelow." This was too much for most of the class, but not for little Michael, who rose to the occasion with this:

"It makes anybody dizzy to look furbelow." NETTIE RAND MILLER.

THE POWER OF EDUCATION

FATHER (when Willie had returned from his first day at school): What did you learn at school to-day?

WILLIE: I learned to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," and "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am."

FATHER: You did!

WILLIE: Yep.

ELWOOD V. BOUCHER.

IN TIME OF NEED

Little Marion, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God," she petitioned at the close, "please make New York the capital of Boston."

"Why, Marion, what made you say that?" asked her mother.

"'Cause that's the way I wrote it in my 'amination at school to-day and I want it to be right." N. R. M.

A NATURAL INFERENCE

A pretty school-teacher looked over her glasses at a row of little boys and girls. "James," she smiled, "can you tell me the difference between a canal and a channel?"

"A canal," James began hesitatingly, "is made by man."

"Yes," nodded the teacher. "Now a channel. How does it differ from a canal?"

"It's made by a woman," the boy divulged, this time without the least hesitation. "I 'most always get them mixed," he added with pride. H. T. ALLISON.

THE DOODLE-DO!

The man who crows might amount to something if he got up as early in the morning to do it as the rooster does. S. W. K.

CONVINCING PROOF

Olive, aged four years, went for a walk with her father one June morning. Hearing a bird singing by the roadside she stopped to admire his beautiful black-and-white coat.

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed, "see this bobolink!"

"How do you know it's a bobolink?" asked her father.

"'Cause I 'stinctly heard it bobble." N. R. M.

PROGRESS

Little Roger had been allowed to brush his teeth unaided for the first time, and he was very much elated.

"Oh, Papa," he exclaimed, "I've just brushed my upper and downer teef, bofe, all alone!" WALTER L. CUTLER.

WEDDING PRESENTS AGAIN

"You see things in a different light since you married, do you not?"

"I ought to. There were seven lamps among the wedding presents."

HAROLD SUSMAN.

I LOVE—THOU LOVEST

ARGUMENT: No, You're a wise old avis and nobody is going to catch You proposing till You know that You want the girl and that the girl wants You. None of this I-will-be-a-sister-to-you business in Yours. Now as to Her: She's all right but You wouldn't marry Her any more than You'd marry one of a dozen other nice girls in Her set.

You are revolving these things in Your mind as together You and She seek the night air. She has suggested a little walk, "and then we'll come back and have a rabbit."

SHE (pointing): Don't those lights look cozy down there! Do you see the ones I mean—way off that direction? Those cheery little cottage windows?

You (skeptically): They don't look such a much to me.

SHE: But just compare them with the big blank windows of that hotel.

You: Don't see any difference.

SHE: There's this difference: a home



One-Dog Power

light always looks cozy, and a hotel isn't and can't ever be a home.

YOU (old scuffer that you are): There's a lot of bunk about this home business.

SHE (so unexpectedly it takes you off your feet): That's true enough. I found that out long ago. I'm never going to marry.

YOU (floundering in spite of yourself): You're never going to marry?

SHE: Never. No wedding bells for me. Nix on love in a cottage. Besides, nowadays nobody can afford to get married.

YOU (the fatal Irish in you insisting that you take the other side of the argument): They can afford it as much now as they ever could.

SHE: I don't know a man anywhere near my age who can honestly say he's earning enough to run a home.

YOU (falling into the trap): Well, I'd like to prove to you sometime that I am.

(Silence)

SHE (with a reproachful look): George, you shouldn't have spoiled our friendship like this.

YOU (dumfounded): W-w-w-w—

SHE (firmly and earnestly): No, George, I've told you that I'm never going to marry, and I sha'n't. Not as long as I live. But I want you to come to me with all your love affairs, and I know I can help you, because I'm going to be a regular sister to you.

(And there you are. You haven't proposed and yet you've been rejected. And you'll stay awake till 2 A.M. figuring out just how she did it.)

HORATIO WINSLOW.

A NOVEL CEREMONY

Little Helen, the minister's four-year-old daughter, was an interested witness at a wedding ceremony performed at the parsonage.

The next day she was discovered with her small brother and a child from over the way lined up before her, remarking in tones of awful solemnity: "Will you have thith lady to be your coathin'?"

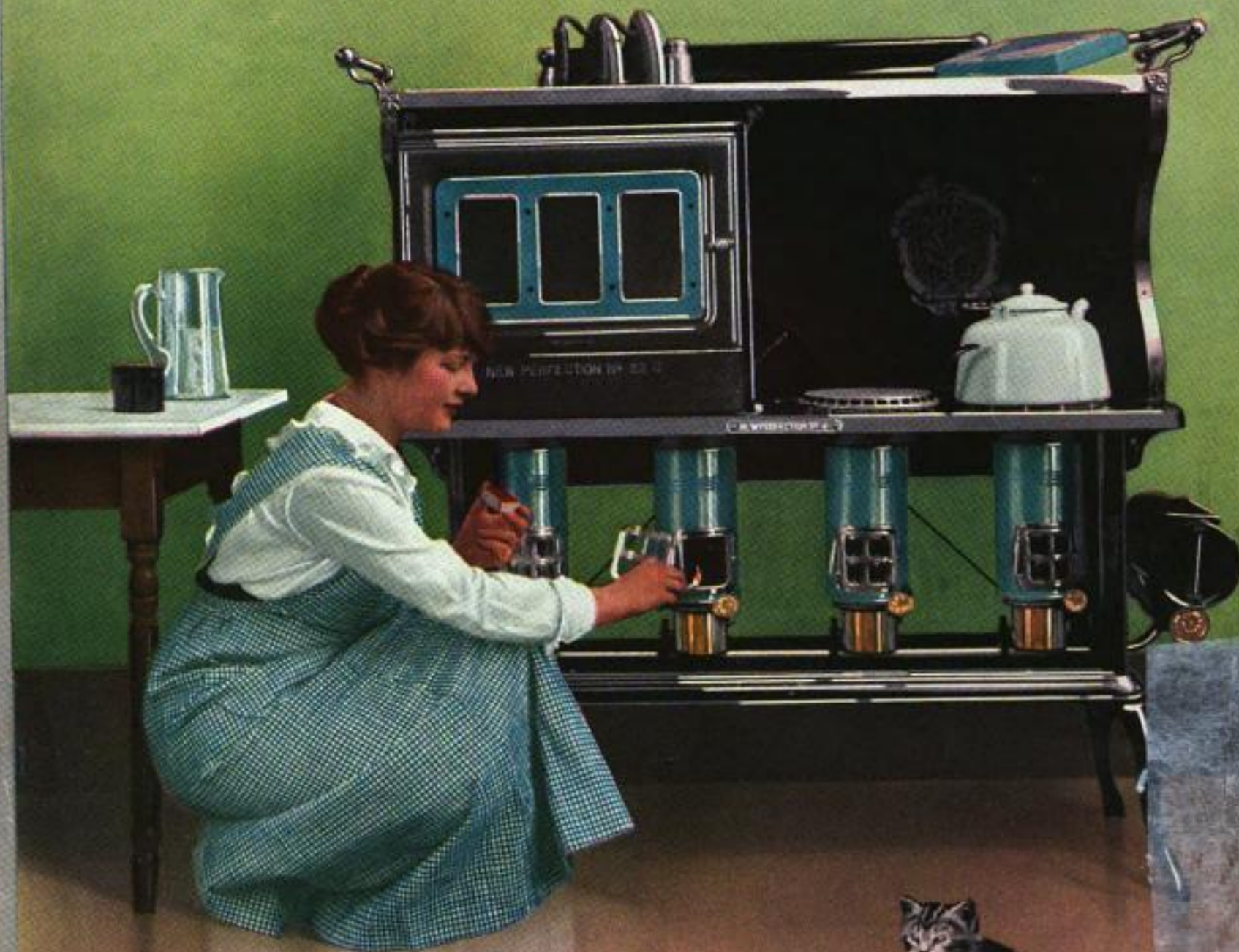
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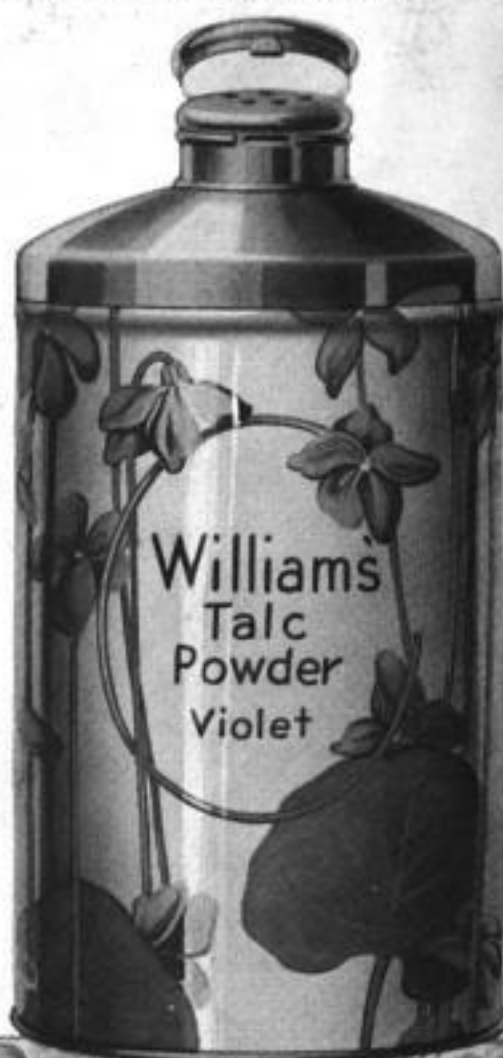
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ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

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Next Month Needlework, Handicraft and Fall Fashions



THE most talked-of fashion feature in years is the COMPANION's series of designs by distinguished Paris houses. The fourth in this series, which was introduced by Paquin and followed by Jenny and Drecol, is a costume by Premet, designed, as were the others, exclusively for the readers of this magazine. This will appear in the September issue, painted by Coles Phillips and reproduced in full color.

The house of Premet is one of the oldest and most authoritative establishments in Paris; and Paris, contrary to predictions, still holds her sway over the world of fashion even in war time.

Your Fall Clothes

THE Fashion Department for September has been planned in every detail to be a real help to the readers of the COMPANION. Miss Gould in her Fashion Talk will foretell the many changes to be shown later on in the new modes and advise what to choose from the new fashions. The Tailor-Made Girl for the autumn will be pictured wearing the suit coat that shows the correct length, the correct sleeve, the correct collar, and every other little detail that marks the season's style in this garment. Her skirt will be exactly the right length, the right flare and the right design. Her shoes will be the smartest shoes to wear with such a costume, and her hat will be appropriate to the style of her suit.

Other illustrations will show the separate coat, the dance frock, the afternoon costume, the everyday house dress, the everyday street dress, the costume blouse and the separate blouse for everyday. The fabrics illustrated will be selected from the smartest materials of the season, with special emphasis upon their adaptability to the different types of costumes shown throughout the Fashion Department.

There will be designs for simple yet good-looking dresses for children. These dresses are not only pictured but are accompanied by a Dressmaking Lesson which every mother can easily and quickly understand.

Handicraft and Crochet

FOR basketry workers the September number will contain a page of reed and raffia baskets in a new weave; for china painters, a page of cup and saucer designs; for home carpenters, some of Mr. Adams's popular furniture plans. New designs by Helen Marvin, both in wool and flax, and several exceptionally attractive novelties in embroidery by Evelyn Parsons, are among the needlework features.

Attention, Boys and Girls!

YOU would really look forward to the end of vacation if you knew what grand surprises are waiting for you in the September Children's Department!

First, Jack and Betty are going to spring one—and if you remember Jack's and Betty's pranks you can imagine a regular Jack-in-the-box secret.

Second, Mr. Barker appears! Don't ask who Mr. Barker is—he'll make himself known all in good time as you read the fascinating new serial for young folks, called "The Twins and Mr. Barker." Who are the twins? Well, there are two pretty girls and two jolly boys in the story to make things lively, and you won't get far without finding out who's who.

Third, there's a new made-in-America, by-boys-for-boys invention, and war times make it very reasonable. If you want a thrill, watch for the description of it in the September number.



An illustration for "Vaughan Martin, Miser," a two-part story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, beginning in September

The new Serial and other Stories

"WITH the first note of her voice, it began! He had not known such things were possible! Captain Madison introduced them. Hawthorne took her hand, and she smiled a little, though he could see that something was making her go white. He unconsciously drew her toward him, and Captain Madison feared, for an instant, that he was going to put his hand on her hair."

"But—I have never seen you before!" said Miles Hawthorne.

Thus begins the love story of the "Geranium Lady," a new serial by Sylvia Chatfield Bates; and it is not alone a love story, it is also a real adventure story, a thrilling mystery story, and an altogether delightful, worth-reading story.

If anyone had asked us if we would accept for the COMPANION a war story involving simply two soldiers, one English, the other German, on the edge



An illustration for "The Wonderful Gift" by Patience Bevier Cole

Special News Items

\$100.00 in Prizes

WHAT did Nora write to Barry? Why did Barry stay away from the engagement dinner? One Hundred Dollars in prizes are offered for the best answers to these questions. For further particulars see "An Unfinished Story" by Sophie Kerr, on page 13.

Other Prizes

BESIDES occasional prizes, such as those mentioned above, the COMPANION awards three regular sets of prizes each month. For particulars, see pages 28, 30, and 47 of this issue.

"The Canterbury Candlestick"

SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES, who wrote the charming story on page 9, is the author of the serial, "The Geranium Lady," to begin in September. Miss Bates is a new writer of unusual promise.

"Billy and Andy"

SUCH slight, foolish, natural little stories, these Billy and Andy stories by Mabel Dill. And yet hardly a day passes without a letter from some reader asking for more. "They are real folks," they say. "Tulle and Tipperary," in this issue, will be followed before long by "The Cry-Baby."

Have you taken your Vacation?

PERHAPS "Real Vacations for Little Money" will help you decide what to do; or perhaps you have a good suggestion to pass on to other readers of

of a battlefield, we should have said "No," unhesitatingly. And yet we have accepted such a story, by an unknown writer, and it will appear in September. When you read "Truce of a Day," by Lee Page, you will understand why.

A two-part love story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "The Wonderful Gift" by Patience Bevier Cole; and another "Adventure in Childhood," by Mary Heaton Vorse, are also planned for September.

the COMPANION. We are always glad to get out-of-the-ordinary vacation ideas. By the way, the "Made-in-America" Vacations," published in the April, May, June and July issues of this year, brought upwards of two thousand inquiries for further information.

"Dear Editor"

READ the letter from the Secretary of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce on page 46. His point is well taken. And on this same page is an invitation for letters on the subject of "Which Sex Spoils the Babies?"

A Word about our Patterns

THERE are no agencies handling WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION patterns. They are made for the convenience of our readers, are sold only by mail, and are merely one manifestation of our policy of rendering an all-round service to the woman who makes her own clothes. If you do not know this pattern, will you not try it and tell us how you like it? We suggest the Summer Dress of Silk shown on page 42. Even an inexperienced dressmaker will be delighted with the results of this pattern used in connection with the dressmaking lesson on page 43.

Our Baby's Book

A PAGE for each important event in a baby's life: his first step, his first word, his first picture, his first tooth, etc. Illustrated by Rose O'Neill. Sent, boxed, postpaid, for 50 cents a copy. Address "Our Baby's Book," 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contents for August

Cover Design, KATHERINE GANSBAY

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	19
"Dear Editor," Letters from COMPANION READERS	46

FICTION	PAGE
Little Mary Pierce, HOLWORTHY HALL; Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball	3
The Runaway Rest Cure, Part II, MARGARETTA TUTTLE; Illustrated by Herman Pfeiffer	5
Who Nameeth This Child? GERTRUDE NAPE; Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens	7
The Canterbury Candlestick, SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES; Illustrated by W. Hatherell, R. L.	9
Tulle and Tipperary, MABEL DILL; Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs	11
An Unfinished Story, SOPHIE KERR; Illustrated by Wilson Dexter	13
Merlin's Necktie, Part III, MARY BRECHT PULVER; Illustrated by George Wright	14

SPECIAL ARTICLES	PAGE
"Let's Talk About the Weather," ROLLIN LYNDY HARTY	12
Better Films, HELEN DICKY	16
Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift, Part V, ANNA STEENE RICHARDSON; Illustrated by Charles S. Corson	17
Health and Good Looks, ALICE FAENHAM LEADER, M. T.	20
The New Crochet Work, HELEN MARVIN	22
The Summer Sea Festival, CAROLINE FAENCH BENTON	29

SPECIAL ARTICLES (continued) PAGE

A Before-Bridge Luncheon, A. L. B. KING	29
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
The Tower Room, ANNE BRYAN McCALL	8
Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	21
Colored Embroideries for the Porch, EVELYN PARSONS	23
The Puzzle Page, SAM LOYD, JR.	28
Better Babies	31
The Exchange	47
The Postscript	48

COOKING	
Popular Sunday Night Suppers, FAN SIE MERRITT FARMER	26
Planning the August Meals, CORA FARMER PERKINS	27

FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Frank Goes on a Hike, C. H. CLAUDY; Illustrated by G. A. Harker	30
Summer Time Contests	39

VACATIONS	
Our Air Castle, L. H. SKINNER	18
A Ten-Dollar Vacation, ELLIS BROWN	18
Resting Tired Nerves, LEE McHAR	18
It Pays to Picnic, EMMA SANDERSON	18
Our Gypsy Vacation, J. R. VEDDER	18

FASHIONS	
The Fashion Department, Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	40-45
Clothes for the Hot Summer Days	41
A Summer Dress of Silk	42
The Dressmaking Lesson	43
Little Dress Vanities	44
Useful Beach Clothes	45

Who Uses Crisco?

THE number of Crisco enthusiasts grows with every day—and thanks to the quality of the product, will keep growing as long as Crisco is made and women continue to cook.

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If you have not given Crisco a trial, let the silent testimony of this army of users persuade you to do so.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII

August 1915

NUMBER 8



Little Mary Pierce

"What on earth," asked Maxwell, "have I ever done to make that child so frosty to me? I'm getting along beautifully with all the others, but she looks at me as though I were a blot on the landscape."

This is the story of what he found out.

By HOLWORTHY HALL

AUTHOR OF "HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"AND now, Julian," said the lawyer, "if you'll be kind enough to sign your full name here, . . . and here, . . . and down there, . . . we'll call the legal part of it settled."

The young man stared at the three bold signatures, sighed heavily, and laid down the pen.

"So," he reflected, "after putting in the past five years learning how to be a metropolitan, I've got to spend the next five in a tank town running a knitting mill. It's a hilarious outlook. I look like a manufacturer of underwear, don't I?"

"Of course," suggested the lawyer dryly, "you weren't obliged to accept this—this bequest if you didn't like the conditions."

"And of course you know that I can't afford to refuse it. I suppose Grandfather thought it might be good for my character."

"Precisely. Your grandfather never believed, as you do, that New York is the world, and that the only people worth-while, and the only things worth-while, are here. And he knew Greenwood well—he saw it every year when he went out for the annual meeting—and he often told me that you need the mental and moral and social discipline of a city smaller than New York. It's a good place for you to finish your education—oh, I know you're twenty-seven—but you won't be thoroughly educated until you know that the permanent satisfactions of life aren't always found near Broadway."

"Mine are!"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "Then again a conditional gift like this seemed to be the only sure method of making you see the value of work. Not that I blame you for the past; it takes a mighty will to drive a wealthy young man to work. But don't fancy that you're going out to a wilderness; Greenwood isn't as dull as you fear. There's a good country club, and a lake, and a nice set of young folks."

"Naturally! And two motion picture theatres, and a Boston Store, and a Masonic Block! Understand, I never felt that Grandfather owed me anything! If he'd left me a ten-dollar bill with no strings to it, I'd have been grateful; but when he hands me a whole factory on the condition that I live in that prairie hamlet for the next five years, that's different!"

"You'll make friends there, Julian, and you have a distant relation—"

"Hopelessly distant—she's the daughter of Grandfather's stepniece! She's written to me four times already, she's getting up a house party for me. I can see it: Eight o'clock, arrival of guests in hired hacks; half-past eight, charades; nine o'clock, dancing to a phonograph; nine-thirty, simple refreshments; next day, a column in the local paper: 'Veritable fairyland, . . . bounteous collation, . . . and a pleasant time was reported as having been had by all.'"

"Write me about it; I think you'd make it interesting. When shall you go?"

"This afternoon."

"Then this is the last time I'll see you. Well, I wish you every success."

"Success!" echoed Maxwell gloomily. "That's always in the mind of the individual, isn't it? It's good of you; but can you imagine me feeling successful in a town where everybody probably gets up early in the morning, like so many half-witted larks, and goes to bed early, except

when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' comes over the circuit?" He rose, and smiled ruefully. "Thank you just the same. The next time you see me, I'll be wearing overalls. Thank you, and good-by!"

He shook hands, left the lawyer wriggling his fingers painfully and went out to take a taxi to the Harvard Club, where he ate luncheon more from force of habit than from hunger and left a forwarding address for his mail. By mid-afternoon he was aboard the Western Express.



"I'm going to learn to play this childish game better than you do if it takes all summer!" she announced.

It was spring in Greenwood, cool, leafy spring. The waters of the placid lake shimmered in the moonlight, the breeze blew fresh and virginal from the west, and Maxwell, conscious of the insinuating comfort of the rustic seat on Mrs. Carteret's lawn and of the peace and quiet of his surroundings, suddenly realized that an unfamiliar species of content had come upon his soul. This may have been due, in part, to the presence of Louise Phelps on the seat beside him.

"And what," she was saying dreamily, "do you really think of us after all?"

The alien inclined his head toward the house, whence floated faintly the sound of an electrically controlled phonograph playing the fox-trot which, when he had heard it on Broadway last week, he had thought both new and excellent. He turned his eyes back to Louise, and he saw a very pretty girl in a crisp little dance dress, a type of girl in a sort of dress he couldn't reconcile with his preconceived estimate of rural society.

"If I'd known you were like this, I'd have come sooner," he declared.

"That's nice. But we're probably enjoying you more than you're enjoying us, at that!"

"I question if it's possible," said Maxwell.

"I'm sure it is! You see, there's a sameness about society here; there's only one real set in town, so naturally everybody goes to the same parties, and even if we do like each other a lot it is exciting to have out-of-town guests."

"At least," he volunteered, "it keeps men from going out to smoke and cutting dances, and then trying to pretend that they've forgotten their partners' names."

"Oh, yes. And nobody ever makes the mistake of asking Helen Jameson to play bridge, or Winifred to sing,—although you'll have a pretty good time if you try it the other way around,—but the point is that an out-of-town guest is a treat."

"I'm a guest only until to-morrow, I'm going to live here."

"Yes, but you'll keep on being a guest just the same."

"Why?" he puzzled; and Miss Phelps laughed.

"City mouse—country mouse," she explained. "You can't help it. You're a perpetual guest, and you ought to have a wonderful time. You'll never be local, it isn't in you."

"Am I as foreign as all that?" he wondered.

"Yes, you are, and I'm glad of it! You're absolutely different from our men. I suppose it's because you've had more experience. Listen!"

"What is it?" he inquired solicitously.

"It's *Millicent*! You know it, don't you? A perfectly new-derful hesitation! Let's get there before they turn it off!"

Accordingly they raced across Mrs. Carteret's lawn and stepped through a French window into the big living-room, where a dozen couples were already on the floor. Maxwell danced magnificently, and his partner was both alert and practiced; so that, as they swung gracefully into the steps, more than one pair of eyes followed them. Then the least expert couple stopped dancing, and sat down to watch. Two additional couples joined them.

"Christmas!" said Maxwell under his breath. "I didn't know we were going to give an exhibition!"

Miss Phelps laughed happily. She was very well aware that Maxwell's clothes made the clothes of Greenwood appear somewhat more serviceable than decorative; she realized acutely that he was by all odds the best-looking man in the room; and she wasn't at all disconcerted by their demonstration of the steps he had taught her.

Maxwell wasn't disconcerted as much as he was annoyed. He knew that he was making an unfavorable impression on every man who watched him, and he was tremendously relieved when the waltz ended and he could make his escape to the outer air. During this procedure he lost Miss Phelps and found himself attached to another girl, whose name he couldn't remember.

"You weren't very keen about showing off before everybody, were you?" she inquired smilingly. "Well—let's not dance the next one, then. Let's go down by the lake."

He accepted gratefully; and on the way he said a very courageous thing, doubly courageous, because his companion was so beautiful.

"I'm sorry," he stated, with a judicious combination of politeness and railery, "but, honestly, I've forgotten which you are, and I really can't call you 'Here' or 'Say'!"

The girl laughed—like the whisper of spring in the pine trees. Maxwell told himself that he hadn't heard so much agreeable laughter in New York during his whole lifetime.

"I'm Winifred, the one who doesn't sing. I don't blame you, we look exactly alike." She laughed and sat down on the rustic bench. "Well, you've been here three days. How do you like it?"

"If I'd known it was like this, I'd have come sooner," he declared. "That's what I invariably say to that question."

"By the way," said the girl after a slight pause, "you're going to run the factory, aren't you?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Why, I thought Mrs. Carteret said—"

"I'd only mess things up," he told her, admiring her color and vivacity. "I don't know the first thing about business. It looks to me like a long, long holiday."

"Oh, thank goodness!" she exclaimed. "That makes four!"

"Four what?" he asked, warming to the joyous note in her voice.

"Men! Men who aren't tied down in the daytime! It's a perfect shame the way we can't have any fun in the daytime! All we've had was Louise's brother, who doesn't do much because he thinks he has a weak heart, and one boy who isn't here to-night—he's in the insurance business, and Jack Morrison. Jack's on the 'Star'; so he can always get off by inventing some news. And now there's you!"

"I've got a good disposition, and five years of leisure," he admitted, "but if you all keep telling me what a queer specimen I am, you'll have me shying all over the county."

"Oh, we'll train you," said Miss Jameson hospitably.

Maxwell laughed. "All right," he agreed. "What do you expect me to say next?"

"There isn't time for any more—you've got to go back to the house and ask Mary Pierce to dance with you."

"She's the dark little girl, isn't she?"

"Yes. And you haven't danced with her at all. Mary isn't having a very good time anyway." She paused, and Maxwell preserved a discreet silence. "You see," said Miss Jameson, "but, well, Mary isn't quite eighteen, and there's hardly a soul of her own age in town—that is, anybody who belongs. So she has to go with the older crowd." Maxwell reflected that Miss Jameson herself must be about twenty. "And then her parents are awfully strict—callers have to go home at ten o'clock, and all that sort of thing, and her mother sits up for her whenever she goes to a party; so most of the boys don't go to see her very much, and then when she goes anywhere she doesn't get the attention she deserves. So it'll be the last straw if she were here two solid days and you didn't dance with her."

They went slowly over the springy turf toward the lights and the music.

IT WAS unanimously agreed that Maxwell had better stay with the Carterets while he looked around for a permanent lodging; and so, after inspecting his humming factory once or twice, and making sure that its overseers understood the business much better than he ever could, he began the process of looking around. After considering various possibilities he finally decided upon the Country Club. Within the fortnight he was a duly elected member of the club, with all privileges, including the right to break the rules by tipping the janitor; and by the first of June he was as familiar a landmark as the small terra-cotta lions which guarded the gateway.

Having nothing to do but to refrain from doing anything important, he devoted himself chiefly to the pursuit of enjoyment, and for a time he succeeded admirably. He rode, and golfed, and canoeed, and swam with the girls; he played indifferent tennis with the men, who ceased to detest him as soon as they discovered his weaknesses; and he played bridge and discussed Wall Street with their fathers. The knitwear business was good; Maxwell drew a sizable check on the first of each month; nearly everyone liked him, quoted his epigrams, praised his disposition, and did their best to spoil him completely.

Nearly everyone liked him, and the notable exception was one which distressed Maxwell somewhat less than it puzzled him. From the moment he had dutifully bidden the little Pierce girl to dance she had treated him with a curious species of toleration which, because she was so young and unsophisticated, piqued Maxwell.

"What on earth," he said to Mrs. Carteret, "have I ever done to make that child so frosty to me? I'm getting along beautifully with all the others, but here I see her somewhere every two or three days, and she looks at me as though I were a blot on the landscape. What's the trouble?"

"I wonder if you really want to know?" she asked.

"Of course I do. She gives me the creeps!"

Mrs. Carteret frowned. "We happened to be speaking about you one day and Mary said very bluntly that she doesn't approve of you."

"Oh, she doesn't!"

Mrs. Carteret nodded. "She's a mature little girl in some ways; and she judges men by somewhat different standards than her friends do. For example, she thinks you're taking all the enjoyment you can from the community, and giving nothing in return. She used the word parasite. She thinks you set a bad example to our young men who have to work for a living."

"I—a bad example!" he repeated, aghast.

"It isn't complimentary, Julian, but it explains why Mary hasn't a very high opinion of you. Then, too, she objects to your clothes, and your manner, and your ideals."

"What's the matter with my clothes?" he demanded.

"They're not Greenwoodish. She insists that it isn't tactful of you to show styles our young men can't follow—she called it an exquisite form of rudeness."

"But, why, a dozen others have told me—well, never mind! What's wrong with my manners?"

"Not manners—manner. She says that every time she sees you, you manage to convey the impression that you feel much superior to everyone else."

"Christmas!" said Maxwell. "How many flaws in my ideals has she dug up?"

"Only that you're aimless."

She paused; and Maxwell pondered diligently.

"I didn't suppose you'd take it so seriously," she commented. "Each one of us is misjudged by a few people, you know."

"But it is serious, in this way; I don't want one single man or woman, or a car conductor, or a yellow dog, not to like me. I care tremendously what they think, and if I've been spreading an atmosphere like that around here, there must be something wrong with me!"

"Oh, not at all!"

"I am purposeless," he conceded. "It's true. Why not? Why should I work? There's no need of it. And I dress and act as I've always dressed and acted."

"She only said that your little individualities are out of place in Greenwood."

"I know—and in one or two instances I've been told the exact contrary—But I want to be friends with the whole county. I guess we'll have to arrange a little heart-to-heart, and get these things straightened out."

In his room that night he tried to persuade himself that the opinion of the little Pierce girl wasn't worth the analysis. He knew that the majority of her set looked upon him as a singularly desirable young man, and that a few of them took especial pleasure in the very qualities which Mary Pierce had criticized so keenly. But in the past he hadn't thought much of the effect of his presence upon the townsmen. He had held himself in the character of the permanent guest which Louise Phelps had prophesied he would be.

Because he was genuinely concerned for the health of his reputation he resolved to make a consistent effort to propitiate the little Pierce girl. He was in-

terested in her only as the representative of a certain phase of popular judgment, but he didn't like the phase. Consequently he began to exert himself to be agreeable to Mary Pierce; and she, being very young and quite normal, was pleased. He didn't allow his campaign of enlightenment to interfere with his deeper friendships; but on one or two occasions he fell under the observation of Louise Phelps, who couldn't understand his motives. Finally she took him to task. They were out at the club, and Maxwell had been talking to the little Pierce girl on the veranda for half an hour.

Louise marched him straight to the tennis marquee, presumably to watch the semi-finals of the championship.

"Flirting again, were you?" she charged. "It begins to look as though I can't trust you out of my sight, doesn't it?"

"I wasn't flirting," he denied. "I never even mentioned her eyes."

"Well, you've never even mentioned mine, for that matter!"

"I'm afraid I might say something personal—and, besides, we'll get a court in just a second. Do you know, I've made up my mind to stop demoralizing you?"

Miss Phelps gazed at him and shook her head.

"And you look perfectly sane, too," she acknowledged. "Whom are you demoralizing?"

"The whole community—and I've decided to join it."

"Join it? What's that, in English?"

"One of the first things you told me," he reminded her, "was that I'd never belong here. You said I'd always be an outsider."

"I meant," she corrected him, "that you're so far ahead of anything else we've ever had that I hoped you'd stay so."

"I'm tired of it. I want to be one of the crowd. I want to wear the same outfit, and talk the same language, and live through the same sort of day as everyone else. I'm plain tired of being an endowed loafer. I think I'll go to work."

"Not really?" she stammered. "Why, how funny!"

"Not to me it isn't. Of course, I've had a pretty good time, but all play and no work isn't the best thing in the world for a man."

"Oh, you're not serious!" she protested. "You can't be! Julian, you're crazy!"

"No, I'm recovering. I honestly think the wise thing for me to do is to learn something about my own shop. It can't hurt me—it might even make me worth something."

"Why—why, you're one of the most important men we've got!" she exclaimed. "You don't know what you've done to make dozens of people happy!"

"No, I don't. But I know that to make myself happy I'm going to be a Greenwooder in Greenwood."

"I don't want you to be any different!" she said earnestly. "You're perfectly all right just the way you are! You'll spoil yourself!"

"That remains to be seen," he returned. "Hello! There's a vacant court! Want to play?"

"Well," said Miss Phelps.

Two other young people, a man and a girl, beckoned violently from the lawn.

"How'll we divide?" called the man. "Louise and I against you two?"

"Never!" said Louise promptly. "Julian and I against the world! Isn't it so, Julian?"

"It seems to be unanimous," he admitted gravely; but it occurred to him at that moment that the ingenuous interest of so many girls at one time wasn't all that he had once thought it.

The other girl—the Jameson who sang—glowered in mock anger at the complacent Louise.

"I'm going to learn to play this childish game better than you do if it takes all summer!" she announced. "Then maybe the Crown Prince'll let me play with him once in a while!"

WHEN Maxwell published his intention of going into his own factory, his younger friends protested, argued, and threatened, and finally lapsed into sulky silence at the prospect of losing from their daylight society a companion so delightful and a man who was under so little necessity to labor. Maxwell grinned cheerfully, and let them rave. He caused a tight little mahogany sanctum to be partitioned off for him, and there, he said, he would mellow and ripen between the hours of nine and five.

Although he was able to convince his friends that he intended to work, he wasn't able to convince them that he was in earnest. No one took him seriously. From his first morning in the new office, when he found his desk heaped with roses and sunflowers and cabbages, he perceived that Greenwood considered his good resolution in the light of a joke. Young men invaded his privacy at regular intervals and used his sanctum as a smoking room. They called it the downtown branch of the Country Club. Louise Phelps, who wouldn't have dreamed of calling upon her friends in the bank, or the "Star" building, thought nothing of stopping at the Greenwood Knitwear Company on her way downtown merely to say good morning, and to confirm the state of the weather. The Jamesons dropped in as casually. Even Mrs. Carteret left her motor at the curb, and disturbed Maxwell long enough to secure his opinion on the proper decorative scheme for a golf luncheon.

Maxwell wished that he dared ask his friends not to bother him during business hours unless they wanted to buy something; but he didn't dare. At length he ventured to hint to those he knew best that he was sincerely attempting to grasp the principles of manufacturing.

"Well, that's all right," said Winifred Jameson. "But you show what Judge Rogers calls unfair discrimination. Mary Pierce says that you spent one solid afternoon showing her over the works—and never lost your temper, either!"

"Mary Pierce," said Maxwell, "is the only man, woman, or child who's had enough interest in what I'm doing to want to go over the works. Now if you're anxious—"

"I didn't come in here to look at a lot of silly machinery!" she told him. "I came in to find out when you're going to stop pretending to work, and come out to play. Already you're [CONTINUED ON PAGE 36]

The Runaway Rest Cure

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE FIRST PART OF THIS STORY

ANNE HAMELTON is a successful magazine illustrator in New York, not yet thirty years of age, but her health is going wrong; "gray veils" come over her eyes, and she keeps up her work largely on black coffee. A young doctor, Brian Gardner, whom she has known since childhood, advises her to take a long rest, and recommends that she go away to a health resort. Brian tells her that she must forget everything at home and have a real adventure. His prescription is that she tell some man

on the train that at the next station a man will get on who intends to take her off by force. She follows his advice and says to a man on the train that a "tall man with a black beard" will come to carry her away. As the train nears the next station Anne goes into the compartment at the end of the car. The train stops, then goes on. There is the sound of footsteps and voices. She peeps through the crack. "Standing in the middle of the aisle was a tall man with a dark and bristly beard."



In the entry was the man with the black beard emphatically resisting the doorkeeper



I saw her away as he caught her in his arms. Her head fell on his shoulder

PART II

"And the villain still pursued her!"

THE black-bearded man was speaking to Doctor Haswell in a voice he evidently intended to reach the somnolent lady with the duplex chin.

This is what I heard him say:

"Have you been on this car since it left New York?" The doctor had seated himself and opened a Philadelphia paper. He now looked up at the tall man with such evident annoyance that an immediate apology was forthcoming.

"I beg your pardon. Of course you'd naturally say it was none of my business; but I am hunting for a medium tall woman with brown hair and blue eyes, and I thought maybe you might have seen her."

The doctor made no answer at all. I am always impressed with these people who can keep still. If I am spoken to I simply have to answer, something inside of me works that way. But the doctor just looked up and said nothing. As for me, I was so dumfounded I could scarcely breathe. For a moment I wondered if Brian was playing a joke on me—but then I had changed the description of the man, had taken off his glasses and grown him a beard, and Brian could not

have known I would do that. As the man continued to wait, the doctor said: "Well, do you expect to find a medium tall woman in my coat pocket?"

He did not say it unkindly, but the other man seemed much annoyed.

"It does seem foolish of me to wait around in this way, but we are put to hard straits sometimes. We even have to watch other people to get the one we want. Here is the porter."

I saw the doctor's quick glance swerve to the compartment door, and I moved it ever so slightly. I knew it would not escape him and that he would know I was listening. He raised his newspaper and apparently began to read.

"Yassuh," the porter answered, "yassuh. There wuz sech a lady heah when we run into Philadelphia. Maybe she's gone to the dinah. On ahaid, suh, foub cahs. Nosuh, I didn't see huh ticket, but the conductah kin tell yo'. He's on ahaid, too."

At the beginning of this black and white colloquy the woman with the twin chins had begun to listen. The tall man now turned to her.

"Perhaps you could describe this young lady to me?" "She is very good-looking," said the woman, in a voice that had been given her by New England parents, "and very well dressed in a broadcloth suit of some new shade, neither brown nor mustard but near both. She has an air." Evidently this was a woman of taste and discernment. I regretted having noticed her extra chin.

"An air?" asked the black beard.

"Yes, as if she was used to doing what she liked when she liked it." The man hesitated over this.

"She had an H on her bag," the woman further explained. A bit too observing, I thought.

Even from my crack in the door I could see the man's eyes glisten. Evidently, of all the alphabet, H was the letter he most desired. I saw the doctor glance down at my bag.

"Did she look like that?" The bearded one handed the woman a photograph.

"Well, not exactly; but there is such a difference in the way a woman looks in an evening dress and a tailor-made. The general appearance is like the picture, though. She went out of the car at North Philadelphia."

"Huh bag's heah yit," said the porter. "She ain't gone fo' good."

My bag lay between my chair and the doctor's, and as I saw the bearded man start for it I nearly went through the door. But the doctor pushed it in front of him.

"No, you don't," he said quietly. "You have no idea whether or not this is the woman you are looking for. There are probably a dozen medium tall women with brown hair on this train. You cannot very well examine all their luggage because they happen more or less to fit that description. Identify your woman first."

There was a pause.

"But this lady identified her photograph," the man protested.

"She did not. And even if she did, it does not give you a right to her bag, does it? Have you a warrant for her arrest?"

"I am not an officer." There was vexation in the voice and some anxiety. "This is a matter of business—my business."

"You made it my business three seconds after you entered the car."

The man looked at the doctor angrily. "Oh," he sneered, "maybe you're traveling with her. We didn't expect to find a man with her, but it's on the cards that there might be one."

The doctor put my bag between his feet and again raised his newspaper.

"You'll have to explain this," the man sputtered angrily. "I'll take your name right now."

"It begins with an H," smiled the doctor.

The black-bearded man turned to the black-faced porter. "Did they get on together?"

The porter cast a look of apology toward the doctor. "Yassuh, almost. Maybe they is relatives, boss. I reckon you'd better find the lady, and be shore you ain't meekin' a fuss 'bout nothin'."

The woman with the good taste evidently began to be doubtful. She may have concluded, also, that it would be a good time to visit the dining car, and so remove herself from further participation in what might prove an unpleasant affair, for she rose and went forward.

"I'll ask you to keep watch," said the man haughtily to the porter. "I'm going through the train to the diner, and I'll return. Will you see if this lady is in the dressing-room before I go?"

"Ain't nobody in theah. It ain't been unlocked since the station. You kin look foh yo'self ef yo' like."

"I'll take your word for it, but I'll hold you responsible if she returns before I get back from the diner. At any rate, she can't get off before Baltimore."

I saw the porter's eyes follow him until the door closed and he was left alone in the car with the doctor.

"Are you paid for your grave responsibility, Kane?" asked the doctor.

"No, Doctah, I ain't paid, and I don't like him no-how. And I ain't gettin' nobody into trouble foh nothin'. Let him do his own findin', that's what he's paid foh. 'Cose I had no noshon the young lady wuz with you-all or I wouldn't said nothin' in the fust

place. I ain't seen huh sence Philadelphia and I ain't lookin' foh huh, neit'bah."

"Right, Kane." The doctor rose leisurely.

"It's neah yo' station, Doctah. How's all the tired folks?"

"Getting rested, Kane."

I saw him hand the porter a bill and heard the unctuous, "Thank y' sub, thank y'."

"Kane, I don't think the business man who is making such earnest inquiries knows that the G. P. A. is permitting this train to stop at Haswellton to-day, so he'll probably take time to ask every porter he meets about this lady. He'll reach the diner about the time we reach Haswellton. The young lady is, as you suggest, a friend of mine, and I do not need a footstool to get off the car—neither does she. We'll be there in two minutes. Don't you think it will take you more than two minutes to clean up the men's wash-room?"

"Yassuh, yassuh, I 'low that wash-room need cleanin' the las' time I seen it."

THE black face lightened with a gleam of ivory and then took itself off. With inimitable leisureliness, but with no waste of time, the young doctor picked up his bag in one hand and mine in the other. I opened the door, with my heart beating to suffocation.

"You heard," he said evenly. "Now, of course, I don't know a thing about anything. I don't even know whether you are the young woman the man is looking for—or I would not know,"—his eyes became whimsical—"if you had not described him so accurately. But I have your word that you ought not to go back with this loud-spoken stranger?"

I felt myself blushing with shame, but I managed to stammer out: "Yes, you have my word. There is nothing wrong about it. I have hurt nobody. I want merely to slip away and rest a week or two, away from everybody. Nobody will be harmed by my absence, and to me it means the saving of my health and strength."

"Very well. I cannot go into all that now, for in less than two minutes we shall be in Haswellton. I merely do not wish to be responsible for the disappearance of a strange young woman. But if you are fighting an uneven fight—women often have to—I am in charge of a sanitarium at Haswellton. An automobile will be waiting for me at the station, and if you wish you may come with me as a patient for, say, a week. But I shall ask you to do one thing: I want you to telegraph where you are and with whom to some responsible man. You can do it at the station after the train leaves. It can be some man who will not betray you, but it must be one on whom I myself can rely."

"Yes," I answered and crossed my Rubicon. "I will ask you to telegraph my doctor in New York. If you do not know him you will know of him."

But the train was slowing down and he could only nod. "This way, quickly," he said. "Not toward the diner, the other end. It has been opened."

He swung me off the car. The brakeman shut down the vestibule and the train moved. The doctor whisked me into the shadow of the station door, but even as he did so from the slowly moving train we heard a pounding on the window.

"The tall man with the black beard," said the doctor, "has evidently seen us. He is now probably prancing toward the engine, but he cannot get off until they stop at Baltimore."

As I could not think of a thing to say, even my abnormal tendency to reply was checked. The strangeness of what I was doing had overtaken me.

We walked to the telegraph counter. "Will you write it?" I asked. "I have on my gloves."

He gave me a shrewd glance and took up the pencil. "The man with the small mustache and the glasses," I dictated, "got on the train, greatly complimenting matters. Have left the train at Haswellton with Doctor Haswell and am going to his sanitarium. Address me there."

I paused and met the doctor's gray eyes. Of course anybody could see it was I who was taking the risk, running off this way to a strange place, but anyone could also see that the risk was almost nullified by the doctor's insistence on my sending this dispatch.

"I SUPPOSE you want this to go day letter?" he asked; "and to whom do you want it sent?"

"How stupid! I forgot. Send it to Dr. Brian Gardner, University Club, New York."

He held the pencil poised over the paper for a moment while he again fixed me with his glance.

"I know Doctor Gardner. He will understand that you are quite safe in my care."

I felt the color rising to my face again, for he had read accurately the thought that was disturbing me.

"A physician ought to read faces," he said, as he handed the telegram to the operator. "But an alienist must read them."

"Is—your sanitarium? . . ."

"No. It is not a private sanitarium for the insane but a place for the rebuilding of overtaxed nerves."

"That is what I need."

"I know it. You need other things, too."

"Such as?"

"Fresh air and exercise, and a change from whatever you have been doing that has robbed you of the color that should belong to so richly endowed a personality, the color that positively remakes your face when you blush. If you will stay long enough I will give you not only physical but mental health as well. You will find courage with this renewed strength to face whatever you are now running away from. Do not misunderstand me—I am not criticizing your running away or inquiring into it. There are times when it is the only thing to do, and these times usually come when one is exhausted. No man or woman ought to fight either a moral or a mental battle with worn-out nerves."

I felt a faint sensation of shame, yet it did not require much adjustment to apply his little lecture to my own affairs.

"You must give me some name to call you," he said as he conducted me out of the station.

"Some name?"

"Why, yes! You did not sign your telegram. I concluded Doctor Gardner would know who sent it, espe-

cially as you described your pursuer symbolically."

It took me a moment to recall that I had given the black-bearded man the glasses and the mustache Brian himself had suggested. "Oh, yes, Doctor Gardner will know. My name is Adrienne Hamilton." I gave my whole name, though I never use it for the signing of illustrations because it is too decorative.

We were approaching an automobile, where a chauffeur in livery waited.

"Doctor," said this modern necessity, "Mrs. Haswell has just telephoned that the train from Baltimore will bring the new patient, Mrs. Hamilton, and will you wait and bring her out?"

"Mrs. Hamilton?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Mrs. Haswell!" said I.

I heard the doctor say, "No, I can't wait for the Baltimore train. You will have to come back for Mrs. Hamilton." I saw him give me a speculative look, then he said, "You see, there might be some way for your black-bearded man to get off his train and on that one from Baltimore."

We were in the automobile and passing through a small and pleasant village, but for some reason the glory of my adventure seemed suddenly to have lost its radiance, and it took me a few minutes to become interested in the possibility of a new pursuit.

"But he did not see me."

"See you?" The doctor regarded me with interest.

"He did not see my face, I had my back turned to the train."

"But if he is hunting for you he probably knows you."

STRANGE as it may seem, I could find nothing to say to this. The automobile left the village streets, but every revolution of its wheels dinned in my ears. "Mrs. Haswell, Mrs. Haswell!" He did not look married, though I never did know of what that indefinable thing known as "looking married" consisted. It is absurd not to judge a man by his appearance, that is, if you can really feel and hear and see, for that which a man is, is written in his face or can be heard in his voice. For the twentieth time I looked at the young doctor in order to reassure myself, and for the twentieth time I felt myself safe with him. We turned into a driveway through a high iron gate and came to a standstill before a pleasant three-story brick house with broad verandas and a center hall.

"You still have time to turn back," said the doctor.

I shook my head, and he looked at his watch.

"You will just have time to make the Baltimore train, Brooks; but take Miss Meredith with you. She will tell you if it is a nervous patient. If it is you must drive slowly."

As we had driven out with much speed I concluded I was not yet classed as nervous. He left me waiting in the hall while he spoke to a woman in gray whom he called Miss Meredith, and so I had time to look about me. The hall might have been in an old Southern home—a few pieces of priceless mahogany, some low-toned Oriental rugs, a white-balustered stairway ascending to the upper story, a broad door opening into a library.

The doctor led me into an office on the right, an office almost as interesting as Brian's. Through the open door into the room beyond I saw a woman in the white uniform of a surgical nurse. The doctor seated me in the customary patient's chair facing the light, while he sat down at his desk and pushed an electric button. The nurse answered.

"Brooks left Miss Hamilton's bag in the hall. Please have it taken to the right corner room on the third floor."

He took a card from a card index file and wrote my name, and asked for my address. "Do you wish to go through a regular course of treatment or do you merely want to rest?"

"Shall I not leave that to you?"

"VERY well. In that case I shall have Doctor Martin, Mrs. Doctor Martin," he added with a smile, "go over your case and find out your condition. There is a frown between your eyebrows that means too much use of your eyes. Your face shows the fatigue of too severe concentration. If you keep it up much longer without any diversions to balance it, the call on your vitality will rob your hair of its color, and your tissues of their elasticity."

"How curious!" I exclaimed. It was an appeal to my vanity, not to my good sense.

"It is not the brain, nor the character," the doctor continued, "that suffers first from overwork, but the body; and it is not until after the body has rendered up its excess vitality—its youthfulness—that the nerves begin to pay toll. You are not yet at that place; you are simply physically tired. But this tire is dangerous, because it is the warning that the limit of your physical support is nearly reached. We are coming to learn the value of fatigue as a warning. Those who do the best work stop just before they are tired."

"My work?" I said, bewildered, for I had not admitted that I worked.

He smiled at me. "It needs no confession. I know from a hundred signs. I shall map out for you a succession of days that will not give you much time to think and none at all to read or write. At eight in the morning a nurse will come to your room with two bath mittens on a cake of ice and give you an ice rub."

"Ugh! I haven't the moral courage for a cold bath." "I thought so! Therefore the ice rub. It is not a cold bath. You lie still in your warm bed while somebody else takes all the trouble. You will breakfast at nine, after fifteen minutes' brisk walk."

"I CANNOT walk before breakfast. I am not a human being until I have a cup of coffee, and I prefer to have it in my room."

"You will get no coffee here; there are two grains of caffeine—"

"Oh," I cried, "don't tell me that! Do I get any tea?"

"No. But you may have a cup of hot water with a little lemon in it. Presently you will get so used to the walk before breakfast that you will want it to refresh your lungs, as you now want your bath to

refresh your body. After breakfast you shall have a little time to loaf and read your own morning paper. Then some gymnasium work—marching and dancing, first; later, more vigorous work. Then baths, all kinds of baths, electric one day and cabinet the next day, followed by general massage which will probably put you to sleep. After your rest, a half-hour's open-air exercise before luncheon. Luncheon at two, then three hours in the open air, quiet or active as you feel inclined. At five-thirty you will have special massage for your face and scalp."

"What?"

"Yes, the frown between your eyes is getting too deep and the flesh beneath your chin is not firm enough for a woman under thirty. You have been bending your head too long at a time. And your hair is too richly colored and too luxuriant to risk losing."

I sat staring at this wizard of a physician. No man had ever spoken to me so before, yet no woman of twenty-nine could have resisted the reasons he gave for following such a regimen. The marvel was that a man could invent it.

"At six," he concluded, "you will dress for dinner, which is at seven, and at nine you will go to bed. In ten days you will be another woman. But I must rely on you to do these things faithfully. The only place where I shall intervene is during your three hours outdoors. I should like to direct that for a time." He rose. "And now,"—he swept me another of those quick glances—"I'll turn you over to Mrs. Haswell."

As we came out into the hall the automobile from the station arrived. Through the long glass hall doors I could see that the chauffeur was evidently in a great hurry. He swung the door of the automobile open and a young woman sprang out attended by Miss Meredith. As the new patient came through the doorway I saw that she was richly dressed in brown, the color of her hair. On one cheek there was a dark bruise; but in spite of this she was very pretty.

"Well, Brooks?" said the doctor.

"Doctor, a man got off the train and wanted to come with me. He tried to get into the car as soon as he heard it was going to the sanitarium. I thought he might be a patient, a nervous one,—that was why I stopped to speak to him at all—but when he said he wasn't, Miss Meredith wouldn't let him in. He made a big fuss and said he'd telephone Philadelphia, whatever he meant by that. I left him trying to get a taxi, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd be out here in a few minutes."

"What did the man look like, Brooks?"

"A tall man with a black beard and a—"

I LAUGHED outright; but the young woman in brown, already pale, gave a smothered exclamation, and under the bruise on her cheek her face seemed to grow pasty. I noticed the doctor watching her.

"You are the Mrs. Hamilton who wrote me several days ago?" he asked.

She gave a frightened inclination of her head. I am not familiar with the way people act who want to hide their identity,—hotel men, I have heard, say it is easy to tell when anyone is registering under an assumed name, if you are onto the business,—but almost instantly I wondered if Hamilton was really this young woman's name, perhaps because it was the one my parents had endowed me with. Then I became interested in the steady, deliberate look the doctor was giving her. Under it she seemed to feel the need of explanation.

"If—if—he is following me," she said tremulously. "Keep him away from me. Surely, surely, I am safe here!"

The doctor made a swift movement forward, and I saw her sway as he caught her in his arms. Her head fell on his shoulder and he held her while Miss Meredith unfastened her coat and took off her hat.

Apparently he had forgotten me entirely. He lifted the girl in his arms and, followed by Miss Meredith, carried her into the office and the door closed on them. The chauffeur, as if well used to such things, went out to his waiting motor.

"It appears," I reflected, "that I am to hunt up Mrs. Haswell all by myself. I never would have thought him married." I felt very tired.

For a moment I hesitated, then crossed the hall into the library. I suppose I entered quietly, for I did not seem to disturb a young man who was talking earnestly, if not devotedly, with a small and attractive-looking woman who might have been any age from thirty to forty.

As I advanced into the middle of the room the woman said to the man: "Her name is Hamilton, and all she probably needs is a little rest, but we don't know much about her."

"Don't you ever think of anything but these patients, Edith? I wish you would stop all this work; then perhaps you would occasionally think of me."

She gave him a look that held a faint suggestion of coquetry. "You forget," she said, "that I like the work and that—"

"Ah, that's the very thing I wish to change," he interrupted.

I coughed and the woman, seeing me, jumped; but the man did not move.

"I am looking for Mrs. Haswell," I explained. "Do you know where I can find her?"

"I am Mrs. Haswell." At this the man got to his feet.

My utter astonishment surely betrayed itself. It seemed more than a pity that this brilliant young doctor with the grave, honest eyes and the fine face should be married to a woman who flirted with one of his employees.

"I suppose," I said coldly, "that Doctor Haswell would have brought me to you, but a patient who just arrived fainted, and he and the nurse are both busy with her. I am Miss Hamilton." A glance of intelligence flashed between the man and woman. "I am to give you the doctor's schedule; I believe he wishes me to begin at once."

Mrs. Haswell rose and took me in charge with brisk and business-like energy. Together we walked out of the room and into the hall, but there I stopped, dumfounded. For in the entry was the man with the black beard emphatically resisting the doorkeeper.

[CONTINUED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE]



FROM A PAINTING BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

Who Nameth This Child?

By GERTRUDE NAFE

GRANDFATHER thought he did.

GRANDMOTHER thought she did.

AUNT ELEANOR was sure her choice was the one.

And BESS and HAL and MARIAN thought they did.

But Baby's FATHER and MOTHER really knew!

IF HE had ever been a Nameless Baby his mother would have understood better this excitement about naming him. But Nan had always known what her baby's name would be, so she did not in the least understand the flood of suggestions that almost overwhelmed her.

It was Aunt Eleanor's letter that began it. "Dear Anne, I do hope you will give your eldest son a family name, a name he can be proud of. I should leave it to people who have no family to speak of to give their children those very common names. If Pennington or Van Rensselaer seems to you too long, Von Moulton is not very long and was your own great-grandmother's maiden name."

"How about Dummekelt?" suggested the baby's father flippantly. "That is out of Knickerbocker's own History or else it isn't. I've forgotten which. What do you think about it, Bootes Fleizziger?" The baby kicked energetically at the suggestion.

Marian was next: "At least give him a man's name," she suggested irritably. Then both sisters laughed, and Marian tossed her head a little higher. "Well, I told Marion Long last night that if I loved him in spite of that name—imagine, just the same as my own! . . . As far as what? Well, perhaps,—how do I know? I never was so foolish before, and I think seeing you and John so happy together—"

John heard Marian's suggestion at noon. "I think," he said meditatively, "that Bill Sykes is the most masculine name I know. How's that?" and he picked up the tiny bundle of lace and fluffiness and presented it formally. The small blue bows rose and fell so quietly on the little breast that even the baby's outraged mother laughed.

It was Bess next, and she waited until dusk before she gathered courage to say what she had come to say. "Don't give him some 'practical' name, Nan dear. It doesn't seem as though there were many beautiful, romantic things in this world. I wish—it seems as though if one tried, perhaps, to make one's life as romantic as one could . . ."

It is not easy to be only eleven. Nan kissed Bess very gently before she hurried away. And though John promptly dropped some imaginary christening water on baby's nose to the name of Sir Reginald Montmorency, his tone, too, was a little gentle for Bess.

Nan's father dropped in next morning. "What is this I hear about his name, Nannie?" he asked abruptly. "Now, don't go and give him a name that will make him feel like a fool when he's a man. He wants a name that he won't be ashamed to write on a check, and he doesn't want to take all day about it,

either,—a good, short, simple name." He turned at the door for an additional word: "Not but that it ought to have some dignity to it. Don't give him a name that would suit only a horse jockey."

Fourteen-year-old Hal seemed to have heard of his father's opinions on the name, and dropped in to differ. "We don't want any dignity, Sis," he shouted before he got inside the door. "He wants a name the fellows can use, else they'll think he's a stuck-up guy. Or else, if they ever do like him, they'll give him a nickname that'll make you wish you'd picked out something easier. I told Jack about this and he said to drop in and talk to you, but that if I shouted at you, he'd hang my scalp on the weather vane." He dropped his voice so suddenly that his sister jumped. After he had taken his breezy departure he poked his head back in the door to remark: "If you call him any of the things Aunt Nore said I'll call him 'Warts'."

"Now," said Nan to John next morning, "everybody has spoken but your mother and mine." John looked at the letter she had handed him. "From Father," he said.

My dear daughter . . . perhaps did not know that Biblical names had always been given in our family . . . do not want to dictate . . . consult your own judgment, my dear daughter . . . realize that Adoniram and Elnathan seem a little old-fashioned now, but Joseph and Benjamin also family names . . .

John went on shaving. "Moses Methuselah," he suggested, "alliterative and enticing. Or Hezekiah Abijah.

I think it would be impressive to remark offhand, 'As my son Jonathan Jehoshaphat, was saying the other day'—"

He caught something a little wistful in her eyes as he kissed her. "You aren't letting them worry you about that name, are you, Nancy Anne? You just choose your name and stand by it, and that's all. You're his mother. Let the family go hang."

She asked her mother about it. "Do you know you haven't expressed any preferences about names?"

"Please yourself, dear," her mother answered placidly, and then, in a little outburst, "Only I hope it will be a name not too big for a baby, or else one that we can nickname a little bit! I know it doesn't seem as though it matters at first, but children need lots of petting. I used to think many things came before that, but as you get older you know what the little things have got to go through." She stopped suddenly. Her nerves had not yet got over the night that the baby was born. She sewed on quietly a moment and then got up on pretense of getting Nan a glass of water.

That noon Nan said to John as he was going, "But I should think that Baby's cards would have reached people by now. . . . John Eversham, you dreadful boy, you forgot them!"

"Well, I was so worried over you, sweetheart," He looked very guilty. "I'll go right around, now. What do I put on them?"

"Oh, just the name and date, and I suppose we add 'Junior,' don't we? Unless," with a sudden thought of Sonny, "you think senior with a little 's' is going to be more appropriate."

"John Frederon Eversham, Junior," he repeated quietly, but there was something strange in his smile and in his kiss. Certainly he could not be surprised, for they had always talked of the baby as son John. Nan thought about it after he had left.

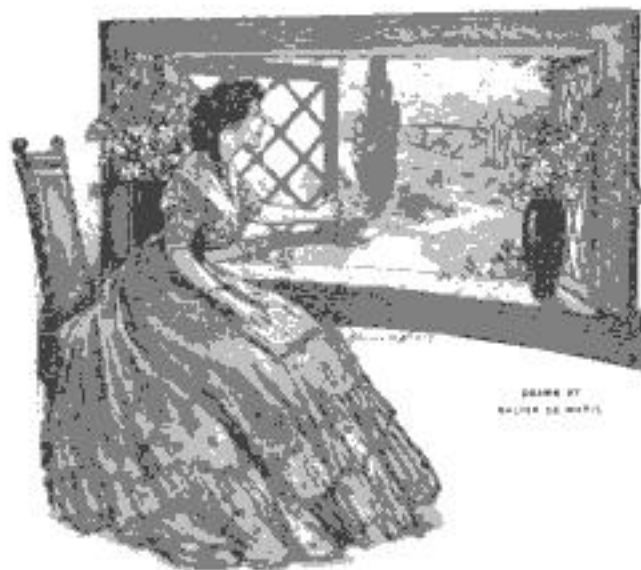
"John just told me," said her father, coming in. "I'm so glad you took my advice, daughter. I am sure you will be glad. His name will be a credit to him, anywhere. I'm glad he has John's name. He ought to have. Hope he'll be as good a man."

That was a great deal from Father, and John would be pleased. He valued his father-in-law's opinion.

"It certainly is a thoroughly masculine name," said Marian, satisfied.

"I'm glad you listened to me in time," said Hal, "now he has a name the fellows can call him by. Besides, of course, I think Jack's just a jim-dandy peach of a fellow and always did."

"I thought of course you [CONTINUED ON PAGE 33]



Valuable Vanity

A Tower Room Talk by

ANNE BRYAN McCALL

"Pretty clothes and all kinds of gentle pleasures and well-being! . . . It seems to me they are valuable vanities, when they add a bit to our self-respect and help to give us a wholesome estimation of our powers and possibilities"

WHEN I was a child it was the custom of older people to protect children from what were thought to be the harmful influences of vanity. There were timely stories of "Vain Victoria" and "The Little Girl Who Thought She Was Pretty." These tales, along with such others as "Meddlesome Mattie" and "Quarrelsome Kate," were administered with the idea of exhortation and correction. Let all little girls who had the tendency to be meddlesome, remember "Meddlesome Mattie!" Let those who had a tendency to look too much at themselves in the glass be warned by the deplorable fate of "Vain Victoria!"

Very young indeed, I had it well fixed in my mind that vanity was an evil to be avoided.

Yet I had a good many longings toward things that smacked of vanity. I longed, for instance, to be beautiful and accomplished, as I suppose most little girls do.

My longings toward vanity came to a climax, I think, during the visit of a very delightful and beautiful young lady, a guest in our home. She wore what were then known as water-waves. These were patiently constructed each night before the mirror. This wonderful young lady plastered her hair into curled shapes, and literally glued these against her forehead by means of a queer stiff cosmetic. This, drying by morning, fixed the waves in their chosen form. They were then combed out, with an almost careless hand, to assume for the day their final sportive manner.

This performance was to me a revelation and a hope, all in one.

From the seeds of quinces, I concocted a gummy compound which resembled closely that which I had seen used, lacking only the heavenly odor of rose water, and resolved to have water-waves of my own.

You must not suppose my resolve was easily or lightly undertaken. I had to go counter not alone to the warnings of my own conscience, but to what I knew would be the shocked disapproval of my family were this sin of vanity discovered.

It took some determination and, I like to think, quite a little strength of character to carry out my plan. But my fate was sealed. The stage was set now for vanity, and I could not disappoint my own soul, which had paid its price, and which waited to see me emerge a beauty in water-waves.

The preparatory process had to be carried on in secret, of course. When the light had been put out in the room in which I slept I sat up in bed in the dark, brought out the bottle of quince-seed mixture and began proceedings.

Those Wonderful Water-Waves!

How long I worked in the dark to get my obstinate hair into inaccurate curls, I do not know; but the work was finished at last, and with a handkerchief securely tied to keep them in place I lay down at last triumphant, expectant, deliciously a prey to vanity. I knew in foretaste the glory the morning would reveal.

I knew well I must be up early to escape detection. Fortunately, like most little children, I had the habit of waking early. The house was still asleep, and the birds were just beginning to twitter in the trumpet vine on the lawn, when I slipped out of bed.

Few moments of my later life have been more exciting. I hurried to the mirror. The handkerchief was already well awry and down over one ear. I untied the ends and removed it. The waves were of course askew, but, oh, that mattered little! Glory enough to have water-waves at all, let them be crooked or straight, regular or not! I combed them out with anxious fingers.

I suppose, and indeed I sincerely hope, that at no time before or since have I appeared as rakish as I did then; but at no time that I can remember was I so entirely pleased and delighted with myself. In my own eyes, the little girl who looked back at me from the mirror was pretty, really, and for the first time, pretty. I looked and looked at her, perfectly delighted. I not only tasted of vanity, I drained the cup of it, tilted it bottom-up, as it were, over my chubby nose. And the taste of vanity, all moral teachings and "Vain Victoria" to the contrary, was delicious.

The joy was, of course, brief. My conscience held up a warning finger. Suppose someone should discover me and my water-waves! What possible excuse could be offered? None. A little girl of my age! Oh, I knew well! A little girl of my age to be so vain, so vain as that! What in the world would people think of me?

I could not brave such adverse criticism as would be sure to follow. I could not endure to be thought vain. I was not conscious then, as I am now, that this intense desire to appear well and not ill in the eyes of my family was of itself vanity.

No doubt I should have had more strength of character had I been willing to brave blame and ridicule

for what I believed to be a vast improvement in my appearance. But I was only a little girl, and a little girl who had been well warned as to vanity. Therefore I took a long, delicious look at my own loveliness, and then with a brush dipped in water I vigorously brushed out every semblance of water-waves, took a last look to make sure I was my plain little self again, and crept back to bed, to think, big-eyed, under the covers, of the glory, short but delicious, of having been for a few moments, to my own satisfaction at least, entirely beautiful.

The Desire for Approval

I HAVE laughed over this adventure many a time since. It was funny and amusing. But I have thought, too, and not without some pride, that it was a good deal more than this, for it was, I am sure, as clear an indication as one would need that I was a healthy and normal type of little girl, possessed, as all normal and healthy people are, I do believe, of that valuable vanity, a strong desire to stand approved in one's own eyes and the eyes of the world.

Vanities of many kinds may be cried down, and justly; but human nature will continue to discriminate and to select for itself some that are of the order of virtues, and however other vanities may shift and change with the times and fashions, these are likely to remain a valuable part of the human equipment of life.

Most of us know well the frivolous and shallow and worthless types of vanity, and need not be told of their harmfulness. We know them to be built on insincerities and trickeries. Perhaps the most famous arraignment of them is in that city of vanities in "Pilgrim's Progress" which Bunyan calls "Vanity Fair," and one of the most subtle indictments of them is there where Thackeray takes the same term and uses it for the title of that wonderful book in which he sets out with keen but not altogether unkindly satire the worldly insincerities and vanities of so many types.

But these are vanities, it seems to me, to which we need not give very much attention, since most of us know them for things to be avoided. But not so many of us, I think, know the vanity, the valuable vanity to be cultivated. I, for one, see it neglected again and again, or mistaken for a worthless thing.

There come to me here in the Tower Room so many letters from girls who need, it seems to me, more vanity in their lives; girls who, to use an old and telling expression, are "out-of-conceit" of themselves; girls who have no self-confidence; girls who admire the gifts and accomplishments of others, and seem unable to discover any in their own natures, who are shy, self-distrustful, and whose lives largely for this reason lack force and power. What most of us need is to trust ourselves more and to recognize that whatever will add to a genuine and sincere trust in ourselves is valuable and needful.

Cultivating Self-Confidence

AND what will add to it? That depends much on temperament and nature. One friend of mine declares that pretty clothes immensely add to her confidence in herself.

Pretty clothes and all kinds of gentle pleasures and well-being! There are people ready enough to call them vanities. And so they are, in many a case; but it seems to me they are valuable vanities, too, when they add a bit to our self-respect and help to give us a wholesome estimation of our powers and possibilities. The pretty gown, the daintily served meal, the gracious social manner,—these can hardly be deemed useless vanities if, using them sincerely, we ourselves become more attractive, more gracious, more self-trustful and more serviceable.

I do not mean that the really strong nature depends on these things—it never does. But often enough it takes a kind of cheer and courage from them.

To credit ourselves with virtues or possessions or rank that we have not is vanity of the insincerest sort, to recognize and use those we have is but to be worthy of the best we have in us.

The world's estimation of us is likely, often enough, to be discouraging, and we frequently enough fall from our own good opinion. At such times it is well to have some old trust in one's self, some old pride of strength or honor to turn to.

In my own life I remember an incident which, though it may appear sentiment and nonsense to the critical, had, I believe, a good deal of meaning.

I had once been to a ball to which I had worn a gown I especially liked. It was of a white filmy stuff. I danced in gilt slippers that night, and I wore a gilt bandeau in my hair. But though these things added to my pleasure, the crown of the pleasure was a remark made to me by an older man whose approval I valued. "You have many lovely gifts," he said, gravely look-

ing down at me, "with which someday to serve the world."

Some years after, life had changed for me. I was no longer going to balls. I was earning my living as best I could, and I was making no very great success of it. If I had had any vanity formerly—well, life had, as we say, taken the conceit out of me.

I came home to my little studio room. I shall not forget the night. It was bleak and sleeting. I had had a particularly difficult day. I was tired, disappointed, discouraged. I had lost faith in myself. I had met with so many rebuffs, so much failure. I had begun to believe I should never succeed.

I laid the cloth and set out the bread and cheese and tea and jam on the studio table; but it seemed to me I could not eat a mouthful. I sat a long time thinking over my life as it was now, full of difficulty and discouragement.

When I came to the city I had brought with me from home the little filmy ball gown I liked best of all. Maybe that was purely a piece of vanity. I knew well enough there would be no occasion to wear it in the sober, earnest life I was to live in the city; but perhaps it comforted me to know I had once worn it and not, perhaps, altogether without grace.

How My Pretty Gown Helped Me

NOW, out of the discouragement of the day I remembered it. I went to the trunk and lifted it out carefully. Then I laid by the sober work dress I had worn all day at the office in which I was working, and I began to dress myself in the ball gown.

The tenant who had lived in the studio before me had left a long pier glass. When I was dressed in the filmy dress, I went and looked at myself solemnly in this glass. Perhaps it was vanity, but if so I am sure it was a valuable vanity with which I contemplated myself. The tired, discouraged, self-distrustful girl had slipped away; in her place stood the girl I had been several years before—high-hearted, with the old confidence in my eyes and much of the old trust creeping back to my heart. And so as to be the more sure, I said over to myself the words that had been said to me the night of the ball by the one whose approval pleased me: "You have many lovely gifts with which to serve the world."

Then my discouraged self came back long enough to say: "Beautiful gifts, indeed! Don't be so sure! And, after all, does the world want them? It has told you 'No' in a dozen ways. It does not need you or want you."

But I was not listening. My old confidence and pride were calling to me.

Perhaps the mere prettiness of the gown helped. Perhaps it was all largely vanity; and there will be those who will think it must be a shallow mind to which a mere pretty gown can restore poise. But I feel sure the heart of the experience was not a light and frivolous thing, but was, instead, that more valuable vanity—the old healthy human longing to stand well in one's own eyes and in the eyes of the world. I wanted to believe in myself again, and I longed to have others believe in me; that was all. The pretty dress, the memory of commending words, helped to this end.

Helpful Vanities and Harmful

AND just here, I think, is the touchstone by which we may test and tell the sincere and helpful vanities from those which are insincere and harmful. Do our vanities of whatsoever kind really help us earnestly and sincerely to believe in ourselves, and do they help others earnestly to believe in us? If so, then they make our lives richer and more serviceable; they are then not only admissible but desirable.

In one of Ruskin's lectures, though I cannot quote it exactly, he says in effect this,—and it is said with great earnestness,—"Because I have done harm to no one and good to all, because I have loved truth and hated falsehood, because I have regarded the happiness of others more than my own, you can trust what I say to you, and you will be glad in later years that you have trusted me."

I have heard it quoted as an example of Ruskin's great conceit. But to me it has never seemed to be that; it has seemed to me, rather, a just, and not a vain, measuring of his powers.

To be sincerely—sincerely, mind you, not affectively—friends with one's self; to be able at the end of the day sincerely to approve of one's motives; to regret none of one's words or actions and, loving truth and hating falsehood, to be able to say what Ruskin said—if this be pride it is a pride to be proud of; and this, if it be vanity, is vanity of a high order, of an enviable and valuable variety, a vanity much to be desired, diligently to be sought, and with whatever cost of labor patiently to be cultivated.



The Canterbury Candlestick

*An old-fashioned brass affair—but quite able
to shed light on a tangled love story*

By SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES



DRAWN BY
W. HATHERELL, R. L.

"You can see for
yourself it's a
rare old thing"

IN OLD Palace Street, as everybody knows, just where it winds around to the King's School gateway of Canterbury Cathedral, there is a row of little antique shops, dusty and delectable. Here you may find dim, beautiful old things, jostled, maybe, by flagrant souvenirs, but unmistakably patrician. It is the place to go in search of what your antiquarian heart desires.

Miss Garland, who was not dim at all, but very brightly beautiful and herself distinguishable from imitations, sat in the bulging window of one of these shops, perfectly indifferent to the litter of andirons and old warming pans. The shopkeeper—you could not help but think he had rusted a little himself—held up the candlestick for her admiration.

"Sorry, madam, but we 'aven't the pair. You can see for yourself it's a rare old thing. There'd be only the one other just like it, and that's lost. Friend of mine thought he saw it, the mate, down in Sussex once, but weren't sure. When I got there it was gone. Yes, madam, it was a disappointment."

The little man spoke with feeling, and set the candlestick almost reverently on a table before Miss Garland. She was a good customer, who understood.

It was an exquisite thing. Bearing itself up on the mahogany table, an old battered candlestick of mellow brass, irregular yet graceful, with a wide, rectangular base and flaring lip, it looked what it was, one of a famous collection now scattered. Its period was probably Queen Anne.

"Rather different, you may say," remarked the shopkeeper.

Miss Garland regarded it smilingly, yet with one of her queer, beautiful looks. It would have been hard to know what she was thinking. Mr. Geoffrey Bantock, now on his way back to America, could never have told. In fact it was one of the looks of hers that most maddened him.

She had fallen in love with this eighteenth-century candlestick, and at first sight—a thing which only collectors and lovers understand. Of course she had done that before. And her instinct was a true one, for she never had to change her mind. But there was something in this case that was different. It was not merely the wonderful color, the graceful curves, the dents and scratches of the thing that were the fascination; there was something else. There was something that stirred in her heart and made her eyes meet the shopkeeper's quickly, that misted their clear gaze. With a touch of passion wholly disproportionate to the transaction she bought the candlestick, though she had come for a pair, and left the shop immediately. The rusty collector stared after her as she crossed the street toward the King's School gate.

It lacked a quarter of three of a still, sunny afternoon. A mellow drowsiness hung over the close and the cathedral. Three rooks sailed around the towers, unstartled by the bell. The old houses surrounding the Green Court, the top of the Deanery peeping over its walls, the Prior's Gate, the great trees, the stretch of green turf, all shared in the dreamlike repose. It was five months now since Miss Garland, being an impulsive American accustomed to gratifying her desires,

had taken the house on the Brick Walk in the eastern end of the close and in the very shadow of the ruined arches of the priory. She had rented it in much the same way that she had bought the candlestick, because of a feeling. And there was David Copperfield, too! Her cousin said she would collect or rent him if she could! He was a little boy. Miss Garland was even more foolish over little boys than over candlesticks and Elizabethan houses with brown old timbers and leaded windows. And he, too, had been acquired in a characteristic way.

It happened that the house on the Brick Walk which had been so fortunately for rent was right across from the place where the real David Copperfield might have gone to school at Doctor Strong's. So perhaps it should have seemed natural enough that when she had come for the first time, key in hand, to enter the door of the house as her own, she should have found a little boy seated on the flat stone step; that he should have had serious brown eyes and brown hair with gold lights in it; that he should be about eight years old. Certainly it ought not to have surprised her when he looked up into her face and said gravely, with no introduction, "You are a very handsome woman, aren't you, ma'am?" Recognizing with delighted wonder the very words of David to Peggotty when they sat before the fire with the crocodile book, Miss Garland had gone down on her knees on the Brick Walk—she had beautiful ways, too—with her hands on the child's shoulders.

"Why, little David Copperfield," she had said, "I might have known I should find you here!"

He had only smiled at her name for him. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened to her that he was not surprised. He had slipped his hand into hers readily enough and entered the house. It turned out that he was a chorister of the cathedral and lived at school. But Miss Garland said his name was David and that he belonged to her. She told Cousin Augusta that this was not nearly so dangerous as it would be to collect Mr. Geoffrey Bantock, or Herr von Holtz, or Jimmy Maxwell—according to advice.

The cathedral bell rang on in a rapid, singing way it had. The rooks continued to sail undisturbed. Miss Garland loitered and looked lovingly at the Norman porch with certain delightful gables beyond it. But she thought about the candlestick that the rusty shopkeeper in Palace Street had sold her. What was it that it had seemed to mean there in the dim shop? It had stood up so bravely. Looking at the towers from which came the sweet bell tones she was drawn by the quietness within as a place to think it over.

In the dim choir she found a seat in the stalls just before the choristers came in. The little boys pattered by her. Their yellow hair, black hair, red and brown, smooth and curly, their blue eyes and dark eyes, their curving cheeks, the backs of their slim white necks, dearest of all, brought the look into Miss Garland's eyes that had been Mr. Bantock's despair. David came, most beautiful of all of them. He allowed her a little smile over the carved desk of the choir stall, after which he lifted his round chin and

sang clearly that truly God was loving unto Israel, even unto such as are of a clean heart.

Then the meaning of the candlestick stood out. The emotion it had awakened in her was smoothing itself out for her to read and understand. It was closely connected with Mr. Bantock's journeying homeward, sore at heart! This worn old brass with its subdued gleam—over how many homely loves had it presided! It had handed on the sacred flame. She herself needed help to keep the flame bright. It had flickered lately; it might have gone out. Well then, let the candlestick hold it up like a torch.

All the time she was watching David as he sang his prayers. He was usually restless, but to-day he twisted about and dropped his psalter twice, craning his neck almost excitedly, she thought.

After service she waited for him on the shadowy steps of the northeast transept. The passageway was very still. A soft breeze floated under the low stone arches. Through them she could see, as if far removed, the vista of rich turf and sunny ruins, all the beautiful jumble of roof and wall, gable and gateway. She sat down on the steps, cupping her chin in her hands. If Mr. Bantock could have seen her he would have become tiresome again.

She was not sure when the man began to walk up and down the corridor. It was irritating to him to appear when she was waiting for David. His step, echoing in the vaulted roof, annoyed her. She rose, meaning to go for the little boy, who must have been delayed, when he came bursting from the doorway and down the steps. With flushed cheeks and flying hair the child brushed by her and dashed at the man. He was a tall man, and he was laughing.

"Mr. Tristram! Mr. Tristram!" David shouted. "I saw you at service. I knew you'd come back someday!"

"Heavens, Davy boy, how grown up you are!" said the man, still laughing. "I told you not to grow up." He lifted the child high and kissed him.

Their voices made an astonishing clatter in the roof. It almost seemed as if they were going to ignore the lady on the steps. But she was absorbed in something else, a bewildering thought, and hardly noticed. They turned to her at last, however, and Miss Garland—who was brightly beautiful to men's despair—looked from the white-collared little boy up at the intruder. He was only a quick-smiling, red-haired man perhaps nearing forty, whose rather thin face seemed to have been lined by many changing looks, who had a rare, gay, gentle but compelling presence to confront a woman.

"Here he is!" announced David. "Do you remember, Genia?" She had allowed him to call her that.

Miss Garland was thinking fast. Was this the man David had known a year ago, who was certainly related to Sir Tristram in the Round Table book?

"David always finds friends," the stranger was saying. "We both belong to him, I see."

He had said it. He had used her name for the child. He had called him David! What right had he to do that?

"David? David who?" she asked rather coldly.

"Why, David Copperfield. Who else would look like this in Canterbury?"

The tall man slipped an arm around the boy, who was hopping on one foot in excitement.

"It's a s'prise!" the child shouted. "I never told, because I knew he'd come back. It's a s'prise for you, Genia!"

"But what does he mean?" inquired the man, looking over David's bobbing head in astonishment. "What is it that is so surprising?"

"That is my name for him," she answered faintly. "David—David Copperfield, because I found him here in Canterbury Close, alone and—and small, looking up at the rooks. But it seems you thought of it—first!"

Then something queer happened. Slowly and somehow wonderfully these two people smiled together, while David gave a hand to each. It was a long moment which no one hurried to end, one that she remembered—afterward.

"It was for a s'prise," repeated the little boy more softly, "because I knew you'd come back someday."

"Yes," she echoed, and never realized that she was lying. "We—we knew you'd come back someday!"

Presently they were strolling toward the Brick Walk, David between them. Looking up, he said mysteriously, for her alone:

"Ahem! Round Table book—you know—don't you think so?"

She laughed, and the man seemed puzzled, but merrily so, as if he knew it was impossible to solve David anyway. He had not looked at Miss Garland after that first long smile. He merely said several times how glad he was to be back in Canterbury, and gloated over the unchanged pinkish gray of the priory ruins.

And then, stopping before her rented house, Miss Garland asked them in, for it was nearly tea time. When they were seated in the airy bay window of the small drawing-room that looked out on the east end of the cathedral, suddenly she was telling Mr. Tristram all about how she had taken the house and had found the little boy on the doorstep, and what he had said to her. She liked this man when he did not find it necessary to cap David's compliment with another.

Everything was very simple. What could be more so than bread and butter and tea, with afternoon sunshine checkered on the cloth, than stories of a little boy, a horse, a dog, and finally a bit of the sea and poetry and the desert? There was a certain rare light touch of beauty in the strange man's talk, so that one wished that he would not stop. . . . They made a long tea hour of it in the quiet room, David listening earnestly, true to his name.

It was when Mr. Tristram, Mr. John Tristram of London, rose to go that he spied Miss Garland's Jacobean rushlight holder that she had bought the week before of the rusty collector in Palace Street.

"You love these things, too?" he exclaimed. And sitting down again he told her about his old house in the county of Sussex where there were things, of a sort that she would like to see. The Jacobean holder of old steel was discolored. Mr. Tristram knew of a better way to clean it; and when he asked to take it away with him to prove his point she found no objection. So it was half past five when he and David went away hand in hand, with the holder in Mr. Tristram's pocket, and permission to come again.

Eugenia Garland had not shown the man her candlestick, though it would be natural to think he would be interested in it. Laying the unopened package in the table drawer, she sat by the window a good while—until the long twilight came, and thickened. She thought about the simple afternoon. Then by and by she went back to the table, took out the package, and unwrapping it disclosed the beautiful candlestick. It did stand up bravely, anyone could see that. It really did seem to bear a torch. Carrying it into a little inner room she placed it on her desk, found a candle and lighted it. Then she sat down there, smiling. One of her queer, beautiful looks it was, that no man could understand.

The very next day as she was walking in the Green Court after breakfast she saw him again, accompanied by his collier Tim. A simple enough occurrence, truly, but suddenly of tremendous import. He cut across the grass to meet her, with the lightning smile she had decided could not be true. . . . It had made David creep nearer, and shed peace all around. . . . Miss Garland was not easily touched—poor Mr. Bantock and the others could bear witness—but now in the ancient court of Canterbury, than which nothing could be more conservative, the strangest things seemed possible, though she was only taking the hand of a man with an exquisite smile and red hair and actually, in the morning light, a few freckles. The fact that they should shake hands cordially on this second meeting seemed comical to them both. But neither thought particularly of how remarkably easy it was to laugh together!

"I was bringing back the rush holder. Is a morn-

ing call excusable when it's a neighborly errand?"

"Are we neighbors?" she asked.

"It's a s'prise," he quoted. "I didn't tell you, yesterday. Don't know why exactly." He motioned to a little iron gate within the Norman Porch, beyond which were ivied gables and a garden.

"I am staying there with friends. It is where I first met—David."

She had nothing to say to this.

"Let me walk with you," he broke the silence, "will you? I'll deliver the holder coming back."

They went out through the King's School gate and into crooked Palace Street. In the doorway of his shop the collector bowed to his good customer, but again she failed to speak of the important purchase. Indeed, when Mr. Tristram showed an inclination to stop at the shop window she walked straight on.

In the sunny lanes beyond Canterbury they fell into talk. Eugenia thought there had never been such talk as his. One could have heard the like in the old days when conversation was still a cherished art. Mr. Bantock had bristled platitudes. Herr von Holtz wallowed in what he called sentiment. Jimmy Maxwell

dipped into Kit Marlowe, and Herrick, and an ancient "Spectator." They read together a page of "The Child in the House," because it was so like David.

"These men were happier than most," suddenly he said to her. "They always had a safety valve, when things were hard or sad. They needn't be lonely. I suppose the same thing is true in any craft. Do you know the story of the bell-ringer of Kunststadt? May I tell it? He rang other men's bells all his life, until one day something in him took fire and he knew he must make his own chime. So he wrought his bells. And they were beautiful! The queer part was that the ringing of them had a mysterious influence—it set people to fashioning things with their hands or their minds. They were made noble by it. For it is a god-like thing to create."

Miss Garland looked up at him, flushing deeply as any schoolgirl.

"I know," she said breathlessly, "I know now who you are!"

"I'm no one," he laughed.

"You are pleased to say that, sir, but you have given yourself away! Thy speech bewrayeth thee."

She crossed over to a bookshelf and pointed to a row of little bright blue volumes, gold-banded.

"I've a row like that at home, only they are shabbier," she told him. "You are Tristram Dare!"

He looked very queer. "But the bell-ringer didn't tell you. I haven't used him yet."

"He rang the last note," she smiled. "I have read all of the—celebrated Mr. Dare. And I have talked with you this morning. Do you think I don't know the real thing when I hear it?"

He looked queerer yet, if possible. "And do you suppose there has ever been—you—to talk to before?"

She fingered the backs of the little blue books, grave now. "I read this one summer in Switzerland. I used to take it up to a seat above the lake, because it made me think of white peaks somehow. And this one I read over and over the winter I had typhoid. It helped me get well. I always thought I should like to tell him—you. I mean—that it helped me get well. . . . The last one I have read this year, and—and—" She stopped abruptly.

Then he spoke again in a low steady tone in the quiet room:

"I want you to know that I wrote them all—not exactly for you—but for—the soul of you."

With a startled glance she walked to the window.

"It—it is beginning to rain," she said.

There was a pause, during which the window panes began to trickle water.

"And we haven't an umbrella," Mr. Tristram stated with satisfaction.

They sat down and quietly watched the drenched street. The bookseller had long since retired to his back room to doze over black letter, which happened to be his hobby. Miss Garland was a good customer here, too.

They seemed to like the quiet and not to care to talk any more. Once Eugenia said guiltily, "We could telephone to David to bring an umbrella."

"Would you get the child out in this downpour?" he asked severely.

Was it possible that they both feared the bookseller would offer to lend them that huge affair behind the door? They pretended not to see it at all. If the bookseller had thoughts of any such kindness he concealed them, being a student of something else besides black letter.

But as every rain slackens, this one did. They left the shop finally in a soft mist, and almost immediately, so it seemed, reached the Pilgrim Gateway, passing under into the close.

At her doorway Mr. Tristram stood with bared head. He seemed about to say something, perhaps like what he had dared in the book-

shop, and to wish to say it lightly. He smiled in such a friendly way that her eyes gave him permission.

"I thank God," said this astonishing man blasphemously, "that He so loved the world that you are in it!"

And after this he hurried away.

Going up the stairs Eugenia laughed a little. For he had forgotten to return the Jacobean rushlight holder after all.

THE days glided goldenly, while life in Canterbury Close was matchless in its serenity, "as peaceful as the death of saints, as sweet as the loves of men," John Tristram told Eugenia. He had said he could not stay long in Canterbury, but he remained a month, at the end of which he became subtly different.

The difference dated from the morning when in the Green Court she saw him receive a letter. It was a large, square, thick, crested letter, somehow imposing to behold. He smiled when it was handed to him and looked a bit taken aback by its size.

"This is from a good lady," he explained, "who unfortunately has literary aspirations. She is the mother of—of a dear friend of mine." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 32]



"You are a very handsome woman, aren't you, ma'am?"

knew no topic but golf, or automobiles, or bridge. But this man who had called David "David" first was simply and sincerely running on in a charming medley. And in it all there was a startlingly familiar vein. She had truly never heard the like before, yet somewhere she had known the counterpart. It was all sane and spontaneous and eagerly shared. This Mr. Tristram did not look young, but in enthusiasm he was no older than David. Miss Garland could laugh, she could be poignantly grave, she could respond with full chords to a fine and gentle touch. Moreover, her instinct was a true one. She never had to change her mind. . . . At the end of the walk they were wonderfully acquainted.

As they came into the main street of the ancient town, after having in deference to David the second, smiled over at Agnes Wickfield's house and at the inn where the Micawbers put up, Miss Garland remembered a book she had ordered in a tiny bookshop. Although the sky was rapidly clouding they went in to make the purchase. And of course they loitered in the empty place. It was pleasant to find that for each it was impossible not to linger among books. They

At last—the story of Billy and Andy's wedding,
such a funny, mixed-up, beautiful wedding!

Tulle and Tipperary

By MABEL DILL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS

IT WAS the night before Billy's wedding day, a warm May night with a warm May smell of earth and leaves and lilacs coming in at open windows where curtains stirred dreamily.

Up in the guest-room Billy was showing gifts to Louise Hall, her maid of honor, arrived that afternoon from Rochester, and Mary Howard, the wife of the young minister. They had come up-stairs just fifteen minutes before from the wedding rehearsal—the men were down there now, Billy's father, Mr. Howard, Andy, and Dick Richardson.

"Aren't they all lovely?" Billy's eyes revealed a frank pride in the sparkling, gleaming display. "And I've got all of 'em acknowledged but two! But, goodness, it's kept me hoppin'! I'm thankful it wasn't a church wedding. . . . Oh, girls, here's something I want you to be sure to see." She put her hand on an exquisite pottery vase. "From the people at the Home, Mary. Wasn't it darling of them?"

"Well, Billy!" Mrs. Howard bent to examine it. "It's beautiful! Do you know about the Dobler Home?" she asked Louise. "Billy goes over to visit the patients—sings to them, and gets up plays and things—they fairly worship her!"

"Oh, Mary, the very idea!" Billy blushed. "They just know I—I like 'em," she explained; her voice was tender. Every one of 'em's sick, you know, Lou—paralysis and things—and most of 'em alone in the world. And somehow when I go over there and see them so cheerful and brave, I just feel, well, like I wanted to gather 'em all up in my arms, and just—just love 'em to death!"

"And she does, too!" Mary Howard put down the silver tea ball she'd been inspecting. "Any of 'em coming to the wedding, Billy?"

"Only one or two," Billy took a comb out of her dark hair and put it back in again thoughtfully. "Miss Corson, the matron, old Mrs. Magee, Miss Hopmaker, Mr. Wall—a lot of 'em aren't strong enough, you know. And of course they're just the ones who most want to come. That little Peter, Mary,—Miss Corson says he's been acting perfectly foolish! The worst of it is Peter could have come, but he's just over the grip and hasn't been out of the house yet. The dearest child, Lou, nine years old, but no bigger'n five—spinal trouble—a face like an angel's! I'm really rather glad I didn't see him when I was over there yesterday. . . . Oh, I wish they could all be here! It would make my wedding just right, somehow."

She spoke of it again to Andy and her father after the others had gone home.

"That's the mischief about weddings," she straightened a turned-up rug, and then went to sit beside Andy on the couch. "Now, there's Uncle Ches, Daddy; he won't care a rap about coming, he'll just be here because he thinks it's his duty, and be bored to death! And so'll that army cousin of yours, Andy, from New York. While my old ladies, well,—they do just want to come! Guess after it's over, I'll have to write to 'em and—"

Her father, starting into the hall, halted guiltily. "Speaking of letters,"—he searched in his vest pocket—"this came for you in the last mail, daughter. I forgot to give it to you."

"Daddy!" Billy opened it and glanced at the signature. "Why, it's from Peter,"—she smiled at the round, childish hand-writing—"my little boy I was just talking about, over at the Home. You've never seen him, have you, Father?" as he came back into the room. "He's such a dear! And funny! Did I tell you—all what he did the other day?"

She paused, the little unread letter open in her hand, her smile deepening. "You know he's crazy about slang. And though he doesn't know how to use it at all, sometimes it just fits like a glove, in the funniest way! Well, the other day, some rich society woman was over at the Home to see Miss Corson—a woman who's always talking about giving them that new wing they need so badly, only she never does it, she always just talks—and, as usual, she was talking, and Miss Corson was getting awfully tired of it, but didn't dare say anything; when all of a sudden, Peter, who'd been standing by Miss Corson's chair all the time, as quiet as a lamb, went over to the woman and looked up into her face with that cute little grin that he always gets on when he expects people to laugh, and said: 'Do it now!'"

Andy snorted. "Did they get the subscription?" "They got the subscription all right!" Billy giggled, unfolding the letter and reading it aloud:

"DEAR MISS BILLY: if i wasent a Man i wood of cried when i didnt see you Yesterday. i want to tell you something—i want to tell you i want to Kum to your Wedding so bad It makes me all hirt up in my Throte, never say die, Miss Corson she sed i could rite and tell you i had grip, so i couldnt Kum, that was the Reason—Because i had grip. i send you a Big Kiss, i rote this all by myself—i new how to spel all the wids but respectably,
"from yours respectfully,
"PETER."

"p. s. it's a Long way to tipperary?"

"Well, bless his heart!" Billy laughed a little, lovingly. "Dear little kiddy."

"Did you see this other postscript?" Andy had turned the letter over and now held it up to her.

"MISS BILLY: why don't you Kum over here and git married over Here, so i can see you a gitting married?"



"Well—what—do—you—know—about—that!"

Mr. post (The One who has only 2 fingers on one hand and nun on the other) says He thinks so too. i think you mite kum over here and git married."

"Well—what—do—you—know—about—that! Go over there and get married!" Billy's eyes caressed the straggly little postscript. Then an alert expression sprang into them, her head lifted. "You know—I declare—I've a big notion—"

"To pick up your wedding and transplant it to the Dobler Home?" laughed her father comfortably from the Morris chair.

"Ye-yes!" Billy went over to him, and bending a little took his gray-bearded, kindly-eyed face between her slim hands.

"Yes! Oh, Daddy, why couldn't I really—I'd—I'd like to!"

"Really, Billy?" returned her father doubtfully. "Yes, surely! . . . Yes, truly I would! . . . Oh, come

on, Daddy, be a sport! Daddy, dear, do you think I'm a regular lunatic?" she finished wistfully.

"No-o, not exactly. No—only—the thing is, daughter, people might say—"

"Oh, people!" Billy's shrug consigned them to the uttermost shades of scorned oblivion. "What do I care about people? What do you say, Daddy, you and Andy? Do you—do you think it's so very crazy?"

"Well, of course, the idea is rather a peculiar one," Mr. Deere smiled. "In fact I might say a very peculiar one! I'd advise you to give the matter considerable thought. And then, if you find that's the thing you want to do, daughter, why, you go ahead and do it! It'll be all right with your daddy; he won't kick."

"You angel!" she said. "Andy,"—she turned impetuously to her sweetheart—"what do you— Oh, honey, I knew you'd understand,"—in a whisper—"I knew you,"—she squeezed his hand hard—"you precious! But you're sure?" She looked at him earnestly. "Sure you don't mind a bit? You think—your father and mother? . . ."

"I think," Andy paused, and then used one of Billy's own pet expressions, "I think it's 'just sweet!'" He looked to see if her father's back was turned, and then kissed her. "I'll fix Dad and Mother! But I'd advise you, Billy, not to depend too much on Peter's invitation, you'd better be sure the rest of 'em—"

"Oh, well, that's easy enough to find out!" Billy went to the telephone.

Ensued a lively conversation between her and Miss Corson. Then a lull. Billy turned to Andy, beaming:

"She's gone into the parlor to see them about it. They're all in there waiting for that man who's going to sing there to-night. She was nearly petrified! Then she said, 'Oh, perfect!' just like that. Yes, she did really seem to—Hello! . . . They did? . . . What? . . . Oh, Miss Corson, how perfectly peachy of them! . . . Hm? . . . Oh, I couldn't think of . . . Why, Miss Corson, but that's too lovely for anything! It's a beautiful idea! . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes, pink. . . . four o'clock. . . . All right. I'll call you up first thing in the morning. . . . Well, so am I! . . . Thank you! Good-by. . . . Good-by!"

Billy hung up the receiver and flung herself over to Andy and her father.

"Oh, listen; she said they were tickled to death! I'm so glad I thought of it, or rather Peter. She said they were as excited! And, Andy, honey, we won't have to bother about sending those boys out into the woods for all that honeysuckle and stuff; she said just to have the palms sent over there, and they'd do the rest. Isn't that splendid? Miss Corson's awfully artistic, too. Now, let's see—" She began to count soberly upon her fingers, "to-morrow morning telephone Miss Corson, early. And then telephone the wedding guests; do you reckon they're going to be awfully shocked? . . . Acknowledge those things that came to-day. . . . pack my suit case. . . . Mm—what else was there? . . . Oh, yes, patch that coat of Father's. My, it's going to be a busy day, all right!"

It was a busy day and, like most busy days, traveled as if on wings. Almost before Billy realized it she was there in her lovely white satin wedding dress, at the Home, in a room just across from the parlor, Andy's beautifully-gowned little mother adjusting her long tulle veil. Andy's mother, everybody indeed, had been sweet about the change in her plans. But Billy was humorously aware of the fact that underneath their courtesy they all thought it a queer thing to do, to come over here to be married. Well, so it was, but she didn't care. Anyway, she was Billy Deere, and she was always doing queer things.

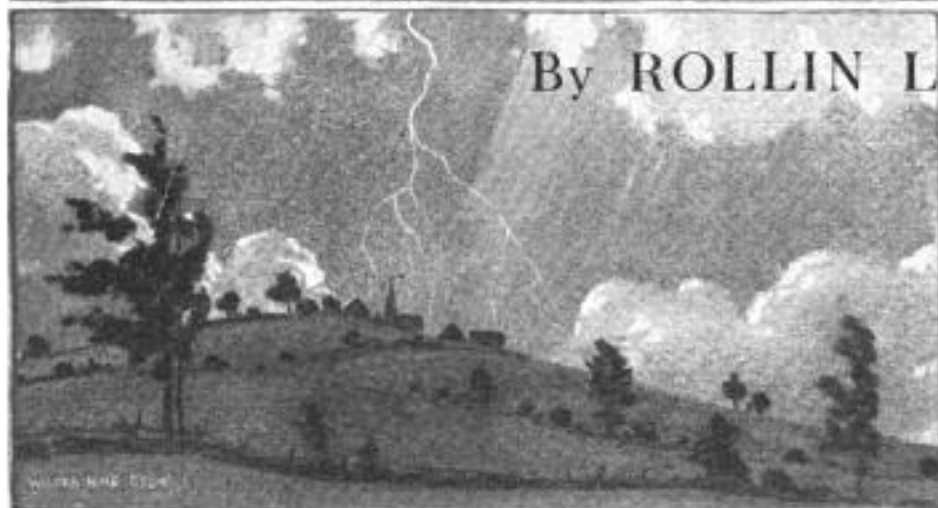
But in a few moments she would be Billy Deere no longer! She tried to realize [CONTINUED ON PAGE 37]



"Good-by!" she called softly, "good-by, everybody!"

"Let's Talk About the Weather"

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT



Thunder and Lightning

NO DOUBT it is all very fine, theoretically, to let nature run our thunderstorms, but in practice you would manage better yourself. Nobody knows just what nature is at, and nobody can guess. But while she has neither conscience nor principles nor ordinary sense, she at least has habits. Consequently, the scientists, insurance men, and Weather Bureaus of various highly intelligent nations, our own included, have been able to keep tabs on her pranks and find out her tastes. For instance:

She hits cows oftener than people, barns oftener than houses, country dwellings oftener than city dwellings, trees at the edge of a wood oftener than those in the thick of it, oaks oftener than maples, and human beings outdoors oftener than human beings indoors.

Knowing this much we can arrange a fairly scientific course of conduct for the thunder-seared.

RUN for a house—not a barn. . . . Once inside a house, stay there. By actual count, it is fourteen times as safe as outdoors. And observe just one precaution indoors. As lightning can come down a chimney, keep away from the open fireplace. Beyond this, do about as you like.

If you feel safer in a feather bed, hop in, by all means; but feathers won't stop a thunderbolt. It rips solid masonry. Nor will scissors tempt it. It is in too much haste. It comes with a splash. Once inside, it bounces around without the smallest interest in "paths of least resistance." Try how you will, you can't find the "safest part of the house." But while no part of the house is "the safest place," the house is, and you are there already.

Outdoors, it is another tale, for there you may be crazy enough to seek shelter under trees. Don't misunderstand me when I tell which trees are most dangerous—all are dangerous, none safe—and my only object is to drop a hint to people who are about to pitch a tent in the woods and who, consequently, risk being caught out at night and unable to run for their lives. With the proportion of hits indicated, the list follows:

Oaks, 54; poplars, 24; elms, 14; walnuts, 11; firs, 10; willows, 7; pines, 6; ashes, 6; pears, 4; cherries, 4; apples, 2; birches, 1, with the maple enjoying a comparatively untarnished reputation. Beware of oaks. They are deadly. Their deadliness increases toward the fringe of the forest. Next to going up in a balloon during a thunderstorm, camping close to an oak is the prize masterpiece of lunacy.

PERHAPS all this harping on statistics seems futile. Knowing that you are ten times as likely to be shot dead as killed by lightning has its consoling side, of course; and yet, if struck, aren't you completely and irremediably done for? Statistics say not. Out of 212 people hit, 74 got well.

At some pains I have dug up the record of a most instructive case. It was hard to find, because so few people are hit. I went first to my physician, who is not only a professor but connected with a great hospital, and inquired about such cases. Although past fifty, he had never seen a lightning victim. So I was forced to search libraries. This is what I found:

Lightning struck a house containing several people. Those who ran out counted noses and saw that one was missing. They rushed back, and, lo! there lay a girl of twenty, who had been struck and thrown from her chair and flung across another. The bolt had hit just above

her left eye and gone down her body, leaving burns. She had caught it, full force, from head to foot.

One of the men, a medical student, describes her condition. She was unconscious, motionless, purple in the face, and without perceptible pulse or audible heartbeat. She seemed to have stopped breathing. One eye was shut, the other open.

They carried her to the porch, loosened her clothing about the neck and chest, and pried her arms to produce artificial breathing. After about five minutes, she stirred a little, the dark color left her face, and the pulse could be felt, though weak, rapid, and irregular. After two minutes more, she turned cold.

THEY took her in, laid her on a bed, and kept hot compresses on her chest to encourage circulation. After something like three-quarters of an hour, consciousness began to return.

She stayed in bed two weeks, then sat up a little each day, and at the end of the fourth week rode home, thirteen miles, completely recovered, except that the sight of the left eye was somewhat impaired.

Moral: should someone be struck don't conclude offhand that the case is hopeless. Call a doctor, quick. While he is coming, do as the medical student did. Two eminent physicians comment on his report in the scientific volume I unearthed, and approve unreservedly. Nor was the girl's an altogether exceptional case. Lightning victims have recovered after being unconscious an entire hour.

Naturally, you would rather not get struck, and the story I have just told is a bit appalling because the catastrophe occurred inside a house, whereas the house is the safest place. Then why not protect the house? Aren't there lightning rods?

ALAS, yes! And lightning rods riskier than none. That is why you hear that "only country people have lightning rods now." City folks "know better."

Well, the city folks have the right of it—for city folks. Lightning rarely strikes in cities. But city folks have the wrong of it when they laugh at country folks. In the country, where lightning strikes houses five times as often, the rod is either a menace or a fairly reliable protection. That depends on the kind of rod and how you put it up. Insurance men believe in lightning rods, and the National Fire Protection Association gets out a pamphlet showing—or attempting to show—the way to construct one. Don't read it. Get an expert. Have the neighbors club together. Then write to your insurance agent. He will send a man who understands lightning rods, and you can trust that man. Otherwise, look out!

Still, a bad lightning rod is not the only guide to sudden death. A flagstaff may serve as well. Down with it. And down with shingles. Metal roofs are best, slate roofs next, and both are fireproof. Fire may follow a hit. Warning: If lightning comes and you survive, go over the house searching for fire, especially where a gas pipe [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



Is It Going to Rain?

ALTHOUGH it was the great Mark Twain who said: "We all talk about the weather, but nothing is done," I am not by any means so sure. "Nothing done?" Why, bless you, we are! And I rather guess we deserve it, the way we have gone on gullibly, year after year, predicting weather by cats, new moons, pigs, ants, bees, and what not.

Now of course people are more or less in fun when they foretell rain or shine by the cat method, but they seem a good deal in earnest when they consult the new moon. If its horns turn up sufficiently to hold water then we are in for a month of fine days. If they turn down, we shall have a wet month. Sure prophecy! We get it from the sailors, and who should know if not they?

Unfortunately, however, there are sailors and sailors, and plenty who tell us just the opposite—rain if the horns turn up, smiling skies if they turn down. And the "authorities" disagree quite as completely about the cicada shrilling, the spider web lingering in the grass, and the cock crowing on the fence.

NOR can you trust the old saying that "the weather must change with the change of the moon." Five thousand times in succession the United States Weather Bureau tested this. With what result? Eighteen hundred times, the weather "changed with the change of the moon." Thirty-two hundred times, it didn't.

Now, I am far from ridiculing all our popular weather signs. Even the funniest had some shadow of sense in them originally, for they originated in countries a long way off. There, they worked, and still do. If an Egyptian cat eats grass, it is going to be a fine day in Egypt. It always is. If you see a Scotch cat wash her face before breakfast, it is certainly going to rain in Scotland, which is not a country, but a showerbath. But signs imported from the remote corners of the earth won't apply here.

THERE are, however, plenty of soundly scientific weather signs that are right before our eyes and vouched for by the best meteorologists. For instance, the "ring around the moon," which is produced by a thin, filmy cloud made up of minute particles of ice—a state of things not built to last. Either some unlooked-for commotion will put a stop to it in a different manner, or it will pour "cats and dogs" within three days at most. In eighty-six cases out of a hundred, the rule holds good. A still better sign is the "ring around the sun."

This is science, pure and simple, and so is the old maxim: "The farther the sight, the nearer the rain." It is not pessimism that makes people along the coast predict a downpour when they can pick out the separate houses on a far-away island, or people in mountainous regions call it "too good to last," when a distant peak, generally invisible, comes into view. They are shrewd meteorologists in making these predictions, and also in declaring that sounds carry better when a rainstorm is brewing.

Of all nice, convincing weather signs, however, a "sickening sky" is pretty

nearly the most reliable. When the deep warm blue grows paler, and then whitish, and your spirits drop, and shadows fray at the edges and disappear, then you have a sickening sky. Rain is not being brought up ready-made from afar, it is being manufactured directly overhead.

The color of the sky, then, is a fairly trustworthy sign in and of itself, and so is the color of the clouds. Intensely white clouds against an intensely blue sky mean bright weather ahead. Grayish clouds on a lightish blue foretell rain.

NOW, when it comes to watching clouds, a lot depends on where you live. A mountainous region will serve you best. If the clouds cling to the mountains, it is going to rain. If the mountains spurn the clouds, you can count on a fine day.

But you can learn a great deal from clouds, even if mountains are not procurable in your neighborhood. Study clouds attentively. Instead of giving them a mere hurried glance and judging by their looks alone, note their behavior, especially their change of size. If they get bigger, it is going to rain. If they get smaller, it isn't. If they part during a storm showing "enough blue sky to make a pair of Dutchman's breeches," the low-lying clouds are already thin and the rain about over. And if they are adorned with a rainbow, it is the next thing to proof positive.

DOES it surprise you a little to find that meteorology respects such folklore as this about rainbows and "Dutchman's breeches"? Then see how it honors our habit of predicting weather by our feelings. Many a meteorologist has observed in his own person that rheumatic twinges get sharper when rain is coming, and that his spirits drop. Recognizing the fact, science tries to explain it. For one thing, the lightness of the air enables evil gases to rise from drains and the earth itself. And when half a ton of atmospheric pressure is taken off an ordinary-sized man, it doesn't exhilarate him, it depresses.

Yes, rain is coming, and the meteorologists bid you think back and recall the wholly logical, wholly evident signs of its approach. Wasn't there a ring around the sun two or three days ago, or at night a lunar halo? Didn't you notice "mare's tails" or a mackerel sky, and wasn't the evening glow from the distant town brighter than usual on the low-hanging clouds? And what was the sky like this morning? Pale, was it not?

Now look up. If the storm long brewing is at hand, probably you can already see the flying streamers that rush ahead of it. Presently, the whole far-flung battle front of rain clouds appears. You are in for it, sure as fate—unless it "goes around." But will it? Can it?

LIFTING a moist forefinger or consulting a weather vane won't decide that. Study the wind up above, where the clouds are. Hold stock-still, gaze past the edge of a piazza roof, and judge the direction they are taking. Then glance to right and left and see how long the storm's front is. You will soon know whether it means to "get" you.

For there is nothing sly about rain, nothing "cussed." Rain, as a matter of fact, is merely an experiment in physics. Nothing could be more orderly, more reasonable and, on the whole, more predictable. It casts its shadow before.

Then why does Old Probabilities so often cry: "Rain! Rain!" when there is no rain, and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

An Unfinished Story

By SOPHIE KERR

AUTHOR OF "LOVE-IN-A-MIST," THE "JULIETTA" STORIES, ETC., ETC.

His question: "Don't you love me enough to trust me?"

What would any girl of spirit and honesty answer?

What, for instance, would you answer under like circumstances?

THE late afternoon sun could not reach that corner of the veranda through the green tangles of the vine, but Barry and Nora would not have known it if the sun had been full glare upon them. They faced each other very gravely, for each knew that a crisis was at hand. The delicate roteness of Nora's gown only made her cheeks seem whiter, and her eyes were full of tears that she was trying very hard to hold back. Barry stood before her, his arms folded, his face determined, dogged, yet miserably unhappy, too. Once more she took up the argument:

"But, Barry, our engagement dinner! How could you! At first when the guests began to come and you were not here I wasn't anxious at all, though I had hoped you'd be the first so that you could see the table. And then when you didn't come, and didn't come, I began to get so worried—so anxious! I thought something terrible must have happened to you. Then, just when I was going to telephone—the boy came—with your note—" She could not go on, but choked with sobs.

Barry Turner's face set itself into harder lines, yet he, too, was controlling deep emotion. "Don't, Nora," he begged, "don't feel so bad about it. I couldn't help it. I couldn't do anything else. I have done nothing that I am ashamed of, nothing questionable or dishonorable. I simply can't explain. Don't you believe me when I tell you that?"

Nora looked up at him piteously. "I believe that you think you couldn't do anything else, Barry," she said. "But—you know—in the morning that horrid Ella Keating came here and said—she said that you'd stayed in town and had dinner at the Claretton with—a woman—a loud, painted-looking woman—she said that her brother saw you—" She paused. "Barry, Barry,—was that true?"

Barry tried to look down at her stolidly, but he winced a little under her hurt blue eyes. He threw back his head. "Yes, it is true," he said.

"Oh-h-h," said Nora, catching her breath. "Barry,—is that all you have to say to me?"

"No, it isn't," he said, measuredly. "I've got this to say: I can't tell you why I did it—I'm not going to. I had to do it, that's all. You've got to trust me, Nora, you've just got to trust me."

"But you might trust me, Barry," protested Nora. "Doesn't it mean anything to you that I had to go through the evening making explanations and excuses for you, and trying to appear as if nothing had happened, when I was so—so worried and unhappy? I thought I'd surely have a letter or a message from you this morning—but not a word. And then Ella Keating—and you know she's going all over town telling everyone. Is it fair to put me in a position like that and simply tell me that I've got to trust you?"

Barry took two or three nervous steps up the porch, and then came back and stood before her squarely.

"Nora, don't you believe I love you?" he demanded.

"Barry, don't you believe I love you?" she answered.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "We'll get nowhere if you won't answer me fairly. Listen, dear, you do believe that I love you, don't you? Tell me." He reached over and took her hand.

"You know I believe that, Barry."

"Then why can't you trust me? I'll state my case, if you like. You were to give a dinner last night where our engagement was to be announced. You know what that meant to me and how I looked forward to it. At the last moment I found that I could not be here. I sent you a message—I had only a minute to write it. I've come out here this evening and you demand to know why I did not come. I can't tell you. There is a reason why I can't tell you, but I can't even tell you the reason. Then one of these catty small-town gossips that every suburb is full of has told you this morning that I was seen

last night having dinner at the Claretton with a questionable-looking woman. I have told you that such was the case. I cannot tell you why I did it. Isn't it enough when I say that I had to do it? You have known me all your life. Can't you, won't you believe me and trust me? Must I, in order to keep your love, always be prepared to tell you everything I do, with a detailed reason and a diagram? Is that fair to me? Have I no rights in such case? Be reasonable, dearest—just that."

His troubled young voice fairly rang through the air, and in the silence that followed a little spray of the vine that shaded the veranda tapped anxiously against the pillar as if to emphasize his words.

Nora looked up at it absently before she spoke.

"I'm not clever like you, Barry. You make it sound very convincing. But you should be reasonable, too. It wasn't as if it were an ordinary dinner. It was the dinner where our engagement was to be announced. Think a little of what that meant to me. All my best friends were here. And everything was so lovely, Barry. Mother had filled the big silver bowl with pink roses and twined a garland of roses all round just inside the plates. And I had painted the place cards, you know. And then the favors, and the little pink roses with our—secret—in the center that were to be passed around—Why, I've prepared for this and looked forward to it as I couldn't have looked forward to anything else—except—our wedding day. Oh, I was so happy, so utterly, foolishly happy. I thought I was the happiest girl in the world. And then your message, so short, so blunt, telling me nothing but that you were not coming! I had to get through the evening somehow, but I don't know how I did it. Everybody was kind and left early, and Mother did all she could

to make things seem—not so awful. But it was a miserable failure all through. Still, I *wasn't* angry—just disappointed, that was all. And then Ella Keating—this morning—And you tell me it is true, but you won't say why. Have I no rights, Barry? Why, I'm your promised wife."

"Well, Nora," said Barry gravely, "what are you going to do about it? Are you going to trust me, or aren't you? Don't you love me enough to

trust my word, to trust me, even though your pride is wounded by a lot of silly gossip? I can't see why you put so much stress on what people will say. Why, women have got to trust men—that's all there is to it."

"I think," said Nora slowly, "that a man who really loved a woman would not hurt her by—by—questionable acts which he refused to explain. He would care for her too much to let her be the target of gossip and malicious talk. And I shouldn't care about the gossip if you would only tell me the truth about it all. I feel that I have a right to know. I can't understand it at all, Barry. It doesn't seem like the real you at all, the Barry that I love. You're just like a stranger to me when you do and say things like these."

"Well," said Barry doggedly, "we can go on talking like this forever, and get nowhere. It just comes down to this: do you love me enough to trust me, or not? If you don't trust me it's plain you don't love me."

"If you loved me, Barry," said Nora, "it seems to me you would trust me with your reasons for slighting and hurting me. Will you tell me just this—is it your own secret or someone else's?"

"I refuse to say," said Barry. "Take the situation as you find it, Nora. Do you love me enough to trust me through this, or not? Why, Nora, Nora,—you say I'm like a stranger to you when I talk like this—*you* seem like a stranger to me. Why I'd have banked on your trusting me through anything."

There was another long silence and the vine tendril tapped the pillar again. To the two tragic young things facing each other the minutes seemed an eternity of suffering.

Finally Barry spoke again, pleadingly, yet firmly:

"I'm going away now so that you can think about it, dear. Send me a little note as soon as you've decided. But remember that you must abide by your decision. If you can't trust me I'll never trouble you again. I can go out and take that Seattle job I've told you about. And if you decide that you love me enough to trust me, you must mean it. You mustn't say so and then try to bring this episode up again. Be as kind as you can, little girl." He gently took her hand and held it a moment. Then he was gone.

For a few moments Nora sat as he had left her, then, with a long sigh, walked slowly into the house and up to her room. She went to the window and stared out at the garden below. The fountain splashed musically in the sunlight, and in the door of the little bird house an ecstatic mite of a wren sang of summer and happiness. No answer there to her question. At last she turned and sat down at her desk and drew out pen and paper. Again she hesitated. She began a note, and tore it up. Then a second and third, but she was not satisfied. At last she wrote a brief message, not more than twenty words, blotted it, folded it, sealed it. It was ready. Without giving herself time to reconsider she put the stamp on it and ran down-stairs and out to the corner post box. As the letter slid into the narrow slit of the post box she tried to snatch it back—but too late. It was gone!

What had she written in that letter? How did she answer that age-long question of love and trust? What would YOU have written under such circumstances?

\$100 in Prizes

What kept Barry away from the dinner, and why would he not explain?

The following prizes will be awarded:

\$25.00 for the best answer
\$10.00 for the next best answer
\$10.00 for the third best answer
\$5.00 for the fourth best answer

CONDITIONS

1. No answer may contain more than 50 words.
2. Answers must be mailed on or before September 15th.
3. Answers must be addressed to "Nora," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Answers which do not comply with all these conditions will not be considered. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

What did Nora say in the letter she sent to Barry?

The following prizes will be awarded:

\$25.00 for the best letter
\$10.00 for the next best letter
\$10.00 for the third best letter
\$5.00 for the fourth best letter

CONDITIONS

1. No letter may contain more than 20 words.
2. Letters must be mailed on or before September 15th.
3. Letters must be addressed to "Barry," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Letters which do not comply with all the above conditions will not be considered. No letters can be acknowledged or returned.

The story of a girl who told the truth



She tried to be very calm, but her lips trembled. "I had to come home—to talk with you. . . . I don't understand . . . and I want to be told, now."

Merlin's Necklace

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

LAST PART

Lorna finds that "love-to-order" simply can't be done

LORNA could never recall very clearly what followed. Back in the dressing-room a maid found her cloak and guided her presently to a side entrance. Mrs. Chance had followed her swiftly.

"What is it? What did she say?"

But Lorna could only answer, "I want to go home, Aunt Nell. I must, I must talk to the Colonel."

In vain Mrs. Chance tried to dissuade her. She was compelled to make their excuses, and they started for West Court where the Chances were still staying. Lorna sat pale and rigid. It seemed to her they would never get home, never give her the chance to escape from this strange, monstrous, half-veiled accusation.

She had no thought of confiding in Mrs. Chance, in anyone else. Mrs. Haynes had spoken of the Colonel. She would obey literally. When he had explained away this sudden fearsome thing that she could not understand, only then would she lose the choking heaviness that had fallen on her. For, while her loyalty and faith in her father were untouched, she realized suddenly how helpless she was before a cunningy of this sort. There were so many things she did not understand; so much of her father's life that was still a closed book. She had taken it for granted that everything was right. Undoubtedly it was. But she had a right to know.

The Colonel, sitting in the library over his book, looked up suddenly to find her standing before him.

"Why—you're not back? What's the matter? I—Sit down, my dear. What is it?"

She tried to be very calm, but her lips trembled.

"I had to come home—to talk with you. She was all wrong, of course. . . . but I don't understand . . . and I want to be told, now."

"I don't understand."

She told him. She gave him Mrs. Haynes's suggestion verbatim. Some of the Colonel's ruddy color faded.

"Of course," she said impatiently, "it's all false. She—she was angry and—wouldn't forgive me. But I must know, Colonel Jim. How could I answer her?"

The Colonel had risen and begun to pace the floor. As he did not answer, her face changed.

"You don't mean—" She could barely speak. . . . "It can't be! There *wasn't* anything that—"

The Colonel groaned slightly. He felt like a surgeon about to use a knife. Then like a good soldier he went to the attack.

"I will tell you everything."

And before his gravity Lorna was filled with an unhappy premonition. She was very still as he began.

Twenty-six years before, Frank West's story had filled the newspapers of two continents. In the light of larger and more modern undertakings, his chief feat lost some of its color. Each generation has its own perspective, so that the story lost or gained something with the years. The Colonel told it kindly, as mercifully as he could.

Young West had been a man of unusual caliber. Had he sprung from a humbler walk of life, he

would, notwithstanding, have risen far with the gifts he possessed. But he was born to excellent social station, to wealth, to all the advantages of education. All this gave his talents unusual impetus. He had an audience ready-made. With ample means at command, he could express himself in a variety of ways. He had made his choice early. Where rich young men of his day "went in" for blooded horses, racing, or the understanding of the coming science of high finance, young West flew the flag of personal daring and adventure. He had become an explorer. The opening of secret and special places offered a particular joy. He had been but a boy when he had traveled with a daring Thibetan expedition, and with another to Africa.

As he grew older he did things for himself, and did them well. He had a fashion of disappearing for months at a time, and bobbing up with some new bit of territory tucked under his arm, so to speak. Gradually his name appeared here and there in scientific journals at home and abroad. He was made a member of the Explorers' Society and of the French Ethnological Academy. His tastes ran more or less to Ethnology. He was a very young man indeed, when he wrote a valuable monograph on Papuan origins. This got him more recognition. He did considerable writing, got a ribbon or two, was, in fact, well established as a coming scientist-explorer instead of a rich amateur.

And then—

"He was thirty years old," said the Colonel, "when—the last thing happened. He had had a very brilliant winter. . . . Been invited to Berlin to lecture before the societies there. . . . We knew he was preparing a fresh expedition, but he was reticent about it. Finally he went away. He was gone ten months. When he came back, he brought records of a new territory he had discovered in central Brazil, a territory rich beyond belief. His description of the diamond mines set people gasping—in a word he brought us what are now the famous San Uloa Diamond Fields. That was not all. He set the scientific world on fire. He had found records, rare and valuable to scientists, of untouched primitive peoples; he had found fauna and flora whose existence had never been suspected . . . and fossils of the early mammalian life that were worth

their weight in gold. He had careful maps and diagrams of it all . . . the Smithsonian has them now. The scientific side alone might never have brought so much notoriety, but it was new-found wealth. . . . Magazines, newspapers buzzed with it. I think even Frank had not expected such a furor. . . . He said that it had been, at the last, a trip of unparalleled hardship, performed with only two guides. Oh, they got him to write the full story . . . it glowed with the unusual, with incredible details. . . . There was the rare plant life he had seen . . . and he told of weird instances of tribal custom he had observed . . . stories of personal hardship and danger that were hair-raising. And the diamonds! Capitalists got together, negotiated for leases with the Brazilian Government. Contracts were prepared for dredging out the inaccessible rivers, opening the jungle paths. . . . Frank very willingly agreed to lead the way back. People went a little mad about it. And Frank was decorated and dined and fussed over, and, well, he was so young and attractive and romantically rich and eligible, he got to be a sort of social and newspaper god for a while . . ."

The Colonel was silent so long that Lorna, white-faced, intent, prompted him.

"But there was nothing in that—that was all honorable, wonderful. People should have been proud—just what was the trouble?"

"The trouble,"—he hesitated, then finished—"the trouble was that Frank had never been to such a place; that he had not found anything, had never been there. He'd never got beyond a little interior Brazilian mud-hole, an outpost of no importance whatever, where he was taken sick. Whatever may have been his plans . . . nothing came of them. He went down with a fever there and lay half dead with malaria for months. . . ."

"But it wasn't—it *was* really there?" she cried.

"Oh, yes. . . . his records were absolutely correct, indisputable. But—they were not his!"

Lorna looked at him, horrified.

"Oh, child,—it's hard telling!" the Colonel cried



"Why don't you dance with Percis?"

out. "As it all came out afterward—and we got the whole story—the records were made by a young Englishman named Atkinson, who had turned the whole trick, guides and all. It killed him. He was laid up coming out of the interior in the same village where your father lay sick. An old Spanish padre cared for them both. In spite of Atkinson's fever, he had enough wit to guard certain of his possessions most carefully. He insisted on some of his baggage, the records prob-

ably, being placed with him in the little room where he was sick. Your father's room opened into it—the whole place was only a thatch hut. Atkinson became very ill, delirious. He babbed constantly of strange things he had seen, strange places he had visited. The old priest thought it fever . . . but it must have been intelligible . . . your father was, must have been, convalescent. Atkinson was of necessity alone a great deal. . . . He died presently and they buried him, back there on the edge of the jungle."

"And you mean—? Oh, no!" the agony in Lorna's voice wrung the Colonel's heart.

"It's all beyond question now, my poor child. . . . We never knew exactly how the first shadow of doubt came about, perhaps friends of Atkinson traced him, anyway it came. Your father dismissed it contemptuously, but it persisted. About the same time two newspaper correspondents, fond of adventure, undertook to go back over your father's route. They stumbled on the old padre inadvertently and learned of your father's sickness. They got curious and talked things over. They heard of the other man, that he had left baggage behind, that your



On the floor at Lorna's feet fell an amazing mass of vegetables, like an agricultural libation

father had examined it and, afterward, had told the padre there was nothing of importance. Atkinson's kit was still there and they overhauled it. They found little, to be sure—but, one thing had been overlooked, a portion of his diary, some loose, blood-stained sheets, in one of his case-pockets! They had no trouble in reconstructing things. At that, it might have been hard to pit an unknown adventurer against your brilliant father, . . . but there were plenty to swear to your father's illness. And they found the two guides who verified Atkinson's record, identified his things. . . . Everything tailed. When the full story came out, it struck us dumb, and worst of all, your father could not face it! That settled it. We would have helped—but he dropped out. In a night! He slipped aboard a steamer and got away to France—from there to China—"The Colonel's voice was suddenly tired. "I've often wondered how it all happened. It must have been too great, the temptation. I'm sure he knew of the country, that his illness alone thwarted him. And then—the chance for the other thing. So easy to do it—so unlikely to be found out."

But Lorna was listening no longer. She had crumpled down in her chair and burst into wild sobbing.

"And I—believed in him so, . . . everything he said. Oh, it's cruel! And that woman was right! Oh, how shall I live now?"

The Colonel laid a gentle hand on her head.

"I'd give a great deal, child, if I had been less cowardly—that's the word—and told you sooner. I've meant to, ever since you came, and now this—this—someone else has forced our hand. Lorna, you mustn't take it too hard. You mustn't let it destroy your faith in your father. The man you knew, the boy I remember, had many, many virtues, many high ideals. No one of us is perfect, no one but has known temptation and yielded. And it all happened a great many years ago. Remember, we have known it all along and still loved the man we knew. Will you do less?"

He talked to her long and tenderly, and presently, when she had cried part of her poignant grief away, she said:

"I—I don't know what to do, how I'll live without—the father I thought I had. Perhaps, after while—it isn't as if he wronged himself alone, he wronged me, too. He—he kept me from being educated, and he taught me to be ridiculous. I can't forgive him that. I can see now how ridiculous I must be. . . . I and my necklace." Her voice was scornful.

"Perhaps he may have wanted to atone through you," said the Colonel. "Perhaps if you can forgive him, you can help him in his wish—"

But Lorna with the bitterness of youth denied it:

"I can never look at people again. And I'll never, never wear my necklace! It doesn't matter what happens to me."

In her first reaction, she was very tragic, very definite. But time would heal some of her sorrow—would help her to a readjustment, the Colonel thought. Already, though neither knew it, their world was undergoing a change of heart. The story of Lorna's encounter with Mrs. Haynes, her bungled apology, the woman's swift revenge, most of all, Lorna's ignorance, and her hurt departure, got about very swiftly. Mrs. Haynes had never been popular, and in a trice the tide of neighborhood feeling was turned for poor Lorna.

"That poor little Miss West never knew a thing about her father. Think of it! And when she went to the party—her first party, too, Sally Haynes gave it all away to her. . . . It almost broke her heart. . . ."

In a few days what months of patience could not have accomplished was achieved. People began to call at West Court, to make overtures toward the girl, to show a silent, friendly sympathy for her.

At first Lorna refused to see anyone, but presently youth came into its own and she emerged from her seclusion, a shy, new-fledged, pathetically grateful young creature. And people found it strangely easy to love her. Those who had never met her wondered how rumor could ever have made her so formidable a person. There was no trace here of the cruelly candid young person of hearsay. Here was only a gentle and very sweet, quiet-mannered girl who seemed to speak very little, and even then to hesitate slightly before she spoke. They could not know that Lorna had suffered a deep and poignant change, that she had achieved a new and wholly different aspect on life, that she was clinging to her resolve to lay aside her "necklace."

"Except to a few people," she told Morton Amory, "I shall try to forget it. It won't be easy, when I've worn it all my life. But I'll do as you said—keep it for my dearest friends."

"And you're going to count me in?" he suggested huskily. She looked startled. "Oh, yes! Why, you're one of the very best."

It was going to be hard work for her, but she would win success in the end. She would never be

given to the petty fibs and evasions of the average woman, never be less than warmly sincere—but she could at least set "a watch on her lips." The result was more than happy. It was impossible not to feel the truth, the sincerity, of her nature, even when she no longer barbed her speeches, and she began to make many friends.

"So everything is coming right," said Mrs. Chance, "except for the Schlegel person."

His status remained the same and no one dared to interfere. Once, when she had fallen into a long silence after one of the letters, Amory suggested:



He sang well a number of romantic songs which displayed his sentimental powers charmingly

"Mr. Schlegel does not seem to feel much anxiety about possible rivals?"

She looked at him gravely, a little pale.

"There is no need. I've promised him, and he believes me."

"But—but these things are not always irrevocable."

"This is. One member of the family shall be true to his word—" Her lips trembled.

"But there's no need to be a scapegoat for the sins of others," he said.

"Victor knows I'll keep my word. I've said so. I—I want to." And Amory had to be content.

A week later an incident occurred that threw new light on Mr. Schlegel. Taking leave of Lorna one day in the hall at West Court, Amory came upon a stout old German who stood talking in the doorway with the servant. He was a clean, ruddy-faced old peasant type in immaculate blue working clothes stooping beneath a bulging bag. Amory recognized him as an old truck farmer who served his mother and other Eastbury people with vegetables.

"Hello, Hans," he said, "aren't you lost? This isn't your door."

"He insists he must see Miss West here, sir. He says he has not come to sell to the housekeeper, sir," the servant spoke stiffly, barring the way.

Lorna came forward quickly. "I'll see him, James," she said. "You may go."

The old German bowed very low to her and lowered his bag to the floor.

"It is Miss West—the *gnädige Fräulein*?" he asked respectfully.

"I am Miss West. But I do not choose the vegetables, Mrs. Hopkins buys them."

"I haf nod come to sell dis time. I haf come to make only der token of respect, to bring der offering to *die gnädige Fräulein*."

He wiped his red face with a redder handkerchief, then, stooping, unfastened his bag.

On the floor at Lorna's feet fell an amazing mass of vegetables, like an agricultural libation. They were all in holiday dress, scrubbed and polished for a parlor entrance—cabbages, cauliflower and all their brothers of the field.

"If Miss West vill see—if she vill accept—" The old foster father bent over them lovingly. "I haf brought only my best, such ones you can not in der market get—prize ones." He held aloft a huge, perfect purple cabbage. "See! Dis is der Franz Wilhelm III—*schön-und-erbar*. For him I get der blue ribbon at der fair dis year, and for dese garrots, a blue auch. Here, too, King Ireland, der white onion, for him a red one—next year, a blue, Gott help! Red also, two more, for die beets und honorable mention for die others all."

He looked at her, flushed with pride, above a fruitless cluster of celery. "If *die Fräulein* vill accept."

Amory swallowed his laughter behind his hand.

"I—I thank you," gasped Lorna, "they are wonderful."

"Dey are not goot enough for *die Fräulein*," he said humbly, "who vill so honor us. Aber it iss die best I can. So I make der offering. Afterward—I retire myself away. I know my place. I keep it all by myself . . . as Victor wants—"

"Victor!" Comedy had passed from the situation.

"My Lottchen's boy, whom *die Fräulein* vill marry,

Victor Schlegel!" The old German paused expectantly.

"You—you are telling me you know Mr. Schlegel?"

"I am his *grossvater*. Ja. Last week it comes a letter saying soon he is to wed *die Fräulein*. Wonderful it is—the Fräulein should do it. Fife and twenty years ago I sell der vegetable—der cabbage, der potato, der Brussels sprout, to der Vest Court, and now I haf my Lottchen's boy to marry from it. A great deal of money I haf spend on Victor. First that he may go by der business school to be educate und afterward because he stays not long by his places. Aber now it iss all right, und I am glad I helped him so. He did not want that I should efer come, that I should show meinsel, aber dot iss not right. I haf helped him moech, und for my Lottchen's sake I come to pay der mark of respect. His *grossmutter* und I haf worked hard for him—aber ve haf not moech seen him lately. He goes away to foreign countries and twice only do ve hear, Christmas and birs'days he send his address. Aber he iss not a bad boy, Victor. A little too moech he likes to take it easy, to spend mebbe a little too much; but noo—he vill yet make a goot husband—"

"Oh!" cried Lorna bewildered, "you must be making a mistake. I do not think we know the same person. My—Mr. Schlegel has told me he has no kin in America, only some noble relatives in Germany."

Old Hans did not answer at once. He fumbled in his blouse and produced a letter, a familiar black scrawl the others recognized.

"From Victor," he said. "He vorks mit der consul at Canton." He looked troubled. "Perhaps it iss a mistake I haf made. We are not fine folk . . . Victor has thought so . . . he cares not so moech for us. But he has no one else, Fräulein—no nobles in Deutschland, though dot makes a goot sound. Und I came not to make trouble. I would not for *die Fräulein*—" He looked at Lorna with both dignity and humility.

"Why, you were *right* to come," the girl's voice trembled slightly. "I'm glad you came. . . . I think you're a nice old man . . . and—and you raise lovely vegetables."

"Ja, ja," he was happy again, bending over his beloved produce.

"I'll ring and have these removed and—and you must come in and rest—and have a talk—"

But the old man declined. He took himself off with numberless respectful bows.

Amory started to follow him. As he did so, his foot struck the great purple cabbage and spun it across the room.

Lorna turned to him hotly: "Oh, do you think I would let a cabbage make any difference?"

"I think you know it isn't the cabbage itself that matters," said Amory sharply.

The two young people faced each other.

"No," said Lorna, her lips quivering. "It's *hiding* the cabbage that matters. Oh, I know what you think—but I sha'n't do it. He may have had excellent reasons—Mr. Schlegel—for not telling. I—besides, it wouldn't make any difference. Oh, I know you don't like him—"

"I've never stated my opinion of Mr. Schlegel,"—he drew his breath in sharply—"though I'd—I'd enjoy doing it."

"It wouldn't matter," said Lorna. "I'll keep my word. I'll never make him unhappy."

For the first time it seemed to Amory that the thing was irrevocable, that the girl really meant to carry it through, and by token of the strange misery at his heart he understood what it would mean to him.

A week later he left on his annual European trip. He was gone three months, during which he had several notes and post cards from Lorna. She had reached words of three syllables and was able to manage all her correspondence now. And the thought that he was no longer needed and would never share her correspondence brought [CONTINUED ON PAGE 34]



Suddenly she sat very erect. Had she heard her name?

The Newest Motion Picture Star

Geraldine Farrar, lovely and gifted, is now to appear in "Better Films"

By HELEN DUEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: The COMPANION's movement for Better Films was started in the March issue. No attempt has been made to create a censorship. The purpose of the campaign was defined in the preliminary announcement, printed in the February number, as "the encouragement of better films."

Every month a list has been given of recently released films that in the opinion of the Editors are worth seeing. It is not claimed that all these films are as good as we think they ought to be. Doubtless many of them fall short of their producers' aims and ideals. They are all, however, well in advance of the average production, and many of them reach a very high degree of excellence. An effort has been made throughout to avoid destructive criticism, and to throw the influence of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION toward encouraging the companies to produce high grade films and the public to demand these films and support the theatres which show them.

In connection with the Better Films campaign certain information has been compiled for the convenience of COMPANION readers, and will be sent on request. This information is listed on page 39.

AS GERALDINE FARRAR says: "You have heard of Jenny Lind all your life—her exquisite voice and her sweet self. What would you not give to hear her sing, even on the phonograph, or to see her smile, even though on a motion picture screen? But she was born too soon."

Miss Farrar has come at the right time. In the full flower of her lovely voice, her dramatic grace and her charming beauty, she looks to the perfected camera as well as to the phonograph to preserve these gifts for her friends.

The advent of the operatic favorite into the motion picture world sounds the high note of artistic achievement toward which the whole industry has been moving this past winter. That Miss Farrar should at last consent to be filmed signifies that the oldest art now recognizes this new art as a distinct type of dramatic expression. This is because the film has overcome its earlier handicaps through higher intelligence in directing, in perfected photography, and unlimited resources.

One by one the leading actresses of the legitimate drama have entered the motion picture world, attracted not alone by the amazing salaries paid, but by the conviction that the screen gives certain dramatic opportunities that even the stage does not.

But love of art and a high salary are not the only inducements which have brought nearly all of the successful actresses and actors into this new industry. To have the regular weekly "ghost-walk" (as theatrical people call pay day) during the rehearsal of a picture play as well as during the actual filming of it is a unique experience in the life of even a star. Moreover, in case of yearly contract, the actors are paid fifty-two weeks in the year. Even popular stage stars do not average six months of work a year. Dur-



Geraldine Farrar: the film is to show her in her greatest rôles

YOU, my friends, are divided into two classes, you whom I know and you who know me.

Most of the friends who know me came close to me because of the phonograph—that imperishable record of the opera singer's fleeting art.

But to you in the thousands of small towns and to many of you in the big cities I am but the voice, an elusive being—no visible personality.

It is because I want to come closer to you in reality that I have taken up that other imperishable record—the motion picture. I want to record my work as an actress in "Madame Butterfly," "The Goose Girl," "Carmen," as well as my singing. I want to give you these records now, while youth smiles upon me. Who can tell when such fragile gifts shall fade away and crumble?

Geraldine Farrar

ing the other six months, rehearsing included, they are financially responsible for themselves.

The privilege of seeing the sunrise, of enjoying bracing breezes, healthful outdoor work, and going to bed early are luxuries unknown to the average stage favorite. She may be forced to make her way over dangerous rocky mountain paths until she ends her day's work at sunset dangling over a precipice on a thin rope, but this, to many young enthusiasts, is not work, it is a fascinating adventure.

Better still, the actor need not worry about lines or cues. He can react naturally to the emotions created by the scene. He can fill himself with the ideas he is seeking to interpret, and not with the combination of words prepared for him by someone else. His stage artificiality slips off like a tinsel garment.

But, on the other hand, there are severe exactions. The actor must work untiringly, sometimes even risking life or limb for the sake of an extra thrill. A dainty Broadway favorite, intoxicated by the daring of it all, sometimes amazes herself. Once she finds her courage she is completely fascinated by it.

From the point of view of the spectator the privilege of seeing great art for a small sum is inestimable. The woman in the small village gladly pays her nickel or dime to see Sarah Bernhardt as "Queen Elizabeth." That, by the way, was the initial move in bringing great actors before a world audience by means of the film.

"So this is the Divine Sarah we hear so much about," comments Mrs. Surburban. "Well, she is lots older than I thought. But isn't she graceful! And what fire! She certainly can act!"

The dime has brought to this out-of-the-way village a great actress who could not possibly come in person. The film patron is pleased because she feels she has received a bit of the city's opportunity for culture, as well as gratified her curiosity about a wonderful woman.

Marguerite Clark with her flowerlike face leaped into instant film popularity, greater even than her stage success. Free from mannerisms, and of an exceedingly pliable nature, she easily adapted herself to this very different art.

Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus," Ethel Barrymore in "The Nightingale," Florence Reed in "The Dancing Girl," Hazel Dawn in "Niobe," Irene Fenwick in "The Commuters," are some of those who entered the film world last winter.

Then came Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Governor's Lady," Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City," Olga Petrova in "The Heart of a Painted Woman," Valli-Valli in "The High Road," and others.

At the present time Viola Allen, Blanche Walsh, Julia Dean, Charlotte Walker, Olive Wyndham, Laura Hope Crews, Jane Grey, Anne Murdock, Fannie Ward, Helen Ware, and many other favorites of the legitimate stage are trying their first venture in motion pictures. The product of their new experiences will soon appear, and it will be interesting to note who "screens well" and who does not—who is adaptable, and who is not.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

to its readers by the Editors of the Woman's Home Companion

FEATURES

GHOSTS, Mutual-Masterpicture: Based on Ibsen's powerful drama, with Henry Walthal as the unfortunate Oswald, the victim of heredity. A wonderful picture study for mature minds.

THE WOMAN, Lasky-Paramount: This pictures a phase of American politics none too pleasant but full of thrilling interest. The character work, settings and photography are most commendable.

THE MIDDLE MAN, London-Metro: Melodrama with a sound moral. Excellent emotional work by Albert Chevalier. The settings and photography are especially good.

THE PLUNDERER, Fox: A gripping drama of western life, with William Farnum as a splendid hero.

FANCHON THE CRICKET, Famous-Paramount: A very pretty dramatic story based on Georges Sand's novel and featuring Mary Pickford as the fascinating little harum-scarum who wants to be loved.

CHILD OF GOD, Mutual-Masterpicture: A gripping story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, of the regeneration of a wild Westerner. Strong moral. Good detail work and fine photography.

BUILDER OF BRIDGES, World: Some remarkable bridge-building scenes make this film interesting. The story is commonplace, but the builder himself is unusual.

WHO'S WHO IN SOCIETY, Kleine: An entertaining comedy of the familiar newly-rich family, with the bogus Duke and the love-making detective.

BETTY IN SEARCH OF A THRILL, Bosworth-Paramount: A pretty little story built around Elsie Janis's attractive art.

LITTLE SUNSET, Bosworth-Paramount: A lively story, especially appealing to baseball enthusiasts big and little. A self-confident small boy supplies the heart interest.

THE ABSENTEE, Mutual-Masterpicture: An interesting allegorical interpretation of the present-day strife between labor and capital. A new kind of film development.

THE BUTTERFLY, World: Entertaining picture based on the story of a pretty dancer and a mystery. Barbara Tennant does good work.

GOD'S WITNESS, Mutual-Masterpicture: A melodrama based on Augusta Evans Wilson's novel, "At the Mercy of Tiberius." Clear photography.

CAPTAIN KLEINSCHMIDT'S ARCTIC HUNTS, State Rights: An excellent study of animal life in the frozen lands. Some amazing close views of animals.

CAPTAIN MACKLIN, Mutual-Masterpicture: The exciting adventure of a dismissed West Point man in a South American republic. Good horsemanship.

STRATHMORE, Mutual-Masterpicture: Lovers of Ouida's novel will like this interesting melodrama of the period of hoop skirts and duels.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ, Famous-Paramount: A charming version of the play Maude Adams made popular, with Marguerite Clark in the title rôle.

STOLEN GOODS, Lasky-Paramount: A thrilling romance of the present war, with Blanche Sweet doing excellent emotional work.

LADY MACKENZIE'S BIG GAME PICTURES, State Rights: A splendid film, taken in Africa, with remarkable animal studies.

THE WHITE TERROR, Universal: A propaganda film made at the instigation of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

THE TEST, Edison: A fairly good melodrama of modern life.

OTHER FEATURE FILMS, as well as a list of Recommended Specials, will be found on Page 39.

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"High prices do not necessarily mean high living"—H. C. OF L. PROVERB NO. 5

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY of a woman who is trying to get the full value of the effort and money she puts into her household expenditures. So far she has investigated the Housewives League and the Municipal Markets of New York, the Brooklyn Market Club, the Chicago Clean Food Club, Housewives Coöperative League of Cincinnati, the various coöperative organizations in New England, and the Coöperative Store at Montclair, New Jersey. In this "Adventure" she finds out a great deal about coöperative kitchens.

MRS. LARRY, her chin cupped in her slim, competent hand, gazed at the toe of her bronze slipper. A smile played round her lips and brightened her eyes.

Mr. Larry, leaning back in his favorite chair, studied her with the satisfaction of a man who has found matrimony a success, and is eager to blazon the fact to all the world.

"Well,—and what of to-day's Adventure in Thrift?" he asked.

"Oh, Larry, it ended in such a mess!" she answered, leaning forward, her hands clasped about her knees. "Teresa Moore, Mrs. Norton and I started the day with a perfectly wonderful trip through the Montclair Coöperative Store. Then, because we did not realize that we had taken in about all the information we could absorb at one time, we went chasing off to see a coöperative kitchen and a training school for housemaids—"

She stopped abruptly, and resumed her study of the beaded bronze slipper.

"And then?" prompted Mr. Larry in exactly the tone which he knew would bring a response.

"Oh, Larry," she sighed, "I'm afraid I'm a little silly! I can't rise to the heights of coöperation and the good of the greatest number and all that sort of thing. Moreover, if I keep on investigating the attempts of my own sex to solve the high-cost-of-living problem, I shall develop into an out and out—anti-suffragist. If we women cannot decide and solve the economic problems in our own pantries and kitchens, what right have we to meddle with state and national economies?"

Mr. Larry flung back his head and laughed with delight.

"My dear girl," he announced consolingly, "if every man who had shown himself incompetent to direct the finances of his family and his business were deprived of the ballot, the voting list in this city would be cut down about three fourths. But how does this bear on your trip to Montclair?"

"Oh, in lots of ways," replied Mrs. Larry firmly. "Now about the kitchen. You see, dear, there is so much waste for families like ours, who buy in small quantities. And there is waste in service when each family keeps a maid in a small apartment like this. That's why Teresa Moore said we really ought to see the Montclair Coöperative Kitchen. Now suppose that she and I had adjoining apartments. Suppose we had one maid between us instead of two, and that the marketing was done simultaneously for both families in larger quantities, and the cooking and serving were done in either her apartment or mine for both families, see?"

Mr. Larry looked alarmed.

"I see, but I don't care for it. I like Teresa—in small doses—but I do not relish the idea of eating my meals with her three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. A man chooses the woman who's to sit opposite him at table because he loves her, not for economic reasons. If this is what your investigations are leading to, we'll quit here and now. Of course I don't want to interfere with your friendship with Teresa, but—"

"Larry, Larry," chortled his wife, "do run down a minute or two and let me explain. I was only leading up to our Montclair experience by presenting a hypothetical case, as the lawyers do—"

"Oh, if it's only that—" said the mollified Mr. Larry, settling down once more to listen.

"And anyhow," pursued his wife, "you wouldn't have to sit opposite anybody but me. We'd have a table of our own, one for each family."

"Like a high-class boarding house, I suppose, with near-silk candle shades and a bargain counter fern dish in near-silver—"

"But you don't have to go to the coöperative kitchen if you don't want to; you can have your meals sent piping hot by paying a little more, and even a trim maid to serve the dinner for you," finished Mrs. Larry in triumph.

"Fine! And if you wanted a second helping of mashed potatoes, I suppose the trim little maid would trip down three blocks, then due west two blocks and bring it back on the run. Great on a rainy night. And



"When she and her husband came home, there would be the family dinner, sitting on the back step in its little thermos stove"

suppose that I didn't like onions in my turkey stuffing, but that Teresa's husband did, who would win?"

Mrs. Larry shook her head at him.

"That's why coöperative kitchens fail. You men will have the kind of bread your mother used to bake—"

"No, the kind of pie my wife makes, lemon with meringue this high. Do you think there's a coöperative kitchen on earth who can bake a pie like yours?"

"But you can't save a lot of money and have just what you want to eat, Larry dear."

"All right, then, we'll save a little less. Digestion is an important factor in efficiency." He said this with a twinkle in his eye, and then turned sober. "You see, my dear, several years before I married you, I yielded to the importunities of a chap who went in for this sort of thing. He dragged me out to live in a coöperative home established by Upton Sinclair in Jersey, Halcyon Hall, they called it. My word, such a site, on top of a mountain with the world at your feet! And such a mansion, with a pipe organ and huge fireplaces! And then such rules of organization with the running of the plant neatly divided among us! . . ."

"One woman tended all the babies, another did all the cooking. She was a dietitian with a diploma, but she was no cook. To save steps the food was run in from the kitchen to the dining-room on a sort of miniature railway. Sometimes it stuck, and then everybody with a mechanical turn of mind rushed from the table to pry it loose. Of course by the time you got your soup or gravy, it was cold, but, never mind, the railroad was in working order again, and nobody would have to walk from kitchen to dining-room!"

"Larry! You are hopeless!"

"So was this plan. I dropped my board money and ran for my life—literally, because the man whose specialty was engineering let something go amiss with the furnace he had in charge, and the whole place burned to the ground one frosty night. Several of the 'colonists' were severely injured, one claims that she has never fully recovered her health. But of course such troubles would not overtake a coöperative kitchen. That is a simpler proposition, so go ahead with your story and I promise not to interrupt."

"Well, the enterprise is not quite a year old—it was started by Mrs. H. A. Leonhauser, wife of a retired army officer, who had lived in all sorts of countries and posts and barracks and things, so she knew the economy of coöperative living."

"We found the kitchen conveniently located at Valley Road and Mountainview Place. You never did see such a wonderful equipment of ranges and sinks and tables and cooking utensils, outside of a hotel kitchen. There was everything to do with and so much room to do it in. There are times, dear, when an apartment house kitchen does get on one's nerves—it's like going round and round in a squirrel cage."

"Well, everything started out beautifully—"

"This morning?" queried Mr. Larry.

"No, last November, when the kitchen opened. Only the humblest helpers were what you might call servants. Everybody else had degrees and letters after their names. The making of the menus and the balancing of the food values were done by a graduate dietitian. A woman who had made efficiency a study

was appointed as general housekeeper and she looked after the preparation and serving of the meals."

"Who cooked them?"

"Why, the dietitian, of course. Then a graduate in domestic science looked after the real economics, figuring costs and specifying what prices should be paid."

"Any of these ladies ever been married or kept house?"

"Now, Larry, that is horrid! The idea was so to arrange meals that everyone would be satisfied."

"Impossible?"

"By that, I mean different menus would be arranged to suit the incomes of different stockholders. Even if you wanted a vegetarian diet, it would be supplied. If you wanted to have your meals in the dining-room attached to the kitchen, there would be a *table d'hôte*."

Mr. Larry groaned.

"French or Italian?"

"American, of course; and if you didn't want to come to the kitchen, your dinner was to be sent to your home in a sort of thermos stove. The *table d'hôte*, price fifty cents, was to include a soup, a roast, a vegetable, a salad, a dessert and coffee. Every day a post-card folder was to be mailed subscribers, with the dishes to be served the next day, all prices marked for *à la carte* service. The housekeeper selected her menu in the morning, sent it to the kitchen, and then was free to go to town for shopping or a *matinée*. When she and her husband came home, there would be the family dinner, sitting on the back step in its little thermos stove!"

"But did it?"

"Did it what?" asked Mrs. Larry.

"Did it ever sit, waiting on the back step for its subscribers, stockholders or whatever you call them? Did the kitchen ever really live up to the promises in its prospectus? Did you meet any coöperator who has saved time, trouble and money by and through that kitchen? Any one with an imagination can write a prospectus. What were they doing in that kitchen to-day?"

"Well, now that was just the difficult phase of our investigation. They seemed to be reorganizing. A very clever young woman, Miss Helen Siegle, has recently been placed in charge as manager. She was most courteous, but—er—evasive. There was so much to be done, she said—but the prospects of ultimate success were excellent. She did not criticize past management, but somehow you felt that things had not gone just so—you know what I mean."

"Yes, the way we fellows felt at the club last January when we said what a fine year's work the house committee had done, and all the time were pulling wires to get in an entirely new committee to look after things this year."

"Larry, you certainly are a most understanding person. Miss Siegle took us all over the plant, but she did not tell us much about her own plans. She really seemed to have her hands and her mind pretty full."

"I should say so—think of trying to please each and every stockholder, irrespective of different nationalities, digestions and former condition of servitude to mother's cakes and pies! But, to sum it up, you really did not secure any practical suggestions from the kitchen?"

"No," admitted Mrs. Larry reluctantly, "we didn't see it in operation. But the idea is wonderful, if you could just get the right person to put it in operation."

"If you found her, one of the bachelor stockholders would promptly marry her, and that would settle it. And so from the kitchen you went to the school for housemaids?"

"No, Larry, we did not. Teresa telephoned one of the ladies interested in the school, and she was getting ready to go to a tea, but said if we would telephone Mrs. Somebody else, she would be delighted—"

"If she didn't happen to have a tea on hand also?"

"So then we all suddenly decided that we wanted to come home. Teresa remembered an appointment with her tailor—you know they're going to take the Panama trip, don't you? And Mrs. Morton wanted to fill in her dinner set at a china sale, and I . . . well, Larry, I had the funniest sinking sensation when I happened to remember that I'd been away from the children almost five hours. So we ran like mad to catch the next train."

"A fine, dignified trio of investigators you are! Now, what did you learn as the reward of your trip? Just tell me that!"

"I learned that I'd rather have a real steak from my own broiler than a thermos stove on my back step."

"Good little wife! And as a reward for that sensible answer, you shall read this letter, which may or may not confirm your findings."

Mr. Larry drew a bulky envelope from his pocket, slit it open and tossed the contents in Mrs. Larry's lap.

"You see, my dear, I have an old friend living in Carthage, Missouri, where once a very successful coöperative kitchen flourished. He and his wife were stockholders, but dropped out. I asked him to tell me why, and here is the letter in reply."

"No, it's from his wife, and oh, what pains she has taken! Just listen:

"MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. LARRY:

"It is so nice to have an excuse to write to one of my husband's old classmates and to his wife. So let us talk together as if you were here in our living-room instead of several thousand miles away."

"If you were to ask anyone [CONTINUED ON PAGE 35]

Our Air Castle

By L. H. SKINNER

THE year 1913 found my wife and me living on the third floor of a large dwelling house in the business section of the city. We had moved there to save rent, a plan which worked out splendidly until warm weather arrived.

We had long been desirous of owning a suburban home, and to that end had purchased a large building lot bordering on a beautiful river within the five-cent car limit. A house was then out of the question, so we consulted a reliable contractor on the cost of a summer cottage. Even this proved too expensive. But we were still unwilling to abandon the idea, and although I was not much of an architect or carpenter I developed what natural resources I had and made a sketch of a summer camp to be fastened to four trees conveniently situated. I ordered the lumber, and on July Fourth, with the help of a friend, the floor was laid. That night we slept on this platform under the starry roof. In a few days I had the camp well under way, working evenings and Saturday afternoons. In a short time we were well protected from storms and wind, and the beautiful foliage shielded us from the blistering sun.

My spare time the first summer was mostly spent in making conveniences, such as clothes closets, pantry, and dish cupboards. During that season we depended on a camp fire for cooking, using driftwood for fuel.

The second season started much earlier, beginning on May 30th and lasting until October 4th. It was the most enjoyable four months of our existence. Here is a description of the camp: Size 9 x 13 feet inside, floor 11 feet from the ground, fastened to four trees used as corner posts.

Clothes closets and pantry are at one end, dish closet and small cook stove, added last year, at the other. It is surrounded on three sides by enclosed railing, giving it the appearance of an enclosed porch. It has a gable roof covered with the best grade of felt roofing material.

The furnishings are: Small folding table, folding cot beds, rocking chair, arm chair, two folding camp chairs, and a dining table, which when not in use is placed against the railing out of the way. Adjustable awnings between railing and roof can be raised or lowered at will. Stairs with hand rail lead to the ground.

Last season I developed a vegetable garden which furnished us with what vegetables we needed, also a surplus which we sold to tent campers near by, netting us about fifteen dollars, besides a good supply of winter vegetables and canned goods.

The winter seems shorter and life seems more worth-while because we can look forward to a return of our next long vacation at so small a cost with no loss of time at business. Material for the camp was approximately fifty dollars.

A Ten-Dollar Vacation

By ELINOR BROWN

THERE was one time in my life that I wished to be a man, and walk into the living-room and announce to my family: "I am leaving on the tenth to take my vacation." But, alas and alas! Nature decided I was to be the "weaker vessel," so I am the mother of five and the wife of *Oue*, consequently must stay at home.

The "Man of the Hour" did take his vacation in July—cost him eighty dollars. So She (I don't allow anyone else to call me "She") took things in her own hands.

A mile from the courthouse there lived a good friend in an old-fashioned farmhouse on the mountainside. I drove out to see her, told no one where or why I was going, asked her if I could bring my family, my husband included (you see I was more thoughtful than he), and camp on her grounds a month. I talked real fast, so she wouldn't have time to refuse, told her I would buy eggs, butter, milk, chickens, fresh buttermilk and vegetables from her.

I arranged for a gallon of sweet milk every night, 20 cents a gallon; four dozen eggs a week at 12 cents a dozen; buttermilk, 10 cents a gallon; frying chickens 25 and 30 cents a head (not a pound, if you please); potatoes, tomatoes and cantaloupes when we needed them.

I was so full of joy I really think I flew home.

After supper, when everyone was settled on the veranda, I announced we were all going on "our vacation" the first of August. It was extremely impolite the way they all laughed. Of course the husband said: "We cannot afford it this summer, my dear, for the street taxes and the house insurance are due." I knew beforehand what was coming, so I said: "You can spare ten dollars, can't you?"

Real Vacations for Little Money

The children all laughed, wondering where I would take a family of seven on ten dollars.

I told them we were not going to any famous summer resort, just a lovely camp with our own cook, tents, cots, coal-oil stove, and horse and buggy. (Fortunately we had all these things already.) The man said: "If you can take the family camping on ten dollars I'll give you five."

I engaged a man with a big wagon and strong team to haul the things out for us—and back again—for ten dollars. I made out a list of all groceries needed, took white oilcloth to cover the boards for the table, made gingham pillow cases, and bought a hundred paper napkins.

When we broke camp everyone was sorry, even the friend who loaned us her yard. We paid her a goodly sum for her produce, our grocery bill was ten dollars less than when we were at home, everyone had a good time, and I had a five-dollar bill.

Resting Tired Nerves

By LEE McCRAE

A LADY whose semi-professional work kept her almost constantly with people was rapidly succumbing to nervous prostration. But she had a wise friend—

a very wise friend—who sent her this note one day:

MY DEAR MISS —:

We are both overburdened and about to collapse from sheer weariness—from the nerve-racking noises of the street and the insistent chatter of worrisome people. We need air, rest, and silence. So I am coming in my little motor car at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon to take you into the country for a two-hours drive. And from the moment you are seated until you step out of the machine let us not utter a word. If this meets your approval and convenience kindly let me know.

Yours for a respite,

They went. Not a sound was uttered by either during the entire trip. Each settled down in her cushions with sighs of relief and content and with a sense of abandon impossible in sustained conversation. The very feeling that there was to be no interruption of the silence gave it a restfulness that cannot be while one is involuntarily listening for sounds. The mere expectation troubles a supersensitive woman with nerves overtaxed.

But the car rolled on as quietly as though it carried deaf-mutes.

When they stopped before the guest's home, she wheeled about, exclaiming:

"Your idea was an inspiration—just what I needed!"

"And I too! Let's go again!"



Our "Castle in the Air" is well protected from storms and blistering sun



The camp is fastened to four trees



Our dish closet and small cook stove are at one end of the room

It Pays to Picnic

By EMMA SANDERSON

LAST summer our family had no regular vacation trip, but we substituted for it a great many single-day outings. From June to late October we went off in the country in different directions just as often as the head of the family could spare a day from business, and it is impossible to overestimate the pleasure and restfulness of these days spent in the open. After a few experiences we became experts on "going picky," as our youngest member called it.

We were fortunate in having a little second-hand five-passenger car, which carried us many miles to woods and lake.

We kept our picnic outfit always ready for use. It consisted of a coffee pot, a small light frying pan, two pie tins to hold the cooked food, a cup, knife, fork and shiny tin plate apiece, paper napkins, and a couple of long-handled, two-tined forks for cooking. In addition, we carried matches and a small grate which rested on four legs. Ours was the ash grate of an old-fashioned coal fireplace.

We all agreed that our very best dinner was the following: bacon cooked to a delicate crispness in the frying pan, then removed to one of the pie tins to keep hot; potatoes pared and sliced thin, poured into the bacon fat, which is kept very hot and soon browns them; then, after the potatoes are lifted out, fried chicken. The chicken was steamed tender the day before and cut in pieces. By the time these were browned and crisp and hot the coffee was boiled and the sandwiches set out.

Sometimes into the bacon fat were sliced firm, ripe tomatoes. Sometimes we made a delicious omelet by preparing a mixture at home. Beat six eggs, add three table-spoonfuls of milk and a little pepper. Carry in a glass jar with a clamp top, then shake and pour into frying pan.

When the sultry days came on, and a camp fire offered no attraction, we left our utensils at home and carried cold lunches to our picnics. Again chicken, cold and sliced in appetizing pieces, was our dinner *de luxe*. Sometimes we took cold meat loaf, sometimes a salad of potato, onion and cucumber, diced, dressed and put in a glass jar at home. Baking powder biscuits rolled thin and baked, then split when cold and spread with sandwich mixtures, are wonderfully good. For the hot dinners, we prepare only bread and butter sandwiches. For the cold ones there are endless mixtures.

Another point which experience has taught us is how to select our guests. It is surprising how camp life will reveal unexpected traits of character and a charming drawing-room friend will turn into a dead weight while the fire is being built! But there was always an extra place in our car for the girl who never was afraid it was going to rain, could turn bacon without injury, could lift the baby over a stone, and, above all, had a love of the open road.

Our Gypsy Vacation

By J. R. VEDDER

A VACATION for a woman with six small children and a flat pocketbook seemed a visionary scheme, but we found a practical solution.

Father rigged out the long stout market wagon with a small cupboard on the back for food and cooking utensils, two mattresses with blankets and pillows in the bottom, tied a small tent, pails, etc., underneath, put books on the braces for raincoats and outside garments. Under the seat went a steamer trunk which contained plenty of changes of wearing apparel, such as they were, and a medicine case with outfit for first aid to the wounded. Heavy side curtains could be fastened down when necessary.

A short brown denim skirt, shirtwaist, lined hunting boots and soft felt hat composed my costume. The children wore rompers and overalls, and their father resembled a cross between a cowboy and a motor cycle rider. When the old dog signified his intention of following behind the wagon the gypsy outfit seemed complete.

We decided upon mountain air, and jogged leisurely along from village to village, buying supplies for man and beast as needed, camping at night in some obliging farmer's pasture lot; the younger babies and I slept on the mattresses in the wagon, the others occupied the tent.

On Sundays we stopped near some village, all hands attending church in clothes clean but identical with those worn every day. Housekeeping duties were few. The youngsters took a nap in the wagon, trotted alongside, or rode. We stopped at every inviting spot or beautiful view, as fancy prompted. There were winding roads ahead and above us. At the end of three weeks we had traveled two hundred and fifty miles, and had had no need of the medicine case.

OUR OWN PAGE

"Stop My Subscription"

THEY filter in one by one through the month, a dozen or more, and we gather them all together in one pigeon-hole of the desk, the little missives of discontent, the "stop my subscription" letters.

Occasionally, of course, they are an echo of a real blunder on our part, and in such cases the missives bring unhappy moments. But—

"You showed a low-neck gown in your fashion pages," writes one, "stop my subscription." Or, "The hero in one of your stories smoked a cigar." Or, "If you persist in showing pictures of actresses and theatres I shall have my magazine stopped. I never went to the theatre in my life and I do not allow members of my family to go."

These are extracts from real letters. Each one merely marks the vacation of a friend; the magazine is vital and growing, and they come back after a while. No two people see the world just alike. The world which the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION sees is for the most part a wholesome world, a clean world, a happy world. To blot out altogether from our pages the less serious, lighter side of that world would be to do violence to our vision of it as truly as though we over-emphasized that side.

So, month by month, the sifting process goes forward. We add to our great group of friends those who see the world as we see it, and rejoice in it as we do. We part with the smaller number of those who seek a different world. We lose them regretfully, but they return. A certain amount of criticism is the necessary accompaniment of an achieving life. Even the one Perfect Man discovered that.

"I came eating and drinking," He told them reproachfully, "and you call me a gluttonous man and a winebibber. John came neither eating nor drinking, and you say he hath a devil."

The world which we see and try to picture from month to month is His world rather than John's. Not a world to be withdrawn from and preached against as John did, but to be lived in and enjoyed. A world of work and sacrifice and prayer, to be sure, but also a world of eating and playing and laughter.

The Real Value of Travel is Coming Home

HE RECENTLY spent \$375 in travel. Did it do him any good? From the standpoint of culture, probably not. He saw Denver and Salt Lake City and a half dozen other places, and he will never be quite sure which is which. But his travel gave him one thing that was far more important than information; it saved his home.

He and she had reached that state of mutual boredom that comes sometimes to people who have lived too close together and known each other too well. It seemed before he left as though they could not go on together, and she saw him leave without regret. But to her surprise the place seemed very lonesome after he had gone; and to his surprise he found himself roaming hotel corridors restlessly, vaguely yearning for the companionship that had so long been his life. And when at last he came home it was to discover that his home was the neatest, her cooking the finest, and she herself the most beautiful woman in the world.

We sometimes wish that the position of "traveling salesman" were not conferred on one man for life, but could be passed around, so that the lawyer, the doctor, and the preacher who have lived at home forever might each be separated from home at least once in a lifetime. It would add a wonderful freshness and zest to the comforts that too often become commonplace. Travel, itself, as a cultural agent is often overestimated, but there is hardly any man or woman anywhere who would not be benefited occasionally by losing his or her home and finding it all over again.

Continue Writing, Please

IN JULY there were published on this page two letters which we could not answer. One was from a girl, the other from a young man. Both young people are normal, fit for marriage; both covet happy marriages, and neither one, because of the restriction of their acquaintanceships, is able to meet the kind of companion who might make marriage possible. The girl lives in a small town from which all eligible men have departed; the man is alone in a city.

We count those as two vitally important letters, worthy the serious attention of every thoughtful person.

It has been said that the real reason for the organization of society is to bring young men and young women together, to

aid selection, to foster happy marriages. In the case of thousands of young men and women Society is failing in the performance of that function.

We know little of the laws of heredity, but this we do know—that almost all great men and women have been the children of happy marriages. Yet thousands of young men and women, because of the enforced narrowness of their choice, must elect a mere matter-of-fact marriage or remain unmarried. Their ideal partner does not exist within the tiny circle of their acquaintanceship, and they have no means of reaching out beyond that circle.

The girl in the deserted small town, the young man in the lonesome city, they have put up a problem to us that goes to the very foundations of things.

How shall we answer them?

Would you, madam, if you knew two young people in your community, each of whom, unknown to the other, was seeking happiness, would you make those young people members of a social group some evening at your home, and give them a chance to find each other? What is *your* answer to this young man and woman, and the thousands like them?

Look over your own community. Do you find young men and women in it needing help?

Some steps ought to be taken to give a chance for happiness to the sort of young people whose letters we printed in July. We should like to hear, in confidence, from other such young people. And we should like suggestions as to what steps ought to be taken. By whom? And how?

The Certified Baby

IN A SMALL Western city a husband and wife, childless, sought for and finally adopted, with great satisfaction, a brown-eyed boy and a blue-eyed girl.

The entrance of the two children into a home so long silent re-created the man and woman. They blossomed again in new youth, and for seven happy years they gave to both boy and girl all that any parents could give.

Then suddenly sorrow came. Some hidden hereditary taint burst out in both children, and for the succeeding ten years the life of the man and woman was given over to a persistent but futile battle against fate. Too late they discovered that the foundations of the children—physical and mental—were sand; there was nothing whatever to build character on. So the whole emotional life of a man and woman, which might have been used to bless a normal boy and girl, was thrown away because the children were sub-normal.

In Chicago, hereafter, such a tragedy as this need not happen. Each child offered by the Morals Court for adoption will be examined first at the Psychopathic Laboratory, and only those who can be certified to as altogether fit will be recommended for homes. The plan is a good one, and should be extended to other cities. Love is too precious a thing in the world to be wasted. The man and woman who offer their lives to a homeless child may with a little effort have the assurance, at least, that the boy or girl is capable of a normal response to and development under their affection.

The "Punch" in the Picture

"THAT picture is better than any sermon I ever heard," said the wife of an exhibitor in a small city in Colorado. "I will tell you what you do, Pa. You go get Rev. Mr. S—— who preaches at the brick church to come over here and look at this film. Go right away and I'll tend the door."

In a quarter of an hour the Rev. Mr. S—— came in, a big, wholesome man, who radiated good humor and love of humanity. It wasn't by any means the first time he had visited the picture show.

"Now, Dominie, the second show begins in a few minutes; and I want to ask a favor," said the earnest little wife. "We have a film that we think has a powerful sermon in it. It shows some sensational scenes, a gambling den, and a saloon, but it has a big moral for the boys and girls." She hesitated. "I know it isn't regular, but I want to ask, would you mind giving us a five-minute talk after the picture? You could drive the moral clean through the heads of our young people!"

"I shall be glad to," said the big, smiling man.

Hearty applause followed his simple speech, and the audience left the theatre thoughtfully.

Often when there is a picture with a strong moral lesson in it, this exhibitor sends for the minister, or some other representative of the moral strength of the town, to come over and drive home the point. And the people like it, and so does the minister.

Health and Good Looks

Simple rules for

THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO LOOK HER BEST

By ALICE FARNHAM LEADER, M. D.

THE student of beauty culture must understand that she cannot unlock the gate to health with the key to her medicine chest. Health depends upon food, sleep and fresh air, and not upon pills and prescriptions.

Right eating does not mean giving up the foods you like; it means balancing your menu to get the full value of all foods. The general mixed diet of wholesome food will, as a rule, give more nourishment and strength than overeating of one kind of food. If you find some meat disagreeing with you, by all means give it up, but don't straightway conclude that you must become a vegetarian in order to remain well.

Strike a midway course: if you like meat eat it, but in moderation, as a rule only once daily. Fried meat is always indigestible, so avoid it and confine yourself to that which has been roasted, broiled or stewed.

Vegetables are worth their weight in doctors' fees. Eat plentifully of them, except when they are cooked by frying. This method of cooking not only robs the food of its health value but surrounds it with clogging grease. Fresh vegetables are preferable because they are crisper and more appetizing than canned vegetables, but the latter may be eaten with the assurance that the canning has not affected the healthful qualities of the food. Salad comes nearest to being the ideal vegetable dish, as the vinegar neutralizes whatever grease the food contains.

Fruits are of equal value with vegetables. The acid fruits are best because the juices supply a mild, natural laxative and help to promote the functions of the digestive tract. But some persons with weak digestions cannot take the acid fruits. Grapefruit is especially harmful to such people. Either dried or fresh fruit should be freely eaten at breakfast, when the rested organs of the stomach respond more readily to the action of the acid. But don't offset the value of the acid by too liberal sweetening. Dried fruits, such as apricots and prunes, should be very lightly sugared. Oranges and grapefruit are most healthful when eaten without any sweetening.

Avoid Too Much Candy

AN UNREINDED fondness for sweet things is one of the most frequent causes of constipation. Rich pastry, frozen creams and candy are difficult to digest and, in addition to menacing the health, they cause positive homeliness. They contain more sugar and fat than the system can possibly assimilate, and the surplus is carried to the skin, where it makes its appearance in the form of pimples and blackheads. To avoid such foods doesn't mean giving up all desserts. Let your choice rest between light custards, fruits, gelatines, and ices.

Coffee and tea are not always injurious, provided they are taken in moderation. Never drink more than one cup of coffee for breakfast, and add cream and sugar with a grudging hand. Drink plenty of water, hot and cold. Nothing will promote digestion and prevent sickness as well as a glass of hot water slowly sipped immediately upon arising in the morning. The human body requires at least a quart of water a day, that is, about a half pint every two or three hours.

If the average woman gave as much attention to that much abused organ, the liver, as she does to her finger nails, her face would need less attention. No wonder the liver rebels and reacts upon the complexion, its spite being betrayed in the form of pimples, sallowness and black shadows under the eyes.

An important function of the liver is to manufacture antidotes for the poisons that are taken into the system. The little factory is kept busy running to its full capacity all day to meet the demand created by the average menu. When an excess of sweets, salads or rich foods is added to its labors, more poisons accumulate than can be eliminated without assistance. This is why, after lobster à la Newburg, you may have an attack of indigestion that brings a hard red spot on the side of your nose; this is why, after many sweets, you find a bad taste in your mouth and black shadows under your eyes.

No less important than the rules for healthful eating are those which should govern your sleeping. Don't dismiss the subject with the thought that you sleep eight hours out of every twenty-four and in so doing meet the demands of nature. The length of time you spend in slumber is secondary in importance to the way you sleep. Nowadays few women need to be told of the advantages of sleeping in a well-ventilated room. That is one of the chief requisites of healthful sleep. Another is to wear loose-fitting, comfortable sleeping garments.

Don't tire the body with the weight of heavy bed coverings. Sleep under as few coverings as possible; use only one pillow, have it small and flat and place it well up under the head. Don't sleep huddled in a knot; stretch out your arms and legs, and relax every nerve.

Don't oversleep. Strange as it may seem, it is just as possible to injure the health by too much sleep as it is by insufficient rest. Eight hours' slumber is sufficient for the average woman. Any more than that is likely to cause drowsiness and inertia.

The Foundation of a Good Complexion

To ACQUIRE a good complexion is not an impossibility for ninety-nine out of a hundred women if the rules of health are followed. One of the cornerstones of beauty, a good digestion, has already been discussed.

Of just as great importance is the external application of water, soap and cold cream. All the little mouths in the

skin must be purified. Much of the waste matter thrown off by the system is carried away through the pores. If the pores are clogged with the invisible particles of waste matter they cannot breathe. As a result the complexion becomes muddy and sallow. The fresh glow of health does not accompany a neglected skin.

Make a test of the temperature of your bath water and judge what degree of heat agrees with you best. Hot baths are best taken at night, cold ones in the morning. Heat opens the pores and renders the system susceptible to cold. A hot bath taken during the day should be followed by a cold shower or sponge. Cold baths stimulate. A cold bath should be followed by active exercise else the reaction may prove harmful.

The face should be bathed with hot water at least once a day. It is impossible to remove the natural oils that clog the pores and in which dust settles, without hot water. The woman who is afraid of hot water must pay the penalty by combating blackheads. After all, this latter affection often has its origin in dirt. But remember that after using hot water on the face cold should always be applied.

Be careful of your selection of soaps. Because a soap is perfumed, it is not of necessity good. After bathing, your skin should be soft and flexible. If your face feels like parchment, the soap has too much alkali and will eventually dry up the natural oil and produce premature wrinkles.

Never wash the face just before going out, unless you dash cold water over it to contract the pores. Never wash the face when you come in after being exposed to cold, wind, or dust. Give it a thorough rubbing with cold cream. The cold cream soothes, while the water adds to the irritation caused by exposure. Rub the cream in with the tips of the fingers and dab it off with a soft linen cloth.

Many beauty experts once advocated steaming the face. Now, most of them will agree that daily, constant care is far better than this drastic treatment, even once a month. Doubtless, steaming does cleanse the skin more thoroughly than any other method, but it also tends to produce wrinkles.

Every woman should take into consideration the importance of exercise as it affects health and beauty. Without sufficient exercise not only the very vitality suffers, but the face reflects in every feature the need of this stimulus. Without exercise the circulation becomes sluggish, the liver inactive. The skin takes on a muddy, uncertain color that would spoil the appearance of the most beautifully gowned woman in the world.

For many of you who are busy housekeepers a daily walk of regular length is impracticable. You must set for yourselves an exercise to do in your own rooms, if you are to keep young and beautiful. This is not difficult. Only do not expect to keep it up for two weeks, then drop it for a month, and get results. If the exercise is to gain you the desired end, persevere in it.

Exercises for the Housekeeper

WHEN you first awake, sit up in bed and throw out the arms straight from the body, clenching the hands. Throw back the head and draw a long breath, counting ten while inhaling. Count ten as you exhale, letting the arms drop slowly. Do this five times. You are thus starting the day with a reminder to your circulation.

Slip on a loose dressing robe and do the exercises in a well-ventilated room. Throw out the clenched hands as far as possible straight from the body, then straight upward, holding the head well up and the shoulders back. Do this briskly four or five times, first one arm then the other, then both together.

Place an object on the floor and attempt to pick it up without bending the knees. Doubtless you will fail the first time, possibly the first twenty times, but keep it up till you succeed. This exercise is intended only to keep the muscles about the waist line supple, and by this to encourage the liver to do its part of the bodily work.

Stand first on one foot, then the other, and kick back till the heel touches the body. This exercises the muscles of the lower part of the body and starts the circulation. Ten minutes of these exercises will stimulate practically every muscle that is brought into action by walking, and several that are not. For the woman who must be confined to indoor work daily these are very necessary exercises to practice.

As a supplement to exercise a daily massage of the face is invaluable. Carefully done, this will stimulate the circulation of the skin and tend to remove the dull pasty color which is so unattractive. First remove the dirt by the use of cold cream and hot water, using a complexion brush if the skin is inclined to be inactive. Some skins require soap, while others find its use too irritating. Then take some cream on the tips of the fingers and with a gentle rotary motion go over the entire face. Movements should be in an upward direction. The little wrinkles between the eyes must be rubbed crosswise. Around the eyes a gentle stroking motion is required to combat the crow's-feet. After the face has been gone over well, wash off the cream with hot water and then apply cold water with a generous hand. The use of plenty of cold water is one of the secrets for preserving a youthful appearance.

No matter what the contour of your face may be, the texture and natural color of the skin make your beauty. "She has a lovely complexion!" someone exclaims, in the same breath drawing a picture of a pretty girl. You, too, may have a lovely skin. You can create this beauty.



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Alderbrook Farm

By ROBERT LANE WELLS

IN AUGUST *Profits, real and imaginary, drouth and drainage and soiling crops all come up for discussion and, besides, we make a lawn*

"WE ARE not making enough out of the farm," said I to Margaret as we sat on the porch after supper. "I have been studying all these neighbors of ours, and I find that each one who succeeds at all arrives by one of two very different roads. One group manages to make ends meet by a system of economies. Their plan is never to spend anything. So, even though they take in very little cash, they always make outgo less than income. But all the best farmers, and especially the market gardeners and expert crop producers, seem to practice a different system. Their scheme is always to have money coming in. Instead of decreasing their expenses they increase their receipts."

"Now, next year," I went on, "we are going to try to have something to sell every month in the year. The ideal way is to have something to sell every day."

"Yet when our apple orchards get to bearing—" said Margaret. She is a keen critic.

"Yes, yes, I know," I interrupted her, "when our orchards get to going and we are apple specialists, then we shall have our annual income all in a lump. Well, I guess there are two systems on this point, too—the system of the specialist who markets all his eggs in one basket, and the system of the general, old-fashioned, plain Connecticut farmer who sells a little of everything whenever he finds a chance."

Dear Deer

It was delightful to sit with Margaret like this in the pleasant summer twilight and discuss our farm work, our growing children, our prospects in the world and the destinies of life. Finally we walked up the lane northward toward the new orchard. The children went with us.

Suddenly Janet caught her mother's arm. There, about the middle of our young apple orchard, stood two beautiful deer. As we watched them they trotted slowly and unconcernedly off toward the woods.

We went to the spot where we had first seen them. In many places we could see where they had bitten off the young apple shoots.

"Could you have shot one, Papa?" asked Jamie.

"With a good conscience," I replied, for I observed that they had been doing very general damage in my young orchard.

To conclude this incident briefly, I will add that the damage continued serious through August and came on again in November. The deer eat by preference the tender young shoots of the apple trees. This frequent nipping seems to have a particularly discouraging effect on the young trees. So marked is this that many neighbors insist that the deer's teeth are poisonous. We applied to the state, which protects the deer, for restitution. After much worry and solemn appraisal we did collect twenty dollars; but the actual damage to our promising little orchard was ten times that amount.

The Indispensable Harrow

ANOTHER night we received the principles of agriculture at another angle. We had been looking at the sky and wondering if it wouldn't rain. How many anxious hours the farm world uses annually just craning at the sky and considering about the weather!

Margaret thought it would surely rain during the night. "How nice it would be to hear it on the roof," she said, "and to wake up to-morrow morning and see everything dripping wet."

"I don't so much care," said I. "I have quit depending on rain."

"What do you depend on now?" queried Margaret.

"The harrow," I declared. "On our light, lumpy, half sandy land, cultivation saves moisture faster than the heavens send it down in August."

"I have noticed it in the garden," said Margaret.

"Now, where we have kept the harrow going," I continued, "there the soil is moist and mellow."

"And are the trees growing best there?"

"Yes, the trees, and all other crops as well. In that corner of the young orchard out north where we have corn planted and where we have kept the cultivator running, the trees and the corn seem not to have heard of the drouth. And down here next to the garden where I did not sow a cover crop but have used the harrow instead, we have the best results of all."

"Then why not substitute the harrow for the cover crop?" asked Margaret.

To which I answered, "I'm not at all sure but that it would be a good exchange. Of course there are other advantages to a cover crop aside from saving moisture, and there is where the harrow might find the balance against it."

Still, as I said, I'm not so sure. Neighbor Handy cautions me that late cultivation in my orchard will induce what he calls a late soft growth of wood which he says will be winter-killed next January; but I suspect this is only one of the many farmers' theories I am constantly meeting. Someday I'm going to find a chance to study winter-killing, and then I'll see whether it

is the well-cultivated or the well-starved trees that suffer worse. It will be worth knowing.

Drouth and Drainage

AUGUST drouth is nearly always most severe on land which is flooded in April. The excess of water in the spring hardens, solidifies the soil, "puddles" it, as Mr. Handy says, so that when summer comes it dries out as hard as a brick and will not hold any more water.

In this part of New England drainage has always meant a few open ditches to take the water off of "springy" land; but tile drainage is, in fact, a much more definite method in farm practice, and it is literally true that proper tiling will make a piece of land drier during the rains of spring and moister during the drouths of late summer.

Our best piece of garden land, between the house and Alder Brook, is a trifle low and "seepy," that is, it gets the seepage of ground water from higher levels; and I have felt sure that the drains leading off into the brook would make ideal garden soil of this tract.

August seems to be the most convenient time of year for us to put in these tile drains. We are between the fires of the spring planting and the fall harvesting. Haying is done and the local labor market is easy. So I hired two laborers, one Polisher and one Italian, to work with Louis Fresno, appointing the Frenchman boss of the gang.

Ditch digging is the most expensive part of tile draining, and we were anxious to keep the cost within reasonable limits. I find that the experts estimate the cost of this operation at twenty to twenty-five cents a rod, but I have had practical men give me figures as low as ten cents and as high as fifty cents. I may as well admit that our ditching cost us thirty-two cents a rod. Either this is too high, or the estimates of experts are too low; I am inclined to think both.

Our plan was to drain two acres of our best garden land, putting in two drains one hundred feet apart. This made us a trifle over 800 feet of drain in the garden land itself, to which we added 200 feet of outlet toward the brook, or 1,000 feet of ditch altogether, making our labor bill on the ditch \$20.00. The 800 feet of four-inch tile for the field drains cost us nearly three cents a foot laid down at the railroad station, which made \$23.10 for that item. Too much. Besides, we had to haul the tile home, and that cost something, though, like other farmers, we didn't count it. The 200 feet of six-inch tile for the outlet cost practically \$10. Laying the tile and filling in the ditches was a comparatively easy matter which I superintended myself, and cost, not counting my own work, another \$10.

Digging 1,000 feet of ditch @ 2¢ a foot, approximately... \$20.00
800 feet four-inch tile delivered..... 23.10
200 feet six-inch tile delivered..... 10.00
Laying and covering..... 10.00
\$63.10

Or \$32 an acre, though, as I have intimated, there were several minor items not charged, and which might have brought the whole cost up to \$35 an acre. Now some pretty good land can be bought hereabout at \$35 an acre, and a farmer has to think twice before he pays that amount merely to fix up an acre on which he is already paying taxes. We believe that one acre of good land tile-drained is worth more than two acres undrained, or that the tile in the ground is worth more than the land, but we haven't proved it on this land—yet.

Soiling Crops

A SOILING crop, perhaps I would better explain, is any kind of grass, hay or fodder, grown and cut during the summer and fed green to cattle. In a practical way of speaking it takes the place of pasture.

From time immemorial it has been the custom to pasture cattle during the summer. When the fresh cows are feeding on the June pastures and the milk pails are brimming over it seems that this primordial custom is the best thing ever discovered. But when the drouths of August supersede the rains of May the pastures dry up amazingly. Close observation and calculation convince me that no acre of pasture anywhere hereabout will produce one hundred pounds of cattle food between the end of June and snowfall. During the period the cows starve and fall off fifty per cent or more in milk production, unless, indeed, the dairyman fills them up with grain and mill-feed.

But in place of grain any farmer can feed soiling crops, and that is what we have done to our small dairy. We had a little patch of Japanese millet, not more than one-eighth of an acre; but the way that yielded green fodder I am sure it can produce thirty tons to the acre. We also had some sowed corn which yielded freely, and which the cattle relished much better than the millet. With either of these crops we can produce one thousand times the green food during July, August, and September which can be produced on an equal area of pasture. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 31]



Buy the heat without fault!



You remember, just a little while ago, you vowed that never would you put off for another winter placing radiator heating in your home or building. Cold weather is almost here! Prepare for it *now*, by placing your order for the heat without a fault—

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

These ideal heating outfits warm every room uniformly because the AMERICAN Radiators are apportioned in size exactly to the cubical contents, window-surface and exposed walls of each room. The heat as needed then flows in exact volume from the IDEAL Boiler to every radiator—*silently and invincibly*—high winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset their ample flow of warmth.

These outfits are totally unlike old-fashioned methods—which cannot carry the warmth in windy weather, and which the older and looser they get the more they distribute ash-dust and coal-gases to make endless drudgery for the women and pollute the atmosphere of the home.

If all the people knew, after a year's trial, of the comforts, the lessened coal bills, doctor bills, repair bills, cleaning bills, and the saving in labor, fire protection, absence of blackening, rusting, staining, etc., no one would be willing to go back to old fashioned heating.

If you now own, or are about to buy or rent, you owe it to yourself to use that same shrewdness and foresightedness in planning, buying or leasing as taught by ablest Builders and Real Estate men everywhere; that is, put in an IDEAL-AMERICAN outfit now—at present most favorable prices—iron prices now *at their lowest in 10 years past*—and in these dull months you get the services of the most skilled Fitters. Don't be caught unprepared another winter—investigate now.



A No. 4, 1-1/2" IDEAL Boiler and 24 sq. ft. of No. 4 AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$100, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, fittings, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Call your dealer on the phone today and get his estimate. It will surprise you how well within reach is the price—and in the years to follow you'll enjoy perfect comfort and learn to save heating dollars that will repay you many times the original investment. Can you make your money do more? Act now! Ask for free catalog: "Ideal Heating."

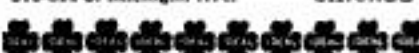
\$150 stationary Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, with iron suction pipe running to each floor. Guaranteed unflinching.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and Warehouses in all large cities
Write Department A-9
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The New Crochet Work

Shadow crochet is the latest novelty in needlework, and filet crochet darned in soft colors gives a new twist to old patterns

Designs by HELEN MARVIN

Shadow crochet is a novelty that is even easier to work than filet crochet. The net is made of open shells of double crochet, and the design developed with solid shells. The mesh which makes up the background is round.

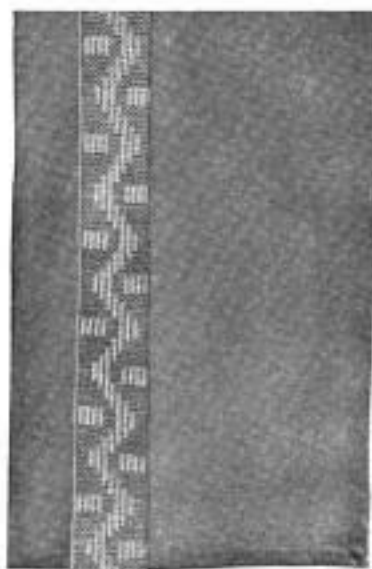
In this new filet crochet the pattern is darned, not crocheted. It may be used effectively on all pieces where a design in color adds to the beauty of the crochet. The thread is woven in and out, much as in stocking darning.



Cuts
Every Trace
of Grease
from
Ice Cream Freezers



Because
Old Dutch
is Sanitary
it Leaves
behind
no trace of
dangerous
souring
Caustic
Alkali or Acid



This bureau scarf has a border of shadow crochet insertion unusually placed. The scarf is made of heavy linen crash with the band of ecru crochet three and one-half inches in from the front edge. A knotted fringe five inches long is added at each end of the crocheted strip. Such a scarf is well suited to a man's dresser top.



Lamp shade of ecru shadow crochet lined with tango red

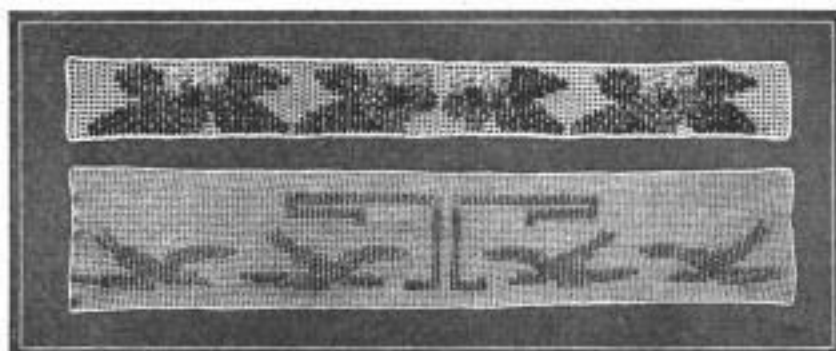


The table scarf above is made of tango red cotton crepe used double, with ends of shadow crochet to match the lamp shade. The crochet is sewed on top of the crepe foundation with an edge of the crepe extending beyond it, like a piping. A narrow crocheted edge finishes the long sides of the scarf. The crochet is made of ecru crochet cotton No. 10. The scarf is also quite suitable to use on the top of a piano.



A set of table mats may be made like this

The rose pattern for a belt, at the right, is darned with chenille in the natural colors. The two pillow designs and the table runner shown below are also darned.



A crocheted belt darned with a rose pattern, and a bluebird design darned with blue on white crochet, for the end of a white linen scarf

The dolly design in shadow crochet, shown below, may be worked in both larger and smaller squares, for a luncheon set. Either ecru or white gives a pretty effect.

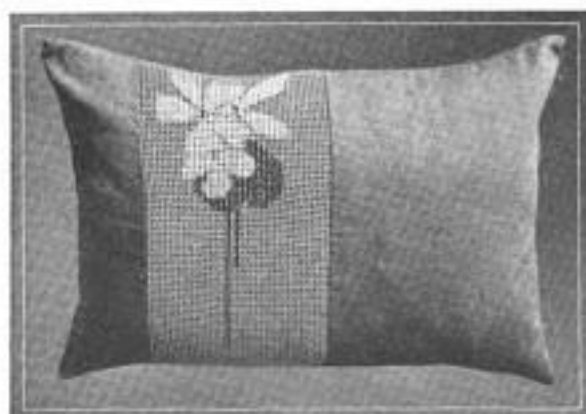


Green on ecru crochet for a table runner

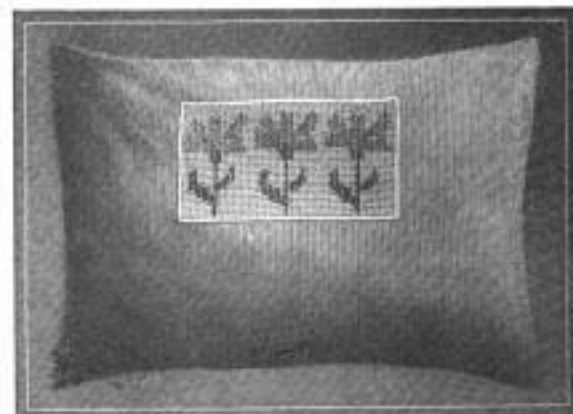
COMPLETE crochet directions and darning patterns for all the pieces on this page will be mailed to those desiring them, for five two-cent stamps. Order CK-101, and address Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. The Helen Marvin Filet Crochet Book, containing over a hundred designs and working patterns with needed directions, can also be obtained from the Crochet Department. Price, twenty-five cents.



Shadow crochet for a dolly of coarse cotton



Floral design for a sofa pillow. It is in rose and green on ecru crochet

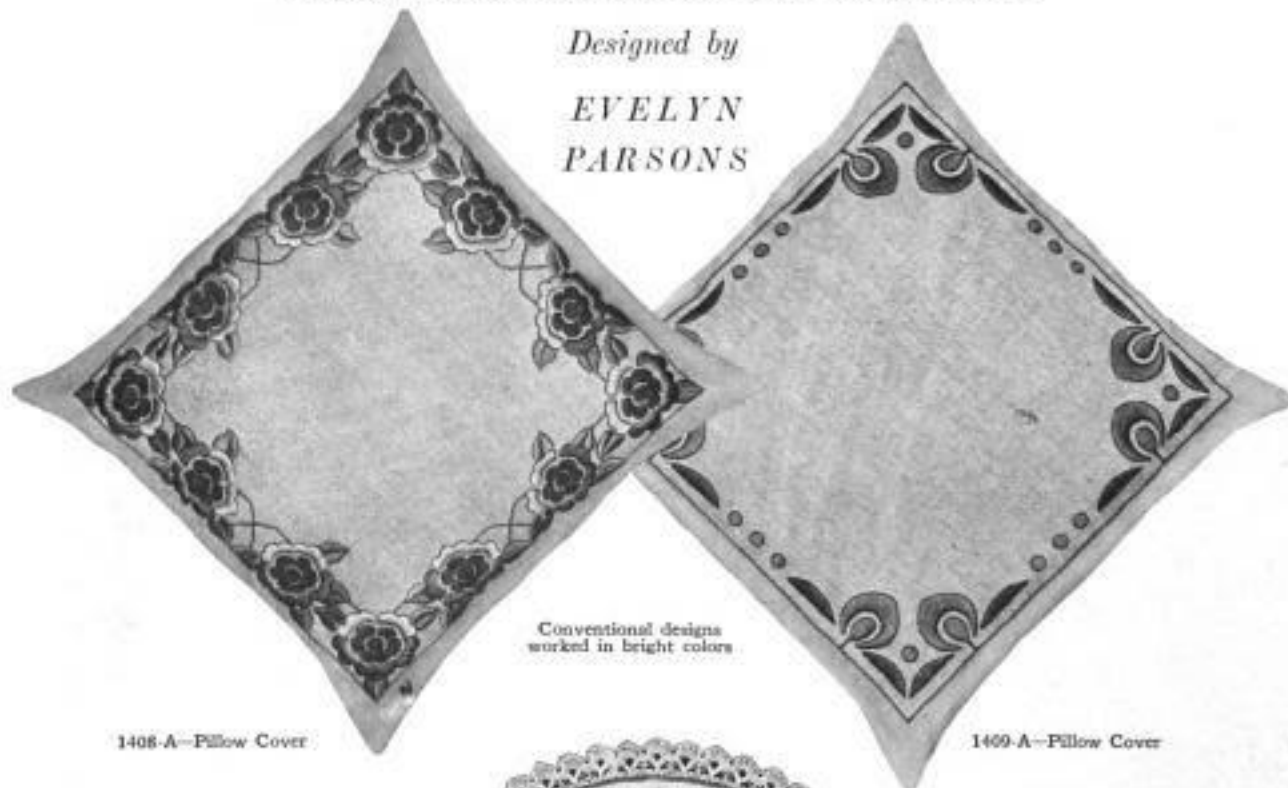


Blue bachelor's buttons darned on white crochet make this unique insert for a blue cushion

Colored Embroideries for the Porch

Gay pillows, centerpieces and table covers

Designed by
**EVELYN
PARSONS**



1408-A—Pillow Cover

1409-A—Pillow Cover

1408-A—Cushion of gray Russian crash. The flowers are worked in three shades of rose or of blue, with brown French knot centers. The leaves and stems are green.
Stamped on crash (size 22 x 22 inches) \$1.10
Embroidery cotton 65 Cents

1413-A—Cushion
Stamped on gray linen (20 x 20 inches) \$1.00
Embroidery cotton 45 Cents
Perforated pattern 30 Cents

1411-A—Linen centerpiece. The flower-shaped figures alternate in old-rose and blue with brown centers. The leaves and stems are green. The edge is buttonholed with golden brown. The colors used to work 1411-A and 1412-A may be substituted. Make the fringe by raveling a straight double strip of the linen and sewing it on under the embroidered edge.

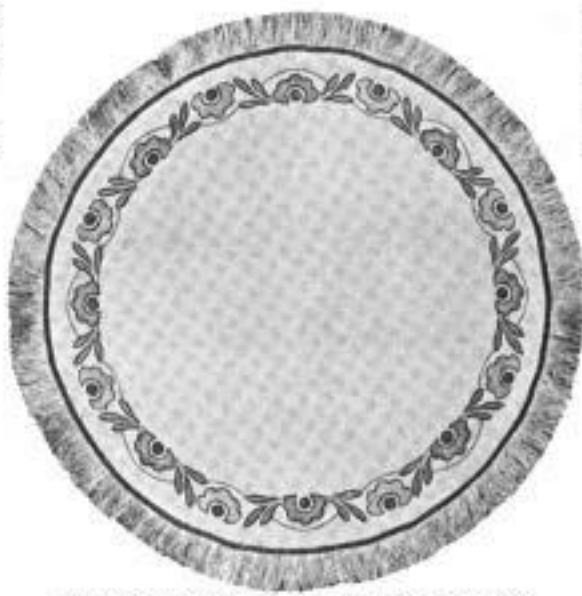
Stamped on gray linen (20 inches in diameter) \$1.00
Embroidery cotton 35 Cents

IMPORTANT! Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order if possible. If stamps or currency are used it must be at the sender's risk. The Woman's Home Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittances in the mail.

To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders and all communications to "Embroidery Department," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



1410-A—Centerpiece



1411-A—Centerpiece which matches the stringer and cushion below

1409-A—Gray crash cushion with embroidery in bright blue, orange, and green. The crescents are blue with orange centers.

Stamped on gray crash (size 20 x 20 inches) 75 Cents
Embroidery cotton 30 Cents
Perforated pattern 30 Cents

1410-A—Centerpiece
Stamped on oyster linen (23 inches in diameter) \$1.00
Embroidery cotton 40 Cents
Perforated pattern 35 Cents

IMPORTANT NOTE: We will be glad to answer inquiries if changes in materials and colors are desired, or send samples on receipt of a stamped envelope.

Stamping paste to use with perforated patterns 10 Cents
Embroidery needles 10 Cents

1410-A—Centerpiece made of heavy oyster linen. The flowers are Copenhagen blue or old-rose with golden-brown centers, the leaves are green, and the dots and edge are brown.

1412-A—Stringer and 1413-A, Cushion of gray linen. The flowers are magenta with blue centers, the leaves and stems green.

1412-A—Stringer. When ordering give length desired when finished. Allow three inches for hem.

Unstamped linen per yard (18 inches wide) 50 Cents
(Sold only if stamped or perforated pattern is ordered)
Price of stamping 35 Cents
Embroidery cotton 50 Cents
Perforated pattern 30 Cents



1412-A—Stringer should hang about eighteen inches over the table end



1413-A—Pillow of gray linen is embroidered in magenta, blue, and green



"To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

—Third promise of Boy Scouts Oath.

Any boy who makes that promise, and keeps it, is sure to become a good citizen. And if he keeps himself in good physical condition, mental alertness and moral balance naturally follow.

The world needs men who can plan, and work, and endure; and in building boys into such men, right food now is of utmost importance.

Grape-Nuts

has delicious taste, and contains the vital food elements of whole wheat and malted barley, which Nature easily converts into strength and energy for body and brain.

Boys—and girls, too—can definitely get ready for future success; but there's only one "Road to Wellville"—right living—and that calls for wholesome, easily digestible food.

"There's a Reason"
for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

\$1095

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The Kings and Queens of Knight motored cars!

But now, for the first time, you can get a Knight motored car!



The World's Lowest Price

THIS announces, without doubt, the greatest achievement in the history of the automobile business.

A Knight motored car for \$1095!

The Knight is the automobile motor that revolutionized the entire motor car industry of Europe.

It is the motor that is used by practically all the leading European automobile manufacturers.

The Daimler of England, the Panhard of France, the Mercedes of Germany, the Minerva of Belgium are all equipped with the famous Knight motor.

And these are the motor cars that cost from \$4000 to \$8000 each!

Practically every titled family in Europe owns one or more Knight motored cars.

The Knight motor is acknowledged to be the most highly developed automobile motor on the market.

This motor differs from other motors in that where all others deteriorate with use,

this is carbon benefited more.

It is valve uncertain trouble practical.

It is motor.



"Made in U. S. A."

Catalogue on request. Please address

The Willys-Overland Company

Ask for special booklet describing

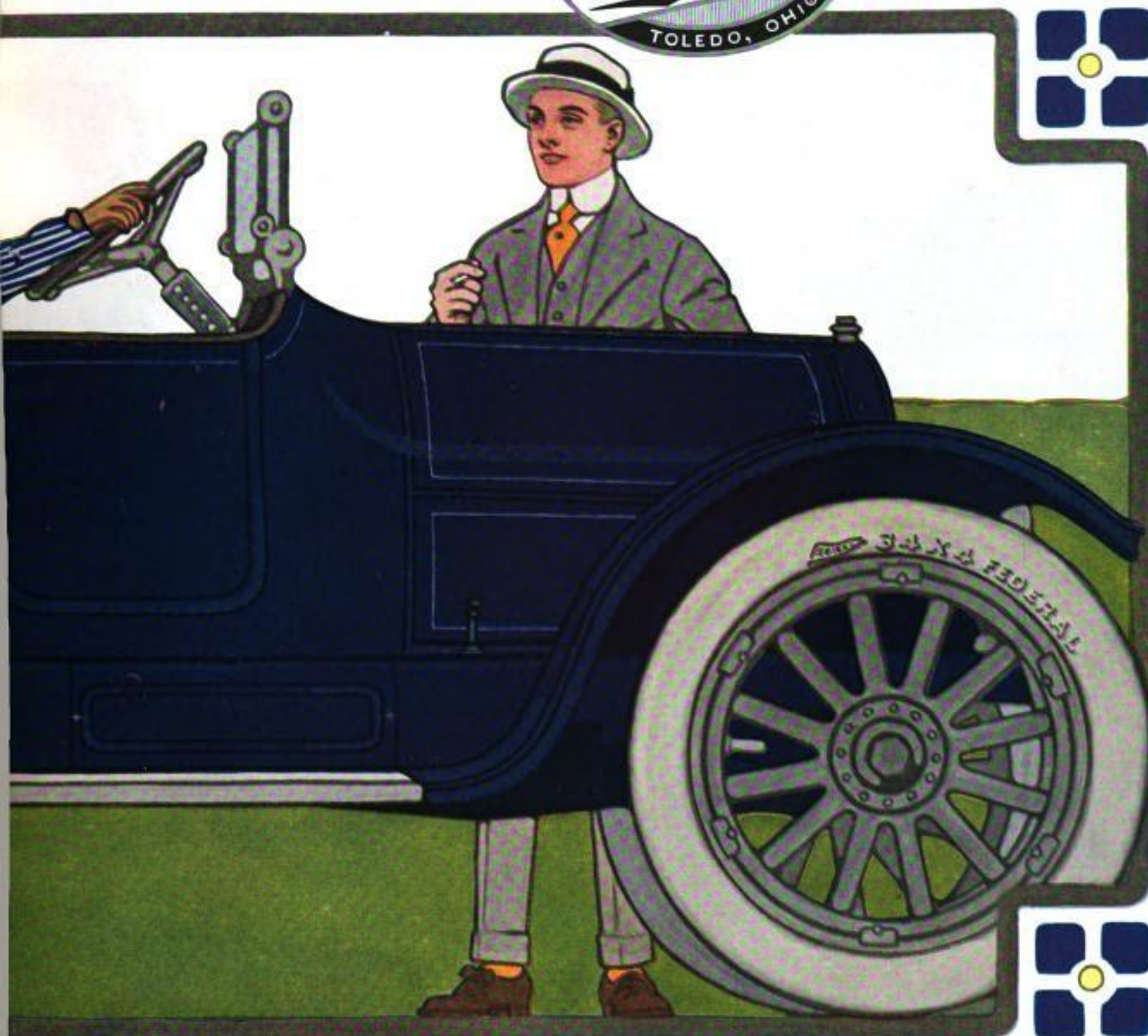
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pe pay from \$4,000 to \$8,000 for their
as the result of huge production, you
5!



\$1095

f. o. b. Toledo



ced Knight Motored Car

s; to all others
rmful, *here it is*
ze for size it has

The Willys-Knight has the same advantages and is just as efficient as those costly European Knight cars.

That is why our price is so much less.

The Willys-Knight, in our opinion, has the least vibration and is the smoothest, quietest, and most economical car made.

Have your demonstration at once.

Immediate deliveries.

o noisy poppet
noisy cams; *no*
valve springs; *no*
valves to grind;
o wearing parts.

Yet it costs but \$1095!

As we build more cars in a single week than most European manufacturers build in a whole year, we are able to utilize every modern manufacturing economy.

ideal automobile

Specifications:

40-horsepower Knight motor; cylinders cast en bloc, 4½" x 4¼" stroke

High-tension magneto ignition

Vacuum tank gasoline system

114-inch wheelbase

Full-floating rear axle

Underslung rear springs

34" x 4" tires; non-skids rear

Demountable rims, one extra

Color: Royal blue with ivory striping; grey wheels, nickel and polished aluminum trimmings

Electric starting and lighting system

Headlight dimmers

One-man mohair top

Rain vision, ventilating type windshield

Magnetic speedometer

333
ny, Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Knight motor.

10% More for Your Money

The 25-cent package of Quaker Oats is nearly three times larger than the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers more for your money.

**That Dish**

of oats, half-eaten, proves something lacking in flavor or in cooking. Let us help correct it.

Make Oats a Luxury

First, get large, luscious flakes. Get them made of rich, plump grains alone. They have the flavor, the aroma which make oat-food delightful. That means Quaker Oats.

Then cook them in the way we show below.

This food is important. Nature makes no vim-food like it. Oats will remain forever the advised food for the young. To "feel one's oats" will always signify vitality.

It can be and should be a dainty. It is in millions of homes which serve Quaker. And one doesn't outlive the love of it.

Quaker Oats

Queen Grains Flaked

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South



Cereal Capacity
2 1/4 Qts.

Quaker Cooker

This aluminum double-cooker is made to our order to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. To hold its aroma and bring out its flavor. We supply it to Quaker Oats users.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—from 50 cents' worth of Quaker Oats. Send one dollar with these trademarks and we will send this perfect cooker by parcel post.

Some 700,000 homes now make this dish more delicious than ever by using a Quaker Cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
Railway Exchange, Chicago

(157)

Popular Sunday Night Suppers

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

I	II	III	IV
Huntington Shrimps Pepper Relish Finger Rolls Neapolitan Baskets Hot Chocolate Sauce Pineapple Lemonade	Frankfort Sausages in White Sauce Saratoga Potatoes German Caraway Bread Raised Loaf Cake Ginger Ale	Sunday Night Salad Clover Leaf Biscuits Sliced Peaches and Cream Peanut Cookies Iced Coffee	Somerset Sardines Lettuce Sandwiches Winchester Cake, Mocha Frosting Mint Julep

HUNTINGTON SHRIMPS: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir constantly until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter and stir until well blended, then add three and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour. When thoroughly mixed pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of chicken stock (the liquor in which a fowl has been cooked) and bring to the boiling point. Add one cupful of hot boiled rice and one cupful of canned shrimps, broken in pieces. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with croûtons and bake in a hot oven until croûtons are browned.

NEAPOLITAN BASKETS, HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE: Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and add one-half cupful of granulated sugar gradually, while beating constantly; then add three-eighths cupful of hot milk, one-half cupful of fine granulated sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract and the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Mix and sift one cupful of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and add to first mixture. Bake in gem pans fifteen or twenty minutes. Take from pan and remove centers, leaving baskets. Fill cavities thus made with Neapolitan Cream, garnish with nut meat and insert strips of angelica to represent handles. Serve with Hot Chocolate Sauce.

NEAPOLITAN CREAM: Dilute three-fourths cupful of heavy cream with one-fourth cupful of milk and beat until stiff, using a Dover egg beater. Add one-third cupful of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, a few grains of salt and one-third cupful of pecan nut meats, cut in pieces.

HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE: Melt one square (one ounce) unsweetened chocolate in a saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add one tablespoonful of butter and a few grains of salt, and stir until well blended, then pour on gradually one-third cupful of boiling water. Place saucepan containing mixture on range and bring mixture to boiling point. Add one cupful of sugar and let boil fifteen minutes. Cool slightly, and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

FRANKFORT SAUSAGES IN WHITE SAUCE: Cook four Frankfort sausages in boiling water to cover twenty minutes, drain, and cut in slices crosswise. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point and season with salt and pepper. Add prepared sausages and cook until reheated.

GERMAN CARAWAY BREAD: Put two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one teaspoonful of salt in bread mixer and pour over two cupfuls of scalded milk. When mixture is lukewarm add one yeast cake, dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm water, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds and six cupfuls of rye flour. Turn on a slightly floured board and knead in one and one-half cupfuls of entire wheat flour. Return to bowl, cover, and let rise until mixture has doubled its bulk. Again knead on a slightly floured board and shape into loaves. Put in buttered bread pans, cover again, let rise, and bake in a hot oven.

RAISED LOAF CAKE: Cream one cupful of butter and add two cupfuls of brown sugar gradually, while beating constantly; then add two eggs, well beaten, bread sponge, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of clove, one teaspoonful of salt (spices, soda and salt mixed and sifted), and two cupfuls of raisins, seeded, cut in quarters and mixed with one cupful of flour. Turn into two buttered and floured oblong pans, cover and let rise three hours.

NOTE:In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.



Somerset Sardines are cooked in a hot chafing dish and served with a delicious sauce on toast points



Sunday Night Salad is made of veal cubes, celery, olives, pepper and pickles with cream dressing



Serve Peanut Cookies for Sunday night supper if you want your guests to come again sometime

Bake in a moderate oven one hour. Remove from pan and cover with Milk Frosting. For the bread sponge, mix one tablespoonful each butter and sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Add one yeast cake broken in pieces and dissolve in one cupful of lukewarm water and two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Cover and let rise until mixture is light.

MILK FROSTING: Put one teaspoonful of butter in saucepan, and when melted add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point and boil without stirring thirteen minutes. Remove from fire and beat until of the right consistency to spread; then add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and pour over cake.

SUNDAY NIGHT SALAD: Cut cold roast veal in one-half-inch cubes; there should be two cupfuls. Wash and scrape celery. Then cut in thin slices crosswise; there should be one and one-half cupfuls. Chill until crisp in cold water, drain and dry. Remove stones from four olives and finely chop. Par-boil one-half a red pepper ten minutes, remove seeds and cut one-half pepper in thin strips and the remainder in fancy shapes. Mix veal, celery, olives and the prepared pepper strips and marinate with a French dressing. Moisten with Cream Salad Dressing, mound in a bowl, and mash with dressing. Garnish with celery tips and peppers cut in fancy shapes, and cucumber pickles cut in strips.

CREAM SALAD DRESSING: Mix one-half tablespoonful of salt, one-half tablespoonful of mustard, three-fourths tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and one tablespoonful of flour. Add the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three-fourths cupful of milk and one-fourth cupful of vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Strain and cool.

PINEAPPLE LEMONADE: Make a syrup by boiling one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water ten minutes. Add one can of grated pineapple and the juice of three lemons. Cool, strain, and add four cupfuls of ice water.

PEANUT COOKIES: Shell, remove skins, and chop one quart of peanuts; there should be one cupful. Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and add one cupful of brown sugar, then add one-half cupful of melted shortening, one egg, well beaten, one-half cupful sour milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three fourths of the nut meats. Drop from tip of spoon on a well buttered sheet and sprinkle with remaining nut meats. Bake in a moderate oven.

SOMERSET SARDINES: Drain twelve sardines and cook in hot chafing dish until heated, turning frequently. Arrange on a serving dish and pour over the following: Mix two tablespoonfuls of the sardine oil, one-half tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, one-half tablespoonful vinegar, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika. Heat very hot. Garnish with toast and sections of lemon.

WINCHESTER CAKE: Work one fourth of a cupful of butter until creamy, and add one cupful of fine granulated sugar, gradually, while beating constantly; then add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted, two eggs, well beaten, one-half cupful of milk, and one and one-third cupfuls of flour, mixed and sifted with one-half teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat vigorously and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Turn into two cake tins and bake in a moderate oven. Put mocha frosting on top and between layers.

MINT JULEP: Squeeze the juice from five lemons; there should be ten tablespoonfuls. Add the leaves from one bunch of fresh mint, slightly bruised, one and one-half cupfuls sugar and half a cupful of water. Cover and let stand thirty minutes. Strain and add three bottles of ginger ale (pint size). Garnish with fresh mint leaves.

Planning the August Meals

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

IN CHARGE OF MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

NOTE: The menus on this page are planned to meet the needs of the average family, and are given merely as suggestions. The recipes for starred dishes will be found below.

MENUS

1

Breakfast

Baked sweet apples;
cereal; quality muffins;
coffee.

Luncheon

Corn soup, crisp crackers;
*mushroom sandwiches;
cocoa.

Dinner

Broiled beefsteak; scrub
potatoes; buttered
cauliflower; *pineapple
frappé; sponge cakes.

2

Breakfast

Cantaloupe; broiled
tomatoes; cream toast;
coffee.

Luncheon

Fish chowder;
commonwealth sand-
wiches; iced tea.

Dinner

Broiled swordfish; rice
potatoes; deviled toma-
toes; cucumber salad;
toasted crackers; peach
cottage pudding.

3

Breakfast

Sliced peaches; fish hash;
rye muffins; coffee.

Dinner

Veal cutlets, brown sauce;
baked potatoes; dressed
cucumbers; brown bread;
Spanish cream.

Supper

*Sweetbread salad;
Parker House rolls;
French cream cakes;
iced tea.

4

Breakfast

Grapes; cereal; raised
waffles; syrup; coffee.

Luncheon

Salmon salad; emergency
muffins; cream puffs;
tea.

Dinner

Roast chicken, giblet
gravy; French onion
potatoes; succotash;
tomato salad; toasted
crackers with cheese;
demi-tasse.

5

Breakfast

Plums; cereal; broiled
dried beef; hashed brown
potatoes; popovers; coffee.

Luncheon

Cheese fondue; drop
muffins; cup cake;
iced coffee.

Dinner

Cold sliced chicken; *corn
relish; stuffed baked
potatoes; cauliflower,
Hollandaise; vegetable
salad; *peach fritters,
*lemon sauce.

6

Breakfast

Pears; cereal; minced
chicken on toast; coffee.

Luncheon

Pea soup, croutons;
peach shortcake;
tea.

Dinner

Pan-broiled lamb chops;
creamed potatoes; *baked
stuffed cucumbers;
berry pie.

7

Breakfast

Cereal with berries;
dropped eggs on toast;
coffee.

Luncheon

*Creole tomatoes; bread
and butter sandwiches;
Wellesley cake; iced tea.

Dinner

Cold sliced veal; French
fried potatoes; vegetable
salad; *custard soufflé,
foamy sauce.

8

Breakfast

Peaches; chipped beef in
cream; golden corn cake;
coffee.

Luncheon

Cream of pea soup;
toasted fingers; blueberry
gingerbread; cheese;
iced tea.

Dinner

Mock bouillon; Allerton
potatoes; succotash;
summer squash; baked
Indian pudding.

SWEETBREAD SALAD: Plunge a pair of sweetbreads into cold water as soon as they come from the market, and let stand one hour. Drain and put into salted boiling water to which has been added one-half tablespoonful of vinegar, and cook slowly twenty minutes, again drain and plunge into cold water, that they may be kept white and firm. Cut in one-half-inch cubes and mix with an equal measure of cucumber, cut in one-half-inch cubes. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and moisten with dressing. Arrange in nests of lettuce leaves. For the dressing beat one-half cupful of heavy cream until almost stiff, using an egg beater. Add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, very slowly, continuing the beating until mixture is stiff. Season highly with salt, pepper, and paprika.

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS: Wipe and peel cucumbers, cut in two-inch pieces crosswise and remove seeds. Mix four table-spoonfuls of bread crumbs, two table-spoonfuls of finely chopped cooked ham and two table-spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Moisten with tomato sauce and season with salt and pepper. Put cucumber cups in shallow pan. Fill with mixture, surround with chicken stock and bake thirty minutes. Remove, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown.

CREOLE TOMATOES: Wipe six medium-sized tomatoes, remove a slice from the top of each, scoop out some of the pulp, sprinkle in-sides with salt, invert and let stand one hour. Melt one and one-half table-spoonfuls of butter, add one table-spoonful of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one-half cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point and add one cupful of crab meat, one table-spoonful of green pepper (from which seeds have been removed) finely chopped, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and a few grains of pep-per. Fill tomatoes with mixture, sprinkle tops with coarse buttered bread crumbs, put in but-tered pan, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

MUSHROOM SANDWICHES: Cut stale bread in one-fourth-inch slices and remove crusts. Spread with mushroom mixture, put together in pairs and cut in finger-shaped pieces. Sauté in butter on a hot blazer or frying pan, until browned on one side, then turn and brown other side.

MUSHROOM MIXTURE: Wipe mushrooms, remove stems, peel caps, and chop stems and caps; then sauté in butter. Turn liquor remaining in pan after the sautéing in cup, and fill cup one half full of thin cream. Melt one and one-half table-spoonfuls of butter, add one and one-half table-spoonfuls flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on the cream gradually, while stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point, let boil two minutes, and season with salt, pepper and pap-rika. Add sufficient sauce to sautéed mushrooms to hold mixture together.

CORN RELISH: Cut corn from cob of eight-teen ears. Force one small cabbage through a meat chopper. Separate one bunch of celery, remove leaves and chop stalks. Peel four onions, and cut in thin slices crosswise. Wipe two green peppers and chop. Put prepared vegetables in preserving kettle and pour over one quart of vinegar. Mix thoroughly two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne and one-half teaspoonful of turmeric, and add one quart of vinegar slowly. Combine mixtures, bring to the boiling point and let boil forty minutes. Fill glass jars and seal.

PEACH FRITTERS: Remove skins from three or four peaches and cut in small pieces. Mix and sift one cupful of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one-third cupful of milk gradually, while stirring constantly, and one egg well beaten; then stir in prepared peaches. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat, and fry until delicately browned. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve on a folded napkin with Lemon Sauce.

LEMON SAUCE: Put three-fourths cupful of sugar in a saucepan. Add one-fourth cupful of water and bring to a boil. Continue boiling for five minutes. Then remove from the fire and add two teaspoonfuls of butter, bit by bit, and one table-spoonful of lemon juice.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPÉ: Make a sirup by boiling two cupfuls of water and one and one-fourth cupfuls sugar fifteen minutes. Add six table-spoonfuls of lemon juice and one pineapple shredded. Cool, strain, and add two cupfuls of ice water. Freeze to a mush, using equal parts finely crushed ice and rock salt. Serve in frappé glasses placed on plates covered with paper dishes.

High living at low cost

That is what it means to have your larder constantly supplied with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It means a tempting and nourishing introduction to any meal, at the lowest cost to you in *time*, *effort* and *anxiety*.

Those are the expensive items to any housewife.

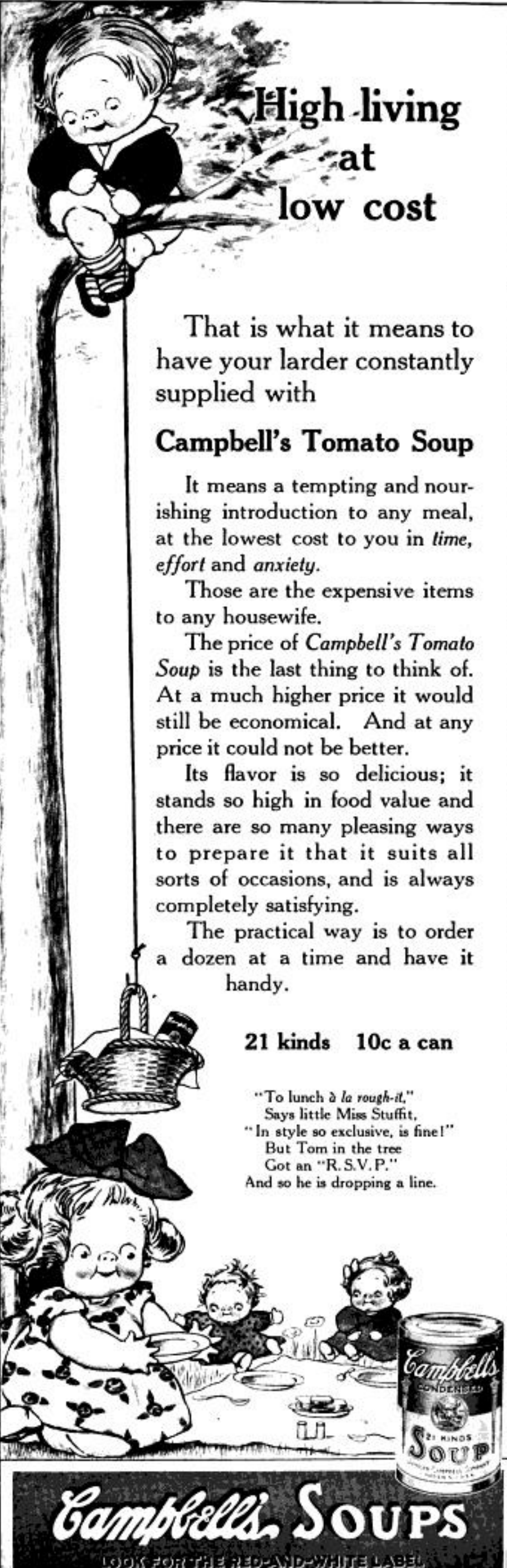
The price of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* is the last thing to think of. At a much higher price it would still be economical. And at any price it could not be better.

Its flavor is so delicious; it stands so high in food value and there are so many pleasing ways to prepare it that it suits all sorts of occasions, and is always completely satisfying.

The practical way is to order a dozen at a time and have it handy.

21 kinds 10c a can

"To lunch à la rough-it,"
Says little Miss Stuffit,
"In style so exclusive, is fine!"
But Tom in the tree
Got an "R.S.V.P."
And so he is dropping a line.



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



SAND, sun and salt-water—a glorious combination! Yet it has its drawbacks.

For sand *does* irritate tender skins. And sun and salt-water have a tendency to fade one's hair and make it streaky.

Thank goodness, then, for Packer's Tar Soap!

Its lather, laden with the fragrance of the pine, is mild, pure, healing. It cleans the scalp, gives new vitality to the hair, *soothes and cools the skin*.

These things it does in its own way; a simple, sensible and entirely natural way.

For a liquid soap, we recommend Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, faintly perfumed. It yields a foamy, refreshing lather that cleans the hair and cleans the scalp. That is essential, for, as a well-known physician says: "Luxuriant, lustrous hair thrives only on a clean, well-nourished scalp."

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"



Send 10c for Sample of Packer's Tar Soap. State whether cake or liquid. Send also for Manual "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment"—revised edition. 16 pages of practical information. Free on request.

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO.
Suite 85q., 81 Fulton St., New York



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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

A bright, comforting stream of light at the touch of your finger with no matches—no oil—no danger of setting fire to anything.

Be sure you get the genuine EVEREADY flashlight and the famous EVEREADY Tungsten Batteries. Made and guaranteed by the "Largest Manufacturers of Flashlights in the World"—then you'll be sure of having a light that you can always depend upon.

Sold by 40,000 reliable retail stores.

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Long Island City, New York



The Puzzle Page

Can you guess these hidden animals?

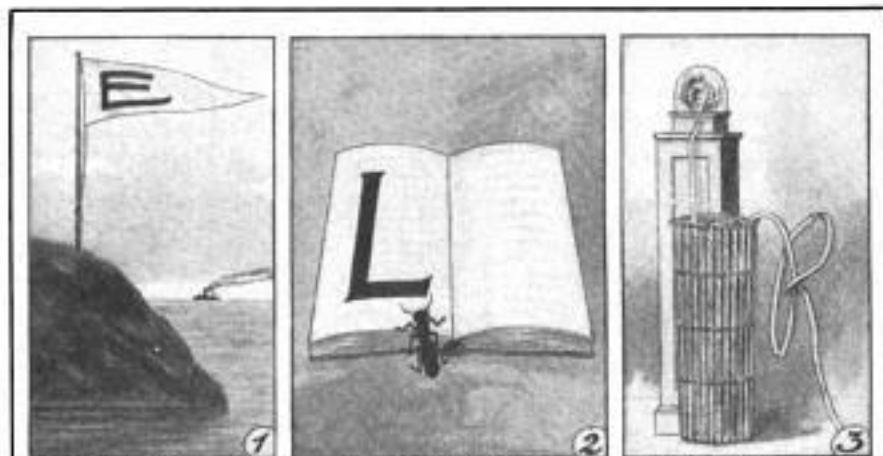
By SAM LOYD, JR.

EACH one of the pictures below represents an animal. Number 1 stands for Eland (e land). Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. All contributions to be eligible for the prizes must be received on or before August 8th.

Please address all communications to Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, in care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



No. 1. The answer to this is given above.



No. 2 represents what animal?



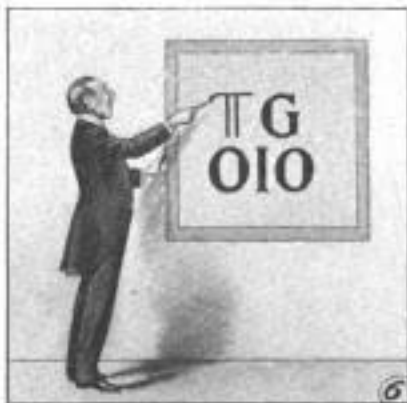
No. 3 represents what animal?



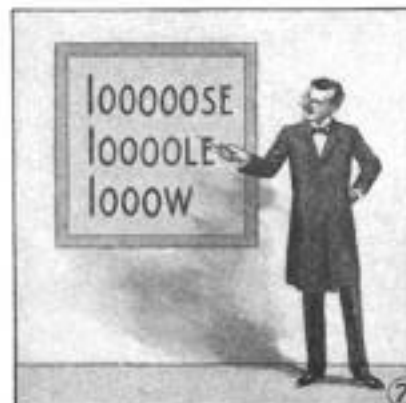
No. 4 represents what two animals?



No. 5 represents what animal?



No. 6 represents what two animals?



No. 7 represents what three animals?



No. 8 represents what animal?



No. 9 represents what two animals?

June Puzzle Answers

THE correct answers to the June puzzles are names of the following fruits: No. 1, Orange; No. 2, Dates and peaches (p chess); No. 3, Bananas (ban Anas); No. 4, Lime; No. 5, Blackberries (black bear ease); No. 6, Currants; No. 7, Pineapple (pie nap ill); No. 8, Alligator pear.

May Prize-Winners

The honor prize of ten dollars for correct answers and the most helpful suggestion for the puzzle page is awarded to Mrs. A. B. F. Davis, California.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the twenty next best answers and letters

of suggestion are awarded to the following: Harry Hunt, Kansas; Mrs. E. E. Noel, West Virginia; Mary Voorhees, Illinois; Miss Florence Craine, New York; Ethel L. Perrin, Michigan; Miss Esther Powell, Tennessee; Mrs. C. Richmond, Tennessee; Miss Pearl Brown, Arkansas; L. Louise Smith, Connecticut; Marion T. Ross, Missouri; Mrs. O. B. Robb, Idaho; May Marsh, California; Mrs. H. D. Monor, California; Bertha V. Hansen, Wisconsin; Mrs. J. W. Williams, Mississippi; Miss Jean C. Williams, Tennessee; Mrs. J. S. Cessal, Kentucky; Mrs. Fred Mezera, Washington; S. E. Wilkins, Jr., Rhode Island; Mrs. A. R. Peck, Maine.

SAVES BABY SAVES YOU

Native, sun, fresh air, exercise and Mother's Kiddy Keeper join hands to save and train your baby for life-long health and to preserve mother's youth. It protects, entertains, and cares for baby—teaches to walk at right age—develops strength and self reliance—results in cleaner babies and fewer changes of clothing—avoids deformities and danger to mother from creeping about or falling—keeps mother from getting tired, cross and nervous, and releases her for rest or recreation. Used as play yard in house, yard, on porch, beach or at picnic—as gate for porch, as screen for fireplace, etc.—as enclosure for sleeping baby on large bed, and as an ideal crib. Works for the whole family and is an indispensable household assistant. Compact when folded like a ruler for small places or auto. So light that little sister easily handles. Made substantially of best materials. Endorsed by scientists and physicians. Price, \$6 (canvas bed for crib \$1 extra). We may not have any dealer in your town, in which case, send check, or money order, and we will ship express, paid direct from factory—money refunded if you can get along without it after ten days trial. References: Any Portland Bank. Illustrated booklet, "Better Babies," free upon request. Handsome souvenir for baby with each purchase. Live wire representatives wanted everywhere.

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Department B,
Portland, Oregon

Comfort for New Born Babies

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOOKS

THE WHITE NURSE	LAMSON'S	WATERPROOF
25c to \$1.00	15c to \$1.00	25c to \$1.00
THE WHITE NURSE	THE WHITE NURSE	THE WHITE NURSE
25c to \$1.00	25c to \$1.00	25c to \$1.00
THE WHITE NURSE	THE WHITE NURSE	THE WHITE NURSE
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Your Baby Should Be Kept Warm With Non-Nettle White Flannels

Teaspoon flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle flannels are made soft, smooth and long-wearing without the rigorous bleaching process. Therefore, no irritating nittles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. WE DO NOT SELL TO DEALERS.

Send for Free Sample Case and receive sample books as above. Also illustrated catalogue showing 30 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Gowns (\$5 up). Separate Garments, Mother's Caps, Baby Blankets, Blankets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. No advertising on wrapper. For 25c each we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.75 if bought separately. Write for catalogue.

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Sole Distributors of Non-Nettle White Flannels

ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE MARK

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR

The old reliable that never fails. Sold all around the world—the Standard.

THE GOVERNMENT USES IT

10c, 25c and 50c at Drug and Country Stores

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BOUDOIR JUG AND TUMBLER

No. 517

On Every Place

Tumbler fits into top of jug preventing air reaching cream.

Each 15c. Mugs 25c. \$1.25 delivered. West of Missouri River, Canada and Mexico, \$1.25 delivered.

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HEISEY'S GLASSWARE

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The Summer Sea Festival

An amusing Bazaar for clubs that want to make money

By CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

ADVERTISE by means of large pale-green posters, decorated in water colors with little dolphins, fishes, shells, and seaweed, lettered as illustrated.

The walls of the hall should be draped with festoons of light green cheesecloth, and over this large fish nets, or tennis nets, with crossed oars or crab nets at regular intervals. At the sides and corners of the room, halfway up the wall, put large acetylene lamps from automobiles covered with two or three thicknesses of light green cheesecloth.

The first of the six booths is to have over it a pale-green paper poster with title, "THE SAILOR GIRLS." The attendants are young girls dressed in white skirts and shoes, white middie blouses, red handkerchief ties, white canvas caps with black visors and sleeves rolled up to the elbow.

As this is the cake booth, prepare pieces of white cardboard with names on them and stand these conspicuously with the corresponding cakes. Cookies cut out with a five-pointed cutter are to be called Starfish Cookies. Fresh muffins are labeled Sinkers, and doughnuts made round with good-sized holes in their centers are Life Buoys. Boxes of crackers labeled Hard-Tack may also be sold, and a specialty can be made of little individual plum puddings, attractively put up in pasteboard boxes and named Plum Duff. Small cakes baked in little round or oblong individual fluted pans may be sold as Sea Shells.

The second booth is for candy, and its title is: "THE SEA NYMPHS." The attendants dress in flowing white cheesecloth gowns, with arms bare, and the girls should have strings of coral beads or sea shells in their hair. The girlies should be sea green.

They are to sell candy, and this, like the cake, must be labeled. One part of the table may offer Sea Foam Candy; another Salt Water Taffy, a third Rock Candy, a fourth Coral Candy; the last may be merely broken candy of the usual kind. In addition to these sell barley sugar fishes, and fudge bearing the title Mermaids' Delight. Deliver the sold candy in paper and tin pulls such as children use on the beach.

The third booth is managed by young men and is called "THE PIRATES." The attendants should disguise themselves with huge false black mustaches, red or purple silk handkerchiefs tied around the head, dark wide trousers, old flannel shirts open at the throat, rolled-up sleeves and huge colored sashes. The arms may be "tattooed"—painted on anchors and hearts in light blue ink—and the belts filled with old-fashioned pistols and carving knives. These pirates will sell fishing tackle, pocketknives, handkerchiefs, neckties, collar boxes, toilet articles for men, purses, and articles for a man's den.

The next booth has over it the title: "THE FISHER GIRLS." The costume calls for a full red cotton skirt, white, plain, full blouses without collars, black kirtles laced over them in front, and scarlet caps with a long tasseled end



The Fisher Girls wear red, white and black

and very full, a second skirt, shorter and less full, turned up over it and pinned at the back, a dark, plain waist open at the neck, rolled-up sleeves, a colored handkerchief around the head, and a large fish basket fastened around the shoulders coming well up toward the head.

This is the utility booth, at which are sold kitchen utensils, dusters, aprons of all kinds, jams and jellies, and practical bags in great variety.

At the end of the room, between these two lines of booths, is to be constructed "NEPTUNE'S CAVE,"—the grab bag. It is built by piling up empty boxes and covering them with gray cambric to represent rocks. Within sits Father Neptune, dressed in a flowing robe of gray, with a false gray wig, and beard almost covering his face, a gold crown and a pitchfork trident. Several lamps or lanterns may light this cave, but they must be covered with blue or green cloth. Neptune presides over a large washtub filled with small articles tied up in paper, and the children fish for these with hook and line.

At one side of this large hall should be a second room where supper or "mess" is to be served at "four bells," which is six o'clock. The menu follows:

MESS

Clam Broth, with Pilot Bread
Weakfish, supported by Ocean Rolls
Potato Scallop Vegetable Oysters
Shrimp (or lobster) Salad Sandwiches
Plum Duff with Jellyfish Sauce
Coffee à la Captain Kidd

Come to THE SEA SHOW!!

Given by
Neptune, Sea Nymphs
and Mermaids

In the Hall on (Date)

FROM TWO TILL TEN

Mess Will Be Served at Four Bells
In the Dining-Saloon

Have this menu copied out in large black letters on huge sheets of heavy white paper and hung about conspicuously, both in the supper room and outside. The dishes are all simple; the weakfish may be served in individual shells; the ocean rolls are the usual kind; the plum duff is individual plum puddings and the sauce is hot melted jelly. The coffee is strong black after-dinner coffee served in small cups.

In still another room, or in the main room, have a good-sized stage with a curtain, and behind this a large sheet made to fit the front of the stage. Behind this place strong acetylene lights, and during the evening give that funny shadow-picture play, "The Ballad of the Oyster Man," by Holmes. The silhouettes may be found in a little book called "St. Nicholas Plays" (Century Co.) For a serious

program have the story "Captain January" read aloud, and use for music: "Ye Mariners of England;" "Out on the Deep" (bass solo); "Three Fishers Went Sailing;" "Wynken, Blynken and Nod;" "Baby's Boat is a Silver Moon;" "Sweet and Low;" "Down Among the Dead Men" (bass solo).



Neptune presides over a large washtub



The Pirates sell articles for a man.

A Before-Bridge Luncheon

And the secret of a "little bird" course

By A. L. B. KING

THE living-room was set with small tables arranged for four people, as cards were to follow the luncheon. These tables were daintily laid with the necessary silver, glass, flowers and place cards. When luncheon was announced, the guests were requested to go to the dining-room.

The dining-table, beautiful with bowls of roses, crystal and silver, held at one end the hot meat course and at the other the green peas, tomato salad, and rolls. Each guest took a plate, helped herself and perhaps a fellow guest, and returned to her own place at one of the small tables in the living-room.

The ices, cake, coffee and sweets of the other courses were served by the waitresses.

The hot meat dish seemed to be a little out of the usual, and this was its secret:

It consisted apparently of small boneless birds, crisply browned, and served on a platter with a rich, golden-brown gravy. It is prepared as follows:

Ask your butcher to cut slices of veal from the large part of the steak cut. They must be even in thickness and about three eighths of an inch thick, two pounds being sufficient for a dozen "birds."

In the kitchen these slices are cut into pieces of uniform size, about three inches by four, and seasoned with salt and pepper. They are then spread with a rich meat stuffing made after any favorite recipe. In this case it was a cracker-crumb dressing, well moistened with milk and melted butter, and seasoned.

After spreading the squares, roll snugly and pin carefully with toothpicks into smooth, shapely little forms.

Place in a frying pan and brown delicately in hot butter till they are an even color. Then put into a covered roasting pan, dust with flour, fill the pan with milk till the "birds" are covered, and roast in a moderate oven from three to four hours. A little milk may be added once or twice, if that in the pan cooks away too much.

BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES



Babies raised on "Eagle Brand" are strong enough to swing by their arms like this sturdy Borden Baby. Their little bodies are round—their muscles firm—their cheeks rosy—their eyes clear.

If your baby is not doing well—if he is not gaining steadily—if he is fretful and does not sleep serenely, he probably is not getting the right food. See how quickly he will change from a drooping little flower to a strong, healthy "Borden Better Baby" when you give him "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.



Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

This long, hot month of August is a dangerous time for your baby and a trying time for you. Now—more than at any other time of the year—your baby's health depends upon the food you put into that little mouth.

Do not let your baby grow thin and pale, listless and heavy-eyed, when it is so easy to keep him well. Protect him from diarrhoea and summer troubles that come from wrong feeding. Give him Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—the baby food that your grandmother used three generations ago.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is pure, rich milk from protected cows—so prepared that it comes to your baby pure—clean—easy to digest. The most delicate baby will thrive on "Eagle Brand."

No trouble to prepare. Just add the right amount of "Eagle Brand" to freshly boiled water cooled to the proper feeding temperature. Mail this coupon today—for your baby's sake.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"

New York
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Borden's Condensed Milk Co., W.H.C. 9-10
108 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to safeguard my baby and make him plump and rosy. Also send—free—"Baby's Biography"—for the record of his life.

Name _____

Address _____



For Perfect Frozen Desserts

The delicacy and deliciousness of ice cream and other frozen dainties should be made certain by the best of flavoring. Freezing magnifies the imperfections of cheap and imitation vanillas—do not risk them, but always use

Burnett's VANILLA

Its smooth, rich flavor of Mexican Vanilla and the exquisitely dainty note it adds are worth many times the small cost of the two or three spoonfuls you need.

A Delicious, Simple Cream

One scant pint of cream and 1 of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Flavor with 2 teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Vanilla. Freeze as usual. Serve with Chocolate, Maple or Fruit sauce.

A tempting delicacy can be given to all desserts by using this noticeably better extract—so smoothly rich, so daintily fragrant, so appetizingly delicious. It is very much worth while to use Burnett's.

Write for our new booklet of 115 dainty desserts. Sent free if you mention your grocer's name.

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Almond
Lemon
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Fruit
Extracts
etc.

Perfect Ice Cream Without Turning

Just pour in the cream and pack with ice—the vacuum does the rest. No work—no crank to turn. Freezes thorough and smooth in a few minutes.



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If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and \$2.50 for 6-dish size or \$3.50 for 12-dish size. Your money refunded if not absolutely satisfactory.

FREE—Booklet with valuable recipes sent on request.

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We are the largest manufacturing retailers of DRESSES, SUITS, SKIRTS, NECKWEAVERS and BLOUSES for expectant mothers. Our book does 300 models for Free Book. Address Dept. 310 Lane Bryant, New York.

The Baby Cariole A Practical Economy

The threefold advantages of the Baby Cariole—Bassinet, Crib, and play yard—make it a practical economy, as well as a boon to baby and mother. "Better Babies" should have less handling—more freedom and fresh air. The Baby Cariole is made light but strong—easily and quickly set up without tools—collapses into neat package for traveling or storage.

Remember the Name—The Baby Cariole

Whether you have a baby or not, we want you to know about the Baby Cariole and our famous Toys that Teach. Write today for Free Booklet. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us—we will see that you are supplied.

THE EMBOSSENG CO.
18 Pruyn St., Albany, N. Y.



Frank Goes on a Hike And learns what not to take with him

By C. H. CLAUDY

"I DON'T see how I can wait until morning! I know I can't sleep!" cried Frank to his big brother Jack.

Jack smiled, an elder-brotherly smile.

"You might go dress up," he answered. "I haven't seen the outfit Uncle Ben gave you."

With the words, Frank tore up stairs, and presently stood before his brother, blanket roll over his shoulder, knapsack clanking against tin cup, hand-axe flapping against belt knife, sweater tied about his neck, leggings not quite meeting tennis shoes at the ankle.

Jack took one look and then went off into a peal of laughter. But Frank saw nothing to laugh at.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Isn't it all right?"

"Fine!" cried Jack, "for a show window of sporting goods. But you'd never last with all that stuff! What's the blanket roll for?"

"Why, to sleep in, of course."

"Well, tell me what the hunting knife is for?"

"Why—why—to skin things with."

Stammered Frank.

"Exactly," drawled his brother. "But you are not going to sleep out, and you are not going hunting! Now, listen! When you go hiking, especially a fifteen-mile hike over the mountain like the one we are going on, you don't carry any more dead weight than you can help. And you never carry anything that 'bops' about you and rattles and swings and bothers you. Your hunting knife is five sizes too big for any use. Only two of the ten of us will carry little hand-axes. We carry tin cups only when we expect to cook anything, and as we are going to have a cold lunch, and supper at the farmhouse in the evening, we will leave tin cups at home!"

"But what will we drink out of?" asked Frank, thinking of the hot day and the sun.

"Fingers, cups made of leaves, birch bark if we can find any that will 'pull,'" answered Jack. "What have you in the knapsack?"

Frank slid out of the shoulder-strapped bag and opened it for inspection. There were a folding knife, fork and spoon, a large water-proof match safe, a small medical kit containing "first-aid" remedies, a bandage, and court plaster, a compass, a big pocket-knife, a kodak, five rolls of film, a pair of heavy gloves, a package of flash sheets, a small coil of rope, a collapsible air pillow, a box of beef broth cubes, a tooth brush, a comb, hair brush, a tube of tooth paste, a cake of soap and a towel.

Once more Jack put his head back and laughed.

"And all for fifteen miles!" he said gayly. "Of all that pile of junk, the kodak, one roll of film extra, the compass, tooth brush and a small comb are about what you want. One cake of soap does



On a fifteen-mile hike over "Old Baldy"

for half a dozen, and I've a small cake. Towels are in the way on a one-day hike. Gloves you don't need in hot weather."

"Well, what do I want, then?" demanded Frank, a little resentfully.

"In the first place, you want a suit of light, clean, dry underwear, an extra pair of socks, and a tube of vaseline. When you arrive on the other side of the mountain to-morrow night, you will be hot and soaked with perspiration, and your feet will be tired. Next to a hot bath, there is more rest in dry clothes next your

skin than in anything else.

"If we were going to sleep out at night," Jack continued, "you'd want the blanket and the rubber blanket. But we are not, so we leave them at home. Let's see your clothing!"

"That's all right, anyway!" he continued, nodding his head. "Meshed underwear absorbs perspiration beautifully. But that heavy flannel shirt is too thick for this weather—that's a fall or winter hike shirt. Use one of your heavy tennis shirts. That's lighter and absorbs. Your khaki clothes are the proper thing, but those shoes will never do!" He pointed scornfully to the rubber-soled tennis "sneakers." "Sticks and stones will punch your feet through them. Come up and see my duds!"

"Now, look at these shoes," explained Jack. "They are heavy-soled, but pliable. And you notice the taps don't come way up high like so many tramping boots. All dead weight, unless you are walking in wet places or through dense underbrush. We will wear canvas leggings and shoes of ordinary height. Remember, we are going over a mountain. No marsh or dank, lush, wet undergrowth, but lots of stones and sticks. Climbing is hard on the bottoms of your feet, and a reasonably thick sole is a great help."

Jack spread out a thin bandanna roll.

"Here's what I carry!" he announced. Frank examined the scant outfit with puzzled brows. A tiny pocket comb, a small cake of soap, a tube of vaseline, a roll of film, a small package wrapped in oiled silk, another in silver paper—that was all. The whole went into Jack's outside pocket.

"What's in the packages?" Frank wanted to know.

"Matches in the oiled silk," Jack explained. "More water proof than any match box, and weighs less. Chocolate, unsweetened, in the silver paper. Camera and compass go in my other pockets. Same way with my jack-knife."—Jack produced it—"trousers pocket and on a cord, not a chain, which is heavy. Every ounce counts."

"Are you going to carry a sweater? Or is that too heavy, too?"

"I am, and it isn't! It will be cold up top, and maybe in the evening. Now, you go pack up all that beautiful outfit, and lay out one like mine."

Summer Time Contests

For COMPANION boys and girls to try

WHY do you like to go to the movies? Maybe it's because the pictures tell you a story.

Can you take a picture that tells a story, you boys and girls who use cameras?

Because if you can, here's a chance to try, and the first prize is a Brownie No. 2 camera.

Think of the picnics and places and people and pets that you can photograph this vacation with a new Brownie!

The rules for the other contests apply to this one: "A Picture That Tells a Story."

Here are the subjects of the regular contests:

Stories: Girls' Subject—"A Story About my Mother." Length three hundred words or less.

Stories: Boys' Subject—"A Story

About my Father." Length three hundred words or less.

Verse: Subject—"A Treetop Lullaby."

Drawing: Subject—"Listening."

The first prize in each contest is two dollars. For good work twenty one-dollar prizes, books and toys are given.

Rules—Be Sure to Read Carefully

1. All work must be original.
2. Write on one side of paper only.
3. Write name, age, and address plainly on contribution.
4. Send all contributions before August 10th.
5. Do not roll manuscripts or drawings.
6. Address: "Children's Contest Department," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Your baby will spend all her time growing strong and healthy, instead of worrying along, if you give her Mellin's Food, properly prepared with cow's milk.

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WILL KEEP BABY HEALTHY
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is the most modern and thoroughly musical player made today. Send for catalog. Agents in principal cities and towns.
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is the Hygeia—the only reinforced non-collapse rubber breast—can be turned wrong side out and the wide-mouthed glass cell admits cloth and fingers.

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To Physicians: Write us for free book of cards—each card entitling a new mother to one complete Hygeia Nursing Bottle free and postpaid.

Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co.
1350 Main Street
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Better Babies



A Service for Expectant Mothers
and all those interested in Child Welfare

8,000 Expectant Mothers SINCE last October, when we started our service for mothers, over eight thousand women have enrolled in the Expectant Mothers' Circle. They wanted Better Babies, these eight thousand wise women, and they wanted all the help they could get.

Every month, after giving the time when she expected her baby, each one of the eight thousand mothers-in-waiting received from the Better Babies Bureau a cheerful letter giving her advice about the baby's layette, taking the proper care of herself, the kind of maternity clothes to wear, and a great many other things an expectant mother is interested in. She received also instructive pamphlets and lists of books to read and, last of all, just before her baby was expected, six Better Babies Announcement cards to send to her friends. Many of the members of our Circle brought their special problems and every one received the information or advice asked for. The hundreds of letters of gratitude from mothers all over the country show the need for such a service.

Sometimes a prospective mother finds herself far away from relatives and friends and if it is her first baby, perhaps she is a little frightened at the thought of all she has to go through, and a little lonely, too. Then a cheerful letter, with sound, helpful advice, coming regularly every month as she needs it, seems to her the most welcome thing on earth. Here is a letter from a little French mother in our country; she expresses quaintly and sweetly the comfort the Better Babies Bureau has brought to her in a strange land:

"I HAVE received your last letter from the 4th of the month and also the six announcement cards you so kindly sent me. Some of them will be sent to Europe, where all my relatives and friends are. How can I tell you the appreciation I have for the Better Babies Bureau? For it I have sometimes been cheerful, wise in many occasions, and not so lonely. Maybe am I selfish, but it is so comforting to have someone thinking with you and speak with you of those things so new and precious.

Mrs. A. M. W., Missouri.

The Circle's Babies AND when a Better Baby has come to take his place as the most important member of the family, his mother immediately writes asking us to transfer her to our Mothers' Club and register her baby in the Better Babies Bureau. She knows she will need our help more than ever, with that new and wonderful little being to care for. "Hints to Mothers," and "What Every Mother Wants to Know About Her Baby," answer so many of the questions the new mother has been asking her-

self since the tiny bit of humanity came to her. Here is what one of our graduates from the Expectant Mothers' Circle writes:

"It is with the greatest joy that I announce the birth of our dear baby girl. She is a splendid specimen of babyhood. Let me thank you for all the helpful information, and especially those motherly letters sent me during the period of waiting. The Better Babies Bureau has been a great blessing to me already, and I expect to derive greater good in the future through the Mothers' Club. Please transfer my name and register my baby."

Mrs. R. M., Virginia.

The Mothers' Club

HOW often the mother on a farm needs help, just as one member of the Expectant Mothers' Circle needed it; and how she longs for some motherly woman of experience who can answer some of the perplexing questions she is asking herself. The Mothers' Club is just for women like her, who want to know how to make their babies Better Babies. A corner in the COMPANION is devoted especially to mothers and every mother can write at any time for information on topics pertaining to babyhood. The city mother, of course, has the same privileges as the country mother. She is often more fortunate in having friends who will join her in forming a Mothers' Club to study about the care and training of children. The Better Babies Bureau will send to any woman who wishes to start such a club full instructions as to organizing, program outlines, lists of books and pamphlets of interest to mothers for free distribution to the club members. Any Mothers' Club registering with the Bureau may have these helps. There is no fee for registering; you merely send in the name of your club and the name of its President.

The Council Room

ALL this—the Expectant Mothers' Circle and the Mothers' Club—is for mothers. But how about that great army of women without children, who love babies and want to do all they can to help in the Better Babies movement? For these women the Better Babies Council Room has been organized. Here are answered all queries about organized work for child betterment. A set of Better Babies' Health Posters (seven in number) will be sent to anyone desiring them, on receipt of 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing. Also instructions about holding Better Babies Contests and Health Exhibits, and educational leaflets may be had without cost, except for express charges.

Which of these departments can help you? The Expectant Mothers' Circle, The Mothers' Club or the Council Room?

Mother Calendar for AUGUST

THE "dog days" of August are hard on a baby. Keep him as cool as possible, sponging him off with cool water several times a day.

IF YOU go away to the country, make sure that the sanitary conditions are right; that the milk supply is pure; that you can get the proper kind of food for your baby and small children; and that the house is screened. Unless you can be sure of these conditions, do not go.

DIARRHEA, or "summer complaint," is usually caused by unclean milk or the wrong food. If you are sure that your supply of milk is being properly handled and the cows inspected, keep it pure by absolute cleanliness in handling, by rapid cooling, and by keeping it cool and covered until ready for use.

TOO frequent feedings sometimes cause diarrhea; feed your baby (under one year of age)

regularly every three hours, starting at six o'clock in the morning. During hot weather a baby will not digest as much food as he will in cold weather, and it may be necessary to lessen the strength of the food.

IN CASE of diarrhea, give one or two teaspoonfuls of castor oil; stop all food for at least twelve to twenty-four hours; give cooled, boiled water without adding any sugar, and immediately call your doctor.

THE dreaded "second summer" of a baby's life should not be dreaded if his diet is right.

"HINTS to Mothers," a pamphlet compiled and issued by the Better Babies Bureau, giving diet lists for babies of various ages, will be promptly sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address the Better Babies Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Making Motherhood Easy

By MRS. ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



of the McClure Publications;
Author of *Better Babies* and
Their Care; National Chairman,
Dept. Child Hygiene,
Congress of Mothers.

"I DIDN'T want to see people, Billy—I just wanted—you!"
He caught his breath sharply.
"Madge—dear girl—that?"
She nodded her head, and with something very like a sob he gathered her into his arms and held her close. For a moment, silence hung over them both; then he flung back his head and looked at her, proudly, joyously.
"Are you glad—Billy, dear?"
"Am I glad? Gee whiz!—Think, another Bill Hanford at Yale—and Bill Third on the good old office sign!"

"It isn't just working and saving, Billy. We have so much to learn."
"About what?" he asked.
"Oh, about being parents."
We women are beginning to understand that motherhood is not an accident, but a profession. Not an incident in a busy life, but its supreme event. . . . Our mothers thought that if they were strong and God was on their side, they and their babies would live. They did not see motherhood as an event in their physical history for which they should prepare themselves by great care, physical and mental. They were wonderful women—but oh, how they suffered for what they did not know. They left it all to Providence, instead of using science and common sense. That is why so many women are semi-invalids after their babies come."

"Going into training for motherhood, eh?"
"That's just it, dear. I knew you'd understand."

"Then I suppose we cut out . . ."

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.
458 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me a copy of Mrs. Richardson's book, "Making Motherhood Easy," postpaid, without charge.

THE whole of this beautiful intimate story of glad prospective motherhood, and happy motherhood itself, is told in Mrs. Richardson's own charming way in her book, "Making Motherhood Easy"—written for the makers of Eskay's Food. It is just the sort of helpful book which should be in the hands of every prospective mother and every mother with a young baby to care for.

In one of her recent magazine articles, Mrs. Richardson says, "The modern wife is expected to find the road to health. She may not bear children and bury them with beautiful resignation. The state, society and her husband expect her to keep them alive and well. . . . How is the modern mother to meet the demand made upon her?"

In this book, "Making Motherhood Easy," Mrs. Richardson answers her own query fully, completely and most helpfully. Get this little book and keep it close at hand. All you need do is fill in the attached coupon and mail it, as directed, to the Smith, Kline & French Company—who are the makers of Eskay's Food for babies. The book will be sent postpaid, without charge.

In your mother-problems make free and full use of Eskay's Service Bureau for Mothers, which is in Mrs. Richardson's charge.

Here is Her Own Special Message to You

"If I can help any of you mothers—prospective or present—with your problems, please talk it out to me by letter and I will do all I can to help you find a solution. Address me, care of Service Bureau for Mothers, 458 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa."

Anna Steese Richardson

COUPON

(Signed)

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One Corn

Kills Joy—Why do Women Let It?

Science has discovered how to deal with corns. A famous chemist solved that problem when he made this Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, this gentle method has wiped out seventy million corns. It is ending now a million corns a month.

Today corn pain is inexorable. It can be ended any minute—and forever—with Blue-jay. And the corn will come out, without soreness, in two days.

Fare corns and you'll keep them. Use wrong treatments and they'll stay. But apply a Blue-jay plaster and that corn is finished without any inconvenience.

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Waiting for You—a Corn Festival Bubbles of Toasted Corn

You will celebrate in your home, soon or late, the coming of a new corn food-confection.

It will mean the advent of some airy tit-bits, crisp and toasted, with a most bewitching flavor. And a thousand times in the years to come you'll be glad you know them.

This is to invite you, and urge you, to introduce them now—the new Corn Puffs.

You know toasted corn, and like it.

Here is corn super-toasted—as never before—by an hour of fearful heat. The flavor is enhanced. It is made of corn hearts only.

Here those sweet inner portions are made into pellets, then puffed by steam explosion to a raindrop size.

Here are bubbles of corn hearts, light and flimsy, ready to melt in the mouth. Can you not realize how they must excel any other corn dainty you know?



These are corn bonbons. You will use them as such. You will mix them with berries, garnish desserts with them, douse them with melted butter for children to eat at play.

But they are, above all, breakfasts, suppers and luncheons of a most delightful sort. They are bedtime dishes and between-meal dishes because they easily digest. In this process—Prof. Anderson's process—every food cell is broken.

You will make many a summer meal more delightful if you order Corn Puffs now.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(200)

The Canterbury Candlestick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"Oh," said Eugenia, wondering why he told her that, except that by this time he was telling her everything. But she had not heard of this lady before, nor of the dear friend, her child.

"Is she writing a novel?" she asked him.

"No. I think she prefers to stage them—in real life."

He put the letter into his pocket and they started on their walk. Nor did he refer again to the literary person, or to any member of her family. But after that morning Miss Garland could see a difference. From that time it was that he began to look worried and tired, and older than she had thought him.

One morning soon after this Eugenia was reading in her garden. It was a small garden, secluded and sweet, upon which the pointed gables of her house looked peacefully. In it there was a sundial which read: "*Horus non numero nisi serenos*," and so far the legend had proven true. Her book was one that she had heard Mr. Tristram mention. "The sundial alone is worthy to measure the splendor of the months of green and gold," she read. . . . "Like profound happiness it speaks no word. Time passes over it in silence. . . ."

Beyond the hedge by which she sat, and which separated her garden from the lawns of the Deanery, she suddenly heard voices. They belonged to Mr. Tristram and David, and they were speaking her name. She was going to jump up to surprise them, but in an instant she heard something that kept her still a moment too long. Then, to her despair, they sat down back to back with her, the hedge between. Escape was impossible now.

"Yes," David was saying, "I remember her very well. We used to call her the Nice Girl. Do you think Genia will like her?"

The man made a queer sound between a laugh and a groan. He spoke with would-be lightness, one could tell, smilingly.

"Of course, David, you don't understand, but—once I was going to ask her to marry me. I went back last year to do that, little boy, because—Well, there wasn't anyone else, and I'm not young. Davy, and she is a—nice girl. . . . You're such a grown-up youngster I believe I'm telling you all about it! You see, I wanted a little chap like you, a son. But although I saw a good deal of—the—Nice Girl, hoping, you see, that she would turn out to be—the one, she didn't. And I didn't ask her. Something held me back."

"I am very glad of that," remarked David.

"And now it seems—she thought things, her mother says. I have had a letter from her mother, who has been anxious for—the marriage. I must have committed myself. You don't know what that means, boy, but you do understand this: The girl is ill. . . . She is a good little thing. . . . So I am going back, Davy, just as—as soon as I can."

There was a pause. "Would your mother like it?" David asked.

"My father would."

Finally the little boy, who had neither father nor mother, evolved:

"I think mothers know how you feel in your heart."

There followed a long silence in both gardens. Then the man and the boy moved off across the grass.

So she was a nice, good little thing! And she was sick for John Tristram. Suddenly Eugenia's eyes were full of tears. One could not hate her very long, just for that.

It had become a habit for Mr. Tristram and David to come to the house on the Brick Walk for tea, which was drunk either in the drawing-room or in the garden. That afternoon Miss Garland ordered it out of doors.

She was pale when she greeted them. After one look at her, Mr. Tristram began to talk fast about such queer things that David stared. Then suddenly, as if he had said everything he could think of, he became silent. The little boy, having been permitted to finish all the cakes, retired to the top of the high wall unreprieved.

With all the rest that she was Eugenia Garland was brave. She looked, smiling, straight at the man who had no more words to-day out of all his brilliant store. When she turned her face upon him he looked away, lately, as from too bright a light.

"How long shall you be in Canterbury?" she said quietly. She actually wished to help him. "You came for a short visit. Is it nearly time now for you to go back?"

"Do you want me to go?" he asked.

And at that moment David fell off the wall. He was scrambling up laughing before they reached him, absolutely unhurt, and indignant at their many questions.

"I've fallen twice as far as that and only skinned my knee," he boasted.

"I think I had better go—at once," said Mr. Tristram. She spared him the explanation that he did not refer to the termination of his call.

"Oh," cried David, "not before we go down to the sea!"

She smiled again, now faintly, at the way the man and the boy were blundering it. Did they suppose all this would be plain if she had not sat behind the hedge?

"We must not break our promise to—"

to David." She straightened the wide white collar and smoothed the boy's hair, while Mr. Tristram turned away.

"I think we had better take—David—down to the sea, perhaps to-morrow?" She addressed the back of the tall man's coat. "And after that you will be—going."

So they rattled and jerked through the still country, as blue and yellow and green and scarlet as Kent can be in August. The grain fields were ripe and dotted with poppies, and blue corn-flow-ers that matched the sky.

He did not look at her very much to-day, nor smile, except at David. But when they reached the sea and had found a place by it Mr. Tristram changed quickly. He seemed bent on making this pale Miss Garland laugh. He forgot entirely that he was grown up, at least David said so, and they did beautiful games together. Later he read aloud out of a little scarlet book.

The day was spent very simply. There was the luncheon on the shore. There was the long walk after it in search of just the country inn for tea. There was tea at the inn by the window, with the lattice standing wide to let in the scented air. Then there was the journey home in the early evening whose mellow light slowly died into dusk. It was a wonderful day, and no one once said it was the last.

They returned to the shadowy close, to the house on the Brick Walk. Mr. Tristram came in to say good-by, leaving David sitting on the flat stone where Miss Garland had first found him.

The small drawing-room was dark, but hearing her mistress's voice a maid brought lights. Miss Garland left the man standing silent in the middle of the room while she went away to remove her hat and gloves. She passed through the little inner room, and stopping before her desk impulsively set alight the tall candle in the old candlestick.

"You burn it before 'Fortitude,'" he said abruptly, referring to the copy of Botticelli's painting above the desk.

"Yes, I love the picture," she answered quietly.

"I should know you would. You, too, are intelligent and brave—and sweet. . . . You would understand a man if, when he felt he was perhaps mistaken, he could not take advantage of that, because he knew he wanted to be mistaken! . . . But this must be all blind gibberish to you. Forgive me!"

"I—hope—I could understand."

"Do you think you could forgive me?"

"It isn't a question of that," she told him.

"I can't expect you to know what I mean. I don't half know myself. But—I shouldn't be leaving you, I suppose, if my ancestors hadn't died for their—honor."

"Oh, the poor little thing!" whispered Eugenia Garland, but the man did not hear her.

"I must go quickly now. Take care of—of David, will you? Good-by!"

"Good-by." And then she added, regardless of being intelligible to him: "You see it is a tall candle. It will burn a long while."

The next night, a rainy evening, Eugenia sat in her little inner room alone except for David, David Copperfield, who lay asleep on the couch. Cousin Augusta had gone early to bed. Now that the time was so short Eugenia kept the little boy with her almost constantly, for the schoolmaster's good wife did not object. She sat before her desk, upon which stood the candlestick, its taper burning clearly. Suddenly it flared strongly and almost went out. From below came the sound of the front door slammed against the gusty wind.

Presently she heard a step in the drawing-room and a low voice calling. She could not move very well, for it was John Tristram's voice. So she sat still and let him come into the little inner room, and into the candlelight. He stood before her, dearly, infinitely familiar. But he looked pale to-night and somewhat tired, though glad.

"I made them let me come up alone," he explained. "I've come back."

Miss Garland clasped her fine white hands on the edge of the desk. "I want to tell you—that I know all about her. I was behind the hedge that day; I couldn't get away in time."

"That was why you—almost—sent me away?"

"You had made a mistake," said Eugenia Garland, "and—and somebody else was the one to suffer."

He hesitated, then began to speak very quietly.

"Let me tell you about it. You're right; I made a mistake. And to improve matters I thought it honorable to risk eternal misery for two people. But I couldn't do it. For the second time I couldn't be—untrue. I had almost reached her house when I saw how cruel it would be. So I turned back and decided to write her—the truth."

"But I didn't come straight back to Canterbury. I branched off down into Sussex. I had a reason. . . . And on that train I met her cousin. It was all down in the stars I think. She hadn't thought things at all. It was only her mother. . . . For—she's a nice girl, you know—she has been engaged for a month in secret to a younger man, to the Honorable Wilfred Marleydown! She aspired high, thank God!"

John Tristram [CONTINUED ON PAGE 33]

The Canterbury Candlestick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

was laughing. It made him look so young that Eugenia loved to see him laugh.

He moved a little nearer her desk and examined the candlestick, smiling inscrutably with the look she had once thought could not be true. Then he disappeared into the drawing-room, and quietly coming back began to fumble with a paper package.

"I went down to my home in Sussex because I had something there for you. I found it once years ago in a dusty little shop in a ratty little town. And I had given it a place of honor, too."

He unrolled the paper, and as she looked up, wondering, held out to her—an old, battered candlestick of mellow brass, irregular, graceful, patrician; by the look of it one of a distinguished collection now scattered in strange places. Its period was probably that of Queen Anne. He placed it on her desk and it

was line for line the mate of her own. David Copperfield breathed deeply, sighed and smiled in his sleep. The man spoke again softly.

"When I recognized yours here last night I knew dimly—I began to understand. It seems like a miracle. It has all been a miracle. But, after all, it is only because we three were true to something. . . . One can't say exactly what."

He cupped her beautiful face in his hands.

"Dearest," he said, and there was all the glory of a dream in the little room. "I think I've loved you all my life! And—and—I felt to-night that I was coming—home."

Presently they saw that the little boy they had both named David was sitting up straight and tumbled on the couch.

"Oh, Mr. Tristram," he was saying sleepily, "let me kiss her, too!"

Who Nameth This Child?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

would name him for John," said her mother. "so I was surprised when I heard you discussing it the other day."

But Aunt Eleanor's letter was Nan's greatest surprise:

MY DEAR NIECE:

I think your small son has a very distinguished name. An oldest son should, of course, have his father's name unless the mother has married very much beneath her, which I understand is not the case. [Here John laughed, Anne flushed.] Christabel tells me that Freerton is your husband's mother's maiden name and that she is the same Miss Freerton whom dear Aunt Caroline met that winter in New York, or at least related to them. . . .

"That is the first time in my life I ever pleased Aunt Eleanor," said Nan. "I simply cannot understand this. I did not start out to please anybody. What other name did they think he could possibly have?"

"Well," her husband consoled her, "we'll probably disgust everybody next time we do anything, so cheer up."

The letter from John's father was very happy. They were so much pleased that a Biblical name had been decided upon, and especially that it was the same name as their dear son's.

THE one person Nan had been a bit sorry for was Bess. But Bess came again at dusk when her tongue could stammer out her heart. "You know, Nan, I think it is more romantic than anything. Loving anybody like that, I mean. So that you couldn't think of there being any other name for the baby. Do you suppose—do you think anybody will love me when I grow up? I might grow prettier, I think, but that doesn't always make such an awful difference, does it? I shall try to grow up—nice. You know, John is my ideal. I shall find somebody just as like him as I can. I guess you're the only person in the world who doesn't think I am just awfully silly. Do you?"

The last was a little note from John's mother:

My dear daughter, I cannot tell you how I feel about there being another John Freerton Eversham. I will not even try. I can only hope, for you, that he will be as dear a son as the first John has been.

Then Nan lifted her head a moment from John's shoulder.

"But tell me," she demanded, "can you make it clear? How did we ever get into such a mess? There really never was another name thought of for a moment, and we weren't keeping it a secret."

Alderbrook Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

Making a Lawn

MARGARET and I had no ambitions to make a "gentleman's country estate," but we did want an attractive home, and our ideal included a clean grassy lawn.

We plowed the land very thoroughly in April and then we harrowed and rolled and graded and smoothed it with a heavy plank, making the surface at once fine and friable for the germination of grass seed and level to the mower.

We did not sow the seed immediately, but instead we "summer-fallowed" the lawn. In other words, we left it there where we could cultivate it repeatedly. Nearly every week we would hitch the horses to the harrow when they came in at the end of the forenoon, and would harrow the surface over again.

The soil of course was full of weed seeds, and every harrowing would bring more of them to the surface, where they would germinate in the next week of warm weather only to be murdered in their turn. Thus, before we sowed any grass seed at all, we got rid of ten or a dozen crops of weeds, any one of them enough to swamp a first-class lawn.

Then, on August 21st, after getting the surface well settled, well smoothed, lined and refined, we put in the seed. We put forty pounds of "fancy re-cleaned" seed on our half acre. Our formula was: Kentucky blue grass, 20 pounds; Red top, 8 pounds; Rhode Island bent grass, 10 pounds; English rye grass, 2 pounds.

The constant surface cultivation which we had given had conserved the moisture in the soil so that, with the help of a timely shower, our grass seed germinated strongly. With the moisture saved on one side of the account and the weeds eliminated on the other, the young grass plants came forward with a rush, and our lawn was the delight of the family and the wonder of the neighbors.

I had intended to tell something more about the vacation activities of the children and of other domestic enterprises, but there is no more room. There are so many interesting things coming and going on the farm and in any farm family that it would require one book merely to catalogue them, let alone describing them all and setting them out with adequate comment.

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Your dealer now has on sale the new Fall line of these quality packages. There are Boudoir Caps, Blouses, Dressing Sacques, Tea Aprons, Combination Suits, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Baby Dresses, Dolls' Outfits, Household and other decorative articles.

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WHY should you tolerate the burn the sun plays with your complexion? Many, however, the Beauty Cultivator of International reputation, has discovered a scientific preventative. It is

Norena Sunproof Creme

which when rubbed on the skin before going out prevents you from getting sunburnt. It is a most beautiful and effective skin cream, without in any way interfering with the action of the skin.

If you are already freckled or your skin is marked by wrinkles or the like, it may be used by rubbing it on the face.

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will clear the skin of freckles, blotches, pimples and spots, and even-lynes and wrinkles. For all skin troubles, it is the best.

These preparations have been used by the most exclusive of Beauty's (Gibson) and, in many cases, by the most exclusive of Beauty's (Gibson) and, in many cases, by the most exclusive of Beauty's (Gibson).

BEAUTY IN THE MAKING—this tells you how to use our most beautiful preparations and how to treat your complexion, at home, to prevent blemishes or wrinkles or "showing" of the skin, open pores, blackheads, wrinkles or crow's feet. Sent with order form, or separately for 5c in stamps.

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Four tints: pink, white, flesh, brunette. Send us 5c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free sample of above and Ingram's Rouge in novel purse-packets, and also sample of Milkweed Cream, Zedesta Tooth Powder and Perfume.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions—Price 50c and \$1.00 at drugists.



Merlin's Necklace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

as much dismay as the task had caused earlier. With no reason for it, as he told himself, he came home eagerly, his mind on West Court and its mistress. But business claimed him first.

It was on his second afternoon home that a visitor was announced in his office. He went in to find Lorna. He scarcely knew her for a moment in her pretty, modish clothes. She flushed rose-pink with pleasure at seeing him and put out both hands.

"I'm so glad you've come home! Why do you look at me so oddly?"

"I'm thinking what a well-turned-out and fashionable young lady we've become. Not much left of the little girl I met at Marseilles."

"You mean my clothes? Anyone with money can have pretty, fashionable clothes. But you don't mean me, do you? I haven't changed, have I?"

"A great deal," he smiled.

"And—do you like the way I am?" she asked.

"Very much," he said huskily; then he turned his eyes away.

She was silent a moment, then—"Do you wonder why I came here? I want you to help me. Victor's coming to-morrow."

He stiffened. "Victor? So that's my welcome home. Just how can I help you?"

"I—I—His boat gets in to-night and he comes out on the eight-ten to-morrow. I thought you might go with me to meet him?"

"I hardly see why I'm needed."

She turned, very red. "Why—you—see—He might kiss me," and she covered her face with her hands.

"Well," said Amory, "isn't that—? He's your fiancé?"

"Oh, I couldn't bear—not yet. I haven't seen him for so long."

"You think a third person might retard him?"

"You—you could—prevent it, perhaps. Couldn't you?"

She was so miserable he pitied her.

"I'll—try it," he promised.

They drove out to the eight-ten together. Amory had no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Schlegel. "Miss West's German baron" was a conspicuous figure in the crowded Eastbury station, and made a due impression, with his belated baggage and foreign air. He was a tall, romantically handsome young man, a shade stout—of an Italianate rather than Teutonic coloring. He had a stiffly-waxed black mustache, a variety of little foreign shrugs and gestures, and dark, limpid, expressive eyes that took swift account of his audience.

"Lorna—my little beautiful! At last!" he breathed as he kissed Lorna's hand with charming gallantry. There was time for nothing more. Amory was presented, and Lorna swiftly led the way to the motor.

Of Amory Mr. Schlegel took scant notice. He tried to be both possessive and reproachful to Lorna.

She was palpably nervous, talking breathlessly as they rolled out into Eastbury's pretty avenues. She asked a great many questions about his voyage, and evaded or forestalled those he would have asked in turn.

"Do you know,"—she met his eyes directly only once—"that I have met your grandfather, Victor, since I've come home?"

The young man turned slightly pale. He looked confused, but recovered himself quickly.

"Really?" he asked. "The old chap's an oddity. I've not seen him for ages. I'd almost forgotten him, in fact,—he—we've never had anything in common."

He looked at her a little nervously. Lorna seemed to wait for more, then, as he did not speak, changed the subject.

"You're to stop at the Chancery, Victor. There'll be a dinner to-night, and to-morrow night a dance at the Court. It's—its really my presentation dance. You'll meet all my friends whom I love so much."

Mr. Schlegel was scarcely attending. He was leaning forward to watch a girl on horseback who had emerged from a lodge gate and waved a gay hand to them.

"By Jove!" he drew a deep breath as the sun caught her bright hair and turned it to gold.

"That's Persis Latham. She's lovely, isn't she?"

"A beauty!" he breathed, "for a blonde," he added a little lamely. "I don't care for them myself."

"Oh, you'd care for Persis,—she's stunning and, well, everything—Victor, if you knew her. She's our fairy princess—so sweet and beautiful and rich!"

"Is it possible there are two fairy princesses?" Mr. Schlegel turned reproachful eyes on her.

"Please—don't!" Lorna spoke very low, but Amory caught her words.

Colonel Chance, forcing himself to be gracious for Lorna's sake, welcomed Mr. Schlegel with precise civility. If he had entertained hopes of Mr. Schlegel's proving "impossible" they faded swiftly. Mr. Schlegel had all the social ease and aplomb of a youth born to the purple. He had acquired both polish and manner in his foreign life and, save for his self-regretted lack of funds, might have been any impudently easy young coxcomb of the Colonel's own acquaintance.

It was a very light-hearted crowd of young people who dined with the Chancery that night. Mr. Schlegel proved

extremely popular. He sang well a number of romantic songs which displayed his sentimental powers charmingly. Several young ladies shivered with pleasure as they watched his handsome face and the ardent eyes he turned on Lorna, and envied her—oh, so much.

Only one young lady shared these glances, pretty Persis, who felt a spice of mischief as she watched Mr. Schlegel. It must be admitted that these glances were involuntary on his part, a pleasure to be abstained from, though more and more indulged in as the evening progressed.

The day of Lorna's dance was a busy one. There was so much to be done—the pretty French ballroom at the Court to be filled with blossoms, made a very bower; a hundred details must be attended to, and Lorna insisted on looking after them all. Mr. Schlegel saw little of her.

"You'll be too tired to dance, my dear," warned Mrs. Chance. But Lorna paid no heed. By night her cheeks burned with hectic color.

"You look like a river-sprite in a gown made of silver mist," Amory told her.

They stood on the stairs just before the dance, Lorna in a gown of soft white chiffon and silver.

"How many dances will you give me?" he asked.

"One," she smiled, "only one for anybody." Below Mr. Schlegel stood watching them.

"How about Mr. Schlegel?"

"Only one for him, too."

Suddenly, as Amory looked down, he saw Mr. Schlegel's face change, pale and soften curiously. Amory looked up the stairs. Persis Latham had come from a dressing-room and began to descend. She was radiant, a very rose of a girl in her clinging pink satin.

"By Jove, he's hit!" thought Amory.

Apparently Lorna had not noticed. She linked her arm in Persis's and they went down together. Mr. Schlegel came forward quickly and they stood chatting.

"I'm only going to dance with you once, Victor. But you must dance with Persis a great deal. I want you to. He doesn't care for blondes," she smiled at Persis. "You must try to convert him."

Mr. Schlegel looked rather uncomfortable.

"I'll be glad to—if I can," said Persis demurely.

"Oh, I'm not hopelessly prejudiced,"—the young man's voice was slightly hoarse. "I—I said—it was only—that I—I hope you will dance with me!" Perhaps Mr. Schlegel had never been so sincere.

Lorna watched him intently a moment, then—

"I must go," she said, "the violins are beginning. I'm going to 'open' with Colonel Jim."

It seemed to Lorna that there had never been so much music and laughter, and light and scent of flowers as filled all the gay evening.

She danced until her toes tingled, and her red cheeks grew redder, and her shining eyes brighter, and everyone noticed how gay and happy little Miss West seemed, and smiled and nudged one another to guess at the reason. And all the time, beneath her starry eyes and roses little Miss West's heart felt like a great lump of lead. Between dances and snatches of gay chatter she kept saying to herself fiercely:

"I will not think. I will not!" and of course thought with all her might and main.

As the evening progressed and she had her single dances with Amory and Mr. Schlegel, the latter seemed to slip out of sight. Once, dancing near Amory, who stood under the arched door, Lorna flashed him a question:

"Why don't you dance with Persis?"

There was something of a challenge in it, though Lorna had long since ceased to fancy him interested in Persis. And Amory wondered just what she meant, whether she had noticed Persis's conspicuous absence from the dance-floor. He watched her, troubled. She seemed so innocent and unwitting.

Now, when two thirds of the evening had gone, Lorna stood alone a moment in one of the screened alcoves off the ballroom. Her partner, young Mr. Coxley, had gone for an ice, and just for a little it seemed to the girl it would be nice to be alone—to face things. She looked about and selected a big velvet chair. Reaction was setting in; she felt a sort of languor. She sank into the chair, grateful for the opened French window back of her and the sweet May night that sent in its breeze.

There were people outside the window in the little dark balcony full of flowers. She could hear their voices murmuring—some couple "twosing" probably. The sound of their voices mingled with her thoughts.

Suddenly she sat very erect. Had she heard her name? There was a ripple of sweet laughter, then a girl's voice:

"But you must know a great deal about love, in your position—"

"Whatever I may have thought I knew is nothing, not now—not after to-night—to-day. . . . Oh, you're—you're laughing at me. But you shan't. I know what I'm saying, perfectly. I love you. I've never loved anyone else,"—a masculine voice deep with feeling.

There was a pause, then another little laugh.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 35]



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That is what Annie Laurie McAllister had for capital, the hot September afternoon she landed in Perseverance City.

No, not quite all—for she had pluck and energy and a cheery disposition, and the fine young English hero was only just across the lake.

How she struggled, failed, and won—something beside success in raising oranges—is the pleasing story told in Marion Hill's serial, "McAllister's Grove," which began in the July number of THE DESIGNER.



The second instalment with a full synopsis of the first is in the August number and you will find it at all the newsdealers.

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Merlin's Necklace

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

"But you're so abrupt, aren't you? One doesn't go about making love like that, there are all sorts of things to be observed first—"

"I'll observe them all, if you want. I'll do anything . . . you're the loveliest thing I ever saw. Heaven knows, I'd go to any length to get you!"

There was no mistaking the emotion in the man. The teasing laughter ceased suddenly. And Lorna, her cheeks suddenly cold, tried to move away and could not.

"You're not very loyal, are you, Mr. Schlegel? Aren't you forgetting your fiancée?"

"My fiancée?"

"Miss West."

"Good heavens, does she—has anyone told you she is my fiancée? What makes you say that? We are old friends, only that."

"Won't you believe me when I tell you you're the first girl I've ever loved? I adore you—"

The two young people so alone in the tiny green island in the sea of darkness started suddenly. The French door swung open. A small, shimmering, misty figure, poised as for flight, confronted them.

"Victor!"—for a moment her breath nearly failed—"Victor—and Persis—forgive me for overbearing. I couldn't help it! Oh, Victor, is it really true we're not engaged? That you haven't thought so? Oh, it's such a relief! I'm so glad—so glad! I've wanted not to be engaged for—oh, so long!"

Suddenly, like a bird taking cover, she turned from the speechless two, and fled down the halls.

There was a door at the side that led to the garden. She wanted to get out, out into the fragrant night, on the dim blooming terrace, away to herself, to readjustment.

The terrace lay dark and still before her—empty, as she had thought. Or, not quite; there was a man in one corner. Instinctively she knew him, and she did not mind finding him there at all. She came up beside him, still shaken.

"Hello!" he said. "Running away? . . . Why, good heavens, you aren't crying?"

Young Amory's voice almost broke

with horror. Lorna reached up and touched her wet cheeks.

"I—why, I believe I am! But it's nothing. Only because I'm happy. You know—I've thought Victor and I were engaged—and—we're—not. He's falling in love—really in love—with Persis, and—he told her so—so I'm—quite free!"

"Thank God for that!" his voice was strangely deep.

"Are you glad, too?" she asked, then suddenly was panic-stricken. The darkness seemed to speak, to murmur. And suddenly, too, the young man was very close, looking into her eyes.

"I—think you know I am—I—I want you to be free—for me—"

"You mean you love me?" she asked, faintly.

"Just that. I've loved you ever since I first saw you, there at Marseilles." He lifted her hand and pressed it to his lips. "You love me, don't you, Lorna?" His voice trembled.

"Oh, you know I do," she cried, then she put her head down against his shoulder and cried:

"How can you love me—when I'm so ignorant and rude and different?"

"I love you for everything, you little sinned-against thing!"

"And I'm so plain. Dreadfully!"

"Plain?" he looked at her with tender amazement. "Why, you're beautiful, sweetheart, to me. The most beautiful girl in the world, I've always thought so."

She stared at him with rapturous unbelief.

"I don't see," he said humbly, "how you can love me. I—it's simply miraculous!"

She silenced his speech with a gentle hand.

"You?" she smiled in tender scorn, "why—I—I don't know when I didn't love you. . . . In the hotel . . . on the train those first days, I thought I'd—I'd rather love you than anyone!"

They were suddenly silent, lost in the new world that had opened to them.

And Truth, who had sponsored them, suddenly realized she was superfluous, smiled down her sleeve a little, and whisked herself off to other regions.

(THE END)

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

who was a member of the defunct Carthage Coöperative Kitchen why it failed, he or she would immediately answer, "Why, it never failed!" It was a great success, yet it was discontinued because it was not possible to find enough members to keep the cost of the operative expense within the means of the members who still wished to continue the kitchen.

"Of the fifteen families who joined when it was organized, five families dropped out because they could no longer afford to belong. Two families dropped out because they grew tired of walking such a distance to their meals. One couple left because an invalid mother came to live with them. Another, because they wished to set a better table than the kitchen's. This couple frankly said they could afford luxuries, but did not expect the kitchen to furnish them, as the others could not. It was true, and nobody minded, especially as this couple were very hospitable. You see, in no case was it dissatisfaction with the coöperative kitchen management that caused the withdrawal of members.

"If the cost of provisions had remained what it was when the kitchen opened, doubtless the kitchen would have become a permanent institution. But the price of food stuffs increased so rapidly that the second year found the kitchen facing this question: Shall we cut down our table or increase the price of board? There were some who could not afford to spend more on food. These left and, presumably, at home did without some of the things that some of the kitchen members had considered necessary. No one has ever claimed to live cheaper in his own home and keep a maid.

"When the price of board was increased to three dollars and fifty cents, then to four dollars, per member per week, it was more difficult to get members. In a town like Carthage there are many families that can afford three dollars per member table board. There are fewer that can afford four dollars per member. And it became difficult to find fifteen families living in the same neighborhood who could afford it. In a town that does not have a local street railway one wants to live within a short distance of the house that serves breakfast.

"Besides, as the membership decreased, the expense per member increased, so more families dropped out.

"In order to be successful, a kitchen must be located in a neighborhood where at least twelve families have the same standard of living, the same tastes, and are able to spend the same amount on

their table. This may be in a very small town or in a city. In a town like Carthage, where the scale runs from a millionaire to a mail carrier in the same block, it is difficult to pick that neighborhood.

"It is interesting to note that not one of the things so freely prophesied contributed to the discontinuance of the kitchen. Never once was there disagreement over menus, or payments. Never once was there trouble over children, or complaint of unfairness, or gossip or fault-finding.

"To-day, the members of the Coöperative Kitchen are close friends, and we unite in praising the ability and the tact of the manager!"

MRS. LARRY laid down the letter and looked at her husband with dancing eyes.

"And so, you see, after all, this matter of coöperative cooking and living practically resolves itself into the question of lemon meringue pie or—Brown Betty, according to your individual finances. And to-morrow you get Brown Betty, because Lena, having picked up a bargain in apples has laid in a stock which must be used."

"Lena!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Larry.

"Yes, Lena, too, is studying short cuts in economy and having little adventures of her own. She has developed a good-sized bump of responsibility since I have been making these trips and she is alone with the children. She takes great pride in saving pennies. To-day she bought the apples from a huckster, at three cents less a quart than we pay at Dahlgren's.

"To insure solid fruit, she insisted upon picking out each apple with her own hands."

At that instant Lena entered, bearing the mail brought on the day's last delivery. On the very top lay a strikingly illustrated post card showing a hamper filled to overflowing with fresh vegetables.

The announcement read: "Home Hampers delivered to your door, like this, for \$1.50."

"Larry, my dear," murmured his wife, "something tells me that this post card will lead to my next Adventure in Thrift—direct communication between producer and consumer. This postal comes from a Long Island farm, almost at our door. I must telephone Teresa at once, and learn whether she received a card. 'Home Hampers'—it sounds good and fresh!"

"And not a bit like a coöperative kitchen, eh?"

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Many people with tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face is bad for the complexion.

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The following Woodbury treatment is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant.

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "dripping" with the soft, white lather.

Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

See what a difference this famous facial soap treatment will make in your skin in ten days—a promise of that loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's brings to a tender, sensitive skin.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "wood's" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Anderson-Jergens Co., 407 Spring Green Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Anderson-Jergens Co., Ltd., 407 Sherbourne Street, Perth, Ontario.

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When you buy Grape Juice ask for Red Wing—insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapey flavor. If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and \$3.00, and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point east of the Rockies, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

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Little Mary Pierce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

dodging invitations because you're too tired at night to dance? It's utterly ridiculous! What on earth makes you do it?"

"Simply because I'm having a lot of fun in here," said Maxwell. "It's the first time in my life that I've done any work, and it isn't half as bad as it sounds!"

It was quite true: by degrees he had become sated with the admiration of younger Greenwood; and by degrees he had come to recognize the pleasure of a mild commercial existence. One day, when he definitely determined to move in from the Country Club, his superintendent called it "good business," and Maxwell was elated.

He did move in from the Club, and, to Mrs. Carteret's dismay, he engaged rooms with a family of no social pretensions whatever. Maxwell hadn't thought of that fact. He had observed only that the rooms were large, clean, and sunny, and that they were five blocks from his office. And it was at about this juncture that he discovered that, although he was feeling happier than when he arrived in Greenwood, he was dancing worse.

"Julian," said Mrs. Carteret to him in September, "I thought I was a good detective, but I'm not! You've hoodwinked us all. Which is it, Winifred or Louise?"

"Can't you guess?" he temporized.

"No, I can't—and that's what makes me so curious!"

"They're both corking fine girls—two of the nicest I've ever known—but I'm not within hailing distance of either."

"Then you'd better be careful," she warned him.

"Meaning what?" he inquired.

"Both those girls," she explained, "seem to consider you about the most incomparable and perfect young man who ever set foot in town, and the fact that you've stayed away from social events and immured yourself in that office of yours has had some effect. And you ought to know that it's rather essential for you to begin to be careful what you say, and do—and when. I hope we're good friends enough for you to let me tell you these things."

"I'm always careful."

"Not in your manner," she contradicted. "You have an exceptionally confidential manner, Julian—it's very intimate. Why, before you were with us a week you had little Louise baffled; and you made Winifred think she was very subtle with you. That's a dangerous situation, young man!"

"Jiminy!" said Maxwell soberly. "That sure does sound like a block signal!"

"Of course, if you're in earnest with either of them—"

He flushed; and Mrs. Carteret smiled knowingly.

"Never mind," she said. "There's only one thing I want to ask of you—when you do make up your mind, you'll let me know first, won't you? And you won't be offended at anything I've said?"

"You'll be the very first one to know," he promised. "And, thank you, I'll be very, very careful!"

He was so careful that Winifred Jameson, when she met him on the street the following morning, accused him of being a grouch.

"You must be working too hard," she opined. "It's ruining your disposition."

"If you'll agree to stop worrying about me," he said, "I'll just take you into the Woman's Exchange and buy you a fudge sundae."

"I'm not worrying about you, but I'll have to begin pretty soon if you don't behave yourself! You've lost a lot of your tan, and you're getting thinner, and you haven't learned any new steps for a coon's age! And you don't even talk the way you used to—and you don't dress the same—when you came out here, you were a positive sketch, and now you're getting to be like everybody else!"

"I'm growing up," he said. "I'm getting an education."

"You're going to blow up, if you don't quit working so hard. Now, listen! You take a day off next Saturday and come out to the lake with us. Last picnic of the year—everybody'll be there, and you can see for yourself what you've missed all summer. Will you?"

"All right," he said on impulse. "I guess they can get along without me for one day at the factory!"

TWENTY of the younger set of Greenwood camped joyously on the shores of the lake. In the background Mrs. Carteret and a married friend exchanged confidences.

Each of the two had arrived at a very decidedly expressed decision regarding Maxwell's intentions, and each of them was willing to risk five pounds of superlative bonbons on the result. There was one vote for Louise, and one vote for Winifred; and two votes that Maxwell had reformed his mode of living in order to prove conclusively, not to the girls but to their parents, that he was a young man of character and attainments.

It was a beautiful picnic. After luncheon was over the twenty disintegrated into twos and fours; and even the married guests caught the general contagion, and fell into pleasant reminiscences. As a matter of form, both of them were invited to the canoes, and one was tactless enough to accept. Mrs.

Carteret, sighing inwardly at the dereliction of her friend, professed a desire for solitary communion with the sunshine and wandered along the shore to a flinty promontory upon which a cluster of fir trees huddled about a gigantic elm. As she inspected this elm, Mrs. Carteret remembered that once steps had been built to the lowest bough, and boards nailed to the higher branches, so that high ideals might be discussed in high places. She was delighted to find that the steps were still there; and since there was no one to spy, Mrs. Carteret picked up her skirts and scrambled to the leafy sanctuary. Twelve feet above the ground she discovered a sturdy board; she tested it thoroughly, sat down, and marked the pattern of the leaves with intense approval. Then she leaned her head against the trunk of the elm. She charged herself to keep awake; and then she discounted human nature by closing her eyes.

She was awakened gently by the sound of voices, a man's appealing, and a girl's, incredulous. For a moment she didn't sense the significance of what she heard, but when she did sense it she almost fell out of the tree. Maxwell was there, and was working up to a climax.

Mrs. Carteret was eavesdropping, and she knew it, and her judgment was torn between her alternatives. If she kept her peace, the young people might never know that she had overheard them; if she signaled to them by so much as a discreet cough, she might work irreparable damage. But who was the girl?

"I haven't fallen in love," said Maxwell, in a tone so low that the lady among the branches hardly caught the words, "but from one day last June I've felt that you and I have been going hand in hand toward this. I didn't know it until a little while ago, but when I did know it, there wasn't any shock—I felt as though it had always been that way; and so I want to go hand in hand with you—forever."

"When," murmured the girl's voice, "did you know?"

"I can't tell you, but it began just after I found that you hadn't liked me!"

"Oh, but I did!" said the girl's voice, and Mrs. Carteret, staring dazedly down through the leaves, realized that it was the voice of the one girl whom she'd never considered for this particular contingency—it was the little Pierce girl! Mrs. Carteret's heart palpitated alarmingly! Maxwell, the magnificent, adored Maxwell, had deliberately passed by the two most courted girls in Greenwood in favor of Mary Pierce, who was hardly old enough to let her frocks down!

"No, you didn't! You thought I couldn't be much of a man, because I didn't do anything but loaf—so I changed that. And you thought I was showing off all the time—so I changed that. And you thought I dressed like a fashion plate—so I changed that. And everyone else thought I was perfectly all right so it occurred to me that you were the only person I knew who wanted me to improve—the rest of them were satisfied to have me play around with them, but you wanted me to work for you, and so I did try to make myself better."

"You're perfect now," said the little Pierce girl reverently.

"Nowhere near it; but if it hadn't been for you, I'd still think I am."

"And you'd rather do all that for me than—than marry a girl who thought you were—very wonderful before?"

"Why, my dear little girl!" he cried. "You're the only one who wanted me to live—instead of loafing! And I'm never going back to New York. I'm going to stay right here and keep on living."

HALF an hour later, when Mrs. Carteret descended stiffly from the elm and strolled along the shore to the picnic ground, she was smiling thoughtfully, and once she broke out into a throaty laugh.

"Oh, well," she said to herself, "if I'd won that candy, I oughtn't to have eaten it anyway!"

To make the day complete, Mrs. Carteret offered the use of her house and her phonograph for the evening, and the twenty accepted gratefully. She watched four of them with especial interest. She noted the attitude of the Jameson who didn't sing, and of Louise Phelps, toward young Mr. Maxwell, and she observed that they both still conducted themselves in the manner of devout worshippers.

And then she saw Maxwell with Mary Pierce; and she saw, too, that apart from the unmistakable light in Mary's eyes, the girl regarded Maxwell as a man—a man not merely suited to flirtation and casuistry, but a man of maturity and common sense. Mary respected him! And Mrs. Carteret knew very surely that few residents of Greenwood had taken him seriously.

One by one, and two by two the guests departed, until only the most consequential pair were left. Mrs. Carteret knew what was coming; but she concealed her knowledge with splendid unconcern.

"Dear lady," said Maxwell, "you're the first to know—but we're engaged—and you couldn't guess in a hundred years how it happened!"

She kissed him impulsively. The little Pierce girl, in an agony of shyness, was fleeing to cover.

"Oh, don't be so sure!" said Mrs. Carteret over her shoulder, as she took up the pursuit. "Maybe I could if I tried!"



Without water and without burning—
you can cook a delicious
pot roast in this

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kettle

Place the kettle empty (without cover) over a low flame. In the heated kettle sear the roast on all sides. Then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. When half done, turn the meat over.

Thus the cheaper cuts of meat may be made as palatable as the most expensive cuts.

Ask your dealer to show you a "Wear-Ever" Windoor Kettle. It is particularly good for pot-roasting without water—and may be used for many other purposes.

Aluminum utensils are not all the same.

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. If it is not there it is not "Wear-Ever." The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" utensils smooth, dense, hard. "Wear-Ever" utensils give enduring satisfaction. Refuse substitutes.

Replace utensils that wear out
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To see for yourself why so many women prefer "Wear-Ever" ware, get this one-quest "Wear-Ever" Stamp. Send ten 2-cent stamps and we will send you the pan prepaid. Ask for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen," which tells how to improve your cooking.



GIVEN TO ANY WOMAN. Beautiful 42-Piece Gold Decorated Dinner Set for distributing only 3 dms. Free cakes of Completion Soap. No money or experience needed. N. TIRRELL WARD, 220 Interstate Place, Chicago

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Bran for breakfast now saves millions of dull days. It is a laxative, a cleanser, advised by every doctor. It breeds good health, good cheer. Folks miss much who go without it.

We make a bran dainty called Pettijohn's. It is soft wheat flaked—a luscious dish—concealing 25% of bran.

All people like it, as they like its effects. You will never give it up if you try it a week. It will show you how to make bran inviting.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (1925)

Tulle and Tipperary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

that, tried to believe that she was actually about to be married, tried to think. But she felt too, too *whirly*, somehow. She wished she could be as cool as Louise, there before the mirror doing last things to her blond hair and fussing good-humoredly because her pink satin slippers hurt her. But of course Louise wasn't the bride, although it did almost seem as if she ought to be, she looked so pretty. Billy did not know that she looked far prettier than Louise, that, although she had never in her life been considered beautiful, no one could ever have called her anything else just now, with her hair so crisp and dark under her wedding veil, her cheeks poppy-red with excitement, and that mysterious, liquid look in her young eyes.

Mrs. Arthur, contralto at the church, was singing, "Oh, Promise Me," and as that was to be the last number before the Wedding March, Billy took her bouquet, lilies-of-the-valley, all adrip with ribbon ends and sprays, and stood ready. Andy's mother suddenly put her arms around the girl and kissed her. "You're lovely, darling!" she whispered. "Now, I must go—here's your daddy—that's your signal, Miss Hall."

Following Louise's pinkness and pressing her father's arm to keep him from walking to fast, Billy started across the hall. The familiar strains of Lohengrin drifted out to her.

Now they were about to enter the long parlor. Her eyes leaped to Andy, standing very straight and tall, with Dick, at the left of the silk-gowned minister.

Was that an arch of roses in the doorway before her? Yes, pink ramblers from the veranda outside, great leafy branches of them, all dewy and fragrant! Why, there were roses everywhere—in the other doorway, bent prettily about the windows, in bowls on tables, and in a wonderful dull-green jar by the piano—the room was achingly sweet with them. The curtains were drawn, there were pink shades on the lights—how wonderful it all was. . . .

About the edge of the room sat the Home patients—men, women and children, the old and the young, the very sick and the only-a-little sick—all of them dressed in their Sunday best, the faces of all pleasantly alight with interest. Billy swept them a swift, all-inclusive smile, sent a second smile toward her other guests in a little group by the piano. There was Uncle Ches, fat and pompous and shocked, the McNairs, the Elys, Doctor Knight—oh, how this train dragged!

Then she was at the altar, her hand suddenly in Andy's warm clasp. And after a moment Andy was repeating after Mr. Howard the beautiful old words of the marriage service, a queer little tremble in his voice. . . . Then she was saying them, not nicely, as Andy had, at all, but mechanically, as if her heart were off up in the clouds somewhere, and only her lips here! She could hardly keep her mind on them at all, although she wanted to, very much, she couldn't seem to do anything but stupidly count the stripes in the wall paper, and wonder if she'd ordered enough ice cream for the reception, and try to remember if she'd packed her tooth brush—silly things like that.

And now Andy's ring was on her finger, they had knelt for the benediction, and Mr. Howard was calling her "Mrs. McNair." Characteristically, Billy giggled at that. And then, with a little half-sob, she was in her father's arms, while they held each other close.

Few of the Home people were able to leave their chairs, so after a moment Billy, one arm slipped in Andy's, the other hugging her bouquet, went around to speak to them, calling each one by name, shaking the feeble hands, introducing them to Andy. Starry-eyed little Peter asked her to sing.

"Oh, Peter, no!" Miss Corson reproved. "Not to-day, dear!"

"Why not?" said Billy. "Of course I'll sing!" Trailing her bridal gown up to the piano, she put down her lilies-of-the-valley and began to pull off her long gloves. "What do you want me to sing, dear?" she asked, smiling at Peter.

The boy's beautiful dark eyes grew lambent with anticipation.

"Tipperary," was his prompt response.

A little mischievous undulation ran through the room. Billy herself smiled as she seated herself at the piano, at the absurdity of it—a girl on her wedding day sitting down to sing "Tipperary" to the guests! But, "All right, Peter," she said, and lifting up her voice, she sang.

When she came to the chorus they all joined in—Peter, Andy, Dick and Louise, Billy's father, Miss Corson, even Mr. Howard. Then she had to sing "The Rosary" for one of the old ladies. "Junita" for another, and shake hands all around before they would let her go.

Out at the open door Billy paused for a final farewell.

"Good-by!" she called softly. "good-by, everybody!" The quick tears sprang to her eyes as she looked at them, she dropped her train, held both her hands out in loving confidence.

"Oh, wasn't it, wasn't it, the sweetest wedding?" she quavered. "Thank you—all of you—ever—so much!"

They went out to their taxicab, Billy with her arm about the high shoulders of Peter, who alternately sniffed at her lilies-of-the-valley and stared up into her face. Yes, it was his Miss Billy all right, you could tell that by the way she acted; but [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



Van Camp's Bred the Baked Bean Habit

In the pioneer days in America, Baked Beans was the national dish.

Then it declined. The old-time dish wasn't dainty. And, when we worked indoors more, we found it hard to digest.

So this royal dish—more nutritious than meat—became an occasional fill-in.

Then came Van Camp's—a delicacy—zestful, mellow, whole. A million housewives flocked to it. And today, in countless homes, it saved cooking a hot-day meal. It added an hour to porch life. And it brought to the men folks a dish they delight to see.

VAN CAMP'S

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BAKED WITH
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10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

If you don't know Van Camp's, quite a surprise awaits you. They are not like home-baked beans—not like other brands. This dish is a unique creation.

We select the right beans by analysis. We have worked out a sparkling sauce. And we bake them together, in little parcels, by super-heated steam, and for hours.

The result is right baking—no after effects. A most appealing zest. Beans mealy yet nut-like, uncrisped and unbroken.

This dish brought Baked Beans to their own. It has made them five times as popular. It has changed a homely dish into a dainty.

All this will be proved to you in a vivid way if you order Van Camp's today. It will change immensely your summer meal regime.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(384)

COLGATE'S

TALC POWDER

The real boric powder that everybody needs this summer for its soothing, absorbing and antiseptic action.

All talcums are not alike. Use Colgate's and be safe.

Sold everywhere, or a dainty trial box sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. Merit perfume desired.

Dept. J COLGATE & CO., 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

Monad Violet
La France Rose
Daisyflis
Cashmere Bouquet
Violet
Éclat
Baby Talc
Tinted
Unscented



Tulle and Tipperary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

weddings made people look mighty different somehow.

"Good-by, Peter dear." She leaned down and kissed him.

"Good-by." He murmured it dully. Then suddenly he brightened. "Oh! I know now! I know now!"

"Yes, What is it, Peter?" Billy paused, one foot on the step of the taxi. Peter's smile increased, irradiating his entire countenance. He beamed at them, particularly at Andy, looking at him steadily.

"By golly, y-you—you've got the g-goods!" he exploded.

There was a general gasp of astonishment. Then the laughter came, generously.

"Peter!" exclaimed the flushed bridegroom, getting into the taxi and closing the door. "What next?"

"Oh, honey!" Billy's bouquet bumped to the floor as, giggling hysterically, she seized both of his hands. "Did you ever see such a crazy wedding? Such a funny, mixed-up, beautiful wedding? Your mother loved it, she told me so, and Daddy,"—she broke off, her eyes suddenly a trifle abashed.—"Andy, what makes you look at me like that?"

It was a wonderful look, a dear look. Andy freed one of his hands and put his arm around her.

"I was just thinking," he said, and that odd little bass tremble shook his voice again, "how beautiful my Billy-sweetheart is. . . . Or, rather,—honey, will this stuff mess?—I should say, my—my Billy-wife!"

And Billy's husband kissed her.

"Let's Talk About the Weather"

Thunder and Lightning

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

may have been melted open by the flash of lightning.

At my elbow lies a treatise crammed with yarns about fireballs dancing around rooms, bolts splitting people in two, and flashes that strip their victims and print pictures on them. Let all such bugaboo books alone.

And better not credit all stories that reach you by word of mouth. People who have been at close quarters with a thunderbolt are exceedingly unreliable witnesses. By being a bit incredulous, you take a long step toward happiness in a thunderstorm, and you take a little longer one by considering what a thunderstorm is. Electricity? Of course. But the Northern Lights are electricity, and you aren't afraid of those. Earth and sky are full of electricity all the while, and so are you—and the cat. A thunderstorm is not a sudden drumming up of electricity from nowhere in particular. It is nature's device for setting things to rights when there is too much electricity in one element and not enough in another.

However, I am not poking fun at your fears. You got them from your mother. As a little child, you saw her shudder and go in for terrified and mainly useless precautions. Scared enough already, you were doubly scared then. It made an impression that has followed you ever since, causing incalculable torment and untold nervous strain.

Are you setting a like example of morbid unreasoning fright before your own children? If so, try to calm yourself, for their sake if not for your own. Make the youngsters stay in. Keep them away from an open fireplace. But encourage them to enjoy thunderstorms as a perfectly natural form of high jinks and the best show going. If that fails, you had better move to the Pacific Coast, where there aren't any.

Is It Going to Rain?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

"Bright and fair" in the very path of a "drizzle-drozzle"? Why, with his barometers, his anemometers, his telegrams, and his various other implements of sorcery, can't he guess right? The truth is, he guesses right much oftener than he guesses wrong. If you care to test this, write to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., and subscribe for a daily weather map—terms, twenty cents a month, two dollars a year.

And worth it? That depends. If you expect infallibility, no. If you expect an improvement on cats, pigs, ants, bees, and spider webs, yes.

For, while the progress of a hurricane or a cold wave can be mapped out days ahead, the minor trivialities of weather refuse to date themselves so accurately. It is a question of hours, and several of those hours have elapsed while your map was reaching you.

Doubtless, all the weather from now to Doomsday is planned out by Nature in accordance with definite laws, but she declines to unfold her plans far in advance. Rain on the first Sunday in the month no more indicates rain for the following Sundays than the thickness of fur on animals or the quantity of nuts squirrels store up indicates the sort of winter we may expect. Meteorologists have pried into all such signs with astonishing care and patience, and found them as useless, for any practical purpose, as the groundhog himself.

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Delicious iced-tea, summer's ideal drink—made best with the best tea—with Lipton's tea—Yellow Label blend.

No Advance in Prices

25c, 30c, 35c (full size standard packages, 5¢ lb. net), also 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 10c trial sizes. Ten blends to meet every taste; at prices to fit every purse.

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Write for sample cake!

Smell its real violet fragrance. The moment you do you will want this crystal clear soap—the "Freshening up" soap of the dainty woman.

Lathers freely in any water. Send 2c for your sample cake. Do it to-day!

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Do you know that the rubber ring you use in preserving is the most important item?

Cheap rubber rings harden, crack, and let in air; and your preserves "work" and spoil.

Good Luck rings keep out the air indefinitely. Made of live rubber, extra wide, thick, soft and tough and will not taint the fruit.

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More About "Better Films"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

THE HOUSE OF THE LOST COURT, Edison: An entertaining picture based on Mrs. C. N. Williamson's fascinating mystery story.

THE BOSS, World: A good story based on modern conditions. Alice Brady plays the heroine.

RECOMMENDED SPECIALS

THE SANDS OF DEE, Biograph-General: Reissue directed by D. W. Griffith. A lovely picture based on Charles Kingsley's poem, with May Marsh as the unfortunate girl, and Robert Harron as the heartbroken fisherman.

OPENED BY MISTAKE, World-Comedy Stars: One reel. Funny little comedy with Richard Carle as the eccentric writer whose stories must be written on the backs of envelopes.

THE LADY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, Vitagraph: A pathetic story (with a happy ending) of a small boy who is blinded in a Fourth of July accident. Well worth seeing.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER, World-Comedy Stars: One reel comedy. A sure cure for husbands who spend their evenings at the club. Some amusingly human situations.

A TIMELY INTERCEPTION, Biograph-General: A reissue directed by D. W. Griffith. An interesting story. The characters are human; the settings are natural and the photography excellent.

SALLY CASTLETON, SOUTHERNER, Edison-General: A pretty version of the usual Civil War story with some thrilling scenes, but no battles.

THE BATTLE, Biograph-General: A reissue directed by D. W. Griffith. One of the best battle pictures ever produced.

THE FIGHTING BLADE, Biograph-General: A reissue directed by D. W. Griffith. A good story of frontier life, with an old soldier and his ten children fighting a band of Indians.

A Little Talk to Our Readers About Motion Pictures

WE HAVE had many letters from you since this department was started in March, and every letter that has come in has been answered. Some of the answers have seemed to us pretty satisfactory, and with some we have not been satisfied at all. We have not had any complaints, so perhaps these replies have met your needs, but just in case they have not we want to explain a little about the situation.

There have been two reasons for the answers that have not satisfied us: First, your question may have been so indefinite that we did not know what to reply, and, second, the facts you wanted may have been unobtainable.

If, for instance, you said: "Please give me further information about motion pictures," you can easily see how difficult it would be to send a satisfactory answer. We should not know where to begin. "Further information" is such a vague phrase, especially in connection with a vast thing like the motion picture business. And this brings us to the second difficulty.

The motion picture business is such a vast thing, and has grown with such prodigious rapidity, that even the people most closely connected with it have had all they could do to keep up with the immediate problems of production and distribution. No one has had the time yet to coordinate the products, to arrange a general index of all the films released, and to collate the titles so that they may be readily traced and procured. Such an index will no doubt come with time, but just now it may be quite impossible to tell whether a certain title has ever been filmed; and, if so, when and by what company.

This does not mean that we want you to stop writing to us. We welcome your letters, and we promise to answer each one as fully as possible, and for your convenience we have prepared some special lists, and other information.

Any one of the following helps will be sent immediately upon receipt of your request accompanied by a one-cent stamp for postage:

1. A list of films especially recommended for children.
2. A list of fifty good scenic and travel films.
3. A list of ten religious films.
4. A model ordinance for the Regulation of Motion Pictures.
5. An outline of the Standards of Criticism Used by the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures that will serve as a basis for a local commission of critics. This is an enlightening pamphlet and should be studied carefully.
6. Monthly lists of recommended films. Note: Since many of the films recommended are already released when the COMPANION is issued, a list of the films to be included will be sent a month ahead of the date of publication, to anyone who will send a one-cent stamp for postage.

For the convenience of readers who wish these lists every month a regular mailing list will be established. Send in your name and address, together with a one-cent stamp for each month up to the end of the year, and the lists will be mailed to you throughout 1915 without further notice.

From time to time we hope to have new material to offer you, and notice of such additions will be given in these pages.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



Anywhere—everywhere

KODAK

Indoors or out, on your travels or at home, Kodak is at your service. And it means photography with the bother left out.

Ask for the March number of "KODAKERY" the little magazine that we send free, for one year, to all present Kodak purchasers. It tells how, by very simple means, you can make charming and novel silhouettes with your Kodak. It will be sent without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

Try My Rapid FIRELESS COOKER

30 Days in Your Home At My Risk



A big saving in food bills, fuel, work—and food tastes better. I am making Special Price On 10,000 to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods quick. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Complete outfit aluminum utensils free. Write for Free Book and Bargain Prices direct from factory.

Wm. Campbell Co.
Dept. 27, Detroit, Mich.

Keep the Bathroom Odorless

and toilet bowl free from discolorations by using Sani-Flush. Rid yourself of the most disagreeable household task. Directions on can. Not a general cleanser—does only one thing and does it thoroughly. Money back if it fails.

Sani-Flush

keeps toilets clean as new. Don't think that because the bowl looks clean it is sanitary. The trap may be incrustated. If it is, it will give off objectionable odors. Don't wait for the toilet bowl to get stained; start using Sani-Flush now and there won't be any odor in the bathroom. Patented—nothing just like it.

Your grocer or druggist probably has Sani-Flush. If not, send us his name and 25c for a full-size can postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
715 Walnut St.
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Protect Yourself At Soda Fountains Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE



The Food-Drink for All Ages Nourishing Delicious Digestible Others are Imitations

For

Children of All Ages

The Convenient Shirt For Babies

Note how it slips on like a coat, and how snugly it fits over every inch of the body. The two-fold protection over the chest and abdomen is what every child needs the year 'round. 7,000,000 mothers know this. 20,000,000 children have proved it by wearing

Rubens Shirts For Infants

Made without buttons, but adjustable, so always a perfect fit. Ask for Rubens Shirts and look for the label reproduced below. Don't let anyone keep you from getting the genuine. Rubens for any age from birth in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 25c up. Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
16 N. Market St., Chicago





Complete relief from perspiration annoyance

This is what Odo-ro-no offers you.

Two applications a week will keep your armpits normally dry and odorless, making dress shields entirely unnecessary.

Your dresses will be kept unstained, fresh and dainty, even in the hottest weather.

The truth about perspiration

"But— isn't it healthful to perspire?" you say.



Of course it is, when you perspire naturally and normally over the entire body.

Extreme perspiration of one part of the body, however, is usually due to nervous overstimulation of the sweat glands. You have seen persons troubled in this way even in cold weather. It is a local condition which you can correct by local treatment, without in any way affecting the natural perspiration of the body.

Odo-ro-no, the toilet water for extreme perspiration, supplies the corrective local treatment needed. It is unscented, as harmless as Witch Hazel, and as easily applied.

What one application will do

One application not only does away with all perspiration odor for many days, but leaves the parts to which it is applied normally dry and dainty. Two or three applications a week thereafter are all that are needed to free you completely from perspiration annoyance and embarrassment. Dress shields become entirely unnecessary.

If you dance you will find the use of Odo-ro-no especially grateful.

Men who suffer from extreme perspiration of upper lip, forehead, or neck say Odo-ro-no ends their troubles immediately.

ODO-RO-NO

THE TOILET WATER FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

You will find Odo-ro-no at any drug store or toilet counter. Get a bottle today. There are three sizes: the 25c trial size, the 50c regular size, and the \$1.00 special size, containing six times as much as the 25c size. In Canada the prices are 35c, 70c and \$1.40.

Write for sample

Sample bottle of Odo-ro-no and this booklet sent for 6c and your dealer's name. Write today. Address The Odo-ro-no Co., 308 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



The Fashion Department

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD



No. 2819

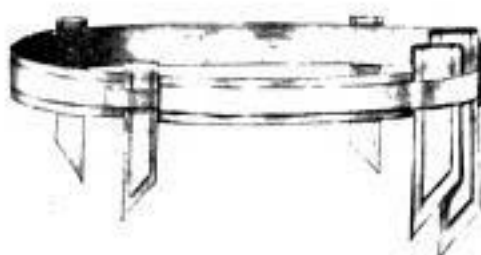
No. 2819—Child's Dress Tucked to Simulate Yoke. 6 months, 1-, 2- and 4-year sizes. Material for 2 years, two and one-fourth yards of thirty- or forty-inch material. Price of this pattern, ten cents



No. 2820

No. 2820—Child's Kimono Dress with Tucked Band Trimming. 1-, 2-, 4-, and 6-year sizes. Material for 4 years, two yards of thirty-inch material, or one and three-fourths yards of forty-inch material. The price of this little kimono dress pattern is ten cents

THE little dress shown in pattern No. 2819 is very simple. The front and back are tucked to simulate a yoke, and the elbow sleeves are set into the normal armholes with just a tiny bit of fullness.



A stylish sash for the little girl of three or four years may be made of blue and pink ribbon as illustrated above.

THE trimming on the dress No. 2820 is composed of strips of batiste finely tucked and bound on both edges with plain narrow strips of the batiste. The front of the dress may be shirred or else smocked.



A buckle for a coat or dress made of pink ribbon and ornamented with blue forget-me-nots may be made like this.



Buckles like this one can be made in various dainty colors to wear with many different colored dresses or coats.



With one blue rosette and one pink one and a double band of pink and blue ribbon this ornament is effective on either a dress or a hat. The hat may be silk, piqué or mull.



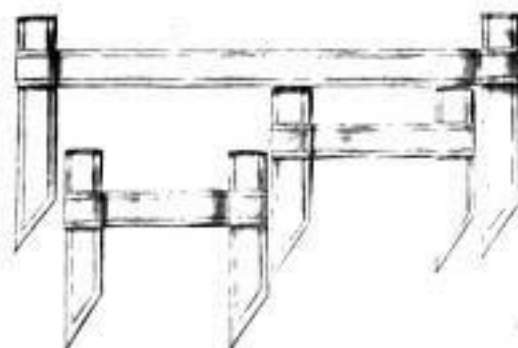
Even the tiny child may have a coat hanger.



A bonnet looks very cunning when trimmed with this little ornament of pink and blue ribbon.



Rosettes of blue chiffon and white combined with blue ribbon are suitable for trimming dresses, coats and hats. Three of these are illustrated in the picture placed just above.



Belt and sleeve ornaments in tailored effect made of pale pink and blue ribbon.

THE accessories illustrated on this page for the baby or tiny girl may be made at home at almost no cost. Directions for making will be sent to any address if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed for mailing directions. Address The Baby Accessory Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

ANYONE desiring to make the little dresses shown on this page can do so with the aid of Woman's Home Companion patterns. These patterns can be ordered from the following addresses: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

Clothes for the Hot Summer Days

Two Separate Waists in new and interesting designs to wear with suits or skirts

A Blouse for the Athletic Girl and a practical garment for the busy housekeeper

FASHION has had to bow to comfort this season, and it is interesting to note that even the newest blouses are made with the open throat or flat collar. Long sleeves, however, are still favored in separate waists, though the elbow and three-quarter lengths are introduced in many of the dresses of sheer summer materials.

NOT many seasons ago we discarded or packed away a quantity of frills, jabots and fancy revers for shirt-waists. Little did we think they would return for many a day, and yet they are back again this summer and, strange to say, many of them are exactly like those big frilly ones that were in style in the past.



No. 2826—Belted Middy Blouse with Pockets. 34 to 40 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two yards of thirty-inch, or one and five-eighths yards of forty-inch, with five eighths of a yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs and one eighth of a yard for belt. The pattern is ten cents



No. 2827



No. 2828

THE design shown in pattern No. 2829 is interesting because it can be used for two purposes; if one is in need of a simple, comfortable dress for housework it will serve for that purpose most satisfactorily. Then, again, if an apron is required, one that will entirely cover the dress, this is a most practical pattern. It can be made to open all the way down the front, thus making it most easy to slip on and off. The pockets, which are really for trimming, are also convenient when the design is used for either dress or apron.

No. 2827—Surplice Waist with Large Revers. 34 to 42 bust. Material required for 36-inch bust, two and three-fourths yards of thirty-inch, or two and one-half yards of forty-inch, with one-eighth yard of contrasting material. Price of pattern is ten cents



No. 2829

YOU want patterns for the designs shown on this page! All you have to do to get these patterns is enclose ten cents in stamps with the number and size of the pattern and your address, and mail to the Pattern Department. The pattern will be sent you by return mail and you have no trip to the store. Address the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio. Be sure to send correct measures when ordering patterns.

No. 2828—Yoke Waist with Double Collar. 34 to 42 bust. Material required for 36-inch bust, two and one-half yards of thirty-inch, or two yards of forty-inch material. If preferred, the collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. Pattern is ten cents

No. 2829—Housework Dress or Apron. 34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, four and one-half yards of thirty-inch, or four yards of forty-inch, with one-fourth yard of contrasting material for trimming. The price of this pattern is ten cents



No. 2829



No. 2827

No. 2826

No. 2828

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Williams' Talc Powder



You simply cannot help enjoying its downy softness, its purity and fineness. The quintessence of all that is good in Talc Powder.



You see at a glance the big advantage of the patented quick-opening, quick-closing hinged top. The top that makes the can non-leakable.



The exquisite flower-like perfumes—the perfume perhaps of your favorite flower, Violet, Rose, Carnation, or the Oriental odor, Karsi, will make you want to use it again and again.



Then, too, the fact that the Williams' box is a larger box and contains nearly 15 per cent more Powder than other standard brands sold at the same price, is not overlooked by those who deplore the high cost of living.

A miniature trial can, either perfume, sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. T Glastonbury, Conn.

Other Toilet Luxuries
Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dental Cream, Cold Cream, Toilet Waters, etc.

Resinol Soap

keeps skins fair in spite of summer sun



The soothing, healing medication in Resinol Soap which is so effective in clearing poor complexions, is equally dependable for protecting delicate skins from the havoc of summer sun, wind, dust and heat.

To use Resinol Soap for the toilet is usually to make sure that one's complexion will come through the hot weather unharmed, while to use Resinol Soap for the bath helps greatly to prevent heat rashes, chafings and unpleasant perspiration.

If careless exposure should result in painful sunburn, a little Resinol Ointment will usually afford complete relief.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake, with a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 13-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Thousands of mothers find Resinol Soap a comfort for their babies' skins in summer.

A Summer Dress of Silk

Suitable for shopping, calling and many other informal occasions

Designed by GRACE M. HORNE



THIS design for a silk frock is just the type of costume the average woman needs among her summer clothes. It is cool and comfortable for even the very warm days, and yet it is especially appropriate for street wear. The dress is developed in midnight-blue taffeta silk and trimmed in tan. The hat to wear with it is of blue straw with a tan feather for trimming.

Both dress and hat are described in the dressmaking lesson on the opposite page, and ten-cent WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION patterns can be supplied for the dress. For directions for ordering patterns see opposite page. Always send your order as early as possible.

No. 2817—Long-Sleeved Waist in Pointed Bolero Effect. 32 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two and three-fourths yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one-fourth yards of forty-inch, with one-fourth yard of contrasting material for facing the revers. The price of this pattern is ten cents.



No. 2818—Two-Piece Skirt with Plaited Yoke and Ruffle. 24 to 32 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, five and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch material, or four yards of forty-inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 24-inch waist, three and one-fourth yards. Hip measure 38 inches. Price of this pattern ten cents.



Back in Fashion's Whirl —Petticoats

At the dance and on the street the petticoat is everywhere in evidence, adding its piquant dash of color and charm to support Dame Fashion's new flare skirt.



Taffeta Petticoats

as usual, anticipate Miladi's demands for Petticoats with all the sheen and iridescent shades of silk—with silks's soft swish and rustle—but of far better wearing qualities at much lower prices.

Many and alluring are the new Heatherbloom effects shown now in all the latest shades at all good shops. Also with patent tops. This label in the waist band guarantees the quality of material and workmanship.

"Lucile" (Lady Duff Gordon) says:—"I find the Heatherbloom Taffeta a most desirable fabric for Petticoats. Its beauty and adaptability are a high compliment to the skill of American Weavers."

Heatherbloom Taffeta is also at the lining counters. 35 cents a yard. Write for the new Petticoat Book.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, 361 Broadway, New York

Makers of **Hydegrade** Weaves

The Dressmaking Lesson

MISS GOULD tells how to make the costume shown on the opposite page and suggests materials and trimmings for hat and dress

THERE is no costume quite so satisfactory as a good-looking one-piece dress with hat to match. If it is made of silk and developed in a dark color it is suitable not only for dress occasions but informal ones as well. Just such a dress as this is shown on the opposite page, and as I am sure many of our readers will want to make it, I am going to give a few suggestions for fabrics and trimmings and tell just exactly how the dress is put together. With the help of this lesson no woman need hesitate about making the dress herself.

To begin with, as shown in the illustration, the dress is developed in midnight-blue taffeta silk. The trimmings are simple, being made of just a bit of contrasting silk and rows of machine stitching in tan color.

Faille silk, silk and wool crepe, Palm Beach cloth, pongee and poplin are other suitable fabrics, with soutache braid or bands of contrasting silk as trimming.

The hat is midnight-blue in simple sailor shape and trimmed with a fancy feather in tan color.

In making a one-piece dress like this, I always advise an inside belt of silk or cotton belting which may be purchased by the yard; the boned belts of cambric which one may make are not nearly as satisfactory and take considerably more time to adjust. This belt gives a foundation for the dress, something to work on.

When cutting out the dress, follow pattern directions carefully, marking the perforations which indicate gathers, plaits, seam allowances, and the like, with tailors' chalk on dark materials, and with tailors' tacks in contrasting thread on light colored materials. When the chalk is used, the pattern must be laid on both sides of the material so that both may be marked exactly alike.

It is seldom safe to follow the crease in the material as a guide for the straight of the goods when cutting a garment, especially a skirt or the back of a blouse; more often than otherwise, if the material is opened and shaken out, it will be noticed that the crease is by no means on the direct straight of the goods. By doing this before putting scissors into the goods an entire breadth of material may often be saved.

China silk, silk mull or coarse white cotton net may be used for lining the waist.

TO MAKE THE WAIST: Arrange the inside belt around the waist; draw it up rather tight and close it with hooks and eyes. Baste up the seams of the lining and try on; make necessary alterations and stitch the seams. A neat way of finishing these seams is to cut them off about an eighth of an inch after they are stitched, fold the edges in toward each other and overcast firmly by hand.

Turn the hems in on the lining fronts, or face them and sew on hooks and eyes arranged to alternate down the front; this arrangement prevents a semi-fitting lining, such as this is, from gaping or coming unhooked. Turn a seam's-width hem on the lower edge of the lining and adjust lining to inside belt. The sleeves should now be made; join the seams, stitch, and bind them with seam binding. In making the cuffs, when they are double, as they are here, the upper side is seamed to the lower edge of the sleeve, and the under side or facing is turned in and hemmed down to cover the seam. The sleeves are set into the armholes of the lining. When sewing the sleeves in, join with the seam a strip of bias taffeta; this will serve as a binding to cover the seam. Before hemming this binding over the seams, they should be slashed a trifle and stretched over so slightly between thumb and finger.

Finish the vest, which may be of net, chiffon or the same silk as that used to face the revers, and attach it to the right side of the lining; finish the left edge of the vest with patent fasteners arranged to meet a corresponding line of sockets on the left side of the lining.

In joining the seams of the bolero short, straight seams like these may

be finished as directed for the lining seams, or may be bound. Face armholes of bolero with a bias strip of taffeta about half an inch wide; the lower edges of the bolero and the fronts may be faced with a bias strip slightly wider. Seam these facings on by machine, turn the edges in and hem down lightly by hand. In this dress all stitches are covered by rows of machine stitching which simulate braid and are used for trimming.

Face the revers first with the same material as the dress; these facings are seamed on from the right side, then turned and catstitched down to the inside edge of the bolero. The white or contrasting facings must be turned in all around the edges, pressed flat, basted carefully to the revers, and blind-stitched down.

Arrange bolero over lining, catching them together at the neck line in back. Make collar, and attach to waist as illustrated; the under side should be seamed on by machine, the seam slashed a trifle, and pressed open, the upper side or facing of the collar brought down to cover the seam. The neck line of the lining fronts may be hemmed with a seam's-width hem, or faced.

TO MAKE THE SKIRT: Take up the plaits in yoke, baste and try on, taking care to see that it fits properly around the lower edge. When adjusted satisfactorily, crease or press in the plaits with a medium hot iron and bind upper and lower edges of the yoke with seam binding. Join seams of skirt, press them open and bind. If the seams are stitched by machine take care to have the tension rather loose, too tight a tension will draw and often cut the seam when the material is taffeta or other soft silk. Gather the skirt over a rather heavy cable cord as illustrated, and baste onto the lower edge of the yoke. Baste skirt to waist and try on.

When the skirt is hung properly, remove from waist, sew yoke and lower section together by hand with a firm backstitch, covering the stitches with the gathers.

The plaited ruffle may now be attached to the lower edge of the skirt. This ruffle consists of a straight strip or strips of material joined and plaited. The hem, which must be very narrow, should be turned in and stitched before the plaits are laid in. In this instance, the hem may be stitched either by hand or machine, as the sewing line is covered by the braid or outside machine stitching. I am going to tell you of an unusual and most attractive way to hem a ruffle like this; it is pretty for taffeta.

Turn and crease in a hem just as you would on a dinner napkin or tablecloth, about the same width also; fold this hem back on the right side and crease again; catch the edges together with a firm over-and-over stitch, just as is done with the selvage seams of linen sheets or pillow slips. When the hem is finished, press flat, and it will have the appearance of a narrow fold or welt with no stitches visible. Take up and crease in the plaits on the ruffle and sew ruffle to the lower edge of the skirt.

Finish placket as far as single notch on the pattern, with the continuous finish. Adjust skirt to waist, easing the yoke in a trifle at the top if necessary and sew onto waist firmly by hand. Hem the edges of the girle with the "linen" hem, as directed for the ruffle, and arrange it softly about the waist; tack to lining around top to keep it in place; close with patent fasteners.

TO MAKE THE HAT: Secure a simple sailor shape of cape net or wire in a becoming style (the brim should not be wider than six inches); twelve yards of 1½-inch wide straw braid, two yards of inch-wide ribbon and one fancy feather. Sew the braid to the frame, row after row, beginning at the outside edge of brim and continue on to the crown. To cover the crown, begin at the center and work down to the bottom. Make seven ten-inch loops of ribbon for the rosette and place rosette and feather fancy on crown of hat at the left side.



by Request
Milady
Decolleté
Gillette

Fashion Says—

Evening gowns must be sleeveless, or made with the merest suggestion of gauzy sleeves of tulle or lace. Afternoon gowns are made with semi-transparent yokes and sleeves.

Separate bodices are fashioned of sheer materials.

The Woman of Fashion Says—

The underarm must be as smooth as the face.

The Gillette Razor Co. Announces—

The safest and most sanitary method of obtaining this result by the use of Milady Decolleté Gillette. A special model as a toilet accessory for the woman of fashion—brought out after numerous requests from the leading summer and winter resorts and all the metropolitan fashion centers.

Of dainty size, in 14-K gold plate, enclosed in velvet- and satin-lined French Ivory case. Milady Decolleté Gillette is a most attractive toilet article. It will be found with the toilet goods in department stores, also in jewelry and drug stores and the foremost woman's specialty shops. The price is \$5.



For full particulars about Milady Decolleté Gillette and its use, write us direct

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ORDER patterns from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio. Be sure to give correct size and number of patterns.

PROMOTE HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH



By using CUTICURA SOAP CONSTANTLY

It is sure to afford complete satisfaction to all who rely upon it for a clear skin and clean, healthy scalp.

Sample Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap is sold everywhere. Liberal sample mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

She says:
"I have three children who are being brought up on Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder."

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

takes all the odor out of perspiration

No need of discomfort even on the hottest day or in crowded ball-rooms. "Mum" absolutely neutralizes all bodily odors.

Does not injure skin or clothing. One application lasts from bath to bath.

25c at nine out of ten drug- and department-stores

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Prof. L. Hubert's Malvina Cream
is a skin cream, clear, healthy skin. Used as a makeup it covers blemishes and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sunburn. Good for freckles. Use Malvina Lotion and Safford Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion. At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. PROF. L. HUBERT, Toledo, O.

Little Dress Vanities

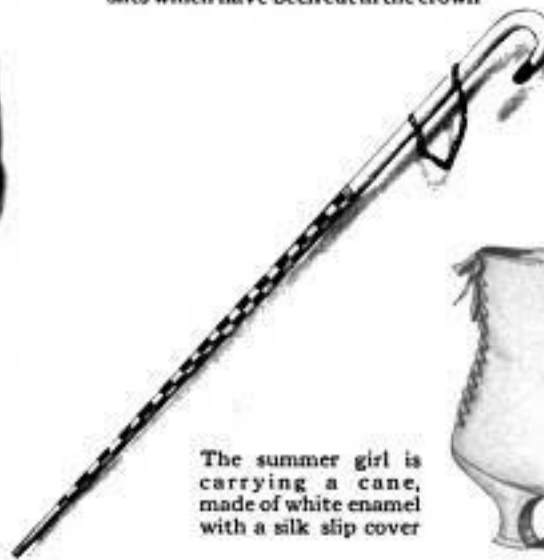
Miss Gould advocates them in modified form but emphatically says "Beware of Extremes"

THE little vanities of dress rightly belong to the summer girl. They really have no allurements or personality until she gives it to them. A dress alone would never be noticed; it is monotonous. It is the little accessories, the smart style touches, which give it individuality and a certain delightful, unexpected quality, which is another way of saying "charm"



REMEMBER that the dress accessory, if it is correctly chosen, gives expression to the costume. It must be right in itself and it must be used with the right costume to be a success. Remember, also, that the dress accessory must never be too extreme. It is such a little step and, oh, such an easy one, between tasteful, smart dressing and grotesque dressing

A feather just a bit the worse for wear may be given new life by cutting it in two and using it as here shown. The ends are tucked into slits which have been cut in the crown

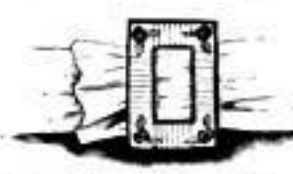


The summer girl is carrying a cane, made of white enamel with a silk slip cover



Nothing seems to diminish the craze for things black and white. The newest stockings are black and white silk in a striking all-over diamond design as here shown

This year's summer girl will be remembered for her shoes. Never before have they been so elaborate. These boots are white buckskin laced in the back, with kid tips



Three dress vanities: two buckles—one of silk and lace and soutache braid, the other plaited linen with linen roses—and a hat ornament of white felt with the leaves embroidered in green and the centers of the fruit in pink

DON'T scorn the little frivolities of dress. They often give the soft, feminine note to a costume, and really its charm.

Stiff, severe effects in dress many times proclaim a character narrow and over-prim. The lovable woman just naturally wants to prink a bit and make herself look her very prettiest. This is feminine human nature, and personally I hope this desire to look lovely will cling to women as long as they live.

Smart dressing has been proved to be a matter of care, a looking after every little detail. Sometimes it is just the addition of a dainty collar, shaped in the right and becoming way, that makes a blouse a success. The poise of a rose or a feather on a hat often has all to do with its becomingness.

Even an outing hat, for instance, of felt and straw is given a dainty, chic look by some odd little ornament. Instead of a plain band of grosgrain

ribbon, but here, of course, appropriateness must be considered.

Take the girl, for instance, whose eyes are like the blue of the sky on a sunny summer day. If she is wise about her clothes, she will buy an outing hat of blue felt to match her eyes, with a straw brim in white.

Now she will not only ruin her hat but the entire effect of her costume if she trims this hat with some grotesque brilliant-hued feather fancy, or takes away its daintiness by adding a broad band of black patent leather with a big buckle or bow at the side.

Some novel little ornament caught in the direct front, side, or even perched on the crown, made of felt will be more in good taste and give it the smart touch of style.

These felt ornaments are a decided fad, especially when embroidered in gay worsteds. In fact, color is always added to white costumes and accessories this season.



No. 2830—Set of Collar and Cuffs. Cut in one size only. The price of this pattern is ten cents

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AS A GUEST OF THE HOUSEWIFE

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY?"

You may think you know a great deal about it, but a few hours pleasantly spent in playing the TRAVELGAME, which is a new department of THE HOUSEWIFE, will convince you that there is also a great deal that you don't know. Patriotic parents should secure the TRAVELGAME for their children, for aside from the magnificent awards offered, no method devised will give them a more thorough knowledge of their own country or teach them the geography of the United States in so pleasant a manner.

It is the Most Fascinating Game ever invented, and you will surely want to play it.

It combines the newest and most interesting and most instructive entertainment ever offered to magazine readers. The TRAVELGAME consists of pretending that you are about to go traveling, and want to visit as many large cities as you can, without ever going back over any route, or retracing any of your steps. The routes are all laid out for you on a chart which we furnish you free with all rules. That is all there is to it—and your opportunity is just as good as anybody else's!

\$6,800 IN GOLD

Will be Given by THE HOUSEWIFE for the Best Solutions to its TRAVELGAME.

Highest Award is	\$1,500 in Gold
Second Highest Award . .	\$1,000 in Gold
Third Highest Award . . .	\$500 in Gold
Fourth Highest Award . . .	\$400 in Gold
Fifth Highest Award	\$300 in Gold

In addition to the above there are 495 other awards amounting to \$3,100 in gold, making a total of \$6,800.

SEND A POSTAL FOR WORKING CHART AND RULES OF THE TRAVELGAME

All you will need to play the TRAVELGAME is a Working Chart with all the rules of the TRAVELGAME which you may have for your address on a post card. The current issue of THE HOUSEWIFE contains all details of the TRAVELGAME. Send 25 cents for a Trial Subscription to THE HOUSEWIFE for the balance of the year, and the Official Map and Working Chart with rules of the TRAVELGAME will be given to you without further cost. You will be delighted with the TRAVELGAME as an educational pastime—you will have lots of fun playing it—and by a little use of your wit you can earn that first award of \$1,500 IN GOLD.

The Travelgame Manager
THE HOUSEWIFE
30 Irving Place
NEW YORK

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Involves no sacrifice of beauty when the complexion is guarded by LABLACHE. It protects the delicate texture of the skin from sun and wind—from the smoke of travel, dust of motoring. Preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded.

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NOT GOING TO SAN FRANCISCO?

Then laugh away your disappointment with "Samantha Hunts a Hero," in the August Number of **THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE**.

Samantha Allen has had something to say about every exposition held in this country, but she is funnier than ever when she goes to look for the hero of the Panama Canal.

And then—after you have had your laugh, read some of the vivid, picturesque descriptions of what—well, of what you might have missed seeing had you gone, for sometimes it's the stay-at-home that picks up the choicest crumbs of information.

Try the Exposition Number—August—at your newsdealer's.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE NEW YORK



A Trial Portion Free on Request

The superiority of Henry Tetlow's Gossamer was positively established in 1876, when the judges of the Centennial Exposition awarded highest honors to the Henry Tetlow preparations, stating "that for purity of material, naturalness of effect and harmlessness to the skin, they are superior to any exhibited by the world." To-day, Henry Tetlow's Face Powder is widely used in Europe in preference to French powders.

HENRY TETLOW'S GOSSAMER

is put up in a box with telescoping cover which is fitted with an inner container from which the powder may be poured into the puff-box without spilling. This container also keeps the powder clean and dry and conserves its perfume.

Henry Tetlow's Gossamer has never been surpassed as a quality preparation for the woman of fashion and refinement. Made in White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette tints. Sold by dealers everywhere. For a trial portion, simply send a card to the makers.

HENRY TETLOW COMPANY, Philadelphia
Established in 1849

PEQUOT

SHEETS

AND

PILLOW CASES

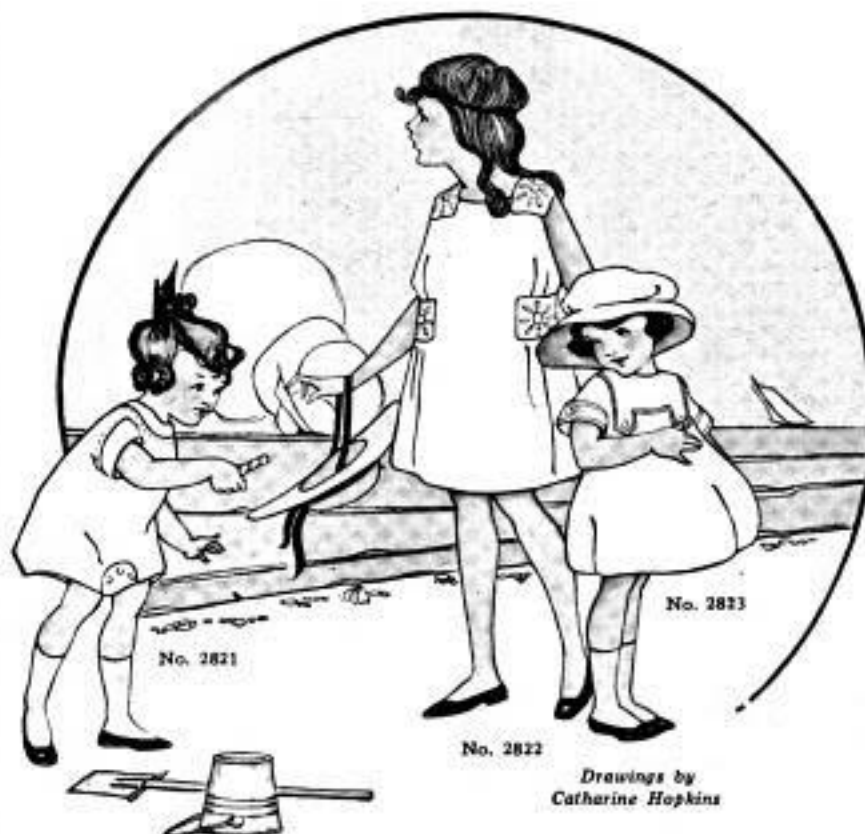
Made by
Hawthorne Steam
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**Parker
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& Company**

BOSTON and NEW YORK

Useful Beach Clothes

*Comfortable dresses for little girls
and some accessories for grown-ups*

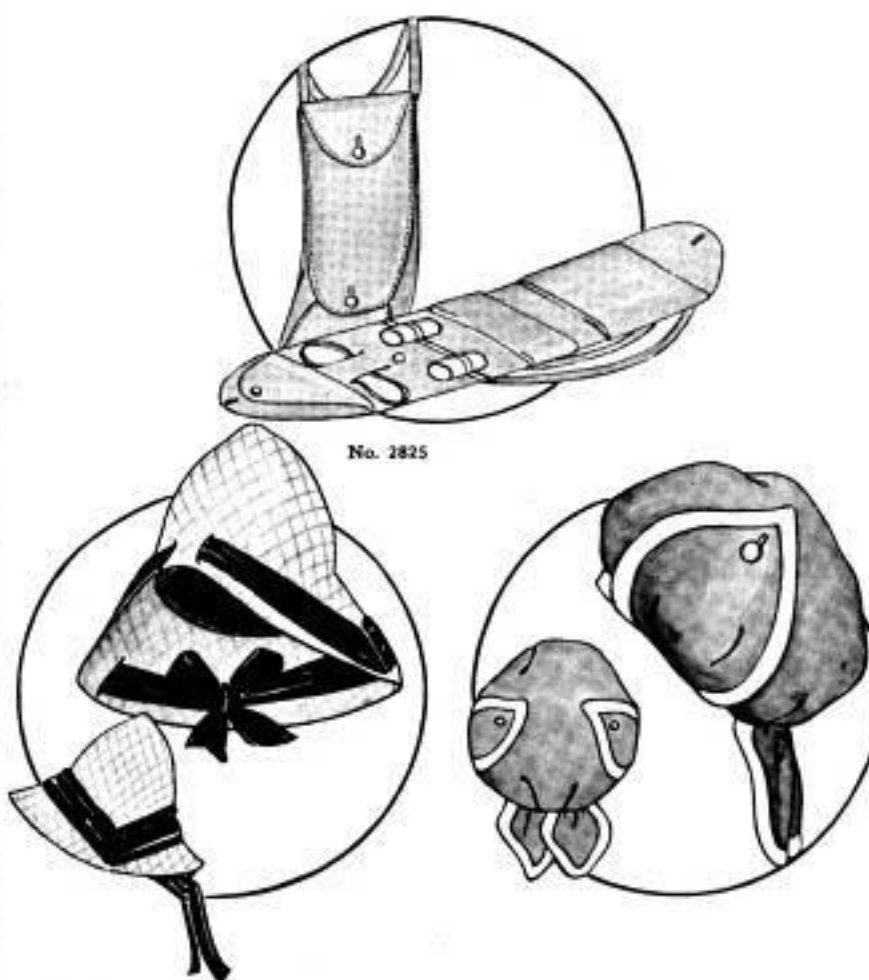


No. 2821—Child's Envelope Rompers. 6 months, 1-, 2- and 4-year sizes. Material required for 2-year size, one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2822—Girl's Two-Piece Over Dress. 2 to 6 years. Material required for 4-year size, one and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material, such as gingham, crepe or linen. This pattern is ten cents

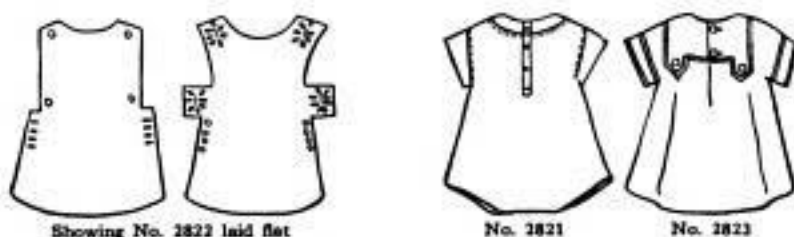
No. 2823—Child's One-Piece Dress with Yoke. 1-, 2-, 4-, and 6-year sizes. Material required for 4-year size, one and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material. Price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2825—Bag for Bathing Outfit. One size only. Quantity of material required for bag, one and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material. The price of this bathing bag pattern is ten cents



Comfortable shade hat for the beach. A cheap peanut straw or a farmer's hat may be shaped into a most attractive hat to wear at the beach if trimmed with a little ribbon as shown in this picture.

No. 2824—Bathing Cap with Tab Trimming. One size only. Material for cap, one yard of twenty-seven-inch material, with one-fourth yard of contrasting material. Price of this pattern is ten cents



Showing No. 2822 laid flat

No. 2821

No. 2823

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Proper Shampooing Makes the Hair Beautiful

It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

The hair simply needs, frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is especially prepared for washing the hair. It is a clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, that cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Two or three teaspoonsful will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 30 cent bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children.

Every Original bottle bears the signature

R. L. Watkins

Look for it on the Label.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.

Cleveland, Ohio



The well-dressed woman uses

VASSAR DRESS PINS

Vassar Dress Pins are strong, durable and look like the most expensive gold pins. Cost no more than ordinary pins. Do not bend, break or come unfastened. Made in four sizes, and four finishes—gold-filled, nickel-silver, jet black and mourning. Guaranteed for five years.

Send 2c stamp for sample card of Stewart's Vassar Dress Pins
Consolidated Safety Pin Co., Bloomfield, N. J.
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FAULTLESS "Wearever" RUBBER GOODS



THE Faultless Natural Nipple of soft, velvety rubber, combines all the essentials of a perfect Nipple—Natural Nursing, Non-Collapsing, Even Feeding, Non-Leaking, Tight-Fitting.

The sectional view shows the IMPROVED VALVE, which regulates the flow of the food and in connection with the reinforcing ribs, entirely prevents collapsing; the DOUBLE FLANGE which fits tightly around the glass, prevents leaking, and makes it impossible for the baby to pull it off. These exclusive advantages, combined with its correct shape, simulating closely the mother's breast, make it the Nipple you should use.

Sanitary Transparent Nipples are being adopted and recommended by health authorities throughout the world and can now be obtained in Kantchoke, Faultless and other standard shapes, all of Faultless quality. You will not be disappointed if you insist on being supplied with Faultless Transparent Nipples.

Faultless Infant and Ear and Uter Syringes are now made in several sizes. The large ones do away with the necessity for refilling.

These are a few of our complete line of Faultless "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods. Ask for Faultless "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods and you will secure greatest value, longest service and surest satisfaction.

If you cannot locate the Faultless Dealer, write us what you wish to purchase and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

Makers of a Complete High-Grade Line of Rubber Goods for the Home.

ASHLAND, OHIO, U.S.A.



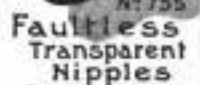
Faultless "Natural Nipple" Patent Pending



Faultless Regular Nipple



Faultless Kantchoke Nipple



Faultless Transparent Nipples



Faultless Infant Syringes



Faultless Ear and Uter Syringes



Faultless Breast Pump



Faultless Sponges



Faultless Rubber Sponges



Faultless Water Bottles



Faultless Hot Water Bottles



Faultless Hot Water Bottles



Faultless Hot Water Bottles



Faultless Hot Water Bottles

"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

"A Young Girl's Thoughts"

Dear Editor: Won't you give us girls a chance to say something concerning ourselves? Several of us are so wrought up over that hysterical, untrue article by Ida M. Tarbell we feel we ought to be allowed to tell our side of the story.

It was so good to be home for the Easter holiday that I was glad over and over I had declined Hilda's invitation to join her house party; and after I had greeted the dear ones and Mother took me up to my own old room, which looked so dainty and "full" after my rather severely plain room at school, I just sat down to enjoy it all. There were all the dear books and magazines, which I never have time to read at school, and possessing myself of the March number of the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*, which I have loved since a child, I turned to that attractive picture of a young girl which accompanies an article called "A Young Girl's Thoughts." But, alas! the picture was the only attractive or girlish thing connected with the article. Who is Ida M. Tarbell to flatly assert, "There is a singular obtuseness as to the double life young girls lead," or, "There is a wonderful and beautiful land in which the girl wanders by the hour. . . Here she, a girl of six or seven, dreams of lovers. . . And, later, . . . lies awake at night to plan an elopement with a down-town bank cashier, whose name she does not even know."

If Ida M. Tarbell would qualify her remarks by saying *some* girls, or "I felt thus and so," But no—she includes all girls, and all mothers in her remarks. I can assure her that my good mother brought me up to be too *honorable* to "feign sleep on the couch to listen to strange conversations she knows not to be for her ears."

I was a normal, fun-loving little girl, encouraged to care for tennis, bathing, and sports that kept me out of doors and made me sleep like a log at night. My mother directed my reading; and if I ever came to problems I could not solve I took them to her, and she always "let in the light," and sent me away content. So, as always, when perplexed, I took this article to her, and I can assure you that she was far from pleased to be told that even if a mother kept her girl occupied, "The child goes obediently through the paces, but behind her innocent eyes thoughts are coming and going which would make her energetic mother's hair stand on end if she could conceive of them."

Now, dear girl readers of the *COMPANION*, if "Dear Editor" will allow you, won't you speak up, or "write up," and tell something of a Young Girl's Thoughts, whether you agree with Ida M. Tarbell or with just

A Normal Girl?

A Wonderful Scrap Album

Dear Editor: When I tell you that this—writing—is my job, and that I have so much of it to do that I loathe the sight and sound of a machine on Sunday, and on every other day have no time for an extra letter of any sort, then, I hope, you will appreciate the effort I have made to tell you something it has been borne in on me I should do since last December. What I want to tell you is that in three years' pretty constant reading—for when I am not writing I am reading—I found in your December number the first thing that caused me to change a somewhat morbid resolve and paste an article contained therein in a book whose record I had thought would remain closed. The article was Anne Bryan McCall's "Christmas Candles," and the book, the last of a series of scrap albums that I hold as practically beyond value.

These books were started by a great-grandmother in an old, thin, black-backed "Congressional Record," and have in them an epitome of the past seventy years. History, poetry, editorials, the sarcastic press comments about the utter futility of trying out the "new-fangled" inventions, a notice on the narrow gauge train, essays, political articles, fashions, and so on, through a series of volumes to the last, an enormous book over twenty-four inches long, to the last entry, an editorial on the "Titanic" disaster, called "God's Ownership of the Sea."

There are over a dozen volumes, sev-

eral of quotations and extracts from four generations of constant readers, selected, it seems to me, with the most remarkable discrimination.

These were left to me by a will. I closed the last, as I believed, for all time, by pasting in the photograph of the flower-decked grave of her who had made the last of these books a real treasure-house of interest and beautiful thoughts.

I thought that I would never find anything worthy to put in the last of those books.

I have not, until I read your Christmas number. In that one article was so much of beauty, so beautifully expressed, that I thought I should like to have my grandchildren and great, great ones read it, and so I put it in!

It would not be possible for me to tell you how much I think of the writings of this one of your staff, and I think you are all pretty fine! As a rule I loathe the article writers for a sappy goody-goodyness. Let me hasten to absolve your magazine from that, and to thank you for publishing it.

G. M., Washington.

Better Films

Dear Editor: We are in full sympathy with the "Movement for Better Films," and we are going to take advantage of the first opportunity to visit playhouses that are showing those approved by you. The necessity for an improvement along this line was brought to the writer's attention last week, when our for-man said that he and his wife were afraid to take their children to a picture show until after being advised by some friend that the pictures were not in any way objectionable.

It will not only be a source of satisfaction to be relieved of such fears, but the campaign will be responsible for pictures of higher order being thrown on the screen.

O. G. M., Illinois.

Dear Editor: I want to say how glad I am that you are making or starting the better film movement. It is the grandest thing done for a long while. The moving pictures today are often the greatest interest in the life of the small boy or girl. They are more to them than school or home. Therefore, how necessary that they should be clean and pure. We have them in our own home town.

Which Sex Spoils the Babies?

A YOUNG FELLOW who calls himself "A. Mann" frequently enlivens the editorial mail by asking us puzzling questions. We shall occasionally publish some of his letters on this page; perhaps our readers may have something to say about the questions he brings up.

DEAR EDITOR: One of the questions which we were discussing the other night at the club is this: "Which sex spoils the babies—the fathers or the mothers?"

Of course that question sounds rather depressing; it seems to assume that all babies are spoiled, whereas everyone knows that there are a scattering few who reach maturity who are not spoiled. But we were speaking of the great majority.

The great majority of young men when they issue from the tender confines of the home require two or three years of hard beating by the business world before they amount to anything. The majority of girls when they get married are wholly unfitted and untrained for their jobs. Now which sex is responsible for that condition? A father and mother have an average of twenty years in which to get a boy or girl fit to amount to something in the world. Whose fault is it that the average young person when he leaves the home amounts to nothing?

Well, we couldn't settle that point.

Some of the men said it was the father's fault: "They give their boys about the same amount of time every day that it takes them to shave. If they took the job of father seriously and really put some time and thought on it, there would be a different story."

But most of the fellows seemed to blame the mothers: "They start in the first day spoiling their babies," they said, "trotting them out for the company to admire; cultivating an absurd self-consciousness in them; treating them like animated playthings, instead of prospective intelligent beings. The mothers start the spoiling process."

Well, we didn't get anywhere at all with our discussion. Each man went home convinced that he was right and the others wrong. So I put it up to you. Someone spoils an awful lot of babies in this country every year. Is it the fathers or the mothers?

Very truly yours,

A. MANN.

The Exchange

A department of household news contributed by
COMPANION READERS

PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to \$16.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows: \$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems.

\$3.00 for the second best.
\$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch.

\$3.00 for the second best.
All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less).

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS—The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month.

Contributions received between July 8th and August 8th are eligible for the November prizes. All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the November number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the November number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted.

Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts sent to this department, as positively no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Long pillows from square ones

FOR the housewife who wishes to have some of the new Zeppelin pillows but has not the time nor the money to make them, the following method may prove of value. Take one of the ordinary-shaped pillows, roll it lengthwise tightly and tuck it in place. Cover with cretonne or linen, gathering the ends and finishing them with a tassel. Add bands if desired.
V. W., Kansas.



Gardening basket

Obtain a market basket and an old broom or rake handle. Attach the basket to the pole by inserting the pole through two slits at the side.

Hold in place by adding supports underneath or a cord fastened to the top of the pole and attached to either side of basket. Give the whole contrivance a coat of gay yellow or green enamel paint. Attach a small strip of canvas to form pocket to hold scissors. Now, when you proceed to the garden to gather flowers, thrust the pole in the ground or in hedge or shrub and your basket is always at the right height to avoid stooping. Sharpen end of pole.
M. Y., Illinois.

Kneeling basket for garden work

TO ONE who works in the garden, a kneeling basket is a great comfort. If you have a piece of matting, utilize it and make a basket very much the shape of a dust pan with upstanding edge around three sides. Make this five inches high in the front and bind the edges with canvas or tape. Cover the bottom with a padded cushion the size of the basket, which is fifteen inches long. It is a great comfort for the knees and protects the clothes.
N. W., Missouri.



A unique polisher

THE necessary materials are a supply of discarded kid gloves and a small piece of canvas. Clean all the gloves, and then cut out buttons and clasps, and trim the backs, sides and fingers into strips of irregular length and width. Baste strips through the center to a piece of canvas five by six inches in size, and set the strips in crosswise rows, like the old-time rag mats. Continue until the entire back is closely covered, and then stitch.

Last, stitch on the strip of canvas or belting for a handle, placing it crosswise. The hand may be slipped under this readily, and curved or chased surfaces easily reached by the soft fringe-like ends. The polisher may be cleaned in gasoline.
E. G. W., New York.

An ironing board support

TAKE two pieces of hard pine, about thirty inches long, two inches wide and two inches thick, and put them together to form a right angle. A third piece, not so heavy, is used as a brace to strengthen it. Fasten this to the wall by means of hinges, so that when not in use, it may be turned flat against the wall. To hold the support steady and solid when in use, place a screw-eye near the end of the horizontal piece, then take another strip the same size as the brace, put a hook in each end of it, slip one hook into the screw-eye, and the other into a second screw-eye, which is fastened in the wall. Two of these supports are necessary and may be placed so that the board comes across the window.
I. McL., Nebraska.



Peppers for sandwiches

WHEN sweet bell peppers are raised in the garden, let them ripen (or turn red) and use for sandwiches and salads. To get peppers ready for use, take out stem, cut down one side and remove seeds, then wash, place in pan and cover with water, let boil until tender. On the outside will be found a thin skin, which must be peeled off; it resembles that of the tomato and will come off readily after the peppers have been boiled. Drain and cover with olive oil, then add salt to taste. Put in airtight jars and place in a cool place until wanted.
M. McW., South Carolina.

Hats transformed while you wait!

I WANT to tell you how to transform your old hats into new and charming ones with only a tube of oil color and a bottle of benzine. Into a cup of benzine (do not use near a fire) put a little color, mix well, and strain through a cloth wet with the benzine. Apply this thin dye with a broad flat bristle brush to a sunburned Milan or faded dark straw, and, lo! it is fresh and new, and the color will not fade in the sun nor run in a shower. Faded flowers can be dipped into this same dye and be renewed.
F. C. S., New York.

To induce sleep on warm nights

HOW to secure a good night's sleep in hot weather is often a most trying problem, especially to the sick. Here is a method that I find successful: I pour cold water into a hot water bottle until about half full, screw top partly on, then with one hand, squeeze upper part of bottle until all air has been forced out. Then I tighten the top, and a soft, pliable pillow is the result. I wrap this in a towel, or slip it inside the pillowcase, and lay my head so that the bottle is at the back of my neck. In a few moments I am cool and comfortable and sleep quickly follows. Just try it some night.
Mrs. J. H. W., Ohio.

Clothesline which is always ready

EVERY woman knows how annoying it is to find her clothesline full of knots and kinks, or soiled, on wash day. With a box such as this the line will always be ready. To make, obtain a box six by four inches, and ten inches deep. Within this fit a spool which can be turned by a crank from the outside. Around the crank bore six holes in the box to insert a pin which locks the reel when line is stretched. A large spike makes an excellent pin. Fit the top with a hinged lid, and fasten to post. Use hooks to hold the line at the different supports. In this way you can stretch the line as tight as desired by turning crank, and inserting the pin behind it.
J. H., Ohio.



"Emergency" salad

AS YOU see company coming up the walk just at ten time, and your mind runs over the contents of the pantry shelves—why are they always nearly empty when the unexpected guest arrives?—don't despair, for a good salad will save the day and you have the "wherewithal" in that can of vegetable soup on the emergency shelf. Simply pour boiling water on some gelatine, stir with the soup and put on ice. It will be ready when you need it. Cut in cubes and pour over dressing. They will think you had it ready.
Mrs. F. H., Wisconsin.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S REMINDER

AUGUST is the month—

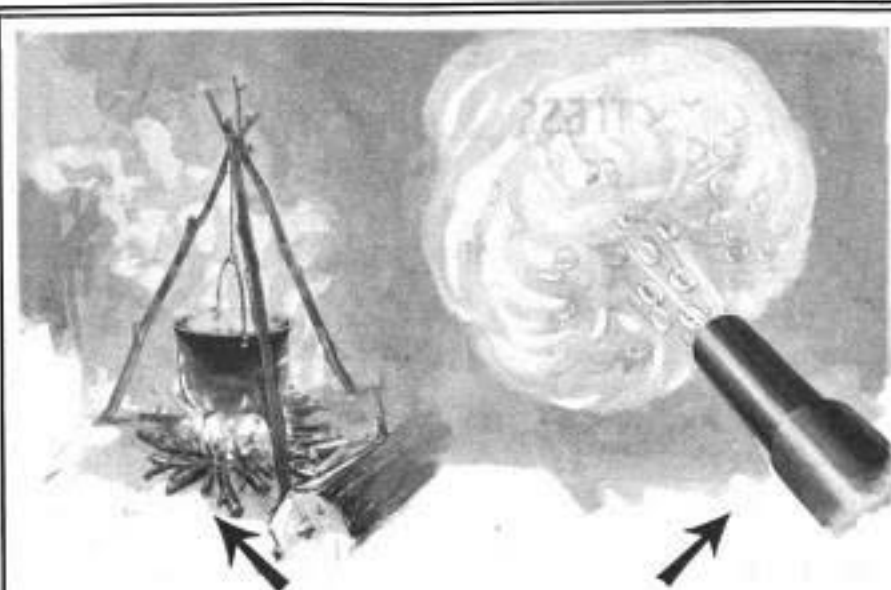
To start the children's school clothes.
To make pickles and finish the preserving.

To plan Christmas presents and start them as "pick up" work.

To keep the drains well cleared, and to use disinfectant around the house.

To plan the work of the household so that it can be done in the cool of the morning.

To do as much as possible in the open air—whether it be work or play.



From That to This In Cooking

How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line, things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture to steam.

The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grains eight times normal size—with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS
15¢

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions.

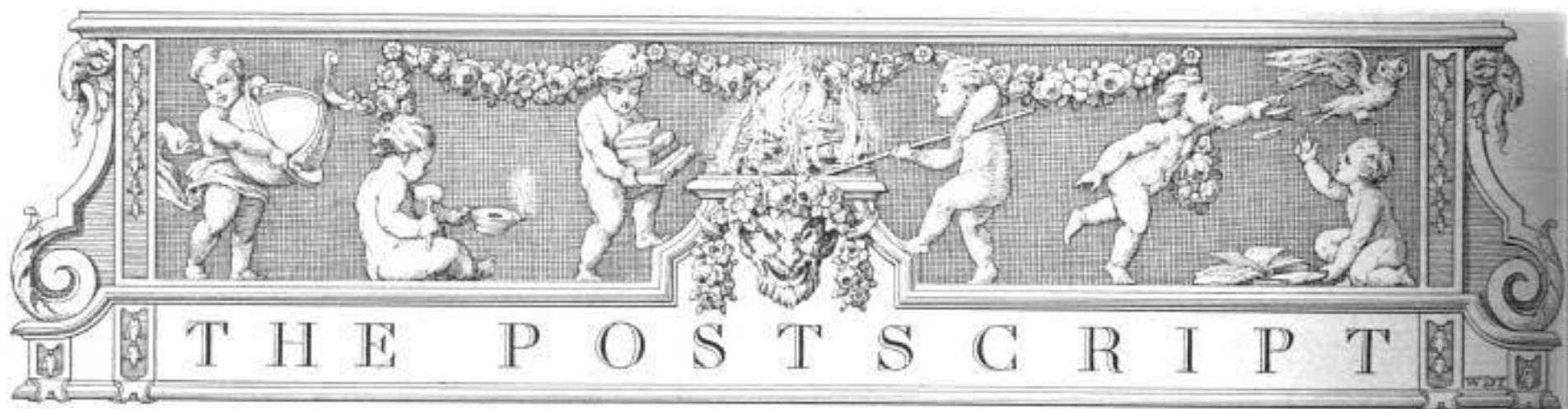
These are bubbles of grain—crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers



LOSING IT—A MORALITY PLAY

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

YOU
(Turning around suddenly): Now beat it. I'm not going to buy a pair of rubbers and I'm not going for a long walk.

YOUR CONSCIENCE
(Letting go your coat tails and hopping about much embarrassed): Oh, sir! Please, sir!

YOU
(Getting sorer and sorer): What's more, my New England friend, I've had all I can stand of you. I'm all through. I don't like your looks. Go away. Git!

YOUR CONSCIENCE
(Dancing about agonizedly): Oh, sir! Please sir!

YOU
I don't want you to hang around any more. Cut your stick! Exit! Vamoose! Scoot! What you waiting for? Didn't I tell you to shake a leg? Understand, I don't want anything more to do with you—any time—anywhere.

YOUR CONSCIENCE
(As you snap the case open): Oh, sir, please, sir, don't smoke cigarettes!

YOU
(Now altogether incensed): Yes, that's the kind of a phonograph remark I expected from you, you scramble-brained magpie! Always there with the fog-horn when a fellow wants a little innocent amusement. But where were you Saturday when I made a fool of myself playing that extra set of tennis, and where were you Monday when I made a triple fool of myself by going into that business deal? Did you make a single peep about it? No! The trouble is, all you know you learned before I was nine years old, and you haven't learned anything since, and you haven't forgotten a bit of what you knew then. That's why you're such a dodgasted nuisance, and that's why I'm going to get rid of you right now. Savvy?

YOUR CONSCIENCE
(Hanging its head): Yes, sir; please, sir.

YOU
I'm sick and tired of your improving yawn. I'm going to smoke if I feel like it. I've had all the exercise I want to-day, and I'm not going for a long walk even if once on a time my father did tell me to take a long walk every evening before dinner.

YOUR CONSCIENCE
(Interrupting faintly): But, oh, sir, please, sir, your rubbers—

YOU
My rubbers! Yes, I thought you were going to bring up that memory from childhood's happy hours. To-day you can't find a doctor who won't tell you that rubbers are unhealthy, provided you wear proper shoes, and that's the only kind I wear. I've thrown away my last rubbers, and now I'm going to the nearest restaurant and eat a big meal and I'm not going to walk a step of the way, either. And will you kindly pretend you're a golf ball and lose yourself? (Frowning severely you watch the

wretched little beast disappear. Then you start along for the first time in your life feeling free. Whistling merrily, you are so happy that not till it is all over do you realize that you have dropped into a shoe store, purchased a pair of rubbers, and are now off on the first lap of a long walk. You try to turn back but a big tough stranger runs his shoulder into you.)

HE
Keep moving, fella, keep moving.

YOU
(Hotly): I want you to understand that I don't take orders from anyone. I've just canned my conscience—

HE
Is that so? Well, now, listenere, guy! If I made you buy them rubbers I can make you take this walk—un'erstand?

YOU
(A little bit scared): Who are you, anyhow, I'd like to know?

HE
Don't you know me? Ain't you never noticed me before? I been around wit' youse for years.

YOU
(With a sick feeling as you begin to remember): Yes, it seems to me I have seen you. Do you know Conscience?

HE
Do I know him! Do I know him! Why, say, I trained with him for years. I'm



A Question of Morality
The Pup: After all, is it right to chase cats?

married for about two years, but he and his wife were not personal friends of May Ann and her parents. One day, stopping in at the store, May Ann heard of beautiful news which had befallen the Eltons—a baby daughter had come to them. May Ann hurried home to be the first to tell it. "Mother, Mother!" she cried as soon as she opened the door. "Where are you, Mother? Smith & Elton have a baby! Smith & Elton have a baby!"

DEBORAH LANE.

THE LAST STRAW

Three-year-old David had been unusually unruly. He had received reprimands, threats and finally mild corporal punishment from his father. With wounded dignity David mounted the stairs to his mother's room.

"Mother," he said, in a voice of exasperation. "I can't stand that husband of yours much longer!"

MRS. D. E. FOSTER.

REACHED THE LIMIT

Uncle Abner picked up a newspaper and read an account of a decision by the United States Supreme Court relating to the police powers of a state in connection with prohibition of the liquor traffic. The article proved to be highly displeasing



Brother Motorists

"Hey, mister! Give us a hand, will yer?"

his kid brother. You can't never shake me now, it's too late.

YOU
(Giving up hope): Who are you?

HE
Me? I'm Habit—il' old Habit—George W. Habit. I'm Habit. I made you what you are to-day and you can't break away from me as long as you live. Come on, now! Wiggle! Move on. Take that walk. (You take it.)

GOOD ADVICE

"My son," said the aged and experienced man reflectively, "never estimate a woman's age by the date of her birth."

J. W. BARCOCK.

NEW GOODS

Smith & Elton was an old established grocery firm, and May Ann's family had been dealing there for years. Mr. Smith was a kindly old bachelor, and devoted to May Ann. Mr. Elton had been

to Uncle Abner, and throwing the newspaper aside he exclaimed with deep disgust:

"Blame me, if the Supreme Court ain't gone and found out that the Constitution of the United States is unconstitutional!"

W. L. G.

GOOD LUCK

MRS. WINKLE (meeting him at the door): Oh, John, I'm so glad to see you! Baby isn't well. I think there is a bad leak in the boiler. I have the bill for the taxes, the clothesline fell down in the mud, the cat has eaten up the goldfish and Walter has sprained his ankle, so you must go for the doctor at once. Anything new happened to you to-day, dearest?

MR. WINKLE: Nothing worth mentioning except that on my way home I found a four-leaved clover.

TUDOR JENKS.

ON THE OTHER HAND

The Lord also loveth a cheerful loser. All things wait for those who go after them.

Where there's a will there's a way out of it. None are so blind as those who see our faults.

Marriage generally proves that one can live quite as cheaply as two.

There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anyone else off.

Some men are born great, some shrink and others never realize how small they really are.

Those who never try are at least spared the mortification of surely knowing what they can't do.

The acceptance of a story, in spite of some of the cheap magazines, doesn't necessarily imply a lack of merit.

Why should a man permit a woman to make a fool of him when he can do it almost as successfully himself?

SAM S. STINSON.

THE GUILTY PARTY

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn till dark.
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the Ark.

H. J. WILLIAMS.

THE EXAMINATION AGAIN

Queen Elizabeth had no husband and died a natural death.

The heart and lungs are situated in the thorax.

Infantry is a place where they keep infants.

A vampire is a man that settles baseball games.

An island is a lot of water with some land in the center of it.

A glossary is a place where they polish things.

Ink is obtained from the Red and Black seas.

A fort is a place where soldiers stay; a fortress is a place where soldiers' wives stay, and a fortitude is a place where they both stay.

NETTIE RAND MILLER.

MORE USEFUL

The soldier, scared by war's alarms
And feeling he is done with,
May, in his fright, throw down his arms,
But keep his legs to run with.

S. S. STINSON.

THE FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE

"The longer I live in this world," observed Mr. J. Fuller Gloom thoughtfully, "the more I am surprised at the enormous amount of good advice that I can get along without."

TOM P. MORGAN.



The Optimist

"I tell you, people, this is just what the crops need"



Horticulture

"Uncle, won't you please move a little to one side? You're keeping the sun off my garden"

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Fruit Stencils and China Painting

by HARRIET JOOR and JESSIE IVORY

A page of home handicraft

A Special Fashion Department

by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

Contents for SEPTEMBER

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	21
"Dear Editor"—Letters from COMPANION READERS	66
FICTION	
Vaughn Martin, Miser, Part I, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS. Illustrated by F. Walter Taylor	3
The Wonderful Girl, PATIENCE BEVIER COLE. Illustrated by T. K. Hanna	7
The Geranium Lady, Part I, SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES. Illustrated by R. M. Crosby	10
True for a Day, LEE PAGE. Illustrated by John Roe	13
The Independence of Sarah, MARY HEATON VORSE. Illustrated by Maginet Wright Edright	14
The Runaway Rest Cure, Part III, MARGARETTA TUTTLE. Illustrated by Herman Pfeiffer	17
ART, MUSIC AND VERSE	
Cover Design, FREDERICK DUNCAN	
Knitting Up the Stairs, Verses by ELIZABETH CHANE PORTER. Drawing by Louise R. Mansfield	12
Jennie Kissed Me, Words by LEIGH HUNT, Music by WARD STEPHENS	33
Eatings, Words and Music by LOUISE AYERS GAINETT	33
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Two Favorite Songs and How I Sing Them, MADAME MELBA	6
"Mo-o-therhood," by a CONTENTED SPINSTER	8
Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift, Part VI, ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON. Illustrated by Charles S. Corson	9
The Pursuit of Culture, IDA M. TARBELL	12
What the Ballot Will Not Do, MARY WADE DENNETT	18
Harmless Scrap Book Glue, M. L. R.	40
Birthday Cake Trimmings, MARY M. WRIGHT	47
SPECIAL FEATURES	
Premet Fashion, Designed Especially for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Painting by COLES PHILLIPS	19
From Our Paris Correspondent	20
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
About People, Conducted by ARTHUR GUTERMAN	5
Better Films, HELEN DUCKY	16
The Tower Room, ANNE BAYAN MCCALL	22
Entertainment	23
Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	24
Women's Clubs, CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON	26
Better Babbles	27
The Exchange	31
The Puzzle Page, Conducted by SAM LOYD, JR.	40
Embroidery: Baby's Own Outfit. Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	52-53
The Pin-Money Club	67
The Postscript	68
HANDICRAFT	
Living-Room Comforts, Designed by JOHN D. ADAMS	28
A Practical Workbasket, by CARRIE MCCOMBER	29
A Pair of Tescups, by ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH	29
New Wicker Baskets, MARGARET RICE	36
Fillet Crochet for the Bedroom, Designed by HELEN MARTIN	37
COOKING	
My Best Rice Recipes, FANNIE MERRITT FARMER	25
Using Summer Vegetables in Meals and Recipes, CORA FARMER PERKINS	30
FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Mr. Barker and the Twins, Part I, WINIFRED ARNOLD. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	32
The Aeroplane Kite, FRANCIS A. COLLINS. Illustration by G. A. Barker	48
An Adventure of Jack and Betty, by GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS and CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS	49
A Vacation Pleasure, MARY BETTY FELTH	50
For Little Letter Writers, MARGARET SCOTT OLIVER	51
FASHIONS	
The Fashion Department—Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	54-65
Fashion's Telescope	55
Fabrics to Suit the Autumn Costumes	56
The Autumn Tailored Suit	57
The Autumn Separate Coat	58
The Autumn Everyday Dress	59
The Autumn Evening Gown	60
The Autumn Everyday Street Dress	61
The Autumn Afternoon Dress	61
The Autumn Tailored Hat and Waist	61
The Autumn Blouse and Coiffure	61
Description of the Premet Costume	61



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ILLUSTRATION BY
F. WALTER TAYLOR

"And—then—you catch the swing of the universe"—his long hand marked the swing of the universe with a sweep—"and, you don't understand it"

THERE is a French proverb which tells us that to know everything is to forgive everything: *"Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner."* A few people realize it. A few gracious souls look for the lights and explain away the shadows; most of us judge and condemn a dozen times a day. There are cables of heredity which drag the kicking and struggling soul; there are undertows of psychological make-up, sweeping along the man who does not know that he is swept; there are secret tragedies which have come to be commonplace to the actors of them. That women or men are cheerful citizens is more likely to be a sign of courageous dignity than of unmitigated good luck; it is probable that everybody has a sore spot and something to whine about, if whining seemed fitting. Therefore it is well to remember, and a thing always forgotten, that if one could get the plot of the intricate workings by reason of which unpleasant people are not angels of light, we should probably at once forgive everybody everything. But it is all as tangled as the monetary system, and only a few strong and gentle ones remember. *"Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner."* Even more likely is it that to know everything is to find that there is nothing to forgive. But the proverb is not likely to be a present help in time of trouble; when you come to think of it, no proverb is.

The girl of this story would have repudiated it. She was a rich girl, with an adoring father; she was

Vaughn Martin, Miser

A love story in two parts

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

"He's too stingy even to buy clothes. A tight-wad is a poor spectacle." The words made Helen wonder—and doubt.

of progressive ideals and a warm heart and an attractive inconsistency. She believed in settlement work and higher education of women; she was at the moment giving a gorgeous dancing tea. Everybody of importance was there—grandmothers, débutantes and great-uncles—hesitating and tangoing. It was a smart event and would fill space in the social columns the following Sunday. But the girl, the hostess, for she had no mother, was very cross. She hated teas, she hated dancing, most of all she hated herself. She alone in the world knew why this large and expensive func-

tion was taking place. It was because a stoop-shouldered, spectacled man had said, "I like to dance." Just that. Because of that she had splashed overboard into a sea of schemes, into, eventually, this party. She had brought together, as money and position may ring the hour and the place and the man; and, behold, it was all wrong.

Had she planned to have him speak three words of civility on entering and proceed to dance with every girl in the place except herself? Her dream was not such. The situation was impossible. Every other man-creature there had asked her to dance. Her smiling face hid a volcanic spirit. She would not lift a finger for this man again. No one else knew she had lifted fingers, but she knew, and the knowledge was wormwood. Bad manners of him? What did that matter? She wanted her dream. She had dreamed a beautiful afternoon, and now—this! She wished the horrible people would go home.

That other day he had said: "I like dancing. It rests me. Draws the uneasiness into my heels. Rests my brain." Then, in his flashing rapid way, he had gone on in the voice which had unreasonable phrasings like a child's voice, tones which caught at something which she had an idea might be her "heartstrings." Plenty of people said that Vaughn Martin had a remarkable voice. He had gone on talking. And the subject of his remarks had been dancing.

"There's always a reason behind fads," he had said.

"Sometimes they're built on a bad human tendency and sometimes on a good one, but crazes that get to be wide-spread are not accident. Nothing's accident. What happens is the sum of the figures. Think so?"

"This isn't my day for thinking," the girl stated. "I'm listening. Why do people dance? You seem to know."

"I'll tell you. It's because everybody is a latent mystic."

"Mystic? How do you tie that to dancing?"

"I don't have to tie it. It's all of a piece. Physical things sometimes develop the feeling of deeper significance, which is the lure of mysticism. Crystal gazing, don't you know, and—repetitions of words, or rhythmic movements—there's dancing—anything that gets you dizzy in the head, that may shift the center of equilibrium of your consciousness. And—then—you catch the swing of the universe,"—his long hand marked the swing of the universe with a sweep—"and, you don't understand it; but you're a cosmic atom and not John Jones, for a minute." He stopped, biting his lip like a little boy who has let escape a secret and hopes, yet doubts, that he may be met half way.

AS IT happened, the girl could meet him. "I know," she said. "I've been reading William James. He says that's the reason that—getting drunk is attractive."

The man laughed joyfully. "You understand," he said. "You're rather an understanding person. And James is a big old chap, the names of things don't worry him."

"He says—" The girl hesitated. The intentness of the keen face above drew her on. "James says that the power of alcohol is owing to—to its ability to stimulate the mystical side. He says that to the ignorant and poor drinking stands for symphony concerts and books."

"It's a bit of the tragedy of living," the man considered, "that gleams of the glory can get to us through degradation like drunkenness." And then, "You're up on psychology; I didn't know I was tackling an expert."

The girl shook her head. "That's all I know."

"Psychology," the man repeated, as if the word were hypnotic. "We know as much about it as the cave dwellers knew about dentistry. But it's the next step ahead."

"How?" the girl asked.

"Why, look here," Vaughn Martin said. "Humans have progressed up through brute force, till we've got where intellect can do brute force. And now the thinkers on the firing line are allowing that there's something stronger than intellect heaving up, and psychology is the spyglass through which we're to see it. There's a power somewhere, subconsciousness, or God, or both, occasionally accessible, which heals the sick and brings light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death. My word!"—the man struck a hand out—"I wish I knew how to get a bit of it. It would help. Well,—it's the next step in evolution, whatever it is, and the chance of getting at the thing is through these psychologists exploring-men. It's the hope of the race—my hope, anyhow."

He stood up suddenly. "Let's dance. I like to dance."

AND they had danced. That was two weeks ago. After that she had dreamed this big party, and made it come true. And the man had spoiled it. People were going now. Thank heaven they were going! Could she keep a smiling face till they had all oozed away?

"I suppose," a voice spoke at her elbow. "I suppose the princess is engaged with other royalties. Yet couldn't I have this one-step?"

Composedly she looked at him. "Oh, no! I've got to say good-bys."

"Oh!" he answered, and stared reflectively. She wanted him to say that he had tried and couldn't reach her, that he had been caught with someone—anything to show that she had been in his mind. But he only stared with that trying look of considering the question. And she stared back at him then, at the face which stood so often in her memory: a forehead out of drawing, wide and heavy; bright, near-sighted brown eyes behind spectacles; a chin pointed, delicate, in a square strong jaw—a face carved by life, not a happening of heredity and food, as many faces have the air of being. She wondered what the anxious lines might mean crowded about his eyes, and the gray in the brown flatch, and the twist in his smile which had a subtle quality of pain. With that he spoke.

"Nothing's an accident," he announced abruptly, and with this cryptic utterance was gone.

"Queer stick, isn't he?"

Her eyes flashed from the doorway where the very tall figure was this moment halted by two women. "You mean Mr. Martin?"

"Vaughn Martin," Teddy Webb agreed. "Don't allow yourself to get keen there, Helen. I don't like him."

"Oh!" Then, "You're not my guardian, Teddy."

"I WISH I were," Webb muttered darkly. "Anyhow, I'm your cousin. And I say, look out. A man who takes only what he doesn't have to pay for isn't to be admired."

"What a nasty thing to say!" The girl whirled on him. "What a nasty thing. Explain it."

"Oh, a woman wouldn't understand!"

"This woman will have to understand, or there's trouble," said the girl. "Mr. Martin is my guest. I like him, you're making a vile charge. What— Oh, good night, Mr. Hamilton. You've got to go? Yes, Sunday afternoon. Come soon. Now, Teddy Webb, tell me what you mean."

"All right," said Webb, and his narrow lips compressed. "This Vaughn Martin, who's appeared here, has been taken up as a craze. The women have made a tin god of him. Society has lost its head about him. Why, I don't know. He's not good-looking, his clothes aren't pressed, his manners are casual. Yet they run after him. I can't see it. I can't see the 'charm' they talk of. . . . Charm? Stuff!" Webb was a protest of disgust.

"Is this your explanation?" Helen demanded.

"Can't you let me tell it my own way?" snarled

Webb. "I've been afraid he was pulling the wool over your eyes. I believe he is. Helen,—you know what I want,—I want you. And I can't bear—"

The girl interrupted sharply. "Teddy, you're crazy! All these people—and you promised not. Explain about Vaughn Martin."

With that the man shot out hot sentences. "Very well," he said. "I'll explain. That man, who's seen everywhere, never goes to a place where he'll have to stand his share of expense. He doesn't go about with men where it might cost money. He won't join clubs. I know two men who've offered to nominate him for the Algonquin, and he won't let them. Says he can't afford it. Yet he must make money; he's a rising man. Another thing: he won't accept work that would take him out of town. Too keen about his social success. He turned down the new reservoir out at Dummerfeld, I know that. Said he didn't want to stay away from the city a month at a time." Helen was gazing at Webb, wide-eyed, stern. "It's the women who run after him," Webb went on.

Then, "Look," she said, and he followed her eyes. Martin had turned to meet Roger Thompson. The two, watching, saw the older man lay his hand on Martin's arm. And Martin nodded and spoke a syllable, and the charm which Teddy Webb denied was evident, for the magnate man caught his hand with what looked actually like affection. Webb's mouth tightened.

"I know what that means," he said. "Vaughn Martin wants to be city engineer. Thompson is a power. He seems to be under the spell of your friend, doesn't he? Well—if I could ride the animal which Martin rides in the park mornings, I'd join a club and keep up my end. He's too stingy even to buy clothes; he's threadbare half the time. A tight-wad is a poor spectacle. Good night, Helen."

"FATHER, do you hear men say things against Mr. Martin?"

Arnold Lewis put his coffee cup down on a little table at his elbow and knocked the ashes carefully from his cigar.

"Martin?" He repeated the name vaguely. Then, "Oh, yes; I know. Well,"—Lewis was casting about in his mind to find an adequate answer for the beloved daughter, "let me see—Vaughn Martin. . . . Someone at the club, Darrell, spoke of him. Ah, I remember." He hesitated; this was not a man who cared to repeat gossip. "Have you a reason for wanting to know?"

"Yes, Father."

He went on then: "Darrell said he'd heard that the young man, though able, was a curious character. Abnormally reticent. No one knows how he lives; he is said to be close about money—spends nothing, although he must make a fair living. Won't give subscriptions for charity, a miser, people seem to think. Yet Darrell is a talker. Why do you want to know about him, Helen?"

She told of Webb's attack.

"Darrell lives in the house with Teddy," Arnold Lewis reflected. "It might be all one story." Then, "I wouldn't notice what Teddy says," he advised. "He's not a heavy-weight, and he may be jealous. Martin has shown force. Also, they say he's run after in a society way. Is that true?"

Helen nodded.

"I rather wonder that a busy man finds time," the captain of industry said. "But it's not my business. And you're not to bother about any man at all, my darling," he added wistfully.

"I won't bother," the girl answered, and her eyes were bright and her head was held a bit higher than common. "I won't bother—about him."

THERE was a dance in the settlement house in Anderson Street. The girl, alive to big issues and the fascination of work, as many daughters of the rich are coming to be, had been brought up in the steady grind of society; but at school there had been a teacher, a woman inspired with the hatred and fear of money-loving, and the girl had learned from her to be afraid of her father's millions and to guard herself from them. She had got an idea that giving with both hands and all the time is the only way to enjoy money, or life, or any possession.

Her work in the settlement house was the outcome. She went down to Anderson Street in the trolley with Miss Beecher, who had been her governess and who now taught geography to small girls in a fashionable school. The trolley was exhilarating for the girl of motor cars. One felt the pulse of dirty, tired humanity; that was exhilarating. One was an ingredient of real life, of the ebb and flow of the actual ocean; and the dirt and ignorance and tiredness were of it, too; one was taking a place in the urgent world; that was exhilarating.

She was full of altruism as the trolley shot and jerked its way down through the city; she talked plans with Miss Beecher, and she arrived at the door of the settlement house, light-hearted, absorbed. As she halted on the steps it flashed to her that there would be no mental struggles to-night, no hope, yet fear, of seeing someone whom she remembered—and doubted.

Then the door opened. There he towered in the hall, sad-faced, spectacled, the anxious line between his eyes.

"How did you happen here?" she asked, an hour later.

He looked at her—the slow, pleased look which she had come to know, as if he were satisfied to look at her. Then, after a while, quite unburied he answered: "I'm often here. I live near here."

"Live near here?" She lifted surprised eyes. For this was not a part of town where people lived who could help it. "You live near here? Is it a joke?"

"Yes, on me." He beamed a smile of a little boy with a merry secret.

Yet it ended, that sunshiny smile, startlingly. His mouth twisted as if a thought had caught the laughter on the lips and flung it off fiercely. What thought? But as she wondered, he went on:

"I've been thinking over that theory of yours, that dancing is a by-product of psychology, a snatch after mysticism."

"My theory?" The girl rippled quick laughter.

Then he laughed, too, as if happily carried along.

"Oh, anyhow. We did it; we evolved a big idea; we'll have headlines in the Sunday papers—'Mysticism for the Masses; The Race Uplifted on a Wave of Turkey Trot.' Only turkey-trotting's gone out," he considered gravely. "What will we do about that?"

He flung the short sentences at her gayly; the spring and brilliancy of his personality seemed condensed into this fire of nonsense.

"You see," he elaborated, "there's plausibility about it. I'm not sure but I believe it myself. You know how the world is on the back-swing of the pendulum from the materialism of fifty, thirty years ago?"

The girl nodded; she had read something about that.

"Well," Martin went on, choosing his words, "in the eighteenth century, you see, all thought was scepticism, materialism; then Kant came along with the idea that a man's nature creates a man's world—You see? And that started things rolling in another direction, toward idealism. And,"—he stopped short and grinned, and looked at the girl sideways—"and they rolled and rolled," he concluded, and with that they were both laughing again.

"BUT I mean," the man insisted, "I mean that the leaders not only lead but represent their time. Kant did, a revolution. There's nobody," he reflected, "as big as that now. But we have clear thinkers and broad thinkers, and there's a tendency among them to inquire into psychological questions, and to believe, more and more definitely, in the influence of mind on matter. It's in the air, everybody's interested. Look at the chairs of psychology in the universities, the psychological clinics, the great nerve specialists who use it, the men in churches who are certainly handling a power not material, and then the mind-cure and faith-cure people who accomplish facts, whatever we think of their methods. All that is a sign of the times. A sign?—it is the times. The masses are coming to hear about something which can't be bought in dry-goods shops. They're getting interested in things long smothered at the lives of eccentric creatures like Francis of Assisi, who didn't want money and clothes as it appears from reliable testimony, who wanted and got the things we call ideal, the things they called real. The man in the street is beginning to grasp that there are powers unknown which may bring us poor creatures healing and hope—someday. God?"

The girl started, looked up. The man's face was torn with passion.

"If the day could have come sooner!" There was a second's sharp silence. He turned to her.

"I was talking about dancing, wasn't I?" And rapidly he went on. "I meant to say that the dance fever may be because the crowd is unconsciously keen for mental exaltation, and the swing of the dancing brings it. We spin till we're dizzy, and then we go on till we spin off personality and get into a big rhythm, and there you are, detached from earth, whirling into the infinite, on a hesitation waltz to 'Nights of Gladness'. This lecture is concluded." He stood suddenly before her. "I've got to go home." He halted a second, looking down at her. "I object to your thinking me plumb crazy," he said. "Will you?"

"I won't," the girl promised, smiling, stirred.

"BECAUSE, you know, I'm really practical. I'm going home to cook eggs and make my bed. I think it's aired by now," he considered thoughtfully. And went.

The girl lay awake a while that night going over things that Vaughn Martin had said, recalling tones of his voice, changes of expression in his face.

"Going home to cook eggs and make his bed!" she whispered to herself.

She was aware of a feeling of distaste. He did such things to save money, just to save it. He denied himself decencies to gather a thing which was only good for scattering. The heiress of millions, healthily contemptuous of millions, smiled scornfully. As she lay wide-eyed, she seemed aware of two men, each with Vaughn Martin's anxious, worn, brilliant face. One was a creature controlled by perhaps the smallest of human smallnesses. And the other was the man whose soul had flashed before her and called on "God." How could the two be one?

ON A bright Saturday morning of early April she was going down again with Miss Beecher, this time in her car, to Anderson Street. The big limousine slid down the avenue, then through streets of shops and into narrower roads and ever poorer houses, and with that they were in the hives of the poor. Dirty children played in the streets, slovenly women hung out of windows; it was Anderson Street. As they swept on the girl's eye was caught by a low white house as poor, as old as any in the neighborhood, but clean and in decent repair.

"It looks queer here, doesn't it? I wonder what it is."

Miss Beecher turned toward the little old white building. "Someone told me," Miss Beecher said. "It belongs to people who can't sell it because—of some legal restriction," she finished lamely. "I think a man lives in it with an invalid wife, maybe. I can't remember."

And with that they were three blocks beyond the little white house. "What is the crowd at the corner?" Helen demanded.

A motor truck stood by the curb, and around it people were gathering like bees. A crowd of men and women ran out of the doors of the tenements and pressed and pushed and stared over one another's shoulders, trying to see something on the ground by the motor truck.

"Somebody's hurt. There's an accident," Helen cried, and caught the speaking tube. "Mills, bring the car as close as you can, and if I signal come to me," she ordered, and she was out and running lightly into the fast growing mass of people.

They fell apart, these forlorn people of the slums, as the girl in her smart dark clothes and furs pressed through. Moreover, she pressed through with the force that goes with a formulated plan. She was going to help, and in her mind alternate schemes were already sketched. People knew her in these parts, she had worked here for two years. More than one woman whispered, "It's Miss Lewis," and drew aside to make a way.

MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHN

Whose painting won the Shaw prize

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

Amateurs who have really elevated the stage

REVEREND SILAS HAZLETT

A Western pioneer minister of sixty years' service

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

The poet laureate of the United Confederate Veterans

MISS FLORENCE FISHER

A successful stenographer whose specialty is reporting conventions

About People

A DEPARTMENT OF
INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

CONDUCTED BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHN: While she declines to voice any theory as to what form of beauty may be the province of the highest art, Mrs. Blumenschel loves best to depict in her portraits, cover designs, and illustrations, the beauty of youth—of children, girls and young women. But if she felt that her tastes and abilities better fitted her for another sort of work, that is the sort of work that she would do. Her feeling is that women artists should find the work for which their qualities best fit them, and should not make the mistake of imitating men, whose point of view and power are generally of a different order. At the last annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, Mrs. Blumenschel's painting, "The Princess and the Frog," won the Julia Shaw Memorial Prize of three hundred dollars, as "the most meritorious work of art in the exhibition produced by an American woman." This painting, interpreting one of Grimm's fairy tales, shows the Enchanted Prince in the form of a frog bringing back to the Princess the golden ball which was lost in the fountain.

Mrs. Blumenschel was born in Brooklyn and educated there and in Paris. She is the wife of Ernest L. Blumenschel, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, who is also a painter of distinction.



MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHN

organization. "A Miracle of St. Anthony," by Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author, was one success. Another, even more appreciated by the audiences, was a charming Oriental pantomime, "The Shepherd in the Distance," described on the bill as "a romance in black and white by Holland Hudson." The house, at fifty cents a seat, was regularly sold out two weeks ahead, and the critics were unanimous and enthusiastic in their praise.

A PIONEER PASTOR

NEARLY sixty years ago the Reverend Silas Hazlett, traveling by steamboat along the upper Mississippi, came to a little huddle of log shanties on the shores of Lake Pepin, Minnesota, the nucleus of what is now the thriving town of Lake City. Two days later he preached the first sermon in the settlement to a congregation of twelve in a rude shack. In a few months he opened the first school, on the second story of a primitive building, teacher and pupils reaching the classroom by means of a ladder. He conducted the first marriage, baptism and funeral ceremonies in the community and established churches at neighboring settlements at Trout Brook and Lake Pleasant. In place of the congregation of twelve to which he preached on that April Sunday in 1856, there are now three thousand five hundred churchgoers, attending services at ten different churches; and where he first taught the few barefoot children of the settlers, there are now two modern schools with twenty-five instructors and six hundred pupils. hale, hearty and active in his ninety-second year, the veteran minister is a beloved figure on the streets of his home city, a living reminder of the hard, vigorous days of the founders of a commonwealth.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

THIS remarkable amateur organization wasn't formed, it happened. A number of New Yorkers of various occupations, but mostly affiliated with the artistic and literary colony of Greenwich Village and Washington Square, and all interested in the drama, whether as students, playwrights, amateur actors or spectators, were in a studio discussing and deploring the difficulties in the way of producing plays. One of the party, a stage manager, closed the discussion by declaring, "There are no real difficulties. The way to produce a play is to produce it. Just to show you, we'll give one here and now." And under his direction, Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate" was produced then and there before an appreciative audience of about three, the hastily selected cast reading their lines on an improvised stage that was lighted by candles stuck on saucers and shielded by the coats of motionless human candle shades. Thus convinced, thirty conspirators discussed ways and means of carrying on the work. Their enthusiasm and activity was stimulated by the offer of a large studio for a theatre, rent free. This offer was later withdrawn, but by that time the ambitious amateurs had gone too far to recede. They took the plunge, and rented, for part of each week, the Band-box Theatre, a delightful little place uptown and far east of the theatrical district, financing their enterprise by advances from members and subscriptions for seats. It is not generally realized that in New York the stage is run more for the shifting thousands of pleasure-seeking visitors in the metropolis than for the residents. The Broadway manager believes that to please his clientele he must spend fortunes in rent, scenery, salaries and costuming. Also he must play safe, putting on pieces of the same order as others that have proven successful—plays by popular authors or plays that have some sensational features to recommend them—and must shun everything under suspicion of being "high-brow stuff." The Washington Square Players were subject to no such commercial limitations. They had reduced expenses to a minimum. All connected with the movement—directors, playwrights and actors—gave their services free. The scenery was always simple, the costuming as inexpensive as possible, and even the necessary furnishings were to a great extent supplied by one of the members who was associated with a noted firm of interior decorators. They were at liberty to produce anything that they thought should be produced, and they availed themselves of the privilege, the actors throwing themselves into the work with a spirit not always manifest on the professional stage. The bill, as a rule, consisted of four one-act plays, one of them the comparatively unknown work of some famous foreign author, the others by American playwrights, often members of the



THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN
"THE SHEPHERD IN THE DISTANCE"

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

EVER since May, 1910, when the office was especially created for her, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle of Memphis, Tennessee, has worthily borne the title of Poet Laureate of the United Confederate Veterans. While Mrs. Boyle has published several books of varied verse and also a number of negro folk tales, she is perhaps best known for her centennial odes—the prize Centennial Ode to Tennessee, the centennial odes to Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, and "The Dream of the Alabama," written for the Confederate Memorial Association in celebration of the centenary of Admiral Semmes. But her writings are not her only creative work; there is her Drum and Fife Corps, now twelve years old; and though the little boys in roundabouts who originally constituted its membership are now young society men and are shortly to build a beautiful clubhouse of their own, they still hold their business meetings with their founder and working officer.

A STENOGRAPHER WITH INITIATIVE

MISS FLORENCE FISHER is now the head of a firm of stenographers, with representatives in many cities, that specializes in court, press and convention reporting. She calls herself "a convention-reporter," for her chosen field is the complicated work of recording the proceedings of big meetings and conventions all over the country. She was born in England, brought up in Canada, learned stenography for fun, and practiced it in earnest when a change in the family fortunes made that course desirable. She served her apprenticeship in a publishing house and after a varied experience as a stenographer, she obtained her first contract for reporting a convention—the meeting of a philanthropic association—and made good. Since then she has reported many conventions, directing a staff of assistants, and recently within nine months visited fifteen cities in the United States and Canada in the course of her work. Miss Fisher considers her present specialty perhaps less lucrative but far more interesting than court reporting, and suggests that it offers an admirable field for women with a good general education, with energy, adaptability and self-control, with capacity for organizing and zeal for the study of details.



REV. SILAS HAZLETT



VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE



FLORENCE FISHER

Two Favorite Songs and How I Sing Them

By MADAME MELBA

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL L. HERRICK, BOSTON



"There are two songs that I have sung all over the world, songs to me as full of memories as a garden—Tosti's GOOD-BYE and DOWN IN THE FOREST, by Landon Ronald."

THE term "old-fashioned," may be applied by some to Tosti's "Good-bye," but only for the reason that it was written long ago; because there is in it that which never grows old, never fades—a heart. People have come to my concerts, so they assured me, on purpose to hear that one song.

Everywhere in English-speaking countries I have sung it, and audiences have understood and loved it. King Edward has asked me to sing it; I have sung it to Queen Alexandra, and the Empress Mother of Russia, and to many other exalted ones. It has touched the same chord with them as with all others, for it is a song knowing no distinctions of rank in its appeal. Simple, direct, the burden of its words touches a response in every heart that has loved and suffered.

In Tosti's "Good-bye" there is nothing of the melodramatic or theatrical, no straining for great and overwhelming effects. Its charm lies, instead, in quite another direction—a strain of genuine feeling laying bare the heart, a song of good-bye to love and happiness, a facing of all the hopeless to-morrows.

Speak the Words Clearly

IN ANYTHING sung nothing is more important than the words, and this becomes truer than ever in songs of the type of Tosti's "Good-bye." No matter how familiar the words may be to the listener it is imperative that they be uttered as clearly with every rendition as if they had never been heard before. As a fact, only in that way can any song be given vitality and pulsing life, for the singer's mission is to re-create in the song the message of the poet who wrote the words, as well as the spirit of the composer who wrote the melody. Many an hour have I spent in reciting words before a mirror, and with my teeth tightly shut, speaking only with the lips, so that finally the muscles of my lips became strong enough to carry each syllable of the word I sang to the farthest corner of the hall.

English is not an impossible language to sing, it is clear, beautiful, and expressive; and to those of us

whose native tongue it is, none other brings as full a meaning. The trouble is that English is murdered by bad method and pronunciation. Even singers who lay claim to recognition sing, for instance, "God" as if it were spelled "Gaud," and "land" as "lond."

Tosti's Own Interpretation

MUSICALLY, I sing Tosti's "Good-bye" closely in accord with the expression marks of the composer. In little points I may vary from one interpretation to another, but never do I lose sight of those main lines. In the first place, the composer knows better than does any other being what he heard in his mind when he composed the music, and how it sang itself in his imagination, more beautifully, perhaps, in that moment of its inspiration than any mortal lips will ever sing it. For little nuances and effects within these broader lines of "Good-bye," the singer has a certain leeway for instilling into the melody her mood of the moment, but sincerity and heart are the only true guides for this.

There is one part in "Good-bye" in which I never vary, no matter what surrounding conditions or mood may be, and that is the long section of the song marked "pianissimo." The first time I sang "Good-bye" it was in Tosti's studio, and he played the accompaniment himself. The lines, "Hush! A voice from the far away, 'Listen and learn,' it seems to say, 'All the to-morrows shall be as to-day!'" The cord is frayed—the cruse is dry. The link must break and the lamp must die—"I sang throughout pianissimo, with only the two slight crescendos that he had marked in the music. Stopping suddenly at the end of those phrases, Tosti kissed me, and exclaimed, 'That is the way I heard it!'" I knew what he meant, the desire prompted by imagination in its composing had been realized. And I was very happy.

It is all very simple, yet very clearly indicated as to musical expression in this pianissimo section of the song—but the words! The words! They carry a deep,

deep meaning; they bear a whole tragedy in a few short, disjointed sentences. The heartbreak in singing them lies in the very subduedness with which they are given—repressed, simply. And that repression, that simplicity, carries pathetic, touching forcefulness.

To grasp the full import of the words here sung so softly demands of the listener a tense attention, consequently every syllable must be clearly uttered, yet as delicately as a musical whisper. The words need just that kind of delivery to bring out the intensity they carry. It becomes, then, a climax quite as forceful as if sung in trumpet tones.

The opening portion of the song, descriptive in character, is, as it were, a scene-setting of the heart tragedy presently to be presented. Like the entire song, it is mainly dependent on the beauty with which each tone is given, and the clear enunciation accorded each word. Only two crescendos, the second one followed by a decrescendo, are indicated by Tosti in this opening section to be sung piano. And let me say one thing here on the tone in crescendo, its notes must be like a row of pearls graduated in size, each a little larger than the one before it on the strand. Any other method, for instance delaying until the final notes to give a swell in tone volume, not only breaks the smoothness of the legato but it distorts the phrase, giving sudden prominence where full sweep of the swell should have been reached gradually.

A single ritardando toward the close of the opening section of "Good-bye" leads up to the word "sky," where a crescendo, not too pronounced, may be made. Then, after a flash of pause, the first short pianissimo, entering on the word "good-bye" begins a passage to be sung to its close more slowly.

The Big Climax

THE next section, marked "Lentamente," and following the long pianissimo of which I have spoken, starts with the words "Good-bye to hope!" Here chance is given in the slowly growing crescendo, taken in quieter tempo as the expression mark directs, for a big climax, passionate but restrained, for, again, one must remember that simplicity should be maintained throughout.

Tosti from time to time introduced a parlatto, or half-sung, half-spoken phrase or phrases, and invariably with pronounced effect. In his "Good-bye" this parlatto comes in the section which precedes the song's real climax, and is indicated for the words "What are we waiting for?" Intense meaning may be put into that phrase by simple means. There is a brief crescendo on the word "waiting," which may be given more abruptly, as it is an outburst of feeling showing the utter hopelessness of delay.

After that, with the sentence "Kiss me straight on the brows," there occurs an episode of emotional passion, and one which demands hurried delivery of words and music; but even here it must never mean "a passion torn to tatters." Exaggeration and distortion at this point merely weaken. With such words to sing, sincerity of the deepest kind is called into utterance.

Immediately preceding the culminating, final climax in the song toward its end, is the line, "A pleading look—a stifled cry," to be followed by the heart-rent cry itself, "Good-bye!" repeated again and again, held finally on its third reiteration. The last two "good-byes" are sung lingeringly, heartbrokenly—and the song is done. Into it Tosti has put within brief limit a variety and contrast which sustain constant interest; the words are genuine, the music is genuine; both carry a last good-bye from heart to heart.

"Down in The Forest"

LANDON RONALD'S "Down in The Forest" is loved the world over; everywhere that I have sung it its reception was the same. Like Tosti's "Good-bye," it suggests a scene and a tragic situation. Within the short poem there is pictured the lonely girl waiting in the forest for her lover; with leaping heart she hears a faint stir and thinks that he is coming, but, "It was only the note of a bird." Simple as it is, the song is complex, for there must be conveyed in its interpretation expectant hope, ecstasy, and sorrow.

The opening lines, "Down in the forest something stirred, so faint that I scarcely heard," require to be given with a subdued eagerness, sung softly, but for a little crescendo on the words "that I scarcely heard." The next phrases following, beginning crescendo, swelling to forte, allow a broad, big effect, for the whole forest leaps into a joyous life.

Succeeding this outburst of hope comes a reiteration of "Down in the forest something stirred," and here—the same words appearing for a second time under the conditions of a saddened disappointment, so different from the expectancy and eagerness inspiring them before—the tone should fade gradually to a faint thread. After this, and marked "Recitative," is a phrase to be dealt with carefully and sung freely in its delivery. Unaccompanied, except for a chord on the final word, everything is left to the voice to convey. Simply, softly, it must be sung, the burden of passionate disappointment expressed in the last word strongly accented, for "It was only a bird."

This first section of "Down in The Forest," short as it is, contains a wide variety of emotion; there has been condensed in it as much as a whole scene in opera could hold. And that is exactly the situation which makes these simple, sincere songs so hard to interpret. Every single word, every single note must count for all it really means, if it would mean anything at all.

The second section of "Down in The Forest" beginning, "Now in the morning of life I stand," and full of passionate pleading, allows of a splendid effect. Starting with the crescendo at "I am here, I am here at your door," a climax, the real climax of the song is gained. Here feeling may be given full rein, letting the voice ring out and dwell on the high notes marked with a fermato or "hold." Only a single phrase comes after that, and again on the lines, "Down in the forest something stirred; it was only the note of a bird." Arriving as this passage does, marked with a double pianissimo, after a forceful climax, there is a most effective contrast, yet one quite natural and quite sincere. In these lines disappointment is final and crushing; I let the last note break in a sob.



"They gave me a laughing, loving welcome that quite warmed the cockles of my lonely old heart"

The Wonderful Gift

THE talk fell, yesterday, in Sophia Brewer's cheerful old-fashioned drawing-room, while her great-grandmother's best Canton teacups were being handed round, on Carmelita Kent. Somebody had spoken of little Nina Kent's engagement; then somebody else remembered that she had seen Carmelita the day before. Carmelita is little Nina Kent's mother.

"Ah, poor Carmelita! I ran across her in the Metropolitan Museum, of all places!" confided the gossiping one, in the hushed tones that are commonly employed now-a-days in speaking of Carmelita. I knew what was coming, waited for it, grimly stirring my tea with unnecessary vigor.

"The Museum!"

"Yes, Fancy! I'll warrant she hadn't been there in half a dozen years—before. I was simply taking some little Western consins through."

"Poor Carmie!"

"But why?" I asked. "Isn't the Museum a perfectly respectable place for a female to visit? I've often been there."

"Oh, Molly, how absurd of you!" The speaker, who is stout, refused sugar with a look of sad longing and heroically speared two slices of lemon. "Of course it's respectable—it's all right. I'm glad there are such places; indeed, I hope she finds great comfort in going about to them. But—well, you must admit, Molly, that it's distressing to think of Carmelita, lonely and idle, with nothing to do but dawdle for half a day in the Museum. Of course I don't know it was a whole half-day, but I watched her from a distance for some time and she seemed to be doing the place, just like a tourist."

"Shocking! And she might as well have been in the shops," I said disagreeably.

"How did she seem?" asked someone else quickly, to cover up my remark.

"I didn't overtake her, purposely. It all seemed so sad. There it was, the most heavenly day one could imagine, and a hundred fascinating ways of spending it, and Carmie wandering around looking at the Morgan collection! I didn't want to have to speak to her—it embarrasses me, though they say she is very calm and sensible when she meets people. But it does embarrass one"—she appealed to the group earnestly—"when we remember what she was before."

"Well, what was she, before?" I threw at them argumentatively, "a nervous, restless, high-strung—"

"Molly! She was delightful!"

"Charming!"

"A wonderful mother!"

"And hostess!"

"Spirited!"

"Witty!"

"Clever!"

The shower of tributes to Carmelita came so fast that I had to wait until it was over before continuing.

"Yes, she was all those things, but,"—I was very firm about this,—"*she was also nervous, overwrought, overworked, fagged out. Think of her life, all the countless details, the responsibilities, the strain of keeping on year after year!*"

"Strain!"

"She loved to be busy."

"Yes, indeed, *lived on it!*"

"Poor Carmelita," sighed her friends,—
But—

"I was never happier in my whole life,"
said Carmelita.

And it was true.

By PATIENCE BEVIER COLE

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

"She had a positive genius for details."

"And with all their money!"

"Yes! She never knew an *instant's* sordid worry about finances. *That's* what wears on a woman. But Carmelita—"

"Why, even the year of the panic she took the whole tribe of them abroad for that wonderful tour," someone recalled eagerly.

"She wouldn't have entertained so much, year after year, if she hadn't had a real taste for that sort of thing, Molly," another assured me aggressively.

"She wouldn't have been a leader in so many things if she hadn't loved to lead," a third chimed in with conviction.

"She had the most amazing vitality. She always seemed as young as her girls. That's what makes me quite sick at heart when I think of her now—a broken, old woman." My neighbor on the left sighed lugubriously and helped herself to another cake.

"Ab-so-lute-ly shut in on herself!" my neighbor on the right agreed with melancholy emphasis.

"After all, though, she's having a wonderful opportunity to get acquainted with herself, don't you think?" I asked blandly.

They gazed at me aghast over Sophia's nice old teacups.

"Personally," I went on, "I think it's mere justice for Carmelita to be having time, at last, to commune with her soul in the Museum, or Battery Park, or Grant's Tomb, if she likes. She deserves this respite, after the life she's led."

"Molly Jessup!" they chorused. "You don't mean us to think you aren't *sorry* for poor Carmelita?"

"I'm not," I retorted, brazenly. "In almost every way I think it's been a valuable experience for her. She'd have gone on indefinitely in that eternal treadmill of gayety if something hadn't pulled her up sharply. Well, this has done just that—and it's making a different woman of her, a much finer one, too, I assure you."

The storm of their shocked reproach broke over me in torrents. In the well-bred hubbub that followed, I was able to convince none of them that I am right about Carmelita. But you see I have her own version of her calamity.

JOSEPHINE, in a smart, low, rakish-looking car had met me at the train. All of Carmelita's daughters were smart, dashing young creatures, popular and gay. Josephine was the second of them, and she had

always seemed the most popular and the gayest; yet she was assuming now, I quickly noted, a little air of dignified responsibility, as though with Evelyn, the eldest daughter, married and gone, the whole weight of managing the big household now fell on her. It was Josephine who had written to me to come and arranged the matter of dates, trains, and so on.

"I'm so relieved you could come to us, Aunt Molly," she began at once, disposing of me and my bag in the car. She cranked the machine briskly, got in, and the car shot ahead, whirling through the village street at a terrific speed.

"Muzzy has always been so fond of you that I have great hopes that you, if anyone, can—well, arouse her."

"Is she so melancholy, then?"

"No, not exactly melancholy. Yet she's so dreadfully changed—won't go out, and doesn't care to be around with us. Of course she's sensitive about it; anybody would be. But she must know how sympathetic everybody is, how we love her and want her with us just the same."

"Then she is quite—?"

"Oh, absolutely! The specialists all say it's hopeless." Jo's eyes suddenly swam with tears. "Oh, Aunt Molly, why should anything like this have come to Muz, of all women on earth? She was so wonderful, so full of life and enthusiasm—more like one of us than the mother of all of us. And now—" She broke off eloquently.

"It has seemed to age her?"

"Yes—and no. She doesn't look much older, only she's stopped caring how she looks. You know how she always frowned upon negligee unless we were really ill and shut-in. Well, you should see her now! She insists on staying off by herself a good deal, pottering around the garden for hours at a time, a thing she never did before; and then she reads, reads, reads. And you know she never used to read. I've heard her say she never more than skimmed the newspapers, and scarcely read six books a year. If you'll believe it, Aunt Molly, she's reading George Eliot and Shakespeare *through!*"

I was spared comment on this unusual development of Carmelita by a turn in the road which brought us within sight of the Kent home, which is, to my mind, one of the most satisfying country houses I have ever seen.

"Look natural?" queried Jo, joggling her brakes and clutches as we prepared to descend the steep road that led down to the Kent grounds and the water's edge. It was all as I remembered it—noble trees, wide stretches of lawn, the great house and the garden, leading, by a series of gentle terraces and rustic stairs, down to the boathouse and landing; beyond, the sparkling waters of the Sound. But the most familiar detail of the picture was the swarm—I use the word advisedly—of young people.

Who had ever seen the Kent home other than animated? Years before, I had never quite got over the feeling, when I approached that gracious homestead, that I was inadvertently stumbling into a children's party, there was such an amazing number of little Kents. Now that they were grown up, the place seemed always like a well-patronized resort, with young people swarming everywhere, on the tennis courts, on the lawn, in the summerhouse. Six of the lasses and three of the lads were Carmelita's own, and

there were usually that many young guests besides. There was no denying that the Kent place was popular, even without the leadership of Carmelita.

There arose a great clamor as Jo brought the car to a stand at the foot of the veranda steps and I awkwardly prepared to regain a normal human posture. From court and pergola and lawn they pounced upon me, all of Carmelita's dear children, whom she had taught to call me aunt. They gave me a laughing, loving welcome that quite warmed the cockles of my lonely old heart. I had been abroad for two years and had almost forgotten how exhilarating they were, the fresh, wholesome, dear things.

"Stop mauling her," commanded Jo briskly. "She's come to visit Muz chiefly, and if you squash her flat before Muz sees her—" She drew me into the house.

Freshening from my journey in the dainty, familiar guest suite upstairs, I found myself quite upset at the thought of meeting Carmelita. What could one, even an old friend, say to a woman so bereaved? The utter tragedy of her situation swept over me poignantly. To live in that mutilated household and yet be no longer an active part of it!

Josephine came at last and took me to her mother. I noticed that she walked in without any preliminary knock. We found her mother lying on a couch, reading. She put down her book reluctantly when Josephine touched her, looked up, recognized me, and rose at once, coming toward me with outstretched hands and her same beautiful smile.

"MOLLY, you old dear! I can't possibly tell you how good it is to see you. But I forgot to ask Jo whether you were coming down by morning or afternoon train, so you've caught me like this."

She glanced down amusedly at her comfortable, shabby dressing-gown. "Never mind. Sit here. I want to know everything about you."

I must have looked my distress. She smiled reassuringly, pulling me down beside her on the couch.

"Don't be alarmed, Molly dear. You won't need to shriek at me. I have contraptions, ever so many of them, that I can buckle on when there's something really worth bearing. Jo dear, where is that wretched thing? I never can keep track of it. Look in the drawing-room, will you, love?"

Josephine turned a tragic face to me. "You see, Aunt Molly! She doesn't care about hearing. She was listening to the rector yesterday at tea time. I daresay she hasn't troubled herself to listen to anybody since then. I should think she would go mad, here alone in the silence. I know I shall go mad if we cannot rouse her to some semblance of her old self."

It seemed indelicate to sit there discussing Carmelita in her very presence. I writhed in embarrassment. The deaf woman, however, calmly unaware that she was the subject of the girl's half fearful remarks, sat smiling at me expectantly, holding my hand cozily between her warm, soft palms. She dismissed Josephine with a smile and a soft-voiced "Run along, dear," then turned again to me.

"Dear old Moll, what a wonderful time you've been having! Two whole years just to loiter in Scotland! I've always longed to do that—loiter, Moll, loiter. Instead, I've rushed like a demented thing for the last thirty years. But I've come into my own at last. It's wonderful, Molly! I've been able to escape vast numbers of chairmanships and advisory boards and irksome social duties, and I'm enjoying unheard-of leisure. So I may spend two years idly in Scotland, if I choose," she ended, gleefully as a child who says, "Vacation has come. I may spend two months playing at anything I choose."

Josephine came back with her mother's "contraption"—black tubes and little receivers.

"THIS is the worst-looking one I have," Carmelita remarked carelessly, handing me the receiver into which I was to speak and unwinding the two ear pieces for herself. "It gives one somewhat the feeling of posing for a Laocoon group, with those tubes writhing around, but it's rather the best of the lot for a comfy tête-à-tête. Now you pour the tale of your splinter wanderings into that end, Moll, and I'll drink it in through this."

"I'd rather you told me about yourself," I stammered into the thing. That was all I could think to say. It seemed too dreadful, the great gulf of silence between us, and this horrid bridge. I was tongue-tied, dumb, sitting there beside her, miserably holding my end of the device.

Carmelita understood my distress. She took the contrivance from my fingers, laid it behind her on the couch and leaned toward me again.

"Old chum, you're feeling sorry for me," She shook her head at me in gentle reproach. "Tell me, have you ever seen me look happier?"

I had to admit that I never had. The look in her face was neither of patient resignation nor of high courage, summoned to bear a trial, but of peace. It was a new expression for Carmelita. Handsome she had always been, modish, exquisitely gowned, alert, well-poised, efficient. Handsome she was now, but how differently! Her heavy hair, which she had worn always so carefully coiffed, was now knotted negligently in a loose coil, from which several graying locks escaped unnoticed; her skin, which vigilant massage had kept firm and youthful-looking, showed now the odd softness that comes with middle age, and numbers of unabashed little wrinkles. There were other signs of the change in her—the hands roughened and stained from gardening, the unstayed figure, comfortable in the shabby, faded remnant of what had once been a beautiful robe of rich fabric and gorgeous Oriental embroidery. The old look of alert efficiency was gone, too. You knew, without being told, that Carmelita's mind was no longer capably full of menus and household accounts, shopping lists and memoranda for the dressmaker, committee meetings, club programs, lectures, social engagements. She was living deeper now, and had taken on a kind of beautiful rugged dignity that we often see in poor mothers of large families, in capable farm women, in workers among the poor. It was the look of one who has found herself. How wonderfully she had taken her blow, I thought, with a pang that she had suffered so. She seemed to read my thought.

"I'm receiving too much undeserved admiration for my courage," she said. "You must not pity me, you must not probe my fortitude. Just believe, Molly, that I am richly profiting by this wonderful silence. I've been so busy all these years with my girls and boys, I've listened for so long to the ceaseless good-natured uproar, I've heard such quantities of foolish youthful banter, chatter, giggling, teasing, hurrahing! Decorous young people have gone out of fashion, Molly; they whistle and shriek and do noisy vaudeville imitations, and take their sports more uproariously than would have been sanctioned in our day. When I remember, I wonder that I was not in a mad-house years ago. I'm not complaining of the children, for they're all good, wholesome young things, bless their hearts, and no mother has enjoyed her children and her children's friends more than I. I didn't even know that I was not enjoying the hubbub until I lost my hearing. The knowledge that I was deaf came oddly. I had had the long illness, you know, and when at last I came out of my delirium, horribly spent and weak, and recognized those about me, I thought they were keeping silent out of consideration for my weakness. It seemed so beautiful, just to lie there and rest and rest in the blessed quiet, without being asked how I felt or told that I would soon be strong again. The children came every day to my bedside, smiled, caressed me, and went away silently. It seemed exquisitely thoughtful of them."

"When I finally understood that the silence was to be for the rest of my life, I had one panic-stricken night. I must confess, Molly, almost as bitter as the first night of my widowhood, when, all question of my own happiness aside, I did not see how I could manage the practical issues of my life. 'It isn't fair,' I argued bitterly to myself. 'I have been father and mother to my children. I have reared them successfully thus far, but they need me yet, and, deaf, I shall lose them, they will lose me.' I had kept always with them, you see, their chum and confidant, and was rather proud of my popularity as a chaperon, though it cost me all the leisure that I should have taken for my soul's growth. I lived in a whirl, and thought it my duty."

TOWARD morning of that dreadful, despairing night I fell asleep, and dreamed of Phil. I don't often, and when my rare dreams of him come, I hug the memory of them for days, as one would the memory of a precious visit. I seemed, this time, to see him in his study, working, reading, writing, as he used to do. I seemed to watch him for a long time, and then, as a spectator, I saw myself come to the study door. He looked up quickly, as he always did to welcome me when I interrupted his work, but for once he had no smile for me, only a long, serious look. Then our children came trooping in, crowding past me, as I stood there in the doorway, and gathering about him, sitting on his knees, on the arms of his great chair, on stools at his feet. There was no romping, scarcely any smiling, but over them all a sweet, earnest spirit of thoughtfulness. He talked to them and they listened rapidly. I longed to hear what he was saying and I stepped forward to join the group, but he waved me back, and I had to content myself with watching.

"The dream faded suddenly, and I found myself lying there in the gray dawn, shaken with emotion as I always am when I awake from any dream of Phil, trying to live it over again, fearful lest I forget some detail, faint with the sweet illusion of having been near him again for ever so brief an instant. So real he had seemed, my wonderful, dignified scholar! And how the children had hung upon his words! Then there swept over me the realization that I had not been both mother and father to the children he left me. I had been just their mother, just my own superficial self, a woman always too busy with trivial things. All the quiet, wise counsel that Phil would have given them had he lived, all the helpful turning of their minds to the deeper things of life, they

had missed. I had looked after their material wants, their clothes and their parties, their education and their recreations; I had chummed with them and junketed with them and kept myself one of them, but I hadn't grown wise, Molly. I had never given them anything for their minds and spirits. My children loved me, but never had they all gathered round me in a quiet group and listened to words of wisdom from my silly lips, rounded lips, Molly—I thought I had to, to keep looking young for the children's sakes.

OF COURSE the full appreciation of what this gift of silence means to me, and will mean to them, did not come all at once. But the bitterness died then, when I began to see that it *was* a gift, that it meant a chance for me to grow into something really worthy of Phil. Oh, the good things I've read during the last six months, since the blessed deafness came! As for recreation—"

She reached behind her for the book she had been reading when I came, and held it out gleefully for my inspection. It was an old copy of that queer, quaint romance, "The Mysteries of Udolpho."

"I began to read that absurd book when I was nine years old," she chuckled. "My mother caught me at it, and I wasn't permitted to finish because I was too young for anything so exciting. After I was old enough, I never had time—until now. I tell you, Molly, it's beautiful to be deaf. No more chaperoning, no more telephone calls, no more listening to rag-time and nonsense and noise. They get on pretty well without me. They're bewildered yet about the change in their mother; they think I'm degenerating, and they worry a bit; but it doesn't hurt them. A real solicitude for their elders is a wholesome rarity in young people nowadays, and after a while they will learn that my deafness has made me a wiser woman and a better mother. Jo has a level head and is really surprisingly efficient in my place. She plans everything and attends to the guests, while I meditate and read, or dig in the garden with my own hands, a thing I've longed to do for years. I'll dress myself in fine raiment presently and take you out to my garden. I've had a wonderful time with my posies this year."

"I'm going abroad presently, if I can persuade Evy and Jack to close up their dove-cote and come and lend the dignity of their wedded state to our household. And I'm going to poke around in out of the way places, as you do, Molly, and sojourn in those I like best. That word has an infinite charm for me. And I have hopes that two or three years of sojourning and reading and meditation will do something for me, put something into my spirit and personality that will someday, when they need counsel, bring my children to me with the look on their faces that I saw there when they crowded round their father in my dream. I don't care to be fashionable any more, nor indispensable; I just want to drop out of the whirl and become a little wise."

I LOOKED at her in wonder. Truly she had grown "a little wise" already. I liked the unmassaged, frankly middle-aged face, for it was calm with a beautiful dignity that had never been there before.

She rose and beckoned me to the window, which overlooked the wide lawn and the tennis courts, where the young people were at play.

"They're good to look at, aren't they?" she said. "I love to watch them, but I'll confess, Molly, that I rather enjoy not hearing their endless noise. What more is there for me to hear that I have not already stored away in my memory? My lover's voice, the laughter of my children, songs of birds and the world's great music—I have heard all. The rest is silence. I am content."

Carmelita herself told me this. And so, while others pity her, I am glad to hear of her browsing in a museum—even for a whole half-day.

"Mo-o-therhood"

By a Contented Spinster

MOLLIE is one of my oldest friends, and usually I like her; but when she comes to see me and, after sitting in my favorite chair and drinking my excellent tea and eating my delicious little cakes, both of which were made and served by my devoted maid,—why then, Mollie eyes me sadly, and says: "Lucy dear, if you were only married! There's no real life for a woman but mo-o-therhood." She sort of bleats the word, and it makes me very, very peevish.

For her house is ugly and uncomfortable, her husband is a cross and impossible sort of man with all the small vices of bad table manners, untidy personal habits, and the like. Molly often tells me—when she is pitying herself, not me—how he leaves his clothes about for her to pick up, burns holes with his cigar in all her table covers, and so on. Mollie's children take after their father. There are three of them, and even their youthfulness isn't pleasant. They are hard-natured, selfish little things, all of them. I'd be sorry to bring a child into the world that gave no more promise than Mollie's.

Of course a good bit of it is Mollie's fault. She likes to talk a lot about mo-o-therhood, and she belongs to a mothers' club, but as for being a real mother to her children—why, she simply isn't and can't be. She doesn't know how, and she's far too lazy to learn.

There, having said all the horrid truths about Mollie that I can think of, I'll talk a little of myself. I'm thirty-nine, and a business woman. I make a good salary, live pleasantly in an apartment, and have my own maid, my own cozy little table, a real home, in short, maintained as well as I can afford and as I like. When I start on a journey and see my niece Nora bringing my suit case down to the taxi, and when I reflect that I can put my hand in my pocket and pay for my ticket and my cab and my maid and go anywhere I like and have everything that I want, in rea-

son, I don't see that I am so terribly to be pitied.

My work is very interesting, and it broadens and changes so much from year to year that I never can get in a rut. I have hosts of good friends. I have my church, always a delight and a source of strength. I go to concerts, and the theatre, and lectures, and the "movies" when I wish, sometimes with friends, and sometimes alone, for my own society doesn't bore me. There are always new books to read, new interests. This old world do move, and I want to move right along with her. And when my married friends begin their stories of stingy husbands, selfish husbands, unkind husbands, unfaithful husbands—why, I think I'm quite as well off as they; yes, and a good deal better. But I'm honest enough to say that I don't think unhappy marriages are the men's fault, usually. It's been my observation that the wife has the success or the unsuccess of the marriage in her own hands, provided the marriage is a normal one. Where there are great disparities of age, station, or worldly goods marriage always has added difficulties.

I wish, too, that I had married, twenty years ago. I have had my romance; but my dear Billy died a few weeks before we were to have been married. I always think of him as young and handsome and kind and gentle, and with a spirited lift to his head. Yet life has brought me no disappointments from him, as it might have done if he had lived. And I could never think of marriage with any other.

I maintain that my life is very full, very interesting, and that what I am doing in the world means as much to the world as the bearing of two or three mediocre children. Motherhood is a great work for a woman if she has children; but if she hasn't children, there's nothing to prevent her from finding constructive, helpful work to do wherever she may happen to be. Every woman has a job, I'm sure of that, but "Mo-o-therhood" isn't the only good one.



"Living on less is only a question of individual method"

H. C. OF L. PROVERB NO. 6

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES S. CORSON

At last MRS. LARRY gets in touch with the producer and solves her own household economic problem—drawing the conclusion thereby that it is for women everywhere to seek, until, like *Sentimental Tommy*, they "find a way." For before MRS. LARRY succeeded in her quest, she investigated the HOUSEWIVES' LEAGUE and the MUNICIPAL MARKETS of New York, the BROOKLYN MARKET CLUB, the CHICAGO CLEAN FOOD CLUB, the HOUSEWIVES' COÖPERATIVE LEAGUE of Cincinnati and the various coöperative organizations in New England, in Washington, D. C., and in Montclair, New Jersey. This is the true story of a woman who set out to get the full value of the effort and money she puts into her household expenditures.

MRS. LARRY returned from the telephone, wearing the expression popularly attributed to the cat which has just swallowed a canary.

"Well, Larry," she said, "for the first time since we started this pursuit of thrift I have stumbled on something that Teresa Moore has never heard about. And I am that puffed up!"

She seated herself on the arm of her husband's chair and laid a picture postal on the table.

"And I heard you ask in the most casual way: 'Teresa, do you think it would pay us to investigate the Long Island Home Hamper?' just as if you had known about it for five months instead of five minutes," commented Mr. Larry, pinching his wife's cheek.

"You really can't blame me. Teresa is so horribly wise; and she has made me feel so inferior! Not that she meant to, but I have had to follow her lead so long—and, I—Well, I did enjoy handling her a bit of information."

"No doubt!" laughed Mr. Larry, drawing her close. "And, now that you have unearthed the Long Island Home Hamper, what do you propose to do with it?"

"Find out what it is worth."

"My dear, you certainly are gaining in directness." "Oh, Larry, what an inviting collection of fresh green things. Do you suppose it could taste half as good as it looks? See—those are really, truly new potatoes that show pink through their skins."

"Looks as if the hose had been turned on them."

"And corn, lima beans, summer squash—"

"What is the thing that looks like cabbage gone to seed?"

"Kohl-rabi, silly! And cucumbers, onions, cabbage and beets. I couldn't buy them at Dahlgren's for less than three dollars. Yet this postal card says we can have such a hamper delivered at our door every week for one dollar and fifty cents. I think I will order one: 'Address Medford Demonstration Farm, Medford, Long Island.'"

She reached for her pen, but her husband stretched out a detaining hand.

"Why not run down to the farm and learn all about it—in the interest of economy?"

"Because it would not be economical. It costs money to ride one hundred miles on the Long Island Railroad."

"I wasn't thinking of a railway trip. We might go by motor. Burrows, our company lawyer, left for the Exposition Tuesday, and he told me that if I would like to use his car some Sunday or week-end, to tele-

phone his chauffeur, who'd probably be joy-riding. If I didn't."

"Oh, Larry, a real motor! Just as if it was our own! A whole perfect day in the country! I'll take the babies, and, yes, Lena,—she has been so faithful, and— Is it a seven-passenger car, Larry?"

"It is, but it won't hold the entire block."

"No—only Teresa Moore."

"Teresa goes. This is your party!"

SO IT happened that the next Sunday morning, Mrs. Larry, with eyes shining, carried her "thrift party" off on the most delightful excursion so far undertaken. Even the Burrows's chauffeur relaxed at sight of her happiness and enthusiasm, and forgave the early start, for at eight-thirty they were spinning over Queensboro Bridge. Behind them lay the city, for the most part asleep, as New York generally is after its Saturday night gayeties.

"We early birds will have the famous Merriek Road practically to ourselves," said Mr. Larry, as they swept through Astoria. On they went, now through little towns, now past stately homes, now between rolling truck farms, green with corn, gray-blue with cabbages, spattered with the scarlet of tomatoes. It seemed as if all Long Island was yielding a bountiful store of fresh things, enough to feed three cities like New York.

"And yet," sighed Teresa Moore, "we pay absurdly high prices for vegetables, which, though raised within an hour's motor run of our doors, reach us withered and pithy."

"Well, we'll know why very soon," said Mrs. Larry. Then she turned to her husband. "Who did you say owns this farm?"

"The Long Island Railroad. The president of the road, Mr. Ralph Peters, found on investigation that his road ran through territory which was without value, as the average American sees it—without lumber, without coal or minerals, without any great water power, without any opportunities for developing industrial plants of any sort. Half of this territory, lying within fifty or sixty miles of New York City, was a howling wilderness, selling at three or six dollars an acre, and no one buying it."

"In 1905 he decided that the one hope of this part of Long Island lay in agricultural development. In the offices of his railroad was a man named H. B. Fullerton, who was in charge of the general advertising, taking photographs, issuing booklets of scenery, and so on. Such work had taken Mr. Fullerton practically all over the railroad's territory. Also, Fullerton had traveled all over America, and he said that the Long Island land showed the same undergrowth as he had seen in Cuba, New Mexico, and sections of South America, where vegetables grew luxuriantly. He believed that Long Island could grow beans, asparagus, peas, potatoes, cauliflower, and other vegetables, instead of loblolly pines. The upshot of this discussion was that the Long Island Railroad Company bought ten acres of scrub oak waste, practically considered the worst land in middle Long Island, with the avowed intention of providing the fresh food for which New York City had been starving, from the countryman's point of view."

"In September, 1905, Fullerton and his hands dynamited out the first scrub oak stump. The next year they raised three hundred and eighty-one varieties of food on the poorest land of Long Island."

"And that is the man we are to meet?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"Yes, together with his wife and daughters."

Just beyond the Medford railway station the motor road cut its clean way through the arbor leading from the railroad to the farmhouse of the Demonstration Farm. Three concrete steps afforded the only "station" for railway passengers. The framework of the arbor was hidden by grapevines and banked on either side by masses of garden flowers.

Beyond the farmhouse, a two-story, wide-porched

bungalow, lay the barns and outbuildings, and the cottages of the farm hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, who had been advised of "Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift," were more than hospitable, and, after a tour of the grounds, they explained to their interested visitors many phases of merchandising in food stuffs which are a mystery to the average city dweller.

"Our experience as farmers started about fifteen years ago. I had been a sailor and was a rolling stone," explained Mr. Fullerton. "My wife was born and raised in the heart of Brooklyn. We moved to the country because we thought the country was the best place to raise our children. We started a garden because we had so much trouble buying fresh food. What little was raised on the farms around us was shipped to New York, then brought back to our little town of Hollis, and sold to us at city prices by our village merchants."

"We bought a two-acre place at Huntington, thirty-five miles from Brooklyn, and we raised all of our own vegetables because we preferred fresh vegetables to stale ones. The potatoes we raised cost us seventeen cents a bushel when our neighbors were paying the village grocers from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars a bushel. Corn that cost us from eight to ten cents a dozen ears in our garden, cost our neighbors thirty cents in the stores. Our two acres, worked almost entirely by my wife and an occasional helper, with what assistance I could give outside my office hours, cut down our cost of living more than half. Any family in a small town can do the same, but the city housekeeper is up against a different proposition, and we found that out when we took hold of this demonstration farm."

"We were here for a definite purpose—to prove that Long Island men could raise garden stuff to market in Greater New York, and that men who bought Long Island land could run truck farms at a good profit. The first part of the proposition was easy enough. The first year, we raised more than three hundred varieties of vegetables, herbs, and fruits."

"The second half of the proposition was not so easily solved. When we shipped our produce to the New York commission merchants, we soon found that the returns were less than the cost of the boxes in which it was shipped."

"As an example, we received six or eight cents a bushel for tomatoes, the very best ripe tomatoes. The box in which we shipped them cost us fourteen cents; then came express and freight. Of course, the Long Island Railroad, which was employing us, would have franked all our produce, but that was not what Mr. Peters wanted. He wanted us to find out exactly how a farmer would handle his produce, so we paid the charges and had a record of what everything cost."

"We faced this situation: With the best of tomatoes to sell, we could show no profit on them; instead, our books would show a loss. What were we to do? We did the natural thing, we went to New York to see why. At the end of three days we knew the truth."

"That three-day investigation proved to us that the commission men of New York City had the Standard Oil Company and the Meat Trust beaten a thousand miles. We were all paying tribute to them, big farmers and little, grocers and housewives—for you housekeepers ought to know that your greengrocer makes but a small profit on what you buy."

"Among those to whom we had shipped, we found seven speculators, men who never handled or saw the goods. One man sold immediately to another firm, which proved to be his wife; another man secured three commissions by selling our produce to the greengrocers through two other 'firms'—one was his wife, the other his nine-year-old son. You see, in case of any trouble he could actually show two sales."

"We found men who had no offices, who had no bank account for their business, who had no clerks, who had absolutely no [CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

"She had come suddenly, no one knew why, and astounded the Covers by saying she wanted to raise geraniums; moreover, proceeding to do it. There was an acre of them already, blazing in the front yard"



The Geranium Lady

A Serial Love Story

By SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THERE is an island on the Atlantic coast, somewhere between Penobscot Bay and Barnegat, where wild roses grow by the roadside from May until August, where crimson ramblers smother the gables of tiny gray-shingled houses, and where the greenest of lanes thread in and out of wind-blown oaks. An old-fashioned town is at one end of this island; at the other a strange hamlet struggles along a peninsula to the lighthouse that tops high, gay cliffs; the open sea pounds the south shore. And about two miles in from that lonely beach snugles the village of Bridgewater. A series of salt water ponds and coves lies between it and the sea. Between them and the sea is the beach, a tawny sand strip, choking what should be the mouth of a bay. It is a narrow defense indeed from the ocean's onslaught.

Bridgewater, sleeping in the sun, usually out of sound and sight of this tumult, curves around Town Cove and looks unblinkingly seaward. Beyond it, and beyond the still grove-girted inlet known as Deep Bottom, are beautiful downs. Here sheep wander in the green-carpeted road. If you follow the sheep you come at length to the last grove of all, upon the edge of which, close by Great Pond, stands Long Point Farmhouse, a level plain between it and the sea. In every room of this gray old shell can be heard on the quietest day the steady murmur of the surf. And when the waves rise and the tide sweeps in, comes an uproar audible far up the cove—at the Betty Latch cottage. The hoary house on the Point like the Island itself mellows and smiles under eternal buffeting. Like the Island it knows the "beauty and the terror of the world."

ONE day in June—a brilliant morning when there seemed, on Long Point, to be more blue sky and water in the world than anything else—Lieut. Miles Hawthorne, U. S. N., formerly of the battleship "Alaska," sat on the veranda of Long Point Farmhouse smoking his pipe. It was a breezy morning, with whitecaps on Great Pond; and beyond the Beach, queerly above it, flashing white waves leaped now and then against the glimpse of blue that was the sea. Miles Hawthorne knew they were there, because two persons had said so. The shaded porch was breezy and cool, the pipe fragrant, but he had nearly decided to leave both and walk to the Beach without waiting for Captain Madison, when the sound of a squeaking wheel and the deliberate flop-flop of huge hoofs told of the approach of the old sailor who had recently come to be this young man's intimate friend. As Captain Madison drove in, Hawthorne went to meet him.

In the dusty buggy that sagged sidewise with his weight sat a powerful old man with a face like St. Peter's, except for the whimsical light blue eyes that never belonged to any saint. He wore a faded blue suit that carried deposits of sand in its intimate creases. His speckled necktie was gay. Taking off his straw hat, browned with the sun, he ran enormous fingers through his thick gray hair and nodded at the man who stood with his hand on the carriage wheel. "We're openin' the Beach to-day," he said briefly. "You better come down."

Miles Hawthorne laughed—he had a pleasant laugh that people liked to hear, and a lean strong face that was good to look at, in spite of a scarred forehead and slightly clouded gray eyes. Now the eyes smiled. "I've been waiting for you, sir," he answered, with the deference the old man loved. "Five wagons and a

buggy have passed this morning on the Beach road! I'm flattered at having been urged to go in all but the buggy. I'm awfully glad to see you!"

Captain Madison looked seaward. Men who live on the ocean or by it have a habit of long pauses with steady gaze searching the horizon, of brief speech to the point.

"I'll drive ye to the Beach if ye want to go," was his only answer.

It had been a good many years since anyone had dreamed of living at Long Point Farm. The old house had stood unaltered and empty. Even in summer it was considered too far away from the village to be desirable, though with May the Point became a paradise—the great salt pond on the west, and on the south and east the ocean. Then one spring the workmen who drew seaweed from the Beach had been amazed to see a stranger, an "off-islander," walking on the downs. Unknown to everyone the lonely house had been rented. And the new tenant was not, apparently, mad. He was merely a tall slender man, singularly erect against the strongest gale, who walked swiftly, and, when one drew quite near him, smiled. He had a scar on his forehead not yet old; but it was not that which made him unforgettable.

Captain Madison's rickety buggy swayed off behind the mare's stately jog. She followed without guidance the faint road toward the low thunder of the Beach. Everywhere there were wild roses and "blue-eyed grass," but Hawthorne had good reason to prefer the wide sweep of water and the arched sky, where huge white clouds, sailing rapidly, emphasized the infinite distance. They looked like full-rigged ships. He liked the buffet of the salt wind that carried in elusive whiffs, when it shifted, the sweetness of spice bushes. He was keenly glad to-day to be in this blue and green and pale yellow world.

Captain Madison glanced now and then at his companion and twitched the reins upon Sally's mild back. Hawthorne met one of the sidelong glances smilingly.

"Do you know, I feel as if the Atlantic Ocean were in my front yard down here!" he exclaimed.

"Not yet it ain't," said the skipper. "But we're goin' to open the front gate an' let him in."

"Open the Beach," the men said. I pretended to understand. Again the young man gave his low and pleasant laugh.

"A genuine sailor," replied the skipper comfortingly, "don't hang around beaches much. He keeps out their way. Ye've seen the narrowest part o' the Beach, I callate. Ye do considerable walkin'."

"Between the Great Pond and the sea?"

"Yes, Wal, the pawnd is fed by the coves and the coves by brooks. They was mount in the natur' o' things to empty into the sea. But the sea is allays contrary. I guess ye know that. Wal, the tide washes sand into the pawnd faster'n the pawnd kin empty. Makes a beach clean across the mouth. There's a law makes us empty it out several times a year."

As the mare jogged on they drew near the ocean. It had been opening out before them, but was now withdrawn behind the sand dunes, which rose higher than the road. Its presence beyond them, invisible yet close and clamoring, was tremendous.

"Waves're runnin' a mite high," remarked the captain, as a white forked thing leaped above the ridge.

Then, when they toiled through a break in the dunes, the ocean unfolded—dark blue, strongly tossing, flying with foam as a choppy sea rapidly rolled in.

Just then a man on a mule pushed by without speaking and galloped down the hard beach.

"Humph!" Captain Madison grunted. "Jim Brant never did hev any manners. But what can ye expect?"

"Brant?" asked the young man absently. "Do I know him?"

"I don't believe ye ever seen him before. He works at Bijah's farm up at the Cove. Dark man. He's a half-breed, part Portugee an' part Indian. Story goes he has some white blood way back, a gentleman's, too. Jim's queer. I callate he's never been quite domesticated yet. He has spells o' sorter-wildness!"

They had reached the narrowest strip of the Beach, where the Great Pond, a lake of considerable size, lies on the right, the ocean on the left. Here one is between two vast waters, and here the work of cutting a channel was under way. A sea wind, mingled with spray, blew across the sand strip. Gulls wheeled above the tall Islanders as they gravely worked. About this beach opening there was, somehow, a slow and epic dignity. The method was primitive and leisurely. The Islanders were employed with small wooden shovels hitched behind horses, like plows, and at each slow trip between pond and sea a very small quantity of sand was scooped out. One man drove yoked oxen. The red beasts lurched into the very breakers, rearing their heads against the greenish combs.

The gathering was fairly representative of the Cove. So one speaks, on the Island, of the settlement about the inlet named after old Bijah Baxter. Henry Pelham Poole was there, owner of a fleet of pogie boats often to be seen skirting the south coast. Deacon Jotham Torrey could be seen in hip boots, digging with a coal shovel. Captain Seavey owned and drove the oxen. These three leaders of the enterprise were assisted by their sons and nephews and hired men. Captain Madison greeted them all, carefully calling those by name who were known to Hawthorne.

The wide blue carts stood about on the Beach, and there was another buggy, its horse bunched patiently over an iron weight. Passing close as he helped to unbuckle Sally, Lieutenant Hawthorne was surprised to see, lying on the seat, a woman's scarlet cloak.

The Islanders had not expected the officer of the "Alaska" to join in their work, but they were pleased when as a matter of course he did so. They had a tremendous respect for his calling, and also for what had happened to him in it.

"By Jings!" whispered Joth Torrey, nephew of the deacon. "It's just as if he'd got it in a war! Blake says he had a chance to run, and didn't."

"Do you know why he didn't?" asked young Seavey. "He was too busy yankin' a couple of middies out of the way."

At that the half-breed paused in the work he had just begun. Jim Brant had a mighty frame, even for the Island, and a strange, dark, passionate face. He turned now and looked across the narrow ditch at the man from that other world, "off-islander," who was hurrying to put on somebody's hip boots and laughing as he talked in ready intimacy with Captain Seavey.

"Did he do—that?" The rough question almost startled Joth Torrey.

"Yes."

Torrey did not hear the awed oath the half-breed whispered.

And, oddly enough, Miles Hawthorne had just said to Captain Madison: "I think I shall have to know this man Brant."

With the newcomers the work progressed more rapidly. The cut deepened and widened. Into it the eager foremost waves swirled, while the pond stood full, ready to meet its destiny. The gulls still wheeled low in the scudding spray. Then, at last, the water from the Great Pond went rushing into the sea. It would have been a dreadful millrace in a wider channel. And with it came myriads of fish, filling the cut. "Heavens!" exclaimed Hawthorne to the man next him, not noticing who he was, "why doesn't somebody come down here with barrels and box 'em up? You could salt a carload and get rich!"

The dark man lifted his eyes.

"I used ter tell ole Bijah that every time we cut this channel, it's his beach, his'n an' Henry Pelham Poole's. But they don't want the bother!"

Hawthorne looked into the dark man's face. "Aren't you Jim Brant?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, . . . sir."

But Captain Madison interrupted. He had been looking earnestly down the Beach as if he might perhaps be sighting a sail to windward, and had suddenly decided to go home.

"Will you come to Long Point to see me someday?" Hawthorne delayed to ask.

"Yes, sir," said Jim Brant again, "I'll come!"

Miles Hawthorne followed Captain Madison's blue figure. The other buggy and the patient horse, he noticed, still stood rooted in the sand. But the scarlet cloak had blown upon the ground. He picked it up.

"Whose is this?" he asked the skipper, holding it out, conscious of a faint sweetness. "It certainly doesn't belong to the men. And I haven't seen any lady."

"It looks to me as if that there cloak belonged to the Geranium Lady," the Captain drawled.

"And who is she?"

"Wal," repeated the old man, fumbling in his enormous pockets and looking up at Miles Hawthorne with twinkling blue eyes, "I dunno as I kin tell ye hand over hand, so to speak. But I callate she's comin' right here to talk fer herself."

Hawthorne wheeled quickly. Certainly there were two figures approaching, figures in blowing skirts; but to him, though they were not far off, they were very vague in outline. He frowned.

"Jest ye wait a bit," said Captain Madison gently.

The figures were talking and laughing together, and suddenly the slim one gave a little cry. The straw hat she had been swinging on its ribbon had been caught by a gust of wind. It mounted into the air and whirled away. She stood still, laughing now, and, when she saw one of the men by the channel dash after the hat, waited for him to bring it to her.

He came running over the sand in long peculiar leaps. Captain Madison saw that it was the half-breed, Jim Brant. When he reached her side he held out the hat without a word, breathing hard.

"Oh, thank you," came a clear and beautiful voice that belonged to the figure in white; Hawthorne knew by the sound that the lips curved in a smile. "How quickly you ran! I'm glad—because I like that hat."

With the first note of her voice, it began! He had not known such things were possible! For as she spoke there flooded over him a mighty tide of sensation—vivid experience. . . . He was not standing on a bench by the windy sea, but living through, in a moment that was an eternity, an hour he had meant to forget. . . . Forget! When with all the horror had been a sense of invisible beauty—strangest union, surely, in the whole world!

And Captain Madison was saying:

"Wal, now, seem's if yer belongings was spread all over the lots to-day. Here's another fellow, he's got yer cloak. Sort of a Red Riding-hood thing, ain't it?"

The slim white figure, that had come straight on through it all, stopped before Hawthorne and looked up at him. If this were the Geranium Lady—but why that?—she seemed beautiful. Her face was pale. She had dark eyes. On her head were lengths of fluffy black hair, braided and wound around like a crown. In her belt was a bunch of flowers, bright scarlet.

"I guess ye don't know Cap'n Hawthorne," the old sailor talked on. He would never give the off-islander a lesser title. "He's goin' to give up yer cloak in a few minutes!"

He took her hand, and she smiled a little, though even he could see that something was making her go so white. He unconsciously drew her toward him and Captain Madison feared, for an instant, that he was going to put his hand on her hair!

"But—I have never seen you before!" he astonishedly said.

MILES HAWTHORNE had come down to Long Point because William Blake had told him it was the place where he wanted to be. Few would take the advice of a newly hired secretary on such a matter; but Hawthorne did not care. And it was an entirely new feeling for him—not to care! He had always cared very much; he had lived "three to the minute." But Blake had settled everything, and when his employer had come to the Island he approved. For Hawthorne loved wide spaces, that being what he was used to. If he could not live on the ocean then he wished to live near it. Also, he wished to forget certain matters, whereof a roaring, blinding flame was no small part. He was bent on wiping out, if possible, all the supernumerary horrors that had followed the primal horror of the explosion on the "Alaska," and on getting used, unobserved, to a new aspect of the world—to landscapes with very uncertain outlines, to books from whose pages the printing had vanished. So he had rented this Long Point Farm. There William Blake, who indeed read beautifully, earned his salary. And here there were glorious miles of rolling downs to walk over, and a newly mysterious sea. If he was lonely, there was only the secretary to guess. And he gave no sign. But it had appeared, suddenly, that the old farm was not so far off after all. The story of the young naval officer had gone abroad, losing nothing, as told by Blake and the negro servant, Bone. The villagers, simply cordial, drove down to the Point. Captain Madison came oftener.

On the way back from the opening of the Beach the old sailor gave the other buggy the right of way, and the mare Sally was soon outdistanced. Captain Madison did all the talking, for Hawthorne had not said a word since his extraordinary remark to a white-faced young woman without a hat. And as the captain rambled on it became apparent that he had become rather well acquainted with the girl whom he had named the Geranium Lady.

She had bought the Betty Latch cottage in Bijah's Cove that spring, he told the silent man, who was looking earnestly at something between the points of Sally's ears. She had come suddenly, no one knew why, and astounded the Covers by saying she wanted to raise geraniums; moreover, proceeding to do it. There was an acre of them already, blazing in the front yard! It seemed, too, as if she were going to stay. The Captain talked all the way to Long Point Farm, without waiting for answers.

Miles Hawthorne, officer of the "Alaska," spent that

afternoon walking. He lay on the ground by the sparkling water of Takuma's Bay, going over a thousand times the experiences of the morning. Again and again he seemed to grasp at the explanation of the amazing association. But as often it sank beneath the surface. How connect the worst hour of his life with this girl in the Betty Latch cottage?

Her name, Captain Madison had said, was June Carver.

He wondered why she had bought the old cottage on Bijah's Cove. His walks did not often take that direction and he had never before seen this other off-islander. But it was only a week after their first meeting that he saw her again.

The June afternoon would have been hot anywhere else, but on the island there was only a luxurious glow of golden sun with a fresh breeze to relieve it. On the pond agile blue waves made merry. The ocean mumbled, in its indigo depths, about southern islands blazing in scented airs. Miles Hawthorne heard all that it had to say very plainly, and preferred to keep to his twopenny pond, and the "Sitka." She was a beautiful sloop, a racing boat in her youth, which Hawthorne had bought and renamed. Surely the Great Pond had never before seen anything so graceful as the "Sitka" skimming across its surface on a fresh morning, or dropping slowly down to Long Point by moonlight, gliding, ghostly, enormously tall.

He sat out in her alone this afternoon. The "Sitka" responded under his hand like a gracious woman whose power is in her free choice to obey. She cut across the Great Pond crisply. Two or three times in the past week Hawthorne had wished she were smaller. This was when he passed the mouth of Bijah's Cove. It was impossible to enter that with so large a boat. The Betty Latch cottage was at the head of the cove. To-day, as usual, he passed Deep Bottom and Bijah's, entering Town Cove. The "Sitka" dropped anchor at the rickety wharf beside a gay blue dory, and Lieutenant Hawthorne went ashore, not at all sure why he had come.

The tiny hot room of the post-office smelled of varnish and dust and ink. Here it really was a warm day.

At the counter to the left of the door a dark-haired girl in a white dress stood writing a letter. As Hawthorne entered she bent lower over her paper.

He took off his hat to the postmistress.

"Anything to-day, Miss Boles?"

Just then the girl at the counter made a large blot. "Well, I am glad you come, Captain Hawthorne!" said Miss Boles.

"What's the matter? By the way—you've no authority of promotion, Miss Boles."

"Then, Lieutenant, . . . I was afraid you wouldn't get to town to-day, and I hadn't a soul to send it by. It's a telegram—telephoned over this morning."

Through the little window she handed a yellow paper, crackling, important.

The tall man took the paper, and stood very still. He did not look at it, or at Miss Boles. And all at once the post-office clock began to tick loudly in the little varnished room.

The postmistress looked up.

"Any answer?"

Then Hawthorne laughed, a little. He crumpled the paper into his pocket.

"No, thanks. No answer."

Turning quickly he walked out.

On the steps he almost ran down a girl in white with a scarlet splotch at her belt. It was she who had been writing a letter a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 44]



The slim white figure that had come straight on through it all, stopped before Hawthorne and looked up at him

The Pursuit of Culture

By IDA M. TARBELL

ABOUT forty years ago there was started in connection with the summer assembly at Chautauqua Lake in the state of New York an organization known as the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It offered a four-years reading course, designed by its founders to give the college outlook. This reading course became enormously popular. At one time as many as one hundred thousand readers were enrolled. While many of those who enrolled never finished the course, thousands did and received a diploma recognizing their achievement. Hundreds of these graduates continued the work, taking up course after course of advanced reading offered by the institution.

It was my fortune to begin my journalistic career on the magazine which served the Chautauqua reading courses. Through my hands there passed for several years a continuous stream of letters revealing much of the lives and aspirations of the readers, at least ninety-five per cent of whom were women. One vivid impression of this vast correspondence remains with me. It is the genuine, even poignant longing of many of the writers to be reckoned among those whom the world called cultured. They wanted this with as much intensity as their men folks probably wanted money, though I doubt if they could have explained the reason for their ambition as concisely.

The painful and discouraging feature of the case was the idea many of our correspondents had of culture. They did not understand it to be ripeness and sureness of mind, it was not taste, discrimination, judgment; it was an acquisition—something which came with diplomas and degrees and only with them. Many of them obviously believed that by finishing the reading course they would automatically be classed with cultivated people. Their argument was that since a college course meant culture, one giving a college outlook must mean culture. Our efforts to set the course for what it was worth—and that was considerable—to forestall false notions and false hopes seemed as a rule only to bewilder our readers; so fixed were they in their belief that culture came with diplomas and degrees. They plainly regarded it as treason to suggest that this was not a necessary result.

Culture Is Not Magic

I HAVE always believed that the declining popularity of the Chautauqua reading courses was partly due to the discovery that there was no magic in it. Like the college course, its worth depended upon the powers it loosened, the tastes and interests it awakened, the capacity it developed to go on after the diploma was earned. If none of these things happened—and so often they did not—then all that the reader of the course, like many a student in the college, carried away was a budget of facts and the discipline and self-control which result from sticking to a set task. He soon discovered this meant precious little among people—certainly it gave no particular distinction.

The theory that culture follows a diploma is less popular than it was twenty years ago. It has been succeeded by another, which women are applying in all our large towns and cities with as much enthusiasm and confidence as ever possessed a Chautauqua Circle. The present theory is that culture results from seeing—hearing—sampling everything new in ideas, in movements, in music, in the drama and literature. All over the country the exponents of this theory chase culture from morning until night. It is they who can be depended upon to fill a theatre at ten or eleven in the morning to listen to a lecture on Peace or the Cancer Cure, Suffrage or Tagore, Radium or the Panama Canal. It is they who are the instant ally of any cause which is new and it is they who will stay by as long as the campaign is exciting—or until something more exciting looms in sight.

Many things which thrive for a time would die of inattention without them. A horde of lecturers, entertainers, and promoters support themselves through the power of these groups to exercise unlimited and heterogeneous interest, to keep up speed and temperature through a succession of entirely unrelated ideas and activities. Without their theory of culture to sustain them, they could never endure the aches and pains and the awful, dull spots which are inevitable in a program thrown together as theirs is. They believe too that in supporting this theory of culture they are serving the community. If they go to bed many a night half hysterical with fatigue and wholly muddled in brain they still have a sense of duty well done to sustain them. That for which they apologize is not following their crazy program but for cutting out a lecture—a benefit—a committee. That is a failure to do your whole duty.

Some Tests for the New Theory

How sound is this theory of culture? Test it by the kind of mental and spiritual results which we have a right to expect from genuine cultivation, and where do we come out? What kind of a lecture audience, for instance, do they make? This is the occupation to which they probably give most serious attention. Do they experience fresh, acute reactions? Do they discriminate? A lecturer has a right to ask that from a

"Culture is the fruit of reflection, of travail of soul and of mind. It is not diplomas and degrees—it is not things seen and heard, miles traveled or books read"

cultivated mind. Try a subject on them in which you as a speaker are truly interested and of which you know something; you will get the most unflinching attention—and no sense of rebound. The attention is fixed to the point of staring but the mind simply is not there; is at least not at work. One can almost see it trying to unhook itself from the committee which preceded the lecture or running ahead to get a peek at what the next hour offers.

Give the same talk to a group of men—you'll not be able to get them together unless they think you have something they ought to listen to—and the effect is entirely different. It is real interest—or an exodus.

Try the same talk on a group of working women and you will get living attention. They follow with eagerness and appreciation. To them it is a realization—a change of ideas. They take what you have to offer gratefully and for what it is worth—no more or less. There is no duty about it. They are not following a profession in listening to you. They are doing what they are pleased to do for the most natural of reasons—the desire for a taste of something different.

The power quickly to know a real thing, to recognize the "ring" of truth, the "feel" of quality, is the result of cultivation and a sound test of it; and here is a point at which the group generally fails. They expect others to do their judging for them. They get themselves and others into funny muddles frequently by their indiscriminate enthusiasm and curiosities. Plausible and attractive pretenders and swindlers of the intellectual world find an easy prey in this group. Hardly a winter goes by that they are not "taken in" by some clever imitator. A momentary confusion and the episode is forgotten. While the sober-minded are still bewailing their gullibility—they are out of sight and the shock out of mind. A new excitement has claimed them.

A lack of fidelity to causes and interests which they have taken up characterizes the advocates of this school of culture. A mind which really lays hold of a subject is not easily detached from it. It wants to finish it and there is irritation on being called off

from it too soon. It is like an unpaid debt—a half-furnished room. The mind goes back to finish up when it can—but there is no such need awakened in the members of this group. They are neither ashamed of temporary interests nor even conscious of them. They have no conception that culture demands anything so plodding and unexciting as a permanent interest. A permanent interest means refusing many things in order to carry through a selected one. That is not culture according to their theory.

Apply another test—the power to report intelligently and clearly the thing taken up. A mind truly cultivated never feels that the intellectual process is complete until it can reproduce in some medium the thing which it has absorbed. That is, a cultivated mind must give out—else its inner springs sour of inaction; and it must give out a sound thing, something as good as it got—at least the bones of the thing must be whole. What sort of reporters do these culture chasers make?

A recent experience of the writer in concentrating on a subject which was entirely out of her field may illustrate the point. It was brought back sharply to her by a passage in Neil Lyons's pungent story "Clara." There is a gentleman in the tale, Mr. Cozenza, accounted rich in the world of street vendors, singers and beggars where Clara moves. He seems to have made his money on the race course, but there is a suspicion it may have had less conventional sources. He is rich and retired and friendly. His chief interest is Science. He gets his science much as our group gets its culture, by sundry and various lectures at settlements, night schools, and the like. He is repeating what he has learned of the latest theory of life and the universe to his friends in the saloon.

"It is all very simple, really, only it's difficult to put it plainly. I meanter say it's plain really, only it's entangled with itself, like. Ya see that light over ther? Well that light is Electricity. And Electricity is Life. See? Only what we call Life is not Life. Have you ever heard of a new mixture, which goes by the name of Radium?"

"Worth a million pounds an ounce, ain't it?" said a listener.

"That's the stuff! Well, this Radium is really life. But life is really jelly, which you find in the sea. So this jelly is the same as Radium, ya see. Only they can't find any of the jelly. And Radium is scarce. So they invented Electricity. And there is Radium in Electricity if they could find the way to get it out. At the same time, there's no jelly there."

"It's all absurdly simple, really. What I want ya to understand is that you, and your children, and that light over there, and the jelly in the sea, are all related, one to another. You've got the same life. See? You've got Electricity. You've got it all over you. And Electricity is Radium and Radium is jelly. But they can't find the jelly. And Life is jelly, and—but you can see it! Now, can't you?"

A Story of Haphazard Knowledge

SOME three or four years ago the writer was asked by the program committee of a club to which she belonged to write a digest of a book which treated the same subject as that which interested Mr. Cozenza. She did the best she could—conscientiously boning its unfamiliar terms and arguments until she had what she believed to be an understandable statement. A scientific friend looked it over to see if she had used the words right and the performance was solemnly made. Now what startled the writer was the fact that when after reading Mr. Cozenza she tried to put down off-hand a short statement on "electricity, radium, life and jelly" she found she was no clearer than he and not half so entertaining. That is, the thing had not become a part of her equipment of ideas.

There is a perfectly sound reason for Mr. Cozenza and the writer dabbling in the New Knowledge. Mental distraction is its own justification, but one should no more call these distractions culture than he should set down a day in the country to a travel account.

To dip into the varied interests of life as we find them in towns and cities and country gives real distraction to hard-working people. This is the solid basis for women's clubs. It is the sound justification for reading courses like those Chautauqua offers. It changes the ideas of women absorbed in home and social cares. It gives them refreshing glimpses of outside things. It is of high value as a stimulus and distraction, but it does not necessarily mean culture. It is too superficial, too varied, too hasty to serve so serious a purpose.

Culture is a slow process. It comes from long and close contacts. It is the fruit of reflection, of travail of soul and of mind. Grappling with something until the very essence of it has been extracted is a first step. Thus the taste of essences is learned and once learned lesser distillations do not satisfy. Then follows a growing power to discriminate, to distinguish like values, to judge of quality, to answer to beauty, to feel the need, that what you have—though it may be little—may still be the real thing. This is culture. It is not baggage, like diplomas and degrees—it is not things seen and heard, miles traveled or books read. These are the materials for culture; they contribute to it only when they are absorbed by the mind and as really lost in it as water and lime, phosphates and ammonia must be lost in the soil if they are to enrich it and enable it to increase its yield.



Knitting Up the Stairs

By ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER

*My great-aunt Sarah never made
Her children knit on chairs,
They went and sat, to do their stent,
Upon the front hall stairs.*

*And on the first step "once around,"
Once on the second one,
They raced each other up the stairs,
And made their knitting—fun!*



*They approached each other, meeting half way.
They eyed each other, half warily, half humorously.
"My enemy, I greet you," said the German.*

Truce for a Day

By LEE PAPE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RAE

FROM the mud-caked hole that had been his bed, Private Horace Middleton stared up at the pastel shades of coming day. His face worked spasmodically; thinking does not come easy when the legs are twitching with the chill of early dawn; and the brain begins the day's work with sudden reluctance when the stomach is calling a mutiny.

Sunrise, Private Middleton was thinking, . . . sunrise! It was streaking the sky over London just like that. Theelms might be at the window, looking up at it. Perhaps not warmly enough clad, . . . looking up at it and praying. God grant she had got his letters; and how glad he was that she could not imagine him on his back in a soggy shell-scar, without even a blanket. He should have caught up his blanket when the yelling butchers had burst on them.

Middleton drew up his legs, one at a time, trying to stretch the cramp out of them. Did a man in his grave feel like that? No; lucky dog—he didn't feel at all. The thing *was* like a grave, though; a bit roomy, one would say, for a snug, economical grave. The shell kills—digs grave for its victim; efficiency, what?

An Englishman's sense of humor never deserts him, reflected Middleton. A German would never have thought of that, especially on an empty stomach.

He sat up stiffly, so that his eyes were on a level with the rim of the hole. He was in the middle of a great turfy field studded with tree stumps sawn almost to the roots. On a slight rise that formed the eastern verge of the field, indefinite in the creamy light, two figures sprawled in the supreme relaxation of their last sleep. One was a blot of red and blue,—that fatal patriotic target which in the war's early weeks dared to fly in the face of efficiency,—the other either gray or khaki.

"Precious lot of difference which—now," thought Middleton, and drew a disk of hard-tack from his pocket and began munching it. A heralding glow, like a vivid blush, crept over the eastern horizon.

Well, morning was—Middleton's section of hard-tack left his hand. It left abruptly, diffusely, and simultaneously with the bark of a German Mauser.

"Bull's-eye," murmured Middleton, as the tip of a gray helmet and half the length of a rifle barrel withdrew behind a stump scarcely a hundred feet away.

Then began a dreary sharpshooting match between two isolated units of two great modern civilizations. A little rise on the irregular lip of the hole, like a blister from the shell's hot touch, made a satisfactory breastwork; the broad, gnarled tree stump gave the German a sufficient protection. The sun lifted its way free and began its leisurely morning climb. . . . It was almost overhead, and still Lee-Enfield and Mauser spat pointed lead with impotent venom, for neither man dared show himself sufficiently to take true aim. From the north and the west came a steady baying roar, the racking consuming of the day's cannon fodder which had begun at sunrise.

"I mustn't let him get me. I mustn't let him get me," kept pulsing through Middleton's head. "I mustn't, for Thelma and the kids."

After a while he thought: "What's on his mind? Has the beggar got a family of his own somewhere? He can't have anybody like Thelma and the kids, of course. Whatever they're like, though, they'd probably miss him as much, almost."

He let a bullet sing unanswerd. Silence, too, from the tree stump. Only the unbroken, insatiate roar from the west and north, and once a few hoarse, frightened caws from great inky ravens fleeing south.

"One solitary sausage cater out of all that lot," mused Middleton. "I don't even know what he looks like, and I'm bagging away at him as if he was a target in a shooting gallery. And if I get him, the queer thing is it won't be murder."

A human voice made a sound. Middleton peered. From behind the stump the stock of the German's gun slanted toward the sky.

"Truce!" Middleton pondered. "I wouldn't ask for it, but it'd hardly be cricket to refuse." He grasped his own gun by the hot barrel and raised the butt into view. A tall, thin, slightly-stooped, helmeted figure in greenish-gray rose from behind the stump. His hands were empty. Middleton, leaving his rifle behind, lifted himself from the hole and indulged in a delicious stretch. The other followed suit; then he adjusted a pair of light amber-colored spectacles evidently to shield his eyes from the sun. They approached each other, meeting half way. They eyed each other, half warily, half humorously.

"Jove!" thought Middleton. "We can't speak each other's language!"

"My enemy, I greet you," said the German.

Middleton tugged at his mustache.

"Why," he stammered, "that's English!"

"Yes," the other admitted. "In my youth, a little, I have taught English as a private tutor." From behind the spectacles, his eyes, shy and of an attractive blue, fixed themselves on Middleton almost apologetically.

"That explains it. Well, then—My enemy, I greet you! Hah, I like that! A touch of formality, I say, is never out of place. Precious little formality about the gentlemen that routed us out of blankets last night."

"I had also my night's rest disturbed," said the German. "Some English appeared suddenly among us—and I became lost."

"Is that honorable warfare?" demanded Middleton. "Whether we do it or you do it, is it, I ask, honorable warfare?"

The German sighed. "War is war and honor is honor, and they must not meet in the same breath. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Friedrich Schloss. I am a private in the Nuremberg *Freicilligen*. *Freicilligen*—that means of the free will."

Middleton made a slight but formal bow. "Mr. Sluss—*Herr Sluss*, you call it in your own country. I am pleased to make your acquaintance—as an enemy; let us say a temporarily friendly enemy. I am Horace Middleton, of the Third London Volunteers. . . . The London Thirds. . . . Heaven knows how it is with the rest of them! Well—What do you say to a turn about this God-forsaken field before we resume—ah—festivities? You know, we might come to like each other, and then afterward, if one of us pots the other, we'll at least know there's somebody on the spot that's sorry to see us go."

"The idea is not bad," agreed

Schloss. "Always have I disliked hurry, and also it seems we are to have the entire day in which to shoot each other. When I shot the biscuit out of your hand I was aiming over your head. I did not wish to shoot you while you were not looking. But I am a poor shot. It gave me quite a—bend."

"Turn," corrected Middleton.

"Quite a turn. I like very much the English language. I try to speak with the idioms." They had begun their stroll.

"It's the greatest language since the world began," said Middleton.

"It's the language into which all others flow. That's as much as to say, know

English and you know 'em all. You can say anything in it. Not that German, mind you, hasn't its points. I studied German in my school days, and it always seemed to me, I must say, a remarkably logical language. I remember bits of it. *Wicviel Uhr ist es? Guten Morgen. Geben Sie mir Brod.*"

"Very good."

It was well past noon. To the west, where low hills sloped to the horizon, a neat rail fence separated them from an acre of over-ripe and matting grain. Along this fence the two men were now walking, the German's ill-fitting gray tunic and trousers accentuating his all but ungraceful slenderness, yet somehow accentuating, too, a certain tender whimsicality, a half-humorous dreaminess that colored all his thoughts; as the Englishman's cool stockiness of mind and body were set off by his stained but trim khaki jacket and well-tailored trousers shading into snug puttees. For a while they tramped in silence, listening to the roaring monsters whose death struggle they had typified in unmomentous epitome.

"The twentieth century's *Hohelied*," murmured the German. His well-formed, sensitive lips twitched at the corners. "Happiness! All my life has it been my—my belief—faith—religion. To see others happy I would go without sleep, without food. And I am a *Freicilliger*—a soldier of my free will! I spend my life trying to make little dolls to appear alive, and now am I perhaps ending it by killing human beings for whom my heart bleeds, fathers, husbands, sons—I, who cannot bear suffering in the smallest living creature! I, to whom all men are brothers, to give myself of my own free will to murder them—to have seen with my own eyes so many weeping mothers bear their children from the land where their homes are shapeless heaps to a land where no home waits for them. When I think of that I become half mad! Only must I keep thinking. I am trying to make my Deutschland happy. I am enduring hell so that my poor country must not suffer."

For another space they walked without speaking.

"Dolls?" said Middleton thoughtfully. "Your name—surely you can't be the Sluss doll man?"

"Schloss. But yes, yes! You know them?" His eyes besought shyly, his lean face lighted up with incredulous expectancy.

"Know them? Why, man, my baby couldn't sleep if she went to bed without her Sluss doll. Slusskins, she calls it. They're inseparable. You! Well! No?" Middleton stared at him wide-eyed. The German nodded half bashfully and gave a boyish, delighted little laugh.

"How the deuce do you get 'em so natural? They're not dolls, they're alive. I've held that one out and looked at it, and—the expression on 'em, man, how did you ever manage that? You! Fancy! If my baby knew I'd been trying all morning to shoot the man that made her Sluss doll—! Slusskins, she calls it, I tell you, and it's with her all day and in her little arms at night. Why, if you could only see her holding it and looking at it with her mother's eyes?"

"If I could!" He rubbed his palms together, then held them pressed, interlocking his long slim fingers. "*Schlösschen*, she has named it! Oh! And she—what is she named, your little girl?"

"My baby? Rose."

"Rose! Ach! You want I should tell you something? Rosa is my little niece named, and after her likeness have I modeled the first Schloss doll, the original first, that I made *aus freier Hand*—by the hand, long before the factory. And still are my favorite dolls the Rosa dolls. Your little girl has a Rosa doll, perhaps! A Rosa doll just like my little Rosa, with the hair like sunshine, and the eyes blue like violets, and the baby mouth so red that laughs always. So *schön* I cannot tell you! I have been to kiss her good-by when we marched away, but before that I have not seen her for a long time. Her mother, my brother's wife—a good woman, but, *ach*, such a *Kleinlichkeitskrämerin*—what you call 'tidy'—but excessive, more than the ordinary; so I go not so often."

"Fancy!" marveled Middleton, pulling at his mustache. "You're a queer one, you know. No disparagement, you understand—I don't know but what I rather enjoy it. Really, it'd be a bit thick to shoot at you again. Still . . . personally, you know, it seems we're, well, almost friends—but, isn't it about time we were making a try for our lines?"

"So I have been thinking," replied Schloss. "But this day of peace has meant to me so much. Just a little—what you call 'let-up.' But, yes, it is our duty. . . ."

"Stop a moment!" Middleton interrupted. "After all, what's the rush? One man off each side—that makes it even! A humorous way of putting it, you know, still. . . ."

"See!" cried Schloss. "A Zeppelin!"

Far and high in the west, glinting in the sunlight, something long and yellow was gliding out of a bank of clouds. They watched it move southward, a swift, fair mark against the open, sunlit sky.

"Like a big sausage," said Middleton.

"Do you know—nothing personal, but do you know that we Englishmen are in the habit of regarding the sausage as the symbol of Germany, a sort of national emblem?"

The German seemed to remember something. "I have back there some with my rifle," he remarked.

"Sausages?"

"I think seven."

A wild light came into the Englishman's gray eyes. "I haven't what you might call eaten since yesterday morning. Only hard-tack. I've two whole ones left."

"The—symbols of Deutschland. I have to eat with them no biscuits," said Schloss. "It will be an equal division."

On the short-cut back across the field they passed quite near the two dead soldiers. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 45]





For their mother said:
*"If you boys and girls could manage to
 play together without quarreling!"*
 But Sarah cut her short.
*"We can't! How can we? They knock
 us around—they want everything."*
 And there you have it!



The Independence of Sarah

An adventure in childhood with a strongly feminist flavor

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

ONE of the sights in Alice Marcey's life which seemed to her to have increased with greater and greater frequency was that of Robert sailing rapidly over the earth's surface like some swift hydroplane, with other of his companions, while Sarah, like a poor little inefficient rowboat, frantically followed in their wake; and upon their having achieved a far horizon, roars would issue from the mouth of Sarah.

Now the theory of all parents is that one's children play together, and derive from this playing together comfort and profit. That is how we envisage our children, that is what we hope of them.

What really happened in the Marcey household was something like this: Robert seemed to spend a large part of his noble leisure, and an extraordinary amount of ingenuity, in avoiding the presence of his sister Sarah. This, out of doors. When they were in the house Robert was all too prone to plunge himself into a book, and demand in tones that made his mother think only too much of a certain type of unmannerly husband: "Can't I ever have any peace? Can't I ever read in quiet?"

Jamie, on the other hand, was what one might call a spiritually self-supporting child. He could enjoy companionship or leave it alone. The near propinquity of any child had no effect upon him. He played strange and independent little games by himself for long hours, to his own complete satisfaction. For long hours he built by himself, showing, it seemed to his mother, surprisingly little ingenuity. I regret to say that he used his blocks not for the making of instructive edifices but for the construction of railway tracks, for which they were quite unsuitable, and along which he would rush the five-cent engines that his father so frequently brought him.

Of these engines a word. They were made of cast-iron, and to the adult eye they looked indestructible. In point of fact they proved to be of the utmost fragility, and in the hands of an experienced toy-breaking child they came apart with disconcerting frequency. As for getting lost, one might talk to Alice Marcey about what became of all the hairpins in the world which were lost. That to her was a simple problem. But what became of the fairly good-sized cast-iron toys that so often found their way into her family was what she wanted to know.

To this question no answer was forthcoming. They disappeared off the earth's surface; that was all she knew, and next thing Jamie was clamorously demanding another engine to shove along his block tracks—yes, and getting it, too, although she pointed out to Tom that James was now quite of an age to take care of things, and be deprived of things for a space if he could not learn to take care of them better. To which Tom replied that it was probably the older children's fault that they got lost so often. More than that, he had always pinned for engines in his own youth and never had as many as he wanted, and any child of his who wanted five-cent engines to shove should have as many as he could use. That is the way that fathers uphold family discipline.

So we see, on the one hand, Jamie performing his solemn games—his mother sometimes wondered if one could call them by the name of playing, so concentrated was he—and on the other the elusive and vanishing Robert. Between the two of them was the gregarious Sarah.

She, if you like, was perfectly willing to play with her younger brother, but she was willing to play with him only on her own terms. Any older child can tell you why this has to be. She didn't like railways or railway tracks. She was forever wanting to pretend that engines were something else that they evidently were not; she was forever trying to build tracks into something else. Jamie wanted things as they were. This led to discord.

Her sense of justice made Alice feel that Jamie should be permitted to play in the way he wanted to. But she *did* feel that Robert should let Sarah into his out-of-door games. She had a theory that little boys and little girls play the same games if they are brought up naturally together. For the most part Sarah shared this opinion of her mother's; she shared it strongly; she shared it vociferously. It was Robert who differed from the opinion of the ladies of his family. He was very decided in the matter.



"Show 'em how she can stand on her head!"

He put it this way: "Fellows don't want a girl forever tagging around and always yelling."

"I should think," responded his mother, "that you would want your little sister to play with you."

Thus driven into a corner he said:

"I want her to play with me, all right; but if she's going to play, why don't she *play*? She always gets hurt with the least thing and comes home bawling."

To this Alice responded: "It's her feelings that get hurt."

"I don't care what part of her gets hurt," said the downright Robert, "if it gets hurt—and she yells, and the boys say to me, 'Oh, gee! There comes your sister again. Run!'"

"I can run just as fast as lots of you," said Sarah. "I can run faster than Skinny Allen. I can run faster than Mud Morse."

"I know you can," responded her brother gloomily. "That's what makes it so fierce. We'd get away lots oftener if you couldn't."

"Lots and lots of things I can do as well as any boy," said Sarah with rapidly rising temper.

"Yes, and the fellows make fun of you," her dis-



Sarah was at her most endearing, her most ingratiating

gusted brother answered. "Whenever there's a bunch of boys around, what do you suppose she wants to do? Show 'em how she can stand on her head!"

"They like to have me," said Sarah. "Mud gives me a piece of chewing gum for showing him how."

"I don't like to see you," her brother responded. "you look like a fool; and when you've done it you look like this."

He put his head on one side and mimicked his sister's engaging smile.

"I don't know any girl who stands on her head. You taught me," screeched Sarah.

"I know I did, but did I know you'd be doing it all the time if I taught you? Pretty soon they'll call her a tomboy!" he exclaimed to his mother.

It was in that unfortunate mood that Alice undertook to explain to her son the virtues of tomboys. Did he want a weak, effeminate sister who later on would be no companion to him, she inquired?

"I don't want to punch the nose of every fellow who calls her a tomboy," he responded to this. "She's awfully unobliging, too. She won't be it when you ask her to."

"Why should I be it all the time, Robert Marcey?" his sister asked with some temper. "They want me to be it every single time, just because I'm a girl." Here her lips quivered and beautiful tears trembled in her eyes. "Half the time they want me to be it and shut my eyes and count, and after a hundred or a hundred and fifty they run away and leave me. Is that fair? Would you call that a kind brother, Mother?"

The wrongs of womanhood overwhelmed her, and she wept.

"There, you see!" said Robert, ready to seize on any text. "Do you suppose I want a cry-baby round?"

"She wouldn't be a cry-baby if you treated her decently," Alice said.

"No, I wouldn't," said Sarah, ready to grasp at any form of sympathy. "They don't treat me decently—they're mean."

"Well," responded the brutal male, "what makes you want to tag along if we're mean?"

There it was. Why, indeed? There were little girls, Robert pointed out, with whom Sarah could play.

"Lots of mothers," he added pointedly, "don't want their little girls to play with us boys. We're too rough for girls."

He gave this out in a condescending tone peculiarly irritating to his mother's sensibilities.

"I see no reason why you need be too rough," she said. "You must remember, Robert, that this yard is Sarah's as much as yours."

"Why can't she play with her dolls like other girls?"

"She probably doesn't want to play with dolls all the time," Alice suggested, memories of her own youth rising within her.

"No, I don't," said Sarah. "I want to play, and I don't want them to be mean to me."

"If you acted all right nobody'd be mean to you. If you didn't tell tales—if you weren't a cry-baby," her brother suggested.

Alice cut him short. "There are others who tell tales besides Sarah," she said.

In this fashion peace—it must be confessed of an armed sort—seemed to have been concluded, an understanding—again, only a sort of understanding—seemed to have been arrived at. Alice clinched it with:

"When you boys are playing in the yard there's no reason why Sarah shouldn't play with you."

Yet she felt vaguely a brute as she said these words, and as her uneasy gaze traveled over the yard it seemed only too frequently Sarah's long legs were scissoring the lawn in loud pursuit of retreating males.

"It's not," she told her husband, "as if half the boys who come here weren't smaller than Sarah. It's all Robert's fault. He has the older masculine attitude, the fatal conservatism of childhood, and he's got to get over it if he's going to live in the modern world."

This seemed to settle things. But, alas! in the world of children things won't stay settled. The unexpected crops out.

It was only two days after this that Alice witnessed what at first was to her a cryptic performance.

She saw Sarah in sweet converse with a small boy known to her as Brad. Sarah was at her most endearing, her most ingratiating; it would have seemed

she would have moved any boy to admiration; but what did Brad do? At the end of Sarah's discourse he flung her violently against the fence. Daunted not at all by this, Sarah pursued him, still sweet. With every evidence of shame and anger he was heard to cry rudely, "Shut up! You shut up!" Words unbecoming to a well-brought-up little boy like Bradford Dudley.

Then it was the other boys took up the hue and cry, not against Sarah, but against Bradford. They danced around him in an indecorous manner, and shrilly mocked Sarah's beguiling tones. At this, that model child, whose acquaintance Alice had been at pains to cultivate, made mud balls, rapidly, hastily, angrily, which he threw at his tormentors. He threw other things, even stones— forbidden stones. The culmination of it was that he snatched from the vine a ripe cucumber, which he shattered upon the head of one of the boys, doing considerable damage.

Strangely enough, instead of taking part against him it was Sarah who performed the act known as "standing up for him." It was Sarah who helped throw, disproving totally that the girl child has naturally a poor aim and cannot throw straight. Alice could not have sworn it was not Sarah who pressed into his hand the disastrous and over-ripe cucumber. While she performed these acts of friendly valor, Alice heard him crying menacingly to the small feminine champion behind him:

"You get away from here, we don't want you around!" Then, anger in his voice and tears in his eyes, he fled the yard, followed by a group of mocking and derisive boys.

Alice had been dressing as she witnessed this remarkable occurrence, otherwise she would have been sooner on the scene with the historic words of outraged parenthood upon her lips:

"I should like to know the meaning of this!"

"I only told him my dream," said Sarah, now in tears, "and he shoved me against the fence. I only told him my dream, and now he says he'll never speak to me again."

Robert stood by, darkly disapproving, shame enveloping him.

"Yes, and what was it you told him?"

Through her tears Sarah smiled. Mischief gleamed in her eyes, her finger went to her lips.

"You tell," she urged her brother.

"I won't tell it," came from Robert.

"What happened?" demanded Alice. "What was it all about? Tomatoes and ripe cucumbers," she proceeded, "are not things to throw at one another."

Then said Robert, with gloom temporarily diverted: "I don't blame him for anything he threw—only he ought to have thrown them at Sarah."

Here Alice's patience reached its limit.

"What I want to know," she said, addressing her daughter, "is what it's all about?"

"Yes, tell her—tell her!" urged her brother, with deep and outraged bitterness.

"I was walking by the fence with Brad," said Sarah. "I'd just told him a dream, and then—" Grief again overwhelmed her as well as tears. "And he shoved me against the wet fence!"

"But what had you told him to make him shove you against the fence?" her brother protested.

"What was it?" Alice wanted to know.

With limpid innocence Sarah told them all.

"I had a dream," she said, "You remember Auntie was in and I said to her why was it we couldn't have Christmas when it was fall, and she told me about the holly and mistletoe and the Star of Bethlehem, and everything. And I had a lovely dream."

"A lovely dream?" snorted Robert.

"Yes, a lovely dream," Sarah insisted, "and I told it to Brad—and see what he did. He threw things at the boys, and the boys laughed, and he won't ever speak to me again."

"But what did you say?" urged Alice.

"All I said was what I dreamed, and it was like this: It was a very short dream. I dreamed we had a Christmas party, and you were there, and Father was there, and Auntie was there, and Jamie was there, and Robert was there, and lots of children were there—and there was holly and mistletoe, and—I forgot, Brad was there. And I said to Brad, 'Oh, see the



He flung her violently against the fence. "Shut up! You shut up!" he cried rudely.

lovely mistletoe!" And then we kissed each other, and that was all the dream."

Tears again overcame her. "And then he threw me against the fence."

"You see!" Robert cried. "You see! Is that the kind of thing to say to any feller? A feller don't want to be kissed by a girl!"

"I didn't kiss him—I just dreamed about it, and it was only a play kiss, like it is Christmas time," cried Sarah.

So, from the depths of her female ignorance, Alice said, "I see no reason for Brad having been so rude to Sarah."

For once Robert strove for speech.

"How'd you like it if everybody laughed at you? How'd you like it if everybody called you 'Mistletoe,' and you was a little feller and couldn't fight more'n a feller your own size? How'd you like it to be me, and have them all making fun of me on account of her talking like such a simp?"

Before this logic Alice gave way. Sarah in some way had offended one of the decalogues of childhood. She had been obscurely guilty of the last act of indecency. She had done the most awful thing a child can do, which is to cause ridicule to descend upon other children's defenseless heads, and, worst of all, one of those children was her own brother.

"Why didn't they make fun of her?" Alice asked Robert.

"They do," he replied succinctly; "but then they make fun of all girls. Everybody knows that girls are nutty; that's why the fellows don't want them around."

Alice sighed. Apparently, if your daughter was to be any more than tolerated in wholesome games in her own yard she had to be a sort of super-boy, matchless in strength, peerless in tact, and sacrificing ruthlessly all those endearing little mannerisms which made her beloved of her elders. And how could one teach Sarah a feat like this? It seemed hopeless.

She had no comfort from her aunt, to whom she told this occurrence as one of the vagaries of childhood. Her aunt had been reading Freud.

"I would keep a sharp eye on that child," was her contribution. "That dream may have a precocious significance; and I think distinctly that Sarah lacked delicacy, as, indeed, she often does."

"If you mean 'lacked delicacy' by telling innocently anything that happens to be thrown up in your candid mind," began Alice, to which Sarah's great-aunt replied austerely:

"Well, can you explain to me why she is not contented to play with little girls and dolls and other suitable things?" To which Alice responded:

"For the same reason that I was not, because I wanted some active outdoor exercise. Why should a child be thwarted in its wholesome activities at every turn?"

It was not long after this that Aunt Jane and Alice took leave of each other with a courtesy that bordered on stiffness, Sarah's great-aunt flinging back the word from beneath her flaunting parasol. "Well, as you know, Alice, I still belong to that world which believes that girls should be girls and women, women."

Alice told her husband when he returned in the evening. "All I'm trying to get and all that Sarah is trying to get, as far as I can see, is a little natural outdoor exercise with other children. If other women bring their daughters up as little prigs, as stationary as any built-in washtub, I can't help myself."

"That's all right, my dear," Tom Marcey agreed with her; "but little boys have just hated from all time to have small girls tagging after them. Don't ask me why. They always have and I suppose they always will. And," he went on, "if anybody had talked mistletoe to me I would have gone and buried myself—any natural boy would."

And Robert, who unfortunately had sauntered along at his father's closing remark, capped it off with:

"Yes, and right in midsummer, too! If it had happened around Christmas when people do have it strung up, it would have been different. But just *now*!"

It was the unseasonableness of Sarah's dream that constituted one of its worst features in her brother's mind. Dreams of mistletoe and holly and Santa Claus and stockings occurring round about Christmas, or dreams of fire-crackers or flags occurring round about the Fourth of July, were permissible; but dreams of mistletoe in the fall, and the early fall at that, indicated nothing but an unpleasant and embarrassing perversity in the mind of a young female.

For some days after that Robert refused, simply, absolutely refused, to permit Sarah to share in his games. He was diplomatic.

"Every time she comes around they'll pick on Brad," was his explanation, "and then there'll be a scrap—you don't want a scrap? You always say you don't want a scrap."

It was here that Tom Marcey came to what he would have called the rescue.

"Sarah," he said, "has got to have exercise. On the other hand, you can't let her butt in on the boys if they don't want her."

I'm going to put up a swing for Sarah, and it's to be hers for certain hours. At those times the boys can't come near it."

"You know," Alice protested feebly, "those'll be just the hours the boys will want the swing."

"Let it be the hours," said that illogical male. "Good for them—teach them something!"

Just what it would teach them he didn't make apparent.

Alice saw exercise in that swing; moreover, she saw trouble ahead. "Why can't they use it all together?" she asked.

"Because, then Sarah would never get a show at it at all, and you know she wouldn't," replied Tom. "I'm going to see fair play."

The swing proved a great success. At first Sarah and her little friends who gathered from neighboring houses used it for the legitimate purpose of swings, that is to say for swinging. Later it became a tea table and doll's dishes were spread upon it. With the advent of the swing and its attendant amusements Sarah seemed to have forgotten ten boys and all their works. No longer did she urge to be allowed to play "cops and robbers," no longer did she wish to play hide and seek. One-old-cut and any amount of old cats had lost their joy for her.

Meanwhile, on the fringe of this enchanted ground boys gathered. They were heard by Alice to say:

"Aw, come on, Sarah, let's have just one swing! Aw, come on, we'll push you as high as you want!"

To this Sarah replied primly: "My father says I'm to play in this swing by myself without boys. He thinks boys are too rough."

This last was a pure invention of Sarah's own.

"Come on!" they were further heard to say, "come on, let's play house with you, Sarah! Let's play school with you."

"No," said Sarah, "we girls don't want any boys around. No, Robert Marcey, I won't let you touch my doll. Last time you had my doll you said you was an Indian, and if Mother'd let you use matches you'd have scalped her and burned her and, anyhow, you buried her and got her awful dirty."

Upon this Alice thought fit to appear on the scene. She took her son apart.

"You've asked and begged to have Sarah taken off your hands," she told him with that logic which is so irritating to childhood. "Now Sarah is perfectly happy amusing herself I see no reason why you can't amuse yourselves alone."

"Well, we want to swing sometimes, don't we?" Robert asked in an aggrieved voice. "We aren't going to hurt the girls, are we?"

"You can use the swing at the hours your father told you."

"Yes, and when's that?" Robert asked, disgustedly. "When all the older boys are out of school and we'll have to be playing ball with them."

"Playing ball with them" meant permission to carry clubs and chase balls that went out of limits, and perhaps to pass the ball to and fro—an occupation they could have indulged in at any time, but which somehow or other gained a magic when performed under the eyes of the older boys.

Then occurred a surprising thing: The boys who always swarmed over the Marcey place diminished in numbers. Apparently the sight of the swing, the denied Paradise, was too much for them, they preferred to pursue their occupations elsewhere. Only a few jealous souls remained, and these cried to the girls alluringly words which had never passed their lips before in their lives.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 64]



"My father says I'm to play in this swing by myself without boys!"



"Aw, come on, Sarah, let's have just one swing! Aw, come on!"

Getting Results

What has been accomplished so far in the COMPANION'S campaign for BETTER FILMS

By HELEN DUEY

SEVEN months have elapsed since the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION began its movement for Better Films. In that time wonderful changes have taken place in the film industry. It is interesting to note just what those changes are and what part the COMPANION has taken in bringing about the new conditions. These can best be understood by prefacing with a conversation which the writer held ten months ago with the head of one of the oldest and largest film manufacturing companies.

"You say the public is not getting what it wants. Well, explain this if you can: the picture showing the sensational wife of a notorious murderer is now drawing capacity houses and is being booked two and three times for return engagements. On the other hand certain films based on classics are going begging."

"Easily explained! The success of that film from a financial standpoint is due to the fact that it has back of it thousands of columns of free newspaper advertising devoted to a sensational character. The public's curiosity is keenest about that which is freshest in the mind. A favorite dramatic star in a popular play done into motion pictures, backed up by the same amount of publicity, will make the same money."

He thought over this answer for a minute.

"Is the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION planning to censor films?" he asked suspiciously.

"Not at all. Agitation for censorship is springing up all over the country, a sure indication that something is wrong. But censorship will not help the public to get what it wants. The principle of censorship is autocratic, un-American. On the other hand, every picture patron has a right to know something of the nature of the films she is going to see. This she can learn through the newspapers, to some extent. Better still, she is beginning

to learn it through the established character of the houses she patronizes. She will not go where her intelligence and moral sensibilities are continuously insulted. She is beginning to exercise her American prerogative of selection."

"How does the COMPANION propose to help? You tell me you go to press two months before the magazine is issued. Films are marketed as fast as they can be made, as a rule. How can you give your readers advance information about the films? Not only that, but how can you arrange to view the two hundred films released every week, when the National Board of Censors has one hundred and twenty-five persons to draw upon for this work?"

"The COMPANION does not purpose to give its readers a comprehensive review of all films produced in advance of the release dates. The newspapers should do that. What it does believe in is better pictures from the standpoint of moral, artistic, educational and entertainment values and longer runs for such pictures. It believes that there is a large waiting public of a high degree of intelligence ready to patronize the picture theatre when the pictures measure up to the standard of the magazines and books they read. The COMPANION purposes to call to the attention of this reserve public those films which conform, on the whole, most nearly to the standards set by the best magazines and their readers. No immediate revolution in the film industry is anticipated. The campaign for better films will be cumulative in its effect. Six months after it is begun results will begin to show."

"I can't see how that is going to help you any. It will help the exhibitor, of course, by increasing his patronage. But I don't see where you come in?"

"The campaign is not commercial; it is purely editorial, a part of the magazine's policy of service to its readers. This new



A scene from "RUMPELSTILTSKIN": A charming version of the old fairy story of the miller's daughter who spun straw into gold

art of which you are one of the creators has been so intensely commercial that it has stood in its own light. For this reason its recognition as an art has been slow. The reaction is in the air. In six months you will be struggling as hard to make your pictures artistic as you are now striving to produce a vast quantity of junk on schedule time."

He dubiously shook his head. "I wish I had your enthusiasm," he said, smiling. "But I can't see it! The public, as we have found it, wants its junk on schedule time. It is not looking for art; it is looking for amusement."

Now, then, let us take stock: Before the six months were up this same producer, and several others like him who had been irrevocably committed to the regular service of one and two reels released on schedule time, had changed their ideas completely. They engaged in a wild scramble to get the few dramatic stars and popular plays that were still in the market, for the feature with such attractions was the order of the day. Intelligent directors found themselves in great demand. Competition from the

standpoint of artistic values suddenly became very sharp.

The weekly program in the best motion picture house in New York City to-day consists of a feature, a comedy, a travel picture, and a topical news service, each carefully selected, interspersed with appropriate music. A charming young girl has been singing the lovely old favorites, such as "Oh, Promise Me," "Mighty Lak a Rose," "My Highland Laddie," "Mavourneen." A celebrated English tenor has been singing favorite selections from operas, and sometimes familiar old songs. A large orchestra and a pipe organ supply the incidental music. An appreciative audience of three thousand people fills this house four times a day in all kinds of weather.

There is no reason why a daily or semi-weekly program of a similar high standard could not be instituted in every town and city in the country. That there is a definite, determined demand all over the country for this higher type of program is most evident from the letters of our correspondents. The American public usually gets what it wants. It is only a question of time. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

Questions and Answers About Better Films

I notice that "The Governor's Lady" is on the list of recommended films mentioned in June Woman's Home Companion. My understanding is that this film was released through Paramount program some time in March. Of what service is it to Woman's Home Companion readers to recommend a film which perhaps a majority of them have had an opportunity to see, especially when so many of later release are better calculated now to fill the demand which once existed for "The Governor's Lady"? M. E. R., Illinois.

THE life of a feature film is estimated at from one to three years, of a regular service film at three to six months. "Quo Vadis" is in its fourth year, "Cabiria" in its third, "Les Misérables" in its third, "Judith of Bethulia," and many others, are in their second year.

In New York City, where most pictures have their first showing, many of the films recommended in the past issues of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION are still being shown. "The Governor's Lady," released in March, was being shown at the Circle Theatre (New York) May 22d, seven days after the publication of the recommendation. It is still being exhibited in the surrounding communities.

Only a small percentage of the COMPANION readers see the recommended films prior to the publication of the magazine. One of the objects of the campaign is to establish longer service for the better pictures, thus making it profitable to make more artistic pictures with more carefully developed plots. It has not been the expectation that the recommended lists would reach all readers of the magazine prior to the first exhibition of the films.

The Woman's Home Companion Better Films is for the ostensible purpose of creating a demand for better films. In what specific ways does it hope to accomplish this? What specific results does it expect eventually to obtain? R. L. S., Ohio.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is creating a demand for better films by calling the attention of its readers to the better films on the market; by showing them how they can secure these better films in case their local exhibitors do not accede to the demands by bringing to the attention of all the readers, as an incentive, the work that is being accomplished in various communities, particularly along the line of children's special films and educational for the public schools; by educating the public in knowing what to demand and what to expect. The results of this movement are al-

ready beginning to show. Women's organizations are discussing the film in relation to the child, not so much with the idea of censorship of all films as with the desire for special films adapted to the requirements of the child. Children's matinees are opening all over the country. Pressure by individuals and organizations is being brought to bear upon exhibitors, exchanges and producers to supply the lack of suitable material.

Film companies not represented in the earlier lists because they did not have films that could [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

Letters from Readers About Better Films

THE Atlanta Woman's Club endorsed enthusiastically the plan for a children's matinee. The Playground and Recreation Committee, which had the matter in charge, selected as an advisory committee, to be present and discuss the subject with us, the president of our city Board of Education, the president of the County Board of Education, the vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, the chairman of the Playground Committee of that body, and the manager of the Grand Opera House, our largest and most attractive "movie" house.

A few days following this meeting, when our Board of Education met, I outlined to them the plan as decided upon by our committee. The board not only unanimously endorsed our work, but the superintendent was instructed to notify every teacher of the system, and also to explain the object and the advantage of censored pictures for children, and to urge the pupils to attend.

On the opening days we had one thousand children present.

We needed no stronger argument than the applause and laughter of the children, that they, too, endorsed the plan.

Our local papers gave some splendid editorials on the importance of our work, and each week they give us space for a "story" about the next performance.

Teachers, parents, and business men have expressed appreciation for the work inaugurated by our committee. Mr. Jake Wells, president of the "Wells Amusement Company," who operates the Grand Opera House, has been untiring in helping us to secure the best pictures for the children. It was due to his courtesy also that our committee was able to send to every school-teacher in the city a season complimentary ticket for Saturday mornings. He also had printed for us the poster which is placed in every school building in a conspicuous place. When we asked the school authorities for permission to display them in the buildings, they consented without a moment's hesitation, saying: "Go ahead, it is a fine thing."

Our largest single attendance was 1,264 paid admissions.

Almost every Saturday we have children from some charitable institution come in "complimentary."

I feel there is a great deal more in this work than simply providing wholesome amusement every Saturday morning. The educational value cannot be over-estimated.

I believe that if there is a proper cooperation between the school authorities, interested civic authorities, the local picture houses, and, finally the film producers, this movement will spread all over the country, because of the clean, wholesome and educational atmosphere surrounding it.

Mrs. Victor H. Kreighaber,
Chairman Playground and Recreation
Committee Atlanta Woman's Club.
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

to its readers by the Editors of the
Woman's Home Companion

FEATURES

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW, Famous Players: An appealing picturization of Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama of optimism, with Mary Pickford a most attractive "Glad." A wholesome picture.

HER SHATTERED IDOL, Mutual-Masterpicture: A really humorous comedy wherein young love defies a brawny blacksmith who has no table manners. Mac Marsh is the dainty but primitive heroine.

THE ALIEN, Select Film Company: The kind of picture that brings both smiles and tears. Excellent, with the exception of one unnecessarily vulgar scene. The Italian laborer who adored his child is most sympathetically portrayed by George Beban. Based on "The Sign of the Rose."

THE SPENDTHRIFT, Kleine: Another case of the extravagant wife who ruins her husband in business. Characters are well selected; especially Auntie, the economical guardian. Story interesting.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE, Jesse L. Lasky Co.: Amusing comedy drama of two young people whose love was predestined, but they did not know it. Ina Claire is the heroine. Pleasing picture.

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY, V. L. S. E.: A good mystery story of entertaining value. The introduction of the real mother in the opening scene was neither graceful nor sympathetic, but the story on the whole is good.

BOOTLES' BABY, London-Paramount: Undoubtedly the best portrayal of this familiar plot. Settings are excellent and characters well chosen. Interpretation natural.

OTHER FEATURE FILMS, as well as a list of Recommended
Specials, will be found on Page 38.

An Adventure-Every-Minute Story



ILLUSTRATED BY
HERMAN PFEIFER

"Turn your wheel to the right, to the right, woman. Don't you know your left from your right?"

The Runaway Rest Cure

PART THREE in which Anne Hamelton and the Doctor take flight in the motor boat and the pursuing Blackbeard literally "takes to the water."

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE
AUTHOR OF "HIS WORLDLY GOODS"

"NO MATTER whom you want, you can't come in here." But the bearded man had spied me: "There she is, there she is!" With sudden agility he ducked under the doorkeeper's arm and forced himself through the door and into the hall: "You'll come along with me, madam. Quietly, too, without any fuss! Your husband is willing to take you back if you come now. If you don't, he'll make you; so you might as well come first as last."

The door of the doctor's office opened, and he came out.

"No," I said quietly, though my heart was beating fast and I was half way between a laugh and a cry, "no husband will make me go anywhere." I stole a look at the doctor's face, and the expression on it was so curious that I spoke defensively, almost without thinking. "I have no husband."

The bearded man, with as peevish a look as I ever saw, also turned to the doctor.

"I suppose you're the proprietor of this place; you're the person who said this lady belonged to you. Well, I found out all about you, all right, and you'll have to give her up, do you hear?"

The doctor looked at me with an expression that I wish I could get on paper. "You don't want to go?" "I positively won't go."

The doctor addressed the other man: "Do you hear?" "She's gotta go." He shut his teeth on that. "I'm afraid you're the one who has to go."

"You can't work that gag on me twice. The lady comes with me now, see?" His hand shot out toward me.

But the doctor's, moving more rapidly, gripped the bearded man's wrist and whirled him about. Though the intruder had seemed taller and in every way larger the doctor pushed him forward, the man's arm twisted behind him, with incredible swiftness. In a moment he was outside and the door closed in his face. The doctor returned to Mrs. Haswell and myself and said:

"It isn't a very good beginning for a fortnight's complete rest. Edith, start Miss Hamelton on her schedule right away, please, but omit the walk before luncheon, she had better not go outdoors until I can go with her, and that won't be until at least an hour after luncheon."

I needn't tell you that I went through my noon performance with wandering thoughts. I forgot there was such a place as New York or such a thing as fatigue in the world, which was doubtless what Brian had intended when he prescribed a dose of adventure. I watched Mrs. Haswell closely. It seemed to me that if the wife of the head of such an establishment were engaged in a somewhat open flirtation with one of the staff, she would be held in some disrespect by the other employees, for the silent members of an assembly are always the most watchful. But I could detect nothing of that kind. She took me to a great steam-heated room divided off into smaller ones. Going to and fro were a number of attractive young girls who looked as if they were getting ready for a sheet-and-pillow-case party. Their costumes covered them to their ankles but left their hands and arms free for the manipulation of bodies less healthy than their own. I was promptly draped in a winding sheet and presented to one of these young women, who looked



While I waited one of them went out on the porch and brought another to look at me

over the directions on my chart and then put me through an electric bath that was an adventure in itself. After which I was swathed in a hot blanket and again delivered to Mrs. Haswell.

"What an advantage to have wavy hair!" said that lady, as she guided me to a private cell and placed me on a high flat table with a low round pillow for my head. "I am going to give you the best Swedish massage we have. She will take you apart and put you together again all new. You are just to lie quiet and not even think. A half hour before luncheon I will come for you, so that you are at liberty to dress at your leisure."

As I dressed for the late luncheon I realized that every unused muscle had that peaceful feeling of accomplished function which is the only thing that gives real rest in this driving world of utility, and I saw that I actually looked five years younger. I even survived the absence of meat for luncheon, though I could not overcome the desire for my usual three cups of tea.

Next to me at the table was the young woman I had last seen in the doctor's arms. She, also, looked rested, though she had no color. She was very engaging. Her eyes were so gray they were almost blue; her hair so brown it was almost gold. The lines of her face were soft and alluring, but there was a small square chin that hinted at obstinacy.

"We have names that are alike," I said to her, hoping to hear more of the sound of her voice.

She gave me a look of immediate interest. "Not exactly alike. You see, I know who you are. I have seen your photograph. You are Anne Hamelton. I have been interested in you for a long time; I love the way you draw. And I like to know about women who win position, and—and who earn—their own money." Her voice had mellow notes in it.

"And why does the money interest you especially?"

"I think it is so wonderful for a woman to be self-supporting. It means dignity and independence. If you are making your own money you have a right to yourself, to your own opinion, to your way of living."

A little flush crept into her pale cheeks. "You have those rights as a human being," I answered.

She shook her head. "Not women!" she said quietly. "If earning her own living is all that is necessary to make a woman into a dignified human being," I rejoined, "then almost any intelligent woman—and a good many stupid ones—can declare her independence."

"Yes, but not married women."

"Oh, yes! Only then, a woman must prove her self-supporting ability to her husband."

"It isn't so easy as it sounds."

"Well, you remember Nora's way? She walked out of her Doll's House, in spite of all its claims on her."

Mrs. Hamilton gave me an intent glance. "I have always wondered if Nora did not come back to her children the next day."

"Have you any children?"

"No," she said softly.

"Well, then, you do not have to go back—the next day."

She was silent a moment, then she said; "How did you know?"

"Oh, I guessed it! I suppose the doctor told you some of the things he told me, that we women can make a better fight against the especial odds that oppose us, when we are well and rested. Perhaps that is what you need most—to stay away long enough to get rested."

She smiled drearily. "He is a wonderful doctor."

I was moved by some impulse I couldn't fathom. Perhaps it was her air of profound discouragement, perhaps it was Brian's injunction to get out of my own life and into others'. At any rate I fired up. "I hope," I said hurriedly, "that you'll stay here until you are well again, no matter how much you are urged to leave. And when you are well earn your own money, if that is what you need to solve your problem. There must be something you can do. Your very time is valuable. If your husband requires it to run your house, make him pay you a salary. You ought at least to earn as much as your cook."

She gave me a look so full of fright that I fell to wondering what experiences could possibly put such an expression in a woman's eyes. But aloud I added casually, "I shall never be able to go without my tea."

"There isn't any in the house," she answered nervously. "You can't get any."

"Perhaps I can find a tea-room in the village."

But there proved to be no chance of breaking the rules that afternoon. As I came out of the dining-room, Doctor Haswell joined me.

"Miss Hamelton, I have to look after the health of my motor boat and my own health incidentally. Wouldn't you like to join me?"

We set forth about three o'clock down a gravel path to a stile that led to a country road. Of course there was no reason why he should have asked Mrs. Haswell to go with us, yet I wondered and was sorry. I don't know which I was sorriest about—a marriage so plainly unfortunate or a man so attractive married at all. Perhaps it was just the lack of my tea. At any rate, for all the rest and refreshment that my massage had brought me, I was feeling what might be called fussy. We had climbed the stile and were in the road when I heard a call behind us.

"There is a man running down the path," I said. "Maybe something has gone wrong at the sanitarium."

The doctor looked around and one corner of his mouth twisted itself into a smile.

"It is your black-bearded friend. I rather supposed he'd hang around. Shall we wait for him?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "Let's run!"

"Can you? Well, come [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]

What the Ballot Will Not Do

By MARY WARE DENNETT

Former Corresponding Secretary of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association

IS IT fair that young girls should work for five dollars a week when it costs more than that to live? Is that what you call decency and civilization? I tell you, we women do not intend to stand for it any longer. If that is the best man-made laws can produce, we think it is time you gave us a chance for changing things."

Thus spoke an earnest little lady, a "soap-boxer," under a fluttering Votes-for-Women banner, at a crowded street corner on a winter's evening. Her voice arrested the attention of a tired woman standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

The one on the soap-box was a volunteer worker for the great suffrage organization that was determined to carry the state for suffrage at the next election. She was devotedly trying to forward the good work.

The one on the edge of the crowd was a saleswoman in a department store, plodding home after working overtime, for which she had received nothing more than her supper money, walking, because an extra car fare would mean going without some actual necessity, dully wondering why it was that the holiday season which brought some people gifts and gaiety should bring her only added weariness and discouragement.

She paused a moment, as the speaker's words penetrated her consciousness, and what passed through her mind was something like this: Suffragette! Oh, yes, she had seen headlines about them in the papers; they seemed to be queer women who broke windows and things in London, and who paraded in white dresses in New York once in a while, and little sense could she see in doing either. But here was something she hadn't heard of—if having one's pay raised was what the suffragettes meant by voting, she knew instantly that it concerned her. Wasn't she one of those who had got only five dollars a week? Didn't she know what it meant to try to live on it, and didn't she know only too well, although she was now getting seven dollars, that her kind of a job would never bring her very much more, no matter how long she worked at it? And now the women were going to change things, and they were going to do it by voting—it was a wonderful thought! She scarcely heard the rest of the speech, she was so absorbed in thinking what it would mean to have more money in her pay envelope on Saturday nights.

She was lost in this one idea, till she heard the speaker's concluding ringing words: "We are going to win in November, 1915." Instantly she counted the months between her and the victory, and she felt braced for the effort of living them through, for then—November, 1915—would come the change, the magic to be wrought by the women—more pay.

It Will Not Raise Wages

"Do you believe in votes for women?" asked the sweet-voiced young girl who was assisting at the meeting.

"I sure do," replied the woman. "I never knew what it meant till to-night. It's great!"

So she eagerly signed the enrollment blank offered by the girl, and went her way, more light-hearted than she could ever remember being before.

Another listener was an older, more experienced suffrage worker than the fervid little speaker. She happened to be passing just when the appeal for the ballot as a means of raising the wages of the working woman was at its climax. And as she watched the effect on the tired saleswoman she realized with some dismay that her whole duty as a suffrage worker was not compassed, unless she gave some kind of effective warning against such shooting beyond the mark as that to which she had just listened.

So when the crowd had put its pennies in the hat, had asked all the questions it wanted to, had bought all the papers and votes-for-women buttons that it would, and had melted away, she took the young enthusiast under her wing, and proceeded to sort out her arguments for her, dividing them sharply into two kinds, the relevant and the irrelevant.

"My dear," said she, "you know, in the first place, we are not asking that men shall give us the ballot because we will use it for this, that, or the other, and we have no right to offer a guarantee that we will accomplish wonders with our votes. We might not make good, for one thing, and for another it implies that we can be more intelligent and efficient than the men have been, and that is neither politic nor true.

"Besides, they can promptly turn to the equal suffrage states, and remind us that since women got the vote these states have not become ten isolated little heavens amidst thirty-eight other little, let us say, purgatories. It is true that the suffrage states on the whole are no disgrace to us but it must be remembered that the laws there, about which we sometimes boast, were passed by legislators who were elected by the votes of both men and women, and also that there are actually more men than women in all those Western states. You know in Wyoming, the proportion runs as high as 168 men to every 100 women, and in Illinois there are 106 men to every 100 women.

"So it behooves us to go slowly with our bragging of what we have done and our promising of what we will do with our votes, and to turn the attention of our audiences to the fact that we are asking for the vote just because we are people, units in the community, and, as such, must be counted in when the affairs of the community are arranged.

"We are asking for the vote just because we are people, units in the community, and, as such, must be counted in when the affairs of the community are arranged"

"We need constantly to remind ourselves, as well as others, that we are merely asking for the opportunity and right which men have, and no more; that the fact that we are twenty-one years of age, native or naturalized, and can read the Constitution of the United States, should entitle us to vote, just as it entitles men to vote. We must recall the fact that the young man of twenty-one appearing before the registration clerk for the first time as a practical citizen does not have to bring forth a lot of evidence that other men—his predecessors in voting—have accomplished much good thereby; he does not have to demonstrate that the laws are unsatisfactory to him or unjust to others and that he is bursting with plans for bettering them; he does not have to promise that he will vote at every election; he does not have to show any particular intelligence or capacity in any direction; he has only to answer a few simple questions and there he is, a full-fledged voter. Now we women want the same privilege, and that is all there is to it.

Justice, Not Expediency

"This is the justice argument for woman suffrage, and it can be neither outdone nor overdone, whereas all else comes under the head of expediency argument, which can be sadly overdone by its proponents, and can be considerably riddled by its opponents, who will always be able to offer contradictory testimony as to how well or how ill the ballot has been used, and for whom there is no limit as to skepticism about the way it will be used.

"Oh, dear!" said the chastened little speaker, "I can see that I have been making a perfect fool of myself."

"No, it's not so bad as that. It is easy to see why good, eager suffragists like you have fallen into the trap of answering and anticipating expediency arguments. You aim to please. You have instinctive tact, and so, when the doubting Thomases venture to ask what women have done with the ballot, or what they could do with it that is any different or better than what men do, you sweetly and cheerfully fall in and tell them all about it.

"In your boundless enthusiasm, and just because you want so much to win, and are yourself so eager to end war, child labor, white slavery, and all the other horrors, and to mitigate the misery of poverty by helping to secure legislation on these questions, you get in deeper and deeper without realizing that you are on an unsafe ground.

"Now it is more than unwise to do this way, my dear, it is actually wrong. If you had seen the face of the woman I saw to-night in the crowd you were addressing, and if you had realized, as I did, what tragic false hopes you roused in her heart, you would never again say or imply that votes for women will mean higher wages."

"But," protested the young speaker, "how about the minimum wage laws? We have achieved those already in some states, and they raise wages."

Wage "Minimumery" Laws

"Yes, it is true we have a few of those laws. But how far do they go? They are a recent product in nine states. They apply to women and children only, and are the outcome of a general recognition of the fact that the State cannot afford to let its women who are mothers or potential mothers live on such a pittance that their standard of health and morals is seriously menaced; nor can it afford to endanger the welfare of its future citizens. These laws also have the approval of the more far-sighted employers, who, aside from any humanitarian motives, realize that better work is accomplished by employees who can afford to live decently than by those who can not.

"At the same time, the acts are most of them very loosely worded, and they provide either exceedingly slight penalties for infringement or no penalties at all, except newspaper publicity. Only one state, Utah, names an actual minimum wage—\$7.50 a week for adults. All the others leave the wage to be determined by a board or commission, with no more definite guidance than to establish a wage sufficient to cover 'the necessary cost of living' and to 'maintain health.' This theoretically may mean much, but practically it must mean little. Wages are bound to be controlled by economic conditions rather than by political or legislative acts. To such an extent is this true that many of the impatient social reconstructionists scornfully allude to this type of legislation as 'wage minimumery laws.' Poverty cannot be easily or quickly legislated away, no matter how much the newly enfranchised and tender-hearted women of the country may wish it to be. It is no such direct and simple matter as passing a city ordinance that street cars shall stop on the near side of the crossing."

"What else do I say in my speeches that is wrong or misleading?" meekly inquired the "soap-boxer."

"I don't know, for I never heard you speak till to-night, but I have heard many others, and forgive me if I caution you against their pitfalls. The usual 'bag of tricks' for the suffrage speaker who uses the expediency type of argument consists in the discussion of the great social abuses and injustices, and, with commendable enthusiasm and emotion, she draws a vivid picture of the sufferings of the victims of these wrongs and implies, if she does not actually so state, that all this will be altered when women get the vote.

"Now, without doubt, things may be very appreciably altered, by the time that women—all the women—have become enfranchised. One would have very little faith in human progress not to think so. But that is not the same thing as saying that it will be, necessarily, because women have the vote.

"You see, some of these great social questions fall within direct reach of the ballot and some do not. We must differentiate very carefully. Of low wages we have already spoken. When it comes to equal pay for equal work, the ballot can secure that quite readily, that is, for a certain very limited class—those in the employ of the Government; but the ballot cannot possibly push that equalization out into all the other fields of employment. Equal pay can come only when public opinion and economic conditions demand it, when women come to be considered stable factors in the industrial world, when a woman's marriage does not almost always mean that she quit her job, when women are organized as well as men, and one might better say when they are organized along with men.

"Then, and not till then, will women be paid as much as men in the shops, factories, trades and professions.

"Before equal pay can really prevail women must be economically independent, even though married; but you know you cannot legislate women into wanting to be economically independent, much less legislate men into wanting them to be so. It will have to be a gradual growth. There is, indeed, already a strong tendency in that direction, but it is far from universal, in spite of the eight million self-supporting women in our country. Very many of these are women who will give up earning when they marry, and will devote themselves to voluntary domestic labor. Likewise, there is no legislation which can make women see the value and necessity of labor organization, to the same extent that men do now. They are learning, to be sure, but as yet they are only at the beginning, in comparison with men. These matters are quite beyond the scope of laws. They are the results of education and experience, entirely independent of law.

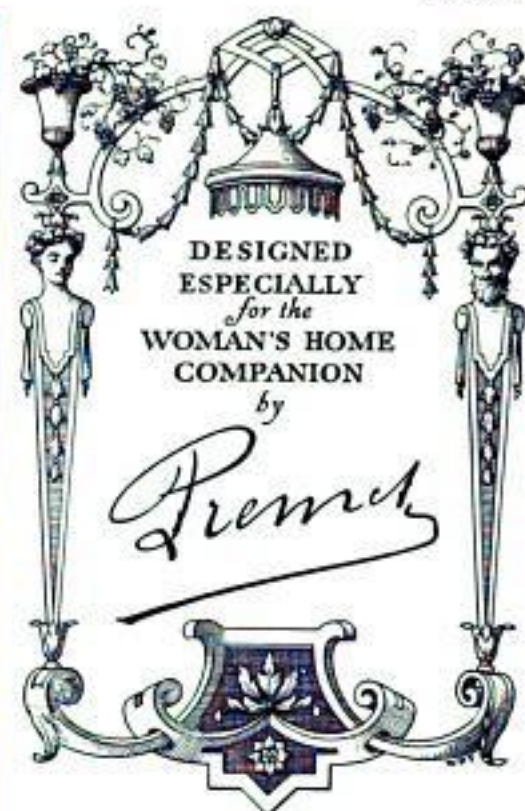
There is No Solid Woman's Vote

"THERE is one more temptation to avoid in suffrage speaking, and that is the claim or implication that there will be anything like a woman's party or a solid woman's vote. It is a rash, unwarranted prophecy, and would be undesirable even if it could be true. There has been no woman's vote in the suffrage states as yet. To be sure, there are a few noticeable local instances when the women of all political parties (and many of the men, too) have joined to accomplish a certain end where there was a definite moral issue at stake. The recall of Judge Weller in California is a typical case. But on the whole, though they scratch their tickets rather more freely and are less rigidly bound by party lines than the men, the women vote as Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and Socialists, just the same. Women are people, not a class.

"There! I have no more 'don't's' to offer. If they have seemed too many or too emphatic, forgive me, please. Just remember that we are working for the same thing, you and I—to win the vote in the quickest possible time. It is a reform that is long overdue already, and so we are under special obligation, ourselves, not to put any stumbling blocks in our own path. We must not give the enemy cause for derision by making any foolish claims that Votes-for-Women is a general panacea for all ills.

"Instead, we must try to show that the vote is simply a good, necessary, useful tool, as much a vital part of any citizen's equipment as a hammer is indispensable to a carpenter. There is no magic in the thing itself. It is efficient only as its use is directed by thought and skill. Thanks to the virility of democratic ideals, there are no limits yet in sight to the wonders which men and women can achieve if they join their voting powers together, with intelligence and vision, and put through certain great, far-reaching pieces of fundamental legislation which will free the individual toilers from all artificial burdens, and leave them squarely facing the world with a free field and no favor.

"Go ahead with your suffrage speeches, by all means, and along with your arguments demonstrate your patriotism by showing your interest in all the many questions which can be affected by legislation. Let people know that this is why you and so many other women are in a hurry to be enfranchised; but don't mix these up with questions that are beyond the direct control of the ballot, and don't, above all, make impossible promises or prophecies about what women will do when they get the vote. Leave the public to guess about that, and leave time to prove it."



THE material selected is chiffon velvet in an exquisite tone of golden brown. The long transparent sleeves of mousseline de soie match the velvet exactly in tone; the circular cuffs of filmy batiste half cover the hand; a touch of black is introduced in black silk braid, which is so draped and looped that it gives the long line from the shoulder.

The embroidery is done with small brightly-colored beads. The sides of the corsage, which are loosely fitted, are of velvet, but the front and back, as well as the sleeves, are of mousseline de soie. It is interesting to note that Premet has abandoned the very short skirt, this skirt being ankle length.

Those who are interested in a fuller description of this costume will find it on page 64.





From our Paris Correspondent

A CABLE MESSAGE RECEIVED JUST BEFORE
THE "COMPANION" WENT TO PRESS

MOST of the big couturiers here have decided to emphasize the figure in their new creations for the fall and winter. The figure claims their attention first, and the design, once so important, comes second.

For the tailored suit, which is seen everywhere, there is the short flaring skirt and the flaring coat made to reveal every line and curve of the figure. For evening wear there are trailing robes with Watteau trains of exquisite velvet and cloth of gold under dainty transparencies of mousseline de soie and lace, so draped that they, too, reveal the curves of the figure.

Hips are in evidence and the slender waist has arrived.

Extreme sobriety of color, allied to perfection of cut and finish, are characteristics of the creations shown by our great designers for everyday wear. On the other hand, picturesqueness is the motif of the lovely creations for evening wear. Suggestions for these artistic gowns have been taken from the courts of Louis XV and Louis XVI, the follies and frivolities of the Restoration, and the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Many evening toilettes show the silhouette oddly flat in the back, with the fullness projecting over the hips. This effect reminds one of the hoopskirt of the Velasquez portraits.

In discussing the coming fashions with Madame Joire of the house of Paquin, I received the following information: Paquin will favor wide skirts, the tailored skirt measuring from four to five yards at the hem, while afternoon dresses of silk, velvets and fine woolens will be even wider, many of them six, seven and eight yards.

Paquin is not in favor of the extravagantly short skirt. Madame Joire says their gowns will proclaim the normal waist line, and a tightly belted effect will be emphasized. Second Empire styles will be shown in many of their evening creations with graceful lace flounce skirts.

Both Paquin and Lanvin are planning to use much velvet this coming season. One of Lanvin's most charming street costumes displayed for my inspection was fashioned of gray velvet trimmed with wide black silk braid. The coat was short, and it was made to flare by odd side godets. It fastened straight and close with an enormously high gray fur collar. The wide braid was also used to border the skirt, showing the same side godets as the coat.

Much latitude rules at this house in the length and cut of coats, but all show fullness. A specially smart coat designed by Madame Lanvin is of Joffre blue cloth with pockets that rivet the attention. They are half-yard long slits hemmed with

gold braid. This coat has a high fur collar, while other Lanvin coats show the collar embroidered in bright tones.

Bernard, the leading Parisian tailor, says that straight skirts and kimono sleeves are at an end. He favors the ankle-length skirt, measuring about four and one-half yards at the bottom. His coats all show excessively high collars. The shoulders are closely outlined, with easy armholes bound or piped. The fitted waist line is pronounced. Bernard is enthusiastic over the long redingote. His favorite model is of elephant skin plush to be worn with dresses of faille silk. He also will use this autumn and winter much velvet and corduroy.

Jenny will employ a profusion of narrow soutache on her lovely autumn dresses. She will arrange it in groups of many lines on frocks of silk and voile. These braid-trimmed gowns are extremely distinctive.

In Paris the white blouse is not favored by the best dressed Parisienne. Exquisitely dainty blouses of rose, lemon and banana tones made of filmy crêpon or mousseline de soie are now worn with tailored suits of blue, tan and gray. These blouses have long sleeves with collars open in front and flaring high at the back. Fancy buttons are used as trimming.

Paris until recently has been averse to the petticoat, but now there is a new petticoat replacing the foundation skirt. It is a fairy-like garment composed mostly of lace, combined with white and pale-tinted satin. The upper part fits closely.

The universal use of pockets has reduced the size of wrist bags. The new ones are very tiny.

Among the daintiest of handkerchiefs are those embroidered all over with blue French lilies.

Young girls are wearing the Boy Scout cravat.

For early autumn, Lewis, one of the best known milliners here, declares for simplicity in hats. Two materials will be used in combination, the trimming being simply a bow, velvet flower, or stiff cockade. Favorite colors for these hats will be beige and tan. The velvet brims will be stitched to imitate straw.

Though the Parisienne still loves her fashions, yet it is the heart-breaking war that has first place in her thoughts. The French women have now adopted a new type of mourning for those that died gloriously in service. They are replacing the veil of crêpe with a lighter, airier one of tulle or mousseline de soie, and much white is used instead of black as an insignia of mourning.

MARGARET McKENNA-FRIEND.

PARIS, JULY 15, 1915.

On Page 19 will be found an
AFTERNOON COSTUME especially designed for WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
by the MAISON PREMET of Paris

OUR OWN PAGE

"Whose Little Boy is That?"

An Editorial by Zona Gale

H E WAS the son of a man who lays pipes for the Gas Company—when he is sober. His mother had died. There were no other children. The Boy and his father had rented a little house and had moved into it their cooking-stove, a table, and a chair or two, to "keep house."

In a little time the Boy began to be irregular at school. He was only twelve, and They went to inquire. He promised that he would go, and sometimes thereafter he kept his promise. But when his later absences became more and more regular, he faced Them:

"Sometimes," he said, "my father don't come home all night. It's cold here in the morning. I don't have my breakfast half the time. I can't get to school."

They said the usual things. This was bad, of course, but he was to think how boys who later had their biographies written had gone through the same thing. This was hard, but he really must brace up. They would see that he went somewhere for breakfast.

"I Hate School"

THEN THE final truth came from the Boy:

"I hate school. I hate what I study. What do I care about grammar and themes and g'ography?"

They said more usual things. He *must* care. He must do these things without caring. A boy must have schooling, or what would people think? What could he make of his life with no education?

Under pressure, he went back to school and stayed three days. Then he left and ran away and went to work on a farm. Later he drifted back to the town and went to laying pipes for the Gas Company. Then he went to the City. They heard of him in a Tobacco Factory. Then he disappeared.

And one day the director of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium showed some of us a table the Boy had made out of some rough boards.

Trim, compact, true, well-proportioned, dignified—there stood the thing the Boy had made with his hands.

"Nothing but a picture to look at, either," the director said. "There's a box or two, and a mirror frame somewhere around that he made too. He was a handy little chap."

Learn These Things, or Nothing

"A HANDY little chap" . . . And the best that the school could do for him was to tell him to come back and learn grammar and geography and write themes, which he frankly hated. "Learn these things or go without learning anything," the Educational System of the town had said to him. "Train your head—or else lay pipes and dig ditches and work in factories all the rest of your life. *All boys must.*"

For the little town where the boy had lived had no manual training, no vocational training, no trade school. It had no idea of anything for a boy or girl save to teach them the academic branches of education for the old academic callings, or else to consign them to clerkships or day labor.

Have you thought of the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls and men and women who are slaves at some form of uncongenial work, when it was the duty of society to provide them with training for the kind of work they could do and like to do?

Society Means US

AND here is the point: *Society does not mean THEY. It means US.* This is one of the great discoveries of the last fifty years.

Which is to say: Are there trade schools in your town? Is there a manual training department in your school? No matter how small your town is. Fifty boys and girls are just as precious proportionately as five hundred. And if there are

not these things, could a group of women do a better thing than to seek to establish them?

How?

Don't you see that nothing of this sort is too hard any longer now that public spirit concerning them is awake? Labor and industrial problems are still bitterly hard to meet, because public opinion is not awake to them. But it is awake to civic needs.

And we are socially and personally responsible if we do not take advantage of this fact.

Mothers are no longer mothers to just their families, you know. They are mothers to men.

I know a civic association which began upon all this by drawing up a petition. The petition read about like this:

WHEREAS, By statistics, we know that a majority of our children do not graduate from the high school, or even reach the high school, and,

WHEREAS, To meet this condition everywhere, the best thought of modern educators is recommending manual training and trade schools, to train those whose natural bent is not toward academic instruction; and

WHEREAS, We believe that our boys and girls are entitled to the best in modern education that this town can afford,

WE, the undersigned, respectfully petition that you introduce manual training into the public schools of —, for the use of all grades above the Fifth. And we pledge ourselves to such coöperation and support as we may be able to give.

Copies of this petition were distributed to twenty or more of the members of the association, and to them were apporportioned all the streets of the town to secure the signers. Only one man who was approached refused to sign. He sat in his automobile and explained to the woman who presented the petition that what had been good enough for him was good enough for his boy.

"Kerosene lamps? Coal stoves? Old oaken buckets? And—horses, too?" she asked.

"Nonsense!" said he—and touched the starter.

Let Us Begin

IT is true that, in this case, the school board, on the evening before the presenting of the petition, passed a resolution to introduce manual training and domestic science into the schools. But a petition in this case or in any case can do no harm.

And the last clause of the petition should have added:

And that you negotiate with the proper state authorities regarding the establishment of a local trade school, to be maintained under the conditions usual in the state.

It may be possible that not all of us know whether our states have laws offering to establish a trade school in any town of more than five thousand population, half the expense to be borne by the state if twenty-five pupils can be found who will avail themselves of the school, for either day or night work.

But if there is such a law in your state, why are you not taking advantage of it?

And if there is not such a law, yet, perhaps your association is the one to start the agitation out of which legislation sometimes grows.

The need is for us to give over entirely the use of the third person—socially speaking.

Not: "They need it," but, "We need it."

Not: "Why don't *they* do it?" but, "Why don't *we* do it?"

Not: "It would be a good thing," but, "Let us begin!"

For it is not only that thus your hand and mine is upon the pulse of the future, but the action of your hand and mine is the pulse of the future—plus the Great Growth that even our lagging behind can do no more than delay. And no woman has a right to be so remote from her own life that these things are not, to her, pressing issues of *Now*.



They Count Up!

The little dose of caffeine in one cup of coffee may not be immediately felt. But, according to individual susceptibility the grip of this cumulative drug, used at the morning, noon and evening meal, is bound to tell.

Some people seem to get along with coffee year after year. Others feel its effects in nervousness, indigestion, heart flutter, biliousness, constipation, etc.

For those who do not appreciate the reason these troubles are upon them, it's a good move to quit coffee and use

POSTUM

Ten days or two weeks on this pure food-drink instead of coffee is a good start toward better health and happier days.

There are two forms of Postum.

Instant Postum is a quickly soluble preparation of the original Postum Cereal—made of choice whole wheat and a small percent of wholesome molasses. No caffeine, no other drugs, no harmful ingredients, no coffee troubles.

Both kinds of Postum are nourishing, equally delicious and good for old and young.

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers.

Our Ideals of Friendship

A Tower Room Birthday Talk

By ANNE BRYAN McCALL

SEPTEMBER is the birthday of the Tower Room. It was in September, 1909, that the doors of the Tower Room were first opened in the COMPANION, and it was then that the writer of the Tower Room articles first sat waiting, with a heart full of dreams, herself, to share the dreams and ideals of others.

And because in all that time the Tower Room doors have not been closed, and because the place has come to mean much to you and to me, we have each year kept the birthday of the Tower Room in the same fashion.

This year I should like to keep it with a talk on friendship, perhaps because that one word, "friendship," more than any other word, seems to sum up the ideals of the Tower Room. If the Tower Room were a person instead of a place, and if you were to ask it to tell you the ideals nearest to its heart, the answer would be: "Friendship."

But this ideal is not so easy a one to live up to. Friendship is no mere haphazard thing. It is, indeed, one of the soul's "fine arts," and you might as well hope to become proficient, expert, as a musician, a painter, or a writer, as to expect to become at once, without practice or experience, the ideal friend. For friendship, also, will need practice, study, effort. Why, only think of it! These chosen or chance relations which we glibly call friendships are mere preferences, until years and circumstance have tested and established them.

The Standards of Friendship

IN YOUTH we set up standards of our own. The school-mate who prefers us to others, she is our friend; or the one who listens most sympathetically while we talk of ourselves; or the one who defends us against our enemies; or the one most in need of our friendship and whom we defend.

Yet these are but very personal and individual standards, and of little final worth. As we grow older we see less and less of the personal in our ideals of friendship, and more and more of the general. We find friendship not to be a mere relation between ourselves and some beloved fellow creature, but a large and noble ideal still to be enjoyed and attained by noble and high natures, even should we, by folly or misfortune, fail of it altogether.

It is this high general ideal of friendship, this high standard that must be little by little learned and conformed to, if we are to have true friendship in our lives.

But I believe we shall best come at high standards of friendship by a study of the usually very faulty personal standards which so many of us employ.

One of the most common personal standards that we employ requires that our friends shall always and without fail approve of us. Approval, devotion, demonstration of affection, these we require, insist on. What burning bitterness and hurt-of-heart often arise when our friends fall short of this, our personal standard.

But now hear what Emerson says of friendship. He is not setting down any personal ideal, mind you, but a very high and general one. He says: "A friend is one who makes us be our best."

How far it all is from petty quarrels, petty fault-finding, differences of opinion and misunderstandings.

Emerson does not say in just what ways a friend "makes us be our best." That, no doubt, is a matter of varying circumstance. But if you examine his ideal carefully, you will find a double obligation. Our friend by his own noble means expects and requires and obliges us to be our noblest and best; and—now note this—see *meet that obligation*. On one side is a high and noble ideal, and expectation of the "best" that is in us; and on the other side a recognition of that ideal and a fulfilling of it.

My Own Experience

Too often we want our friends to be not their best but what we individually would prefer them to be. Sometimes we want them to be a mere repetition or shadow of ourselves, thinking as we do, believing as we do; and frequently enough we delight in cheating ourselves, in pretending that they are what they are not. I recall such an instance in my own life.

As a schoolgirl I had a friend on whom I lavished my schoolgirl affection. She was very beautiful, which was in itself at that time a tremendous attraction to me, and as a further and no doubt superlative recommendation she very greatly admired me.

Oh, I had high and mighty ideals—very personal ones, nowbeit—of friendship. We were to be a kind of Damon and Pythias in pigtail and petticoats. We might lack years and dignity, but our devotion should lack neither. Entirely undying it should be, and as for our friendship, it should be fit to rank with the great friendships of history.

Needless to say, my friend, to be worthy of my soul's devotion, must be beyond compare. This I promptly believed she was—wholly generous, wholly beautiful, without flaw or fault. Sometimes—I recall it now with a smile—she protested she was not all those things. But I would have none of it. Her objections only added to her other superlative qualities the charm of modesty. I have now, laid away, old poems written to her, and in the volumes of my poets, beside peculiarly beautiful passages



descriptive of fair women, there stand yet in my school-girl hand the initials of her name.

Time went on, and we were much separated. Her paths lay in very different places from mine, into rather light and worldly places a good deal of the time, whereas mine led into very earnest and revealing experiences, into difficulty and sorrow, and all kinds of practical needs. Our lots were exactly reversed. In childhood it was I who had had wealth and all the advantages that wealth brings. Now she had wealth and I was poor. Yet, though my life was more and more removed from hers, by far more than distance, yet I insisted that friendship such as ours could know no change. Every one in the world might misunderstand, I told myself, but not she—not she. Those keen, exalted spiritual qualities with which I had insisted on endowing her could never, never fail me.

When I next saw her she was married and really

wealthy. Her husband was a brilliant man, winning his way. Her home was her great occupation, and her chief care was that it should be maintained in a certain fashion. I am not making light of this responsibility; to her it was a grave and absorbing one. I came back into her life at a time when to match a color exactly was of more immediate moment to her than to understand the confidences of my soul. I remember going again and again with a heavily burdened heart into her presence, and coming away with never a word of its trouble spoken because there were paperers or curtain-hangers that must be looked after first.

One day I took her the whole pent-up passion of my heart, which lay in a plan I longed to carry out, a plan involving the happiness of someone inestimably dear to me. She listened to me with steady eyes, and just as beautiful as ever they were. Then she turned away: "But I think it is so foolish for you to want to do a thing like that. But then you always were romantic."

How We Cheat Ourselves

OF COURSE I behaved myself in a normal fashion. I kept steady until I got back to the room where I worked and lived, and there I sobbed and sobbed and broke my heart! Oh, I did indeed! All my world fell to pieces. All the ideals I had ever cherished, it seemed to me, were destroyed. "She has failed me, failed me!" I kept saying over to myself. If any stars came out that night, I did not see them.

But I doubt if life ever takes anything away from us without offering something better in its stead. Life was taking away from me my old faulty ideals of friendship. And little by little—oh, it did not come at first, I assure you—I began to see that the blame I laid so bitterly on my friend was mine, too. We had had in all those years no real and high ideal of friendship between us; none such as the ideal pointed out by Emerson. She had not by high requirements "made" me "be my best," nor had I had any such unselfish ideal in mind for her. I had wanted her to love me, and to think as I did. She equally had wished me to love her and think as she did. Very low ideals they seem to me now, and very unworthy of both of us.

Had we set up from the beginning large and high ideals of friendship, I would have done her no injustice, she would have done me no hurt. We had built our palace of friendship very fair to look upon, but we had built it on the sands, and when the storms came, it fell.

But if we give them only half a chance, hearts and minds grow in the sun and rain of the timely cultivating years; and we grow less and less personal in our judgments.

As we think of it more and more earnestly, friendship becomes a higher and a lovelier thing. The thorns and crackling brush of our personal loves and hates burn out to ashes, but the evening star rises immeasurably high over the moor; the personal hurt and intensity die down, but the lofty feelings and ideals rise in the clear west of our lives.

Friendship in the Tower Room

BUT you will think this a strange and perhaps a little too solemn birthday talk. And was it not of friendship in the Tower Room that we began to speak?

Yes, and it is with that that I would finish. The ideal of the Tower Room has been *friendship*. There have been times, undoubtedly, when I failed of this ideal. I am sharply aware of this sometimes, when I get a passionate letter which says, "I think you misjudge me," or "You do not understand," or "You have hurt me."

Of course I fail, for I am very human. But the ideal of the Tower Room does not fail. The love, the wish to understand, the belief in human goodness, and the knowledge of the many like sorrows and joys that bind the lives of all of us together, and all those mutual humanities which even though we never meet, make us unmet friends—these things do not fail in the Tower Room, and shall not, if I, by longing and effort, can keep its ideals high.

And because we are friends, though unmet, I am going to ask you to keep your ideals of friendship high, and to help me to keep mine so, to keep them general rather than personal. Let us not read expectations and virtues into each other that are not there; let us not endow each other with gifts that are not ours; let us simply try to be such friends as Emerson's ideal points out.



EVERY wise house-keeper knows the multitude of uses to which the bag may be put. Hence, a sale of bags of all descriptions and sizes will be sure to net you enough for church or hospital or children's home to more than pay for the trouble.

Here is a partial list of bags you will want to have made for the occasion: hand-bags (white crocheted are still popular), sewing or work bags, handkerchief bags, dusting bags, laundry bags, linen bags to hold overshoes when travelling, slipper bags, door-pockets, clothespin bags, opera bags, button bags, "hoodie" bags, piece bags, and string bags.

Make them of cretonne, art-ticking, denim, linen, and the like, as well as of silk, ribbon and beads.

The handiest string bag is a small, round affair, with a flat, circular bottom, just big enough to hold a ball of string.

Clothespin bags are most practical when made flat of ticking, with a flap like an envelope, and with two strings that tie around the wrist.

There are three new-shaped bags all of which may be easily manufactured from cretonne or art-ticking.

The first is made by gathering the longest edges of a strip of goods a yard wide by twelve inches long. The ends are seamed, and each of the gathered edges is sewed to a flat, covered, cardboard circle. These circles form the centers, front and back, of the bag. The opening is effected by cutting a slit five or six inches long and facing to finish. A loop by which to hang it is fastened by two small ribbon bows at either end of the opening.

An even easier one to make is contrived from an oblong-shaped pattern twenty-seven by eight inches. Turn it up at one end to make a pocket five inches deep, point the other end and finish it with a tassel. Cover a curtain-ring with ribbon and draw the long end through, tacking it in place. Add a bow to the ring.

The third is made by gathering a half yard of material on two ribbon-covered embroidery hoops, by which it is to hang, and

The Bag Bazaar

A popular and practical plan for churches and clubs

By MYRA H. HORTON

by a ribbon run through the rings. The most obvious advantage in such a bag is that you can spread it open flat at an instant's notice.

If you have the sale in the winter time, borrow two rooms in the home of a friend; if in the summer, utilize a large, shady porch. The second room is for the serving of refreshments, and should be arranged as far as possible as if for a winter picnic; but where a porch is used, tables may be scattered about the lawn for refreshments. If you wish to sell candy, put it up in small paper bags. A grab-bag would be another good feature.

Let the refreshments be placed on a table with a pile of paper bags at one corner, and the words, "Provide Yourself Bags," painted in large letters above it. Each customer is to help himself to a bag, and pay to have it filled. Sell lunches that can readily be put up without crushing, such as sandwiches, potato chips, patty-cakes, fancy crackers, and cheese. If the affair is a summer one, it will be incomplete without ice-cream cones.

Small bags of buttered popcorn and freshly roasted peanuts would find a ready sale at five cents. They could be sold on push carts if the affair is held on the lawn.

For decorations, purchase quantities of some strong, cheap material such as saten, in all the pale colors—pink, blue, lavender, green, yellow, and white—and cut them up to make bags of two contrasting shapes. A plain oblong bag seven or eight inches long, and a round bag with a flat, circular bottom, standing five or six inches high, make a pretty combination. Stuff them with crumpled paper to make them stand out in shape, and hang them on posts, or string them on ribbons or cords. You can sell them for button or handkerchief bags at the smallest possible cost.

Ding, dong, bell!
Bags to sell!
What good are they?
To stow things away.
How do you charge?
Little or large.
Who wants to buy?
Everyone nigh!

This rhyme printed on large posters was used to advertise the bazaar

AT A boarding school one hundred girls recently had a jolly evening over a fake track meet. The committee having the party in charge had secured fifty sheets of green crepe paper and fifty of pink. As the guests entered the gymnasium where the affair was held, each one was given some pins and a sheet of paper, the pink and green sheets being handed out alternately. As soon as all had arrived, the leader announced that they would now have ten minutes to make hats for themselves. At the end of the allotted time, she signaled to them to put their hats on and fall in line by twos—pink hats with green hats. They were now led in a grand march, during which three judges selected the most artistic hats. The best green hat was awarded a miniature green hat filled with green candles and the best pink hat with a small pink hat filled with pink candles.

Then the pink hats were told to go to one side of the gymnasium and the green hats to the opposite side. The leader announced that a fake track meet would be held between the two sides. Both groups immediately entered into the spirit of the occasion by giving such cheers as:

"One, two, three, four,
Who are we four?
The pink hats!" and,
"Ruh, ruh, ruh,
Ruh, ruh, ruh,
Ruh, ruh, ruh,
Green Hats!"

There were also impromptu Green Hat and Pink Hat songs. After a few minutes of such preliminary rousing of Pink Hat and Green Hat enthusiasm, the leader blew her whistle and called out:

"The first event of the evening will be a tug of war between the Green Hats and the Pink Hats. Will six Pink Hats and six Green Hats please come forward?"

She placed the six Green Hats in a line facing the six Pink Hats. She handed a piece of candy tied in the middle of a two-yard length of twine to each opposing couple, telling them to put the ends of the string between their teeth. At the sign, "One, two, three, go!" they all began chewing their strings. No one was allowed to use her hands. The one who first bit the candy won the race and five points were thereby credited to her side.

The next event, "a vocal high jump," was screamingly funny. One Green Hat and one Pink Hat represented their respective sides. Each girl repeated,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow
And every where that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

The contestants vied with each other to pitch the italicized words as high and the alternate ones as low as possible. Three judges decided which girl performed her feat best. The winning girl added five points to her side's score.

Pink Hats versus Green

An affair which will give the freshmen an evening's fun

By HELEN C. FETTE

counted. Now twelve Green Hats took the places of the Pink Hats and tried their skill at the shot put. The side getting the most shots in the hat won five points.

Event four was a hurdle race. Six girls from each side were called to the center of the room and given needles and thread. At the signal, "One, two, three, go!" all began threading their needles. The side having all six needles threaded first won five points. Of course at the close of each event there were cheers and songs.

Event five was a paper bag race. Six Pink Hats and six Green Hats who had not figured in any of the preceding events were called to the front. To each Pink Hat was given a paper bag and a pink ribbon. To each Green Hat was given a paper bag and a green ribbon. At the signal, "One, two, three, go!" all blew up their bags, tied them with their ribbons and threw them. The six that successfully finished first, won for their side five more points. This event was extremely funny, but the next one capped the climax.

The leader announced, "The sixth event will be a rainy day race. This is the final and greatest event of the evening. The girl who wins it will gain ten points for her side."

She asked for two Pink Hats and two Green Hats to come forward. Each girl was given an umbrella and a suit case containing one coat, one old hat, one pair of rubbers and one pair of gloves. The contestants took their stand at one end of the gymnasium and at the signal, "One, two, three, go!" opened the suit cases, put on the coats, hats, rubbers and gloves, closed the suit cases and put up their umbrellas. With an open umbrella in one hand and a suit case in the other hand, each had to walk, not run, to a line drawn at the farther end of the gymnasium. There they put down their umbrellas, took off their coats, hats, gloves and rubbers and repacked them in the suit cases. Then with the suit case in one hand and closed umbrella in the other, they had to walk, not run, back to the starting point. The girl who carried out the instructions properly and arrived at the starting point first won for her side the ten points. The final score was Green Hats 20—Pink Hats 15 points. This brought forth a new burst of applause.

Then at a signal from the leader the Pink Hats merrily formed in a big circle and marched to music around the gymnasium just a table where each girl was given two plates of pink and green ice-cream and cake, one for herself and one for a Green Hat whom she honored as a winner by serving. The jolly evening ended with social dancing.



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ORDERING apple trees, peach trees, tulips and irises
for next year; selling off the Leghorn roosters; a
trip to the country fair; and a "fix-up" day of our own

WHILE there is always a rush of work on the farm, at least through the summer, September comes nearest to slackening and giving us a chance to catch a breath. So here the farmer ought to look about, reshape his plans, outline his fall campaign, and especially ought he to get one good, fair, clear look at next year's projects.

For example, the orchard plantings. Some of the trees can even be planted this fall; but the spring plantings, too, should be carefully planned in detail and the trees should be definitely ordered. So much we actually accomplished. Our orchard is ever our first interest, and so we put a good deal of thought into next spring's nursery order, not forgetting some trees for an experimental fall planting. Instead of going in for ten acres of young orchard, requiring 1,000 trees, we decided to cut next spring's plantings down to a beggarly two acres. However this was the best guess we had made for a month.

Next Year's Orchard

ONE acre of the next planting was to be peaches and one acre of apples. The summer's observations in this neighborhood convinced us that peaches are a good gamble on our farm. This now required us to make a study of peach varieties. All the wise men of the peach business—and there are several in this state, such men as J. H. Hale and C. E. Lyman—all together say that the Elberta is the best market variety; that it is hardy and a good grower; that it gives a good yield of fruit; that this fruit picks and ships well, and sells well, too. We are going to plant one-half dozen Early Crawford and one-half dozen Fosters for our own use at home, but we are going to make 80 of the 160 peach trees in our commercial orchards Elberta. The other 80 will be half and half Greensboro and Belle of Georgia.

Anyone who remembers about our spring plantings of apples may recall that we used six varieties, viz., McIntosh, Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Wealthy, Wagner and Duchess of Oldenburg. The first three were used as permanent trees, the last three as "fillers" or temporary trees. Emphasis was in reality placed on McIntosh, Wealthy and Baldwin. These are really the great commercial favorites of our time and place, but the fact that Baldwin is grown more than any other variety may mean that this one article is in over-supply. What ought to be the agricultural producer's policy—to grow the most popular sorts or those which everybody else can't grow?

There is an advantage in sticking to staple crops, there is also an advantage in having something different to sell. The best statement of the case that I have ever seen comes to this, that it all depends on how one is to market his product. If you have a special market with private customers you must cater to them with fancy and special products which cannot be bought on every street corner. On the other hand, if you have to depend on the open markets for selling your product it is obligatory to grow only staple stuff which can be handled in large quantities by the wholesalers and other middlemen.

What we really did, after considering all this political economy, was to stick to our first guess and to plant our acre of new orchard with 40 permanent Baldwins and 120 temporary Wealthys. We hope someday to have private customers who will pay for fancy fruit and for the rare old favorites, but until we find that market we are going to "play it safe."

Some Old Favorites

It is really distressing to find how many of the old favorite apples are missing. Yellow Belleflower used to be found in every New England apple orchard, and Northern Spy and Pumpkin Sweet. Others hardly less popular were William's Favorite, Porter, Spitzenburg, and King.

We are going to get scions of several of the old favorites, and graft them into the old trees on the farm, just three or four scions of each variety, so that we shall have these luxuries for our own household.

Just as soon as we had decided on our course of action we sent our planting list to several nurserymen and asked for estimates. Our one-year-old apple trees cost us eight cents each and our peach trees four and one-half cents, and we felt much easier and happier to think that this part of our next year's work was so well disposed of.

We have a little flower garden here on the farm and we want some tulips and some daffodils in it, and so we put in our orders early in September and asked to have the stuff delivered as soon as it arrived from Holland. With parcel post and rural free delivery this is a very simple transaction.

Our little order included some Darwin tulips and a quantity of Spanish irises. The Darwin tulips are far superior to all early varieties in size and beauty of form and even in delicacy of coloring, while the Spanish irises are about the cheapest bulbs that can be bought. Even the most expensive of them cost only about one-half cent apiece, yet they are as richly beautiful as anything that grows in anybody's garden. So we unhesitatingly recommended them to our friends.

Farming is full of neglected opportunities. The man in the street always sees them. Any popcorn vender or lawyer's clerk can point them out just going by on the train. But the farmer knows about it, too, and he knows, moreover, the reasons why those opportunities are neglected.

Sometimes it is lack of capital; sometimes it is lack of labor supply; usually it is a combination of these with other fixed conditions, "circumstances over which he has no control"—a common and overworked excuse, but one which in farming often has the validity of physical law.

For an illustration take the case of our leghorn chicks, now grown to quite sizable birds. We suddenly awoke, about this time of year, to a realization that we had a certain number of cockerels in this flock and that we

The September program at Alderbrook Farm

By ROBERT LANE WELLS

ought to dispose of them—in fact that they should have been unloaded earlier. Of course the feeding through the summer had cost little or nothing, but from this time forward it would cost more.

If they are hatched very early, say in the last week of February, these young cockerels could be fed and fattened for broilers, brought to a weight of two pounds each, and sold by the Fourth of July. That's quite the right way to do the leghorn business. But ours were not out

of the incubator till April 12th, and by the time we could have put weight enough on them for good broilers, the market for spring broilers had vanished.

The only thing that can ordinarily be done with this class of birds on the farm is to feed them up as quickly and cheaply as possible and sell them for whatever they will bring. So we finally took two dozen (all but four) of our leghorn cockerels to the nearby city and sold them to one of the hotels for the manufacture of chicken pie. They brought us thirty-five cents apiece, and we assumed that twenty-five cents of this was profit, or at least pay for the labor of taking care of all these chickens.

Going to the Fair

ALL summer whenever I heard of the fair I was interested. I thought a good agricultural fair would be just the thing for us. We would see what all the best farmers of the country were doing, we would find out who they were, we would get in touch with them, and in this way we would provide a strong crutch for our inexperience.

But when I actually got to the fair and looked it over, I was keenly disappointed. These local district fairs in New England are greatly degenerated from their former estate. They are still supported and exploited in the name of agriculture, though horse racing, politics and the cheap amusement of questionable midway "attractions" are the only forms of agriculture really visible to the naked eye.

Premiums are, indeed, offered for poultry, vegetables and fruit, and some exhibits are made in those lines. Just to show our interest Margaret and I took along a pen of our best leghorn chickens and two plates of apples, Gravenstein and Cheesborough Russet. Our experience with these three entries was highly educational, only that we learned so much this time that we do not care to exhibit again at any of the fairs.

In the matter of the leghorn chickens we found ourselves hopelessly outclassed by three professional exhibitors. These men, it seems, make the rounds of the fairs and the poultry shows with fowls specially bred and matched to fit the official score cards and all carefully "conditioned." Spurious feathers are pulled, remaining feathers are bleached, and the whole fowl put into a blueing bath like the pillow cases at the laundry. No farmer can compete with these exhibitors. These men make about enough in prizes to pay the expenses of their itinerary, and they reap their profits in advertising. For of course they always take orders for eggs and breeding fowls, though hereafter when I buy poultry stock I shall set less value on the long list of prizes alleged by the advertisers.

Our plate of Gravensteins took a first prize, and well deserved it, for they were smooth and clean, uniform and highly colored. But the one dollar received in prize money hardly paid us for our trouble, and we had no way of profiting by the advertising.

On our plate of Cheesborough Russets we got nothing—nothing but experience. The fruit judge, who was a local fruit grower of good intentions but not much else said there was no such variety—he thought ours "might be some species of old-fashioned Sheepnose Greening;" there wasn't any prize offered for that kind, and so on. So he ruled out our Cheesboroughs. Very well, it was no great matter except as illustrating the low plane of efficiency in the fruit exhibit, and in the fair management generally as judged from the standpoint of practical farming. For I had taken the trouble to send samples of this apple to Washington for identification and had been referred to the descriptions in Downing's standard "Fruits and Fruit Trees of North America" and in Beach's more recent "Apples of New York." So there was no doubt about the legitimacy of my entry.

Building Repairs

ONE distinction between a good farm and a poor farm, a successful and an unsuccessful one, between good farm management and bad, is to be found in the condition of the farm buildings. It is an almost infallible index.

I find that there are two regular periods for farm repairs in this neighborhood. One turn comes in the early spring. The other period comes in the autumn as soon as farm work slackens. Then is the time when new barns are built, new shingles put on the kitchen roof, an ice house built and the general "fixing-up" accomplished.

Well, we wanted to do some fixing-up, too. We wanted to look prosperous, even if we were too new on this farm to have made any money. On the other hand we had been laying out money pretty freely during this first year at Alderbrook and we felt cramped for funds.

After much discussion we concluded that we would join in the annual fix-up program, to the extent of repairs on the horse stable. We needed a box stall and we needed to have the old stalls and mangers all torn out and rebuilt. This work was accomplished without serious trouble or expense. Some of the lumber was found lying waste about the place, and most of the remainder came from the spring cuttings from our own wood lot. The labor was performed by Louis Fresne and myself during rainy days. When it was finished our adopted New England conscience had been satisfied. We had done our share of fixing-up, and we were serenely ready for the apple picking, the harvest home and the coming winter.

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Truce for a Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

The second one was khaki. His cheek rested on one outflung arm. He seemed immeasurably at rest.

"Sometimes," mused Middleton, "when I see 'em like that, and think of what's ahead of me—"

"We must not think," said Schloss, almost in a whisper.

Middleton ate the first sausage ravenously, the second and third almost reverently. They were sitting on the turf a few feet from the German's late stronghold; the mid-afternoon sun was flooding them with warmth. The firing seemed to be nearer now.

"So goes it," sighed Schloss. "Only man, of all that breathes, has a soul; we are nearest to the angels, and always yet comes it around again to eating!"

Middleton looked at him as though he had not been listening. He seemed almost embarrassed.

"You'll think it queer—silly," he said slowly, "but several times I've been on the point of telling you something. Something I've never told a soul. And still, it's really nothing, you know. There's no reason why I should tell you, or anybody. It's just that it's on my mind. If it was anything, one might call it a confession. I can scarcely understand why I'm speaking of it to you. Seems childish, almost. And yet, I—it's peculiar!"

"But I think I understand," said Schloss. "If you like, I shall be pleased to listen."

"It's nothing—you'll see that. Once when I was a boy in Sheffield I found a shilling on the ground. I put it in my pocket. A number of us had been playing football. I put it in my pocket without mentioning it. Later—that evening, it was—some of us were together again, and one had asked if anyone had picked up a shilling that afternoon. It seemed—no one had. I didn't answer one way or the other. I suppose I reasoned that it might have been anyone's lost shilling, dropped any time, in that big field. More likely I managed not to reason. That's all. I spent it—I don't remember how. As I say, that's all, but—"

"But you have never quite entirely been able to forget it?"

"No. Sometimes months pass without my thinking of it, and then up it pops its head again, suddenly, out of nothing. A dozen times I've almost decided to send him a shilling, with interest—anonymous, of course—but I never have. It's the only thing—questionable, that's ever happened to me in my life. I don't know why I've told you this. I may be beyond telling it to-morrow. I think I'm glad I have."

"Then I also am glad," replied Schloss.

So, now lying prone on the warm turf, now sitting hugging their knees as they talked, they passed the flying, battle-riven hours, dwelling alternately on the dear past and the bewildering present, returning ever to the unbelievable chance which for a day had thus isolated two souls whom the loom of life had already touched with a common thread.

Middleton told how he had first met Thelma Elliott when she came to give his younger sister piano lessons, and how he used to blunder in upon them, pretending that he had not heard the incessant flowing and ebbing scales, and then remain there staring; and how, although he was not good enough for her by a million miles and never would be, she had married him and been the finest, truest wife and the noblest mother in the world. He told stories of the children, especially of little Rose, because then the man who made her "Slush doll" hung with such palpitating delight on every word, and afterward responded with tales of his little Rosa.

By and by the tree trunks which dotted the field each cast a shadow longer than itself. The sun, no longer visible, had lain above the western hills a resplendent flooring of gold, like a dance floor of the young gods. It dissolved, releasing a flock of little clouds like fleecy white birds with rose-tipped wings. The mellow glory of a dying day bathed the earth.

"We must not forget we are enemies," said Schloss uneasily. "Perhaps it is time we should end the truce."

"Perhaps," agreed Middleton.

The firing was now beyond doubt close. Something passed over their heads to the right and thudded down a quarter of a mile behind; there was a detonation and a thrown-up sheet of earth.

Middleton leaped to his feet. The German was already standing.

"We must try to join our own lines," he said. "I think if I go straight forward and you around that way, wide. . . Good-by. I—I am very glad—"

He was holding out his hand. The Englishman clasped it. His own was quivering. When he spoke his voice was almost a sob.

"If any harm had come to you through me—"

The German's grip tightened. He leaned close.

"Always will I remember your little girl and pray for her. Tell her that, if you—see her again."

He drew himself up and ran toward the thunderous west. Middleton, on his northerly detour, picked up his rifle as he sped.

By and by, out of the west, obliterating the twilight-touched hills, a greenish-grey human wave swept toward the place where they had been.



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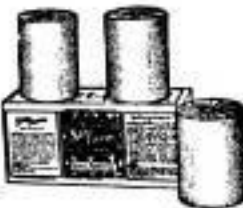
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Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

expenses, but who were making big money off the producer and the consumer. One man had an elegant home in Brooklyn and a beautiful summer place in Maine. He owned a steam yacht and three automobiles, but he did not contribute one single cent to the upkeep of New York City, in which he did his business, nor to New York State. He was not even paying a license as an ordinary peddler would have to do. He did not have to file any statement of his financial returns with the state treasurer, as other business concerns do—yet he was getting enormously rich on his commissions. He was one of the men who had promised us to sell at the best prices which grocers were paying, minus the commission. And our returns were six or eight cents a bushel for tomatoes!

"To see produce come in from various outlying states and to watch it handled on the docks, we had to stay up nights, but we got what we wanted—reliable figures and data. We knew then that there was no money for the Long Island farmer whose produce was handled by the New York commission merchant. He could sell it better in any other city."

"The next proposition was to do away with the commission man and reach the consumer direct. Mrs. Fullerton and I happened to run across a package or carrier which held six four-quart boxes. We decided that we would fill one box with potatoes, one with tomatoes, one with sweet corn, one with lima beans, one with beets. The remaining box should hold a combination—parsley, radishes, asparagus, and later in the season, cantaloupe, raspberries, strawberries, or other fruits. This we christened the 'Home Hamper.'"

"We picked out seven New York men, each of whom we knew to have families. To each of these went a hamper with a letter something like this:

We are sending you a Home Hamper to-day by express. It is full of fresh stuff, and we hope you will get it in time for dinner. We should like to have your opinion of it and, incidentally, if you think it is worth \$1.50, we would be glad to have the \$1.50. If you do not, please accept it with our compliments—and no harm done.

"Then we waited for returns. Every one of the seven sent us the \$1.50 and several customers besides. For each hamper we sent out first, we received three and one-third customers in return—and the cash came with each order. Apparently we were filling a long-felt want."

"Here was a business started in one day. Within three years we were able to sell all that was raised on two of the company's farms. After eight years other Long Island farmers took it up, and truck raisers around such cities as Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis."

"How did you figure your profits?" inquired Mr. Larry.

"That was easy," answered Mr. Fullerton. "The express company got 25 cents out of the \$1.50. Boxes, nails, tags, and green paraffin paper, to keep out dust during shipment, amounted to 27 cents more. The vegetables, therefore, brought 98 cents. In order to learn exactly what we gained by using the Home Hamper over the regular commission channel, we received for an equal amount of vegetables shipped in bulk, and of the same quality, from 4 cents to 8 cents—an average of 6 cents through the commission man, as against 98 cents from the consumer."

"And do you mean to say that all of your customers are satisfied?" asked Teresa Moore.

Mr. Fullerton's eyes twinkled. "Well, hardly— If a woman didn't want cauliflower or kohlrabi, she would write as if we had committed an unpardonable crime in sending her any. Again, some city folks were so used to hard, dry vegetables, like peas or beans, that they thought there wasn't much to our tender, juicy vegetables. But most of them appreciated the freshness of the green stuff, packed in the morning, and received by them before night. The lettuce still had the morning dew on it; tomatoes and melons were ripened on the vine, peaches on the tree, instead of being picked green and ripened in a car during a three- or five-day railroad trip."

"As to the saving for the consumer—by checking up on our correspondence we find that it ranged from sixty-five cents to three dollars a hamper according to the markets formerly patronized by our customers, and also according to their ability as marketers."

"During the summer, of course, the consumer receives the vegetables fresh from the garden; during the winter, the hardier vegetables, which are stored in the farmer's cellar."

"The passage of years has proved this to be a practical plan for both producer and consumer. The producer makes a fair profit, and the consumer a considerable saving. It is a proposition practical in all cities with outlying truck farms. Farmers are corresponding with me from all over the country. Any group of women can communicate with the nearest grange or agricultural society and arrange for the shipment of these hampers the year around. I admit this will work a hardship on the

small merchant, but until that merchant evolves a plan of dealing directly with the producer, instead of through a commission man, the housewife is justified in protecting herself."

"A housewife who knows how to utilize all sorts of vegetables, and who will buy directly from the producer in this way, can cut the cost of her table fifty per cent. Take the single item of eggs: When the better stores of New York were selling eggs anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents a dozen, the commission men were paying the farmers around here seventeen cents. You can see who got the profits—the middleman. We sell eggs direct to the consumer at thirty-five cents a dozen, thereby receiving eighteen cents more than do our neighbors who sell to the commission men, while the consumer saves anywhere from fifteen to forty cents."

"I notice that you speak of making your shipments by express. Do you never use parcel post?"

"For fresh vegetables, eggs, and so forth, I prefer express, because it is quicker, because there is no fee for the return of carrier and because our hamper is too bulky for parcel post."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Larry. "I remember Uncle George (you know he's assistant postmaster at H—) says almost the same thing, that parcel post would not spell bigger profits for the producer and worth-while saving for the consumer until what he called 'empties' would be returned by the United States Post-Office Department free of charge."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Fullerton, "a great many Long Island farmers, especially those who ship in small lots, are making good use of the parcel post. I would advise you to interview Mr. Kelley, Brooklyn's postmaster, on the subject. His was one of the last group of city post-offices selected by the authorities at Washington in their test of the practical value of parcel post shipment to producer and consumer."

"DEAR me," exclaimed Mrs. Larry, as she sank back with luxurious enjoyment in the Burrows's car. "It really doesn't seem possible that we have been engaged on so prosaic a mission as investigating the 'High Cost of Living.' It was just a beautiful hour among growing things and charming, intelligent people."

Mr. Larry smiled over his shoulder. "There is no reason why a woman should not take the same satisfaction in a businesslike management of her home as her husband takes in the management of his store or office. The mistake we men make is depreciating or taking for granted good household management on the part of our wives. Perhaps if we were a little more sympathetic or appreciative, women would find thrift a joy and not a burden. And just to show you that I've had my little lesson as your partner in reducing the high cost of living, I'll make the trip to Brooklyn for you within the next day or so, and present the result of my interview with Postmaster Kelley at a sort of a Thrift Celebration, to which Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Norton will be duly invited."

"What a lovely idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Larry. "I've been keeping a diary; so with our coffee and cheese someone shall read a little summary of our 'Adventures in Thrift.' Of course," she continued with a suggestion of contrition, "I started these investigations, and I'm willing to look into parcel post economy, but—well— My wardrobe's getting in a shocking state, so if you go to Brooklyn, I'll go shopping."

"And I'll go with you," said Teresa.

Mr. Larry chuckled. "Perhaps you might even find the way to thrift in department store buying."

"No," said Mrs. Larry decidedly. "I don't believe in bargain counters or sales."

"I didn't mean that," answered Mr. Larry. "But do you women really know whether there is such a thing as standardization in fabrics and wearing apparel?"

"Larry, Larry!" cried his wife. "Haven't we had trouble enough with the food proposition? And now you're asking us to question the veracity and honesty of our favorite department stores?"

"Nothing of the sort," retorted her husband. "I was just wondering whether you know half as much about dry goods as you do about food stuffs. If you do, we'll own a car like this someday—just see if we don't!"

Harmless Scrap Book Glue

By M. L. R.

MANY homes, especially where there are a number of children to be entertained, have need of a simple glue that is harmless. Here is one that is so effective that it can be used to glue wood, leather, paper, or rubber, and is especially good for scrap books and photographs. Cover the desired quantity of tapioca with cold water, put it over the fire and stir, adding more water as it boils to make it of the consistency of paste. This glue is cheap, odorless and excellent.

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Mr. Barker and the Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

"Oh, Aunt Sally," cried Con, clapping her hands. "How perfectly heavenly to think of Lafayette powdering his wig in this closet—at this dressing table maybe! I'm so excited I can scarcely speak."

"I fear that you are exhausted by your journey," said Aunt Sally gently. "You are sure you don't cure to lie down before tea? Well then—Have I told you, my dears, that your Aunt Miranda and her family are coming over this evening to pay their respects? Possibly, as there are two young gentlemen in the party you would like to make something of a toilet."

"Young gentlemen?" inquired Pro. "Do you mean Tom and Joe? I thought they hated girls, and us in particular. Father said—"

Aunt Sally turned red, but she spoke with her usual gentle dignity. "I hope, my dear Constantine—or is it Geraldine?—that Nephew Richard has not been so indiscreet as to—the Martin boys may be a little uncouth just now, but they are of excellent family, and blood always tells. Besides, any boys brought up by Sister Miranda and Brother Henry Porter will be trained in all the refinements and decorum of polite society."

"Indeed I am sure of that, Aunt Sally," answered Con quickly. "Just as we will be if we stay long enough with you. Come on, Pro, let's unpack our pink dainties. They're on top, luckily."

As the door closed, she squeezed her twin's arm ecstatically. "Oh, Pro, she's just like Miss Matty in 'Cranford.' So full of 'family' and 'noblesse oblige' and all that."

"Refinement and decorum" seemed at first to be the boys' long suit—at least, that was the only polite way to explain the appalling weight of silence that fell on both of them as they planted themselves in the chairs Aunt Sally indicated, one at each end of the sofa on which she had seated her two pink-clad nieces.

"It's a very nice night," remarked Pro politely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boys in gruff chorus.

"It seems funny to begin talking about the weather when we are really sort of cousins, doesn't it?" inquired Con, who could usually carry on an animated conversation with a lamp-post.

"Yes, ma'am," growled the boys, even more gruffly.

"Then let's try something else," suggested Con, breezily. "Tennis, for instance. Do you play?" She was looking at Tom as she spoke, and he grunted. "Yes, ma'am," so forbiddingly that all at once she remembered Father's reports about the tennis court and became suddenly dumb.

Pro rushed blindly to the rescue. "We hear that you have a boat, too?" she put in sweetly. "What's its name?"

"Mermaid," said Joe through his closed teeth.

"That's a good name," commented Con politely. "It's always fun to name things, isn't it? We have a darling little dog Father gave us and we have named him Mr. Barker. What do you think of that?"

For the first time in that agonizing evening Tom glanced at Joe and Joe glanced at Tom. "Silly," answered Tom at length.

Con's eyes blazed.

"I'd like to know why," she demanded. "It's no more silly than Mermaid."

Pro rushed again to the rescue.

"Why, we thought it was funny," she said lightly. "Maybe you don't see the joke." Then turning to Joe, "Have you a dog?" she inquired.

"No," growled Joe angrily. "Uncle Henry, he—"

Tom shook his head at his brother.

"Nope," he answered decidedly. "Where's yours?"

"He didn't seem quite well," explained Pro, "so Father thought we'd

better leave him in New York for a day or two."

"Silly name made him sick," sniffed Tom.

"It was the prospect of coming up here and seeing you boys, more likely," retorted Con hotly. "I don't blame him."

"What did you come for then, I'd like to know?" demanded Tom. "Spoiling our fun for all summer."

"We wouldn't have if we could have helped it," blazed Con. "Pro and I can stand anything but horrid, selfish boys."

"Pro! That's another of your smart names, I suppose," sneered Tom. "Well, Joe and I can stand anything but silly, giggling girls."

"All girls are not silly, any more than all boys," retorted Pro judiciously. "And all girls—"

"All girls are sneaks," interrupted Joe.

"They never play fair, and they tell tales on you, and all that."

"They are—not!" retorted Con, crimson with rage. "Pro and I never tell lies nor tales, either; and we play fair, always. So!"

"You must be the Eighth Wonders if you do," commented Tom irritably.

"Hey, what's this?" inquired Uncle Henry's voice so suddenly that everybody jumped, for in the heat of their conversation they had quite forgotten the older people. "Getting on nicely over there, are you?"

The four culprits blushed guiltily and looked at each other in awkward silence.

"Hey, what?" demanded Uncle Henry suspiciously. "What have those boys of mine been up to, I'd like to know! Have they said anything impolite to you girls? Speak up, Geraldine." He looked directly at Con. "If they have, I'll thrash the life out of 'em."

Nothing would have suited Con better than to preside in person over such an exercise, but in her ears were still ringing those scornful words: "All girls are sneaks."

She jumped up smilingly and laid her hand on Uncle Henry's arm, while she addressed the listening jury of the four grown-ups.

"We weren't trying to be polite, any of us," she answered truthfully. "We were just trying to get acquainted, and we've succeeded awfully well on that. But my name's Constantine, Uncle Henry."

"Stuff and nonsense, Geraldine," returned Uncle Henry, immediately diverted by this dexterous counter attack. "No joking with your old uncle, now. I've got you down pat, young lady. 'Geraldine' is the one with the dimple in her chin." Nephew Richard said; and I spotted that dimple the first minute I laid eyes on you. You can't fool me. Some people have trouble telling twins apart, but I never do, Geraldine."

"Well, boys, now you've got so well acquainted I think we'd better start for home. Did you tell the girls they could have the tennis court mornings and the boat afternoons or the other way around whichever they wanted?" And off marched Uncle Henry at the head of his little convoy.

"West Melton's going to be real fun, isn't it?" inquired Con gleefully, as their door closed upon Aunt Sally.

"But those boys," sighed Pro. "Aren't they awful? How will we ever stand them all summer?"

"Maybe they won't be so bad, after all," cheered Con, and then "chortled" delightedly at Pro's open-mouthed expression of surprise. "You see, you didn't happen to hear the boys when they said good-night, because you were talking to Aunt Miranda. Tom shook hands first and kind of growled under his breath. 'Say, you're pretty square for a girl.' Then Joe nodded, and sort of grunted: 'Say, if you girls should find out any kind of a secret round here, promise not to tell anybody but us, will you? I promised of course. Oh, Pro, think of there being a secret here for us to find out! Isn't it too grand? And what do you suppose it can be?'"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Birthday Cake Trimmings

By MARY M. WRIGHT

EVERY child delights to be remembered on its birthday with a birthday cake, no matter whether there is a party or not, the child will like it even better.

Birthday candles that can be eaten, holders and all, will surprise and please the children. Make the candles of marmalade paste, and use round marshmallows for the holders, sticking the candles in little holes in the centers. Almond meats can serve as the wicks of the candles and icing or fondant can be put around the hole to keep the candles firm. Follow any favorite cake recipe and ice the cake in pink or white, then place on it as many candles as the age of the boy or girl may require. These candles can be lighted if liked, for the oil in the almond in the nut meats will usually cause them to burn for a short time, but whether they are lighted or not they make a pretty decoration.

Here is an idea for a little girl's birthday cake. Bake a round cake, and put on a thick icing. Place tiny china dolls, one doll for each guest, all around the edge of the cake, facing outward. These little dolls should be dressed in pretty

crêpe paper costumes, and little cones made of paraffin paper slipped in under the skirts will aid as supports. If the dolls are small and the frosting thick the dolls may not need any support.

When a birthday cake is decorated on the top the birthday candles can encircle the cake instead of being on the top.

Birthday flowers can be formed on birthday cakes with small candy mites, which are obtainable at confectionery shops in different colors. Angelica is used for the leaves. Names and dates can also be formed out of these candies.

A cake decorated with round flat mints with little smiling clown faces outlined on them in chocolate or fruit coloring will also delight the children. Ice the cake before putting on the mints.

If a child's birthday comes near Christmas a birthday cake decorated with a little Christmas tree is pretty. Bake a loaf cake with a hole in the center. Wrap the stem of the tiny tree with paraffin paper until it is thick enough to fit into the hole nicely. Decorate the tree with tinsel, stars or any tiny ornaments, and put the birthday candles on the tree.



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for boys to make

By FRANCIS A. COLLINS

AUTHOR OF

"The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes"



ARE you a real boy? Then you simply can't help being interested in aëroplanes, especially in these days of air battles. And next best to a genuine aëroplane is an aëroplane kite, which needs only the wind for its motive power.

A kite designed on the lines of a successful aëroplane will be found to be far more stable when aloft than the older and more familiar kite shapes. One of the great advantages of the aëroplane kite is that it will glide

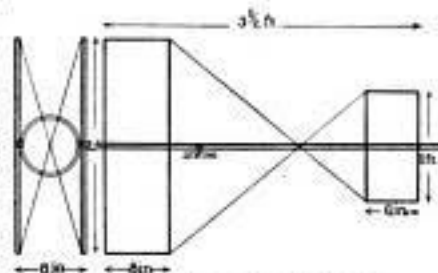
smoothly among baffling air currents which would beat an ordinary kite to the ground or wreck it completely. Such a kite will rise to a much greater altitude than any other form yet devised, and should the string break the kite would not be likely to dash downward, but would right itself and glide to earth safely.

The materials used in constructing an aëroplane kite are very cheap and easily obtained. The construction is besides very simple, so that any boy can build a good flyer in a short time. A central stick of some tough but light wood is needed; an ordinary dowel stick, such as may be bought at any hardware store will answer. For a small aëro kite a quarter-inch stick will serve, but if the kite is to be large, say four feet in length, a half-inch stick will be better.

The following directions will enable you to build a medium-sized kite with a width of two feet and a length of a little less than four feet. To make a large kite it is only necessary to double the dimensions.

The planes should be constructed first. The biplanes which will be mounted at the front of the kite should each measure two feet by eight inches. The simplest planes are made by cutting sheets of stiff paper to the desired size and fastening strips of wood to the long sides. A light lath measuring one eighth of an inch in thickness and half an inch in width will answer.

It will pay you, however, to take special care in building the planes, by constructing light frames of lath or bamboo of the same dimension and covering them on one side with paper or silk.



Follow this diagram for a high flyer

Bamboo paper is the best and the model aëroplane supply houses keep a special varnish for painting the planes, which contracts the surface, rendering it as taut as the head of a drum.

The two larger planes must now be securely fastened together, the space between them being exactly equal to their depth. The two planes measuring eight inches in depth should therefore be set just eight inches apart. The simplest way to do this is probably to make two hoops or rings of light strips of bamboo, each exactly eight inches in diameter and tie the edges of the planes to the opposite sides. Upright pieces may also be attached to the four corners, thus making the biplane more rigid. It is not necessary, however, that the planes should be rigid, since they may flap about in the breeze without rendering the kite less stable.

The third plane or wing should measure one foot in length and six inches in depth. It should be of material of the same weight.

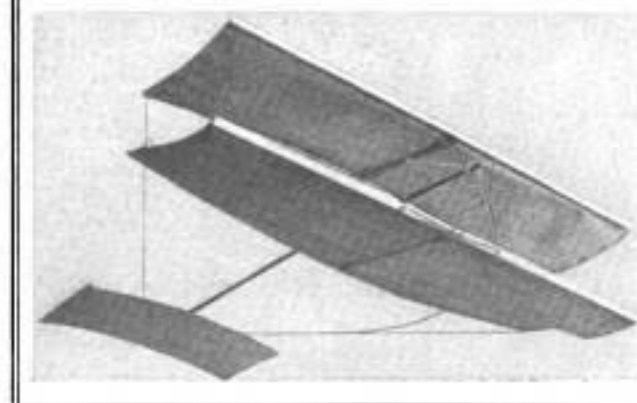
It is a very simple matter to mount the planes. The central stick should be fastened securely to the under side of the upper plane of the biplane. The front and rear edges of the plane may be tied or glued to the stick. The rear plane should be fastened near the other end of the stick. Do not fasten it permanently in position until you have tried it out. It will require more or less adjusting before the kite balances and flies on an even keel. It is a good plan to fasten it to the central stick with rubber bands so that it may be slid back and forth. When the proper position has been found, fasten it securely.

The kite is now ready to be tested. Make sure that it will glide smoothly before sending it aloft. When all is ready grasp the central stick about midway between the two planes and holding it above your head throw it forward. The biplane is of course the front of the kite. The rear plane should be moved back and forth until the kite glides for

some distance before reaching the ground. The kite string should then be attached to the central stick just at the rear of the front planes. It may be found that the kite flies better with the string fastened farther forward. You will discover that the kite flies best in most winds with the central stick at a slight angle from the horizontal.

Should your kite flutter, as may be the case in high winds, the planes should be braced. A very thin piano wire is best for the purpose, although any wire or string will answer. The wire or string may be run diagonally from one corner of the biplane to the opposite end.

You can see how very simple is the construction of the aëroplane kite at the right. Here it is gliding gracefully earthward on the wind like a real airship.



Swift on its breezy upward flight is the kite pictured at the left. Note that there are no diagonal braces to keep the planes rigid. Left free, they adjust themselves easily to the air currents.



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Cannot be detected, gives the face and hair a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jar, 25 cents.

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For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jar, 25 cents.

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An emulsion which softens and whitens the face and complexion; removes tan and redness; cures rough, dry skin and will not irritate the most sensitive skin; imparts a refreshing sensation with fragrant perfume. 4 oz. bottle, 50 cents.

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For a limited time send 10c silver or copper for a regular 25c trial bottle. Garden Queen is just one of the exquisite line of

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Other odors: "Mon Amour," Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Lilac, Orange-blossom—all \$1.00 in glass or 25c in tin. Send stamp, enclosure, money order. Send \$1.00 for Garden Queen—6 odors, 25c bottles.

PAUL RIEGER, 225 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Little Letter Writers

Boys' and girls' "very own" stationery

By **MARGARET SCOTT OLIVER**

Eleanor Innes NOT so long ago, on birthday or other special occasion, the child in the house was presented with a box of stock paper on which was printed or embossed a single initial, or the name of the city, or perhaps a gay colored picture.

In these days, however, when individualism is recognized as so large a factor in the education of the little one, we cannot ignore the child's claim to personal preference in the matter of stationery. That note paper on which he pens his first laborious missive must be his very own.

Anyone who has any knack at all with the pen can make alluring sketches for little folks, and the entire cost of cut, paper and printing need not exceed five dollars.



Donald Erwin

An elephant straight from the ecstatic circus parade; a playful pup pouncing on its ball; a sleepy-eyed duck staring at the placard on which is lettered the small correspondent's name—surely these will invite the little heart and hand to a willing battle with its "dear Grand-papas" and "Cousin Sues."

Outside the animal kingdom elfin figures, witches astride their magic brooms, rows of hooded fairy godmothers, all the dear creatures of childhood's legends pay golden toll for the benefit of the child's special stationery.

The ordinary youngster dearly loves his or her name, and to see its double-jointed beauty put boldly into print adds mightily to the pride of ownership. The lettering should always be done to conform in character with the design to which it is attached, heavy black letters for a design of strong lines, and lighter, more fanciful letters for a similar decoration. Most important of all, the lettering should be simple and easy to read.

Color delights the juvenile eye, and the touch which is so readily put on by hand after the paper comes from the printer, adds greatly to the charm of the drawing. Among the most artistic of the headings is one of a bunny printed in warm brown on a soft yellow correspondence card. A duck printed on dull blue paper with the bill and feet done in a yellow red attracts instant attention. An elephant done in gray on pale lavender becomes wonderfully attractive when placed on a bit of swirling brown earth.

Over-elaboration of design, or detail, or coloring, must be avoided. The chief requisite is that the finished work should reflect the childish attitude.

The designs printed on this page can easily be copied free-hand or transferred by the use of carbon paper.

After transferring them go over them in India ink before sending them to the engraver.

When once the cut is made you can with little expense have it printed on any kind of note paper you like.

LOUISE WEILL




"Yes ma'am, we sell lots of em"

"It looks nice—will it fit?"

Authoritative Corset Styles

On Sale September 7th

Warner's Style Accuracy

A famous Fifth Avenue tailor had designed a coat on the lines for Autumn style, but he could not seem to make it fit his mannequin, and he was in despair.

Our corset designer offered her services. She fitted a new corset to the model, and the coat was again tried. The tailor clapped his hands—"It is perfect!" You will need a new corset for the Autumn. Do not ask for the one like you had before, but after September seventh go to any leading store and ask to see the new models of

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

After their appearance there is no style uncertainty—their style is authoritative regardless of the price you pay. Each model is designed for a certain figure—no one design will fit all types. When you have obtained the proper Warner's Rust-Proof Corset for your individual requirements, your figure at once comfortably assumes the fashionable lines so necessary—and a Warner's will always keep its shape—it will not rust, break or tear.

Everything Double Except the Price. Double Boning, Double Interlining. The thinness of one, the strength of two. Every Pair Guaranteed.

Warner's Brassieres are quite as necessary in shaping the figure this season as last, and are as pronounced in style and strong in value as Warner's Corsets, and when worn together the figure is completed.

Slender Figure
A light, flexible, graceful corset.

Full Figure
Mould graceful lines with comfortable support.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets
\$1.00 to \$5.00

Warner's Brassieres
50¢ to \$4.00

Corset Style for Autumn and Winter

The bust must be of medium height, but full enough to give freedom to the diaphragm. Skirts are slightly shorter, but snug and shaped. The natural curve of the waist must be delineated at the sides, but a straight front and flat back is still in fashion.



Mother—

You should see that Baby's Basket always contains a plentiful supply of

"Clinton"

Non-rust Safety Pins

The Nursery favorite for 32 years.

"Clinton" Safety Pins are safe pins to use. They cannot rust. The generous clasps hold the sharp points safely. The sheathed-coil ends prevent baby's garments from getting tangled. You can clasp or unclasp the "Clinton" from either side. The points never "hook" over and will pierce and withdraw from dry or damp clothing with perfect ease.

Made in seven handy sizes. Nickel, Gold and Black finishes. Always ask for "Clinton" when buying Safety Pins for Baby. Sold the world over.

Oakville Company

Pin Makers for 60 years

Waterbury, Conn.

Makers also of the Aristocratic "Damsel" Steel Safety Pins for Dress and Hospital use and "Sorra" Toilet Pins of uncommon quality.



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The cotton noted for its lasting lustre, smoothness, and durability. Made by the makers of the famous Columbia Yarns—that is sufficient guarantee of its high quality.

White and color in all sizes. Crochet in four gauge sizes.

ONE PRICE 10c

The Columbia Cottons Manual of Crocheting (Third Series) shows beautiful articles and tells how to make them. 10c at dealers or by mail.

COLUMBIA COTTONS Philadelphia



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for Wrinkles in

BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

Being shaped in the process of knitting, they cling snugly at the tapered ankle without wrinkles. Truly form-fitting, altho knit without a single seam anywhere.

Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized in Regular, Outsize, Rib Top and White Foot Styles. 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Booklet sent on request.

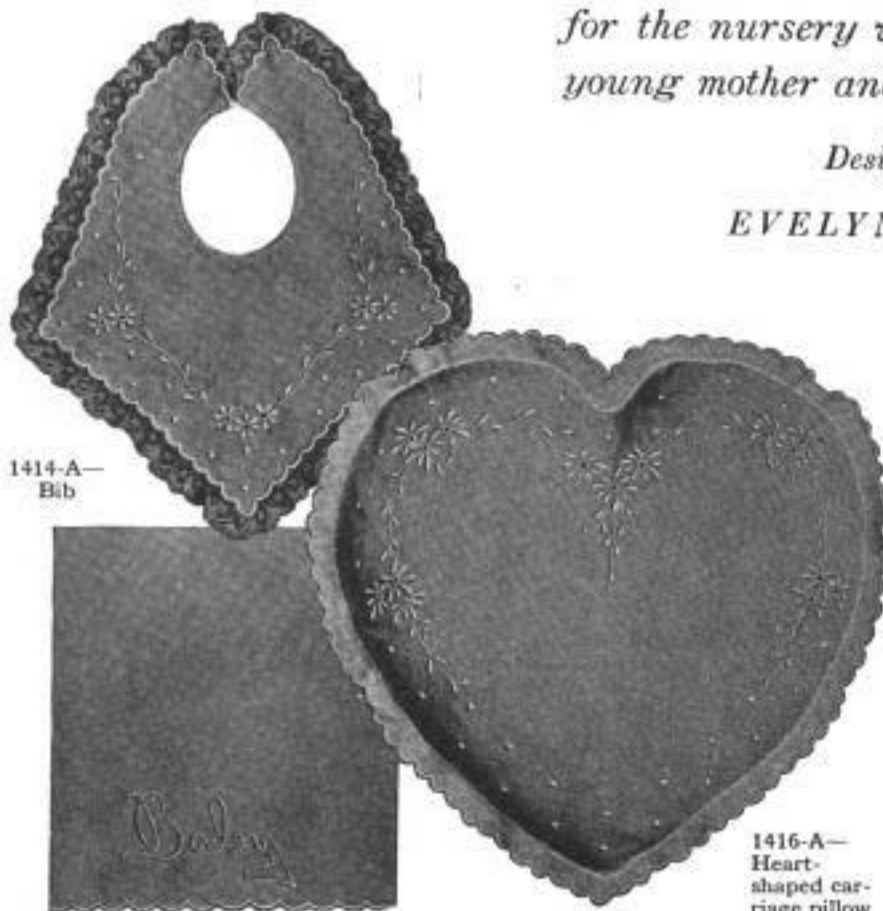
Burson Knitting Company
59 Wyman Street
Rockford, Illinois

Baby's Own Outfit

Embroidered clothes and some things for the nursery which will delight the young mother and please his babyship

Designed by

EVELYN PARSONS



1414-A—Bib

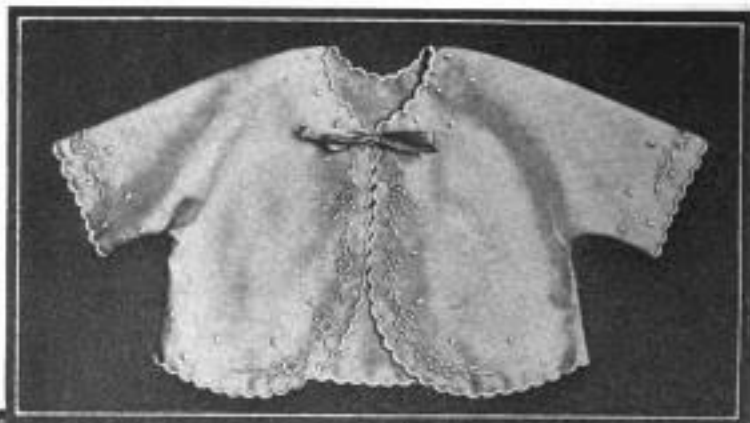
1415-A—Towel for baby

1416-A—Heart-shaped carriage pillow

THE baby clothes shown on this and the opposite page are made of carefully selected materials which are of excellent quality. Samples will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. The models are very practical and are charming when made by hand and completed with embroidery. As baby dresses are now made shorter these measure twenty-seven inches in length. The nainsook petticoat is twenty-six inches long and the flannel Gertrude measures a half inch shorter. 1419-A—dress may easily be shortened by adding tucks. Both of the skirts may be made over into one-year sizes by cutting them off at the top, reshaping the neck and using inverted plaits under the arms. Patterns to be used for reshaping the top of the two skirts can be obtained for 15 Cents

Embroidery needles (per package) 10 Cents
Stamping paste, per box 10 Cents
Embroidery cotton, 2 skeins 5 Cents

The embroidered bib is made of two pieces of fine linen featherstitched together at the neck line. The under piece is hemmed and trimmed with lace. Very soft bird's-eye linen is used for the baby's towel, which makes a dear gift for a tiny baby. A foundation case of cotton is provided with the heart-shaped pillow cover. This can be filled with down from the regulation sixteen-inch square pillow. The back of this cover is in two pieces buttoned through the center. Work the flower design and hem the two back pieces, then baste the back and front together and buttonhole the edge. All around the pillow three quarters of an inch from the outer edge work a line of fine featherstitching.



1417-A—Sacque embroidered in color

IMPORTANT! Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order if possible. If stamps or currency are used it must be at the sender's risk. The Woman's Home Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittances in the mail.

To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Please address all orders to the Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York



1418-A—Nainsook petticoat



1419-A—Embroidered baby's dress cut in one piece with hand-run tucks

White cashmere scalloped in white with flowers worked in color forms the sacque. The nainsook petticoat is made with a seam on the shoulder and should be opened and faced down the back. 1419-A is a one-piece dress with five hand-run tucks over each shoulder. Finish the neck with a casing (through which a cord is run to hold the fullness in place) made by facing the neck opening, buttonholing the edge and featherstitching a quarter of an inch below the scalloped edge.

PRICE LIST

1414-A—Bib	
Stamped bib	30 Cents
Embroidery cotton	5 Cents
Perforated pattern	15 Cents
1415-A—Towel	
Stamped towel (22 inches length)	45 Cents
Embroidery cotton	10 Cents
Perforated pattern	15 Cents
1416-A—Pillow (16 inches wide)	
Stamped linen covers	65 Cents
Case for foundation pillow	15 Cents
Embroidery cotton	10 Cents
Perforated pattern	25 Cents
1417-A—Sacque	
Stamped cashmere sacque	65 Cents
Embroidery silk (blue or pink)	20 Cents
Perforated pattern	30 Cents
1418-A—Petticoat	
Stamped skirt	70 Cents
Embroidery cotton	15 Cents
Perforated pattern	30 Cents
1419-A—Dress	
Dress stamped on batiste or nainsook	\$1.25
Embroidery cotton	5 Cents
Perforated pattern	25 Cents

Baby's Own Outfit

Soft materials, sheer handwork and dainty embroideries in simple designs and easy-to-work stitches combine to make practical models

Designed by

EVELYN PARSONS

Pretty and useful things for the baby's basket are shown at the right. 1420-A is made of two heart-shaped pieces of cardboard covered with embroidered linen. The edge is finished with colored silk cord, and an ivory ring holding safety pins is attached to each side. The tiny sachets can be pinned on baby's petticoat or put among his clothes. When filled with sachet powder they are a useful accessory. The top of the front and back of each case is buttonholed, then the pieces are basted together and the buttonholing completed. The cases are left open at the top so that fresh sachets can be inserted and the cases laundered. Cut two pieces of cotton wadding the shape of the case and put sachet powder between. They are pretty when tied together with pink or blue baby ribbon.

The felt booties are well shaped, and the baby will have difficulty in kicking them off his feet. The tops are cut in scallops with the scissors and tiny slits cut for buttonholes. The buttons are brass. Directions for making are sent with the materials. Fine white linen is used for the pincushion, and a cotton foundation cushion which can be covered with pink or blue silk to match the color of the ribbon is provided. For the baby's best dress 1424-A is suitable. Made of fine batiste cut in one length, it has seams on the shoulder, and the sleeves are gathered across the top into a tiny beading. This gives an unusual and attractive trimming effect with very little work. The neck and cuffs are finished with a line of fine white feather-stitching



1422-A—Bootees of embroidered white felt

1420-A—Pinholder embroidered in pink, or blue and green

1421-A—Heart-shaped sachets to be placed among baby's clothes



1423-A—Pincushion of white linen

A SPECIAL OFFER

Perforated patterns of 1419-A and 1424-A, dresses; 1418-A, nain-sook petticoat; and 1425-A, flannel Gertrude skirt, including the paste for stamping, can be obtained for seventy-five cents



1424-A—Embroidered batiste dress for baby's "Sunday best"



1425-A—Flannel Gertrude

PRICE LIST

1420-A—Pinholder (3 inches high)	
Stamped linen including paper pattern for cardboard heart	20 Cents
Embroidery silk (pink, or blue and green), silk cord and rings	15 Cents
1421-A—Sachets (each 2 inches high)	
Three cases stamped on handkerchief linen	25 Cents
Embroidery cotton	3 Cents
1422-A—Bootees	
Stamped on white felt	35 Cents
Silk (blue or pink) and buttons	10 Cents
1423-A—Pincushion	
Stamped cushion covers	20 Cents
Foundation cushion 3-inch diameter	10 Cents
Embroidery cotton	5 Cents
1424-A—Dress	
Stamped on batiste	\$1.25
Embroidery cotton	5 Cents
Perforated pattern (all cutting lines given)	25 Cents
1425-A—Flannel Gertrude Skirt	
Stamped on all-wool flannel	\$1.50
Embroidery silk	30 Cents
Perforated pattern	30 Cents



1426-A—Soft flannel wrapper

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A Complete Line of American Crochet and Embroidery Cottons.

Art Needleworkers everywhere welcome BUCILLA cottons. They are highly mercerized, made only of the choicest Sea Island quality, wash fast, and are supplied for every form of art needlework—Crochet, Tatting, Embroidery, etc.

The superiority of BUCILLA cottons lies not only in their brilliant lustre, but in the variety of beautiful shadings and styles—a thread for every purpose.

The dainty Kimono Nightgown (ready-made) pictured above is contained in BUCILLA Crochet and Embroidery Package Outfit No. 3002, \$1.00 at your dealer's—many other charming and useful articles to be embroidered and finished with a simple crochet edge. Sufficient crochet and embroidery cottons to finish each article, full instructions and detail photographs for working, also an attractive alphabet of initials with marking directions included in every outfit.

Ask for BUCILLA cottons, stamped goods and package outfits.

Send 10c for the BUCILLA Blue Book, Vol. 2, containing many exceptionally novel ideas for crochet, embroidery, etc., etc.

Address communications to Dept. X
BERNHARD ULMANN CO., Inc.
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TRADE MARK

Seventy Five

75c per yd.

All Popular and Staple Shades

Look for white Selvage and Stamp

Made by the HAMILTON WOOLEN CO.

If your retailer does not have the goods, write us and we will send samples and booklet

WELLINGTON, SEARS & CO., Manufacturers' Agents
Boston and New York

New Money-Making Plan—AGENTS

Women and men make big money selling our **Planto-Silk Hose** and underwear. \$2 an hour—\$25 to \$50 a week easily. No experience necessary. We teach you how. **FREE**—Money back outfit starts you in permanent, pleasant business. Our agents open shops. We pay all expenses. Prompt, generous commissions. Write for new plans today.

MALLOCH KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 2096, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wedding

100 Engraved Announcements, \$5.40
Invitations, \$6.75, 2 envelopes for each. Each set \$12.50. Postpaid.
100 Engraved Calling Cards, \$1.
Write for samples and correct forms.

Royal Engraving Co., 614-M Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Eagle Crochet Cotton

Made in the U. S. A.

Hard Twisted, Smooth and Glossy. Retains its lustre after washing. Eagle Cotton contains 25 to 75 more yards than others.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Ten Cents the ball. Postpaid.

Send us your dealer's name.

A book of patterns free with an order for 10 balls—\$1.00.

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48-50 East Twenty-First Street, New York City

SIZES

White 1-100

Ecru 3-50

Colors No. 30

Petite Size 70

THE · FIRST · AUTUMN · FASHIONS

Fashion's Telescope

MISS GOULD looks through it and tells her readers what she sees

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD A. POUCHER

THE AUTUMN WOMAN will dress like a real woman.

THE RIDICULOUSLY SHORT SKIRT is no longer style: it never was good taste.

THE NATURAL FIGURE is now the fashion, with a defined waist line.

FASHIONS ARE CONSERVATIVE in

flare of skirt and the cut of waist and coat.

THE DRESS ACCENT is moving up; in evening frocks it has risen from hem to hip.

THE COLORS for fall are quiet, the war making somber tones the rogue.



THE masquerade is over! And I, for one, am thankful. Women are now going to dress like real women, and no longer need imitate a bug, a box, a walking stick or a toadstool. Instead of cultivating grotesque lines we may make the most of the lines we have. The change is from queer to quiet, and from freak to form.

How do I know, you ask? Simply by applying expert advice and experience, just as one peers through a big telescope in the hope of seeing other celestial bodies invisible to the naked eye.

Much of this change—many of the new ideas in dress—have been influenced by the war. It could not be otherwise. Paris and Fashion always go hand in hand. It has saddened the former and sobered the latter.

The French woman's dress is, as it always has been, appropriate to the times. Yet the French woman remains essentially the French woman. It is interesting to see what an ennobling effect the war has had upon her. She has bravely risen to all its strange and dreadful duties; indeed, she has been and is a heroine, a veritable Jeanne d'Arc.

Yet, with it all, she succeeds in keeping her innate style and charm.

And we like her all the better. For, after all, there is always something depressing about a dowdy, no matter how good she is. It is conservatism now.

First we are to have a conservative figure—the natural figure—but with a smaller waist line than the historic Venus de Milo. The definite waist is an essential of the new fashions.

Our clothes are to be conservative, too; that is, when we compare them with those of last season. The ridiculously short skirt is no longer style: it never was good taste. The ankle length skirt is the fashion. It must flare, to be sure, but it must not fly off on a tangent.

Sleeves are conservative and they are charming too in the way they outline the arm, while colors and fabrics carry out just the same idea. The plain tailored suit this

fall will be more popular than ever before in its long useful career. It, too, will be conservative.

The suit jacket will vary in length from twenty-eight up to thirty-two inches, but it may vary according to the height and figure of the woman who wears it. This will help to blot out from our memory the fat woman in the short, belted and flaring coat.

The new jacket is made along severe lines. It is shaped to the form. It has long set-in sleeves. It may have a skirt portion which demurely flares or it may be plaited. Rounded coat corners which have been worn so long have gone out. The square cut at the bottom is in evidence. Many of the new suit coats button up very high at the neck, others have flat collars.

The first essential of the new tailored skirt is comfort in walking. The width varies from two and one-half to three and one-half yards. It is ankle length and finished in most models at the normal waist line with a belt of self material. There are, however, other tailored skirts which show a slightly raised waist line and hang from an inside belt.

Many modified circular skirts will be seen in plaited effects, as well as simple skirts, such as a three-piece model, or with panel front and back.

With the coming of the new figure line, the princess dress has returned.

Madame Joire, leading spirit of the house of Paquin, has for some time favored the one-piece dress. Her favorite model has a flat panel front and back, with the fullness of the skirt concentrated on the sides. This model also has a rippled peplum section which gives a jacket effect.

But the simple princess with its straight unbroken lines from shoulder to hem, with not even a suggestion of a belt at the sides, is also the fashion. It is often made in redingote form and worn with a foundation skirt that shows a trifle below.

Among the old friends that are returning to fashion this season there is the skirt with the inverted plait at the back. This skirt, which was always comfortable to walk in, will be welcomed by many women. The slot seam is also appearing.

The dress accent, you know, always marks the change in style. The past season, you will all remember, it was the bottom of the skirt that riveted our attention. We had been accustomed to the tight skirt and then came the flare. We have had the skirt with the uneven hem, and the flounce skirt with the extended reed at the bottom.

And now what? The accent is moving up. It has risen—and suddenly too—from the bottom of the skirt to the hips, and many models designed for afternoon and evening wear for the fall will show a decided suggestion of the old-time pan-der in modified form.

There is very little to say in regard to the bodices of these fascinating evening gowns, for the simple reason that in examining them the puzzle is to find the bodice. The society woman has discarded sleeves when it comes to her evening frock and the material required to make the bodice isn't worth mentioning.

The long vest effect and the flaring basque coat are other style features which will be introduced in calling costumes.

The fact that many of the factories abroad are closed and others only partly working has put the American fabric manufacturer upon his mettle. The fabrics for the fall and winter tell of his success.

For the tailor-made suit, the separate coat, and clothes for everyday wear in general many staple dark-toned fabrics are in favor, such as whipcord, poplin, serge and gabardine, homespun and worsted mixtures, and soft-toned plaids. Whipcord also comes with a broadcloth finish. The new broadcloths in striped effects are smart, and the corduroys and velveteens are much liked.

Silks and satins will be used in profusion. Faille silk and Gros de Londres are the height of style, especially the Gros de Londres which shows a broadened metallic design. This same fabric in changeable effects, without the broadened figure, will be popular for evening.

The taffetas are quite as much the vogue as ever. A charming novelty shows a floral satin stripe and others a plain satin stripe or a needle-work design, and the crêpes and marquises are so captivating that I would like to write a separate article about them.

In Paris heavy woolen velvets will be worn and many Indian cashmeres. The new woolen materials are striped with black soutache braid mingled with metal threads raised like hand embroidery.

The loveliest of the famous Rodier fabrics is a vegetable silk velvet called panecla. This has already been secured by such houses as Paquin, Jenny, Bernard, Agnes and Cheruit. It is woven not only in plain colors but also with a thread-like under stripe of color.

The shades for fall are silent and subdued as if revealing the smoke of war. In part this is due to the great scarcity of dye stuffs, especially those of the brighter, newer hues.

A deep pansy purple is one of Rodier's favored colors and here in America we have such shades as blackberry, African-brown and subterranean-green. Field-mouse is a brown with a gray shade through it, and then there is a very dark taupe.

Navy blue is a staple color which it is never a mistake to select, especially for the dress one must wear a great deal. A very dark blue is known as crow-blue, and quite a bright dark blue is called Hague. The solidat-blue keeps right on being popular.

Burgundy and the claret tones and also ripe olive green are in favor.



THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS

Fabrics to Suit the Autumn Costumes

Selected by

EDITH M. WEIDENFELD

Illustrated by

EDWARD A. POUCHER

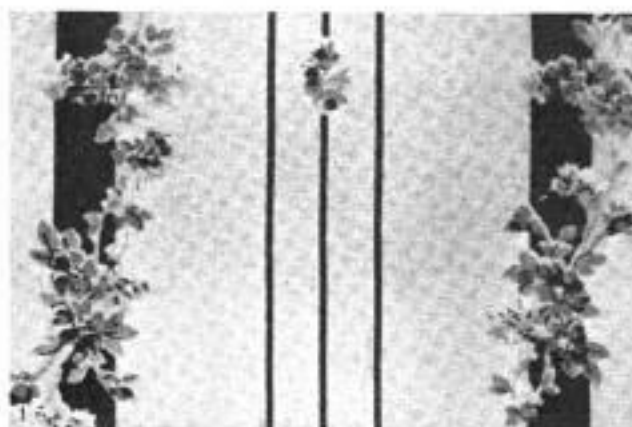
THE design of a dress or suit is important, and equally important is the fabric of which it is made. Each should be chosen according to the other, and in studying the designs in the Fashion Department it is well to know just what fabrics are suited to each one. For instance, the evening dress may be of silk or satin, and combined with any of the sheer materials. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 11 offer suggestions for this costume, while the afternoon dress may be successfully developed in Nos. 5, 6 or 7. Nos. 5 and 7 are also suitable for the costume blouse. The shirtwaist may be made of Nos. 10 or 14 if it is to be quite nice, and of flannel, linen or plain satin if it is to be more serviceable.



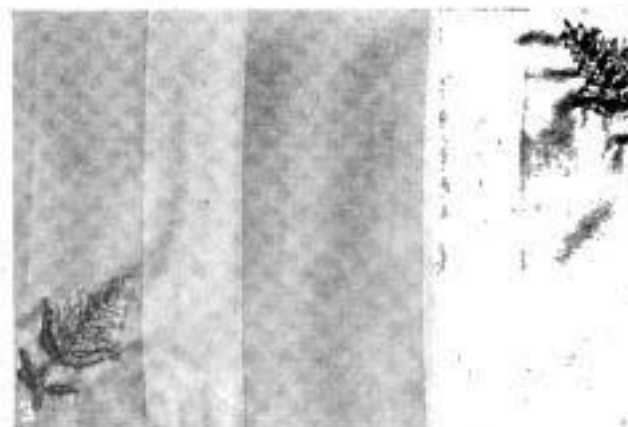
THE suit is usually the first of the fall costumes to be selected, and the new cloths, therefore, are of much interest. Nos. 8, 9 and 13 would be smart developed like the suit shown on page 56, while if anyone wants to make a separate coat, corduroy and velveteen are two fashionable pile fabrics, and No. 12—Vienna suiting—is a most satisfactory woolen material. The everyday dress for the street should be of poplin, serge, whipcord or corduroy, and the house dress of serge, or any of the cotton fabrics desired. It is interesting to know that both braid and velvet are used a great deal as trimmings this autumn, and that two or more fabrics are often combined in one costume.

The fabric shown in No. 2 is satin-striped Georgette crêpe in white, with a conventional design in black interspersed with rose bouquets in natural colors.

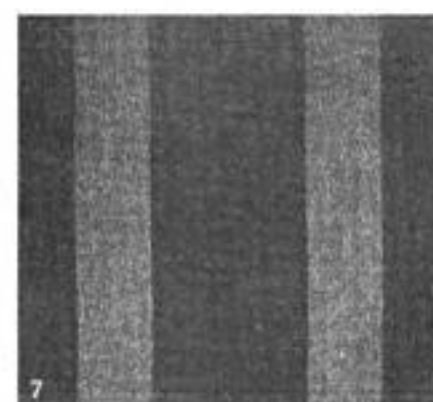
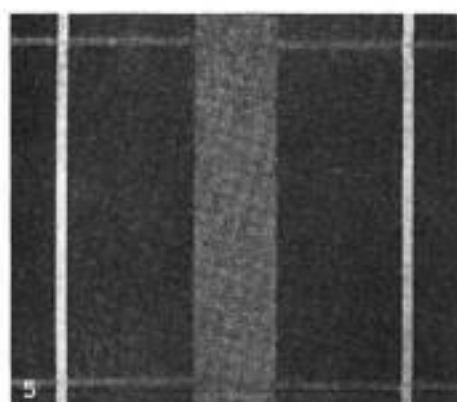
Quite the smartest of the fabrics for evening wear show flower designs embroidered with gold threads and black, as shown in No. 4, a pussy willow taffeta.



With the return of Marie Antoinette styles, flower fabrics are introduced. Georgette crêpe, like No. 1, is an attractive example of these new materials.

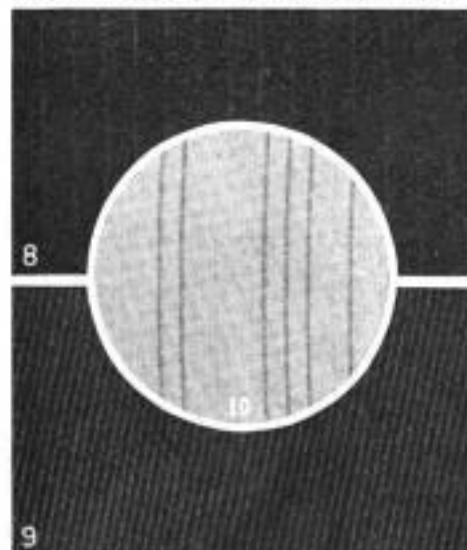


Gros de Londres in a new and interesting design is shown in No. 3. It is satin-striped and ornamented with flowers embroidered with fine gold thread.



Scotch plaids are back again in style. The Gordon plaid on a taffeta ground, as shown in No. 5, has a new note introduced in the wide satin stripes, which are usually of the same color as that of the background.

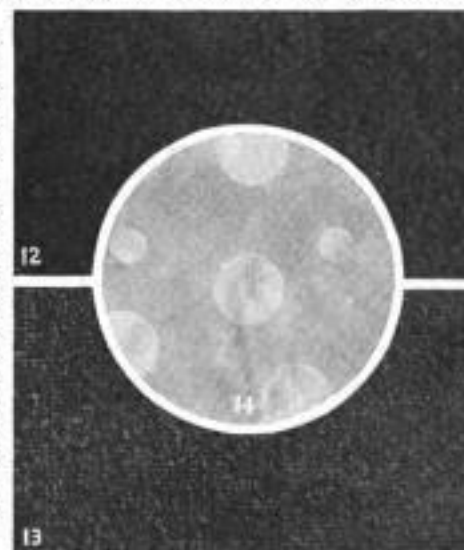
Most of the new fabrics for fall wear are satin-striped. Even crêpe de chine in plain and serviceable colors have wide stripes, as shown in illustration No. 7. They come in the dark as well as in the light tones.



TWO of the most fashionable of the suit fabrics for autumn are illustrated in Nos. 8 and 9. The former, broadcloth in a satin finish with a hairline stripe in contrasting color, is very smart, while the latter, which is whipcord, is perhaps a bit more practical. Shirtwaists in soft pink tones will have a new look this autumn if made of needlework crêpe de chine like No. 10.



WOOL poplin has returned again to favor, but this season it has a broadcloth finish that gives it a softer effect than it has had in the past (No. 13), and a fabric that is warm without weight for separate coats is No. 12, Vienna suiting. No. 14 is col-dot taffeta, No. 11 bordered marquisette in a satin stripe, and No. 6 pussy willow taffeta checked in satin in the same tone.



W.B.

MUFORM CORSETS

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The Corset for all occasions. Try one. You will receive the utmost in a corset—Comfort, Style, Fit; at a price for every purse.

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WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc., 1328 Broadway, New York

THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



Illustrated by
LEON M. GORDON

The Autumn Tailored Suit

THE tailored suit has a new silhouette. The coat emphasizes narrow shoulders, waist-line curves, and a flaring skirt portion: the skirt, the normal waist line, inverted plaits and comfortable width at lower edge. Suitable materials are whipcord, striped silk and wool peau de souris, striped broadcloth, and poplin. The tailored suit can be made from patterns: No. 2842—Tailored Coat with Flared Skirt Portion. 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2843—Five-Piece Skirt with Inverted Plait. 24 to 34 waist. Hip measure in 24-inch waist, 38 inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. Pattern, ten cents. To order patterns see page 62.



FROM the crown of her head to the tip of her toes the wearer of this costume must be trim and trim in every detail. A dashing, yet simple little hat, with one bright quill, a gay cockade or a striking wing; tan gloves with perhaps a not-too-heavy black stitching; and well fitted tan shoes with lighter tan uppers and the close lacing emphasized by an outlining band—these up-to-date accessories add the finishing touches to the smart suit, and without careful attention to details the effect of the smartest suit is ruined. A snug little veil may also be worn to protect the hair from blustering winds and a small hand bag completes the outfit.

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THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



*The Autumn
Separate Coat*

*Illustrated by
LEON M. GORDON*

THE separate coat will be quite in evidence this fall, and in cut will be very much like the tailored suit. It, too, will emphasize narrow shoulders, the fitted waist and a flaring skirt. It will be long, and quite wide at the bottom. A variety of materials will be used, corduroy, velvet, Vicuna coating, broadcloth, and fur. It will be finished at neck and cuffs with fur trimming, show many novelties in buttons, and will be worn with a close-fitting hat and smart boots with contrasting tops. No. 2844—Long Coat Slightly Fitted at Waist Line. 34 to 40 bust. Price of pattern, ten cents. For directions for ordering, see page 62.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION patterns, according to the verdict of readers all over the country, are the simplest to use and the easiest to put together. They are, in addition, easy to get, for ten cents in stamps or coin sent with your address and correct measurements will bring you the pattern. When you are sending for the pattern, why not ask Miss Gould for her advice in choosing the colors, material and trimmings? She is always glad to give you practical hints and suggestions. Address your letter to Miss Gould's Inquiry Department, and enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for your reply.

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To Women who buy their clothes by mail



*A personal talk by Esther
Marie Ready, consultant
in household economics.*

I know you. There are countless thousands of you. For years I was one of you myself. I understand your doubts, difficulties and desires. I want to help you if I can.

Mail Order shopping has grown to be a tremendous item in our national activities. There are scores of houses sending out catalogs. Prices and pictures in most of these catalogs are very much the same. It is hard to discriminate. Yet there is as much difference between different mail order houses, their merchandise and methods as there is between different people or different retail stores in different towns.

Now if you can obtain a better Coat, Suit, Waist, or Corset by dealing with a House that understands intimately your needs and is in close sympathy with your expectations and if, at the same time, you can save money by doing this—then I am doing you a favor by telling you about such a House. If there is any shade of difference between one Mail Order House and another, and if this difference means for you better value and better satisfaction, then, of course, you want to know about that.

Ideals in these troublous times are worth preserving. Good intentions and good deeds are worth recognition. Genuine money-saving opportunities are decidedly worth while.

I have just examined the proofs of the new Fall Catalog of Perry Dame & Co. By the time you read this, the book will be ready for mailing. Send for it. Don't fail to get it. Put in your application now. The edition is limited. Do not, on any account, miss getting it.

The Perry Dame Catalog is not as big or expensive as some I have examined. But the goods and the Styles and the Values and the information the Book contains—well, my earnest advice to any woman who contemplates buying any garments for Women, Misses or Children, this Fall, is to send for this extraordinary buying index at once.

The House of Perry Dame & Co. does business from Coast to Coast. You may know them. You probably do. This well-established House has thousands and thousands of permanent customers who buy exclusively from them, season after season. It is famous for superior values and individual styles. Its Personal Service Department alone makes it different from all other Mail Order establishments I know anything about.

Every order received by this trustworthy House gets individual attention. The items are personally selected by competent painstaking women who carefully examine, inspect, measure, and try every garment on a model before it is shipped.

For this particular issue of their Catalog I have personally written some valuable hints and suggestions about mail order buying. These are printed in full in the front of the book. They are things you ought to know. You will do yourself a favor by sending a post card, today, for this unusual shopping guide. It will be FREE to you.

Just say on the card, "Send me Catalog 64 as recommended by Miss Ready." Then address the card to Perry Dame & Co., as below. By mentioning my name, you will get one of the very first copies off the press. Send for it. Send today, to

PERRY DAME & CO.
(Style Specialists)
155 East 32nd Street
New York City, N. Y.



Children (boys or girls) need not take cold

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and they'll be warm and comfortable wherever they are.

Duofold is different from any other underwear. It is two fabrics stitched together. The cotton next to the skin is soft and comfortable and absorbs perspiration. The wool, outside, keeps out the cold. The air space between gives gradual ventilation. Indoors or outdoors your children are always warm, safe and comfortable.

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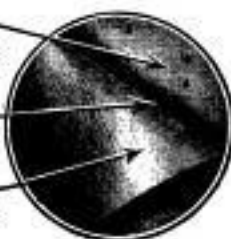
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Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
Dept. D. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



Illustration by
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

The Autumn Everyday Dress

MISS GOULD'S interpretation of the costume
suitable for home and general morning wear



THERE should be nothing extreme about the dress for everyday wear, and the model here pictured carries out this idea. It has all the newest lines in its cut—the Quaker collar and cuffs, the long sleeves, the fitted effect at the waist line, and the plaited skirt. The shoes and stockings worn with this dress should be simple and serviceable.

THE dress can be made from the following patterns: No. 2838—Tucked Waist; Center Front Closing. 34 to 46 bust. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2839—Three- or Four-Piece Skirt with Pockets. 24 to 36 waist. Hip measure in 24 waist, 38 inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. Pattern, ten cents. For directions for ordering patterns, see page 62.



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THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



Illustration by
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

The Autumn Evening Gown

MISS GOULD designed this costume suitable to wear to the dance, dinner or theatre

THE flare and fullness in the skirt of evening costumes has moved upward. It is now at the hips in panner and draped effects that remind one of Marie Antoinette days. This dress of metallic embroidered pussy willow taffeta is charming with the panner drapery of pink tulle.

THIS dress can be made from the following patterns: No. 2840—Low-Neck Draped Waist, 36 to 40 bust. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2841—Skirt with Drapery in Panner Effect, 26 to 30 waist. Hip measure in 26-inch waist, 40 inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. This pattern, ten cents.

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I wear*

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THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



*The
Autumn Everyday
Street Dress*

Illustrated by G. H. MITCHELL

WITH the swing of Fashion's wheel, the princess costume returns triumphantly to favor. The one-piece dress is always popular, and when the tendency is toward the princess effect it is at its best. The illustration on this page shows the long line from shoulder to hem, the fitted effect at the waist and the moderately wide plaited skirt. With its demure Quaker collar, wide cuffs, and original arrangement of novelty buttons, this dress will appeal to the woman who wants her clothes, no matter how simple, to be absolutely correct in the smallest detail as well as individual and becoming.



SIMPLICITY is the keynote of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION patterns, and no home dress-maker need fear the odd-shaped pieces of fragile tissue paper which so often strike terror to the heart of a beginner. Our perforations are reduced to a minimum and all are explained on the envelope, where there is also a diagram of the pattern. To make the dress on this page, use pattern No. 2823—Princess Dress with Quaker Collar and Cuffs. 34 to 46 bust. Width of skirt at bottom, three and one-half yards. The pattern for this dress is ten cents. Full directions for ordering are given on page 62.

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THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



The Autumn Afternoon Dress

Illustrated by G. H. MITCHELL

A MODEL, which can be made at home is this afternoon dress. Send your measurements and money, according to the directions on page 62. When your patterns come, study the illustrations carefully and read the directions before beginning to work with your material. If all the instructions, which are made as simple as possible, are accurately followed, there should be no difficulty in making the dress. For this use patterns: No. 2834—Waist with High Rolling Collar. 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2835—Ruffle-Trimmed Skirt in Panel Effect. 24 to 32 waist. Width, three and one-half yards. Pattern, ten cents.



NEW materials as well as new styles make the autumn dresses unusual and attractive. This page shows an afternoon dress, suitable for calling, tea, or bridge, which might be developed in Gros de Londres, taffeta, faille or satin. The transparent sleeves, with their odd double cuffs, and the soft line of the open throat give the waist an effect of daintiness and charm. The skirt shows two new features in the panels and the series of ruffles. The long lines of the panels tend slightly toward the princess model, while the interrupted ruffles finish off the skirt by emphasizing its flare. The shoes worn with this dress may be fancy.

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No. 51—An imported French model made of finest quality, all-wool serge, in black, navy, or dark brown with trimmings of silk velvet in matching color. Also in fine quality Men's Wear Serge in black and navy. The coat is lined throughout with the silk (largest quality). Convertible collar of velvet. The coat is shown at the skirt, giving a graceful line as illustrated, and is fastened with buttons and loops of silk material. Velvet band on bottom of coat can be removed. The skirt is made with two rows in front and double lined in back. Misses' sizes 14 to 20; Ladies' sizes 34 to 44; waist bands 30 to 40; skirt length 34 to 44. Price \$16.50

We will ship your size upon receipt of a postal money order. State color wanted.

We prepare all mail or express charges—and refund your money if not satisfied.

Other styles in suits \$10.00 up, Coats \$5.00 up, Dresses \$3.00 up.

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a 25c jar of Sozo Cold Cream

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HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK



THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



The Autumn Tailored Hat and Waist

For general wear with the tailored suit

Illustration by
AUGUSTA REIMER

THE special feature of the new shirtwaists this autumn is the wide frill of fine batiste. In style it is very much like the frills so popular three or four seasons ago. This year, however, it has the added advantage of being adjustable. The tucked waist shown on this page is trimmed with a double row of buttons down the front, so that it can be worn plain. Then if one wants to add the frill it is finished with corresponding buttonholes so that it can be buttoned to the waist in a minute or two. Fashionable materials for shirtwaists this season are Georgette and vallette crepe, crêpes with satin or needlework stripes, wash satins, batistes and fine linens.

To secure Woman's Home Companion patterns all you have to do is enclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern, with your measurements, and send to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

THE tailored suit and its shirtwaist are not complete unless they have the right accessories, and among these accessories the hat is the most important. This autumn black and white effects are the vogue, many of the hats being of black velvet with the trimmings white ostrich fancies. A smart model of these materials with a bit of a novelty in the shape of the crown is illustrated on this page. The ostrich ornament is unusual, the flues being burnt on the ends to give a soft fluffy look. The ornament is held in place with a white silk cord. To carry out the black and white vogue, the belt is of black leather strapped in white and the gloves white doeskin stitched in black. No. 2836—Tucked Shirtwaist with Adjustable Frill. 34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two and five-eighths yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-inch material, with one yard of sheer linen or batiste for the scalloped or lace-edged collar, cuffs, and frill. Price of pattern is ten cents.



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THE FIRST AUTUMN FASHIONS



The Autumn Blouse and Coiffure

For matinées, luncheons and club wear

Illustration by

AUGUSTA REIMER

THERE are so many times when the tailored suit can be worn for dress occasions if it has a blouse to match that it is wise always to include a costume blouse in the fall and winter outfit. The sheer fabrics like indestructible voile, chiffon and Georgette crêpe make charming waists to wear with the tailored suit if made in the same color and trimmed with a bit of satin or the cloth of the suit. The design shown on this page offers many suggestions for fabric combinations. The smart girdle which adds a completing note to this costume blouse may be made from the girdle pattern which is included in the waist pattern. No. 2837—Costume Blouse with Buckle-Trimmed Girdle. 34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch, with three-fourths yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs and vest, three eighths of a yard for girdle and one eighth of a yard of ribbon to trim vest. Price of this pattern is ten cents. For directions for ordering patterns see page 62.



THERE is to be a decided change in the coiffure this autumn. Simplicity has been the mode these past two or three seasons. Now there is a return to the pompadour and puffs and curls. This should be welcome news to many women, as this new style is far more becoming and softening to the features than the severely plain coiffure recently favored. The new pompadour is interesting as it is so different from the pompadour so popular in the past. It is called the slanting pompadour because it is very low in front and rises gradually until it reaches the crown, where it is finished with a group of small puffs or curls encircled with a soft coil.

Has that old problem of what clothes to get and how to have them made come up again this season to worry you? If so, write to Miss Gould. She will help you if you will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope with your letter, to the Inquiry Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, slide in and out."

NOW that Fashion has restored the full flare skirts, by that same sign she recreated Heatherbloom petticoats. Quick as ever to sense the direction of the style vane



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are now shown at all good shops in a wide range of new and striking effects—with all the lustrous charm and shimmering rustle of silk—but much less costly and far more durable.

Of Heatherbloom, Lucile (Lady Duff Gordon) says:—"I find the Heatherbloom Taffeta a most desirable fabric for petticoats. Its beauty and adaptability are a high compliment to the skill of American weavers."

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Heatherbloom Taffeta at the lining counter—50¢ a yard

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assures a model correct for every figure giving the necessary support, and creating the authentic shape over which to build Autumn gowns.

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the tight sleeve is here—and
dress shields must be worn
in every garment.
Fullest dress shield protection in

The GEM



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A beautiful Upright Piano will be given ABSOLUTELY FREE to the one sending us the largest number of words constructed from the letters used in the following sentence:

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Second Prize: \$150.00 purchasing voucher to apply on a Beautiful Haggerty-Cook Player Piano. Fully Guaranteed. At our special direct from factory to home price of \$448.00. On 30 days' trial. If satisfactory pay balance at \$10.00 per month. Otherwise, return at our expense. Get out your dictionary. A little intelligent work will win one of these splendid awards. Only one contestant permitted in a family. No one eligible who now has a piano. In case of a tie, Piano will be given each winner. **SEND IN YOUR LIST OF WORDS TODAY.** Write your name and address plainly. Contest positively closes on October 20th, 1915. Address Dept. 237.

HAGGERTY-COOK COMPANY, INC., Warren, Pa.
Manufacturers-Distributors Upright, Grand and Player Pianos.



Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

The PREMET Costume

[SHOWN ON PAGE 19]

A pattern description of this dress and directions for ordering the pattern

PREMET of Paris has designed exclusively for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION a smart afternoon costume for fall. This costume is illustrated in full color on page 19 of this issue in a painting by Cole Phillips.

No doubt many of our readers will want to have in their fall wardrobes a costume designed by a famous French couturier, and the Fashion Department has made this possible by cutting a pattern for the Premet design.

This pattern can be secured for \$1.00 by sending an order to the Pattern Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The pattern is No. 2845. It is cut in our regular graded sizes and not to individual measurements. The sizes are 36, 38 and 40 bust. Be sure to give both bust and waist measurements when ordering pattern.

The Independence of Sarah

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

"Come on and play cops and robbers with us! Come on and play yards off! Come on—we'll pull you up into the barn by the pulley!"

To all of this Sarah, as spokesman, replied primly:

"We're playing the way my father told us to. We don't want to play those games."

"No!" cried out the bolder spirits, "you always hurt us—we always have to be it."

Pressure was brought to bear. A boy threw a horse chestnut which hit a doll on the head. Upon this Sarah, puffed with virtue, approached her mother.

"Mother," she said, "do we have to play with the boys if we don't want to?"

"Certainly not," replied Alice. "When you little girls come in at half past four or quarter to five, the boys can use the swing. Until that time, as your father said, you can use it yourselves."

I must say that Sarah's report of this interview was far from conciliatory.

"Ah-ha!" she said, "Robert Marcey, ah-ha, Brad Dudley! Mother says we don't have to play with you. Mother says she'd rather have us play by ourselves."

"Well," said Robert in an aggrieved tone, "I want to know why we can't play with you?"

"We're playing grown-up games," Sarah gave back grandly.

"In grown-up games, aren't there school-teachers and aren't there fathers?" Robert wanted to know.

"Yes," Sarah replied with that awful logic of childhood, "in grown-up games they have those things, but we don't have to have them. We're only playing. We don't need you. You wait for your turn, and then you can have the swing," said she with maddening condescension.

This was the crux of it. They didn't need the boys any more. Not needing them, they didn't want them, and the boys, those free spirits forever escaping from the clutches of small-girl animals, resented this state of things.

"Aw, come on!" the proud Robert was heard to beseech, "just let us play with you a little."

"No, we won't, Robert Marcey," responded his sister. "When you play with us you hurt us; you break everything; you make everything dirty; you want everything your own way."

She appealed to her mother again.

"Why should we let Robert in when we're having a good time like we are, and, anyway, Father said we don't have to?"

Perhaps Alice Marcey had the germs of feminism in her—who can tell? May be instead of being a feminist she had a sense of humor. At any rate her response was:

"No, darling, they don't need to play with you until you want them to."

"Well, we don't want them to," was Sarah's pronouncement. "we like it this way. Now we're happy—then we wouldn't be. They make fun of dolls. They'll take the swing away from us." There spoke a bitter knowledge. "Tell them to go away, Mother."

Watching the crestfallen boys, Alice softened somewhat.

"If you boys and girls could manage to play together without quarreling," she began—but Sarah cut her short.

"We can't! How can we? They knock us around—they want everything."

With this brief comprehensive word she returned to her playmates, and Alice went into the house, realizing that Sarah had attained what women the world over apparently are striving to attain—spiritual independence and the means of being self-supporting.

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Miss Gould's Dressmaking Lesson

In which she tells how to make the Middy Blouse and another school dress for the growing girl

No. 2831—Girl's Middy Blouse with Plaited Skirt—6 to 14 years. Material for 8-year size, two yards of twenty-seven-inch, or one and seven-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch, with one-half yard contrasting material for collar and cuffs and one and three-fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material for skirt, with one-half yard of lining for under-waist. Price of pattern, ten cents.



No. 2832—Girl's Dress with Puritan Collar and Cuffs—6 to 14 years. Material for 8-year size, three yards of twenty-seven-inch, or two and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one-half yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs and belt, which may be linen, piqué or batiste in white or a pretty soft color. The price of pattern for this one-piece dress is ten cents.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. EMMA MUSSELMAN

THE prettiest dresses for children are those that have a little personal touch—the touch of mother's own work. The ready-made frock is generally the conventional frock, while the little dress made at home is apt to have all the individuality of the child who is to wear it.

Right now is a very busy time for Mother, for you see school days will soon be here and up comes the need for sensible little dresses for small daughter. That is the reason I have selected two school frocks for this month's Dressmaking Lesson.

The first dress is made with the very popular middie blouse. It is shown in Pattern No. 2831—Girl's Middy Blouse with Plaited Skirt. For this dress you might use linen or one of the smooth cotton fabrics resembling linen, white for the blouse and dark blue or tan for the skirt. The under-waist to which the skirt is joined should be made of white muslin.

The Middy Blouse for Every Day

FOLLOW the pattern directions when cutting out. Close shoulder and under-arm seams of under-waist and try on. Alter if necessary and finish with French seams. Make a hem at right side of back and under-face left side, letting this side extend. Sew buttons to left side and work buttonholes in the hem. Finish neck and armholes with tiny seams.

If skirt needs to be pieced, arrange piecing so it will come on under side of plait. Stitch center-back seam from notch to lower edge and finish edges above notch for placket opening. Turn up allowance for hem and stitch.

Make the plaits as the pattern directs, basting each one in place and pressing all very thoroughly. In joining skirt to under-waist it is a good plan to make the seam on the right side, trimming off the extra length of the under-waist and covering the raw edges with a flat facing. Be sure that back of skirt is arranged so that the last two plaits will just meet when under-waist is fastened.

The little laced opening of the middie blouse is easily arranged if the slashing of the material is put off until the last moment. Arrange facing piece on outside, not on inside of blouse front, and baste it in place. Then stitch along each side of center front, down one side and up the other, beginning at top and taking a quarter-inch seam and sloping gradually to nothing at the notch. Do not break off the thread at that point but turn the material round on the machine and start up again. In the cutting of the front and front facing, do not cut the material at the notch; instead, indicate it by chalk or thread. The reason is this: if you do cut it you will not be able to make a neat, satisfactory closing.

Take the scissors and slash front and facing together straight down the center between the two rows of stitching until you reach the turning point, but be careful not to cut the stitching at that point. Turn the whole facing through the opening to the inside. Don't wait, but run a stitching around the edge of opening and work eyelets each side.

If you do wait to do this, the facing is apt to pull out. After this, the raw edge of facing may be turned under and stitched.

Shirr front and back as pattern directs, leaving shirring threads loose until yoke is sewed on. Turn under lower edges of yoke a seam's width and, lapping over front and back, baste. Finish with a double row of stitching. Draw up shirring threads and fasten. Then embroider in smock effect, working the outline stitch along each row of shirring and the feather stitch in the upper and lower spaces. Let embroidery and lacing match color of skirt. Baste under-arm seams and try on, slipping blouse over head.

Seam lower edge of cuff to sleeve with the cuff turned inside and then turn cuff out so that it is on the right side. Now turn upper edge of cuff under and stitch flat to sleeve. Close cuff and sleeve seam together and then sew sleeve in armhole. Some prefer to join sleeve to armhole before closing under-arm and sleeve seams and then closing both in a continuous seam. French seaming is best except for the armhole, where a double stitching may finish to match yoke stitching.

Cut two sections for collar—one for upper and the other for under side. Arrange them together and seam all but neck edge. Turn right side out and join collar to blouse, covering seam edges with a narrow bias facing stitched on flat. Turn up hem at lower edge of blouse and stitch it. There should be two sections for belt also. Turn in all the edges a seam's width and baste the sections neatly together. Stitch close to the edge. Fasten at front with button and buttonhole and sew narrow straps of material at side seams to hold belt in place.

Another Pretty School Frock

THE other little school frock, No. 2832—Girl's Dress with Puritan Collar and Cuffs—would look attractive made of colored chambray with trimmings of white piqué or rep.

Follow pattern directions for box plaits and then stitch plaits flat to the front and back as far down as belt. The laced opening is to be treated exactly like that of the middie blouse. After basting shoulder and under-arm seams try on, slipping dress over head. Alter if necessary and finish with French seams. French-seam sleeve and cuff and finish top of cuff with a narrow stitched hem. Join cuff to sleeve with seam edges on right side so that when cuff is turned up on sleeve the seam edges will be covered. After sewing in sleeve bind armhole.

Turn collar edges under in a narrow hem and stitch to match cuffs. Then sew collar to neck and finish with narrow bias facing already described. If you prefer this collar like that shown in pattern No. 2831 it may be made with upper and under sections and treated in the same way. In that case the cuff also should be made double. If you are using piqué, the under sections may be of lawn. Turn up hem allowance and stitch hem or sew by hand.

Make this belt like the other one and tack the ends in front or preferably work buttonholes and button over rather large pearl buttons.

Miss Gould is again at your service to help you with that ever-perplexing problem of clothes. What to wear, how to have it made and how much to spend are some of the questions she will be glad to answer for you if you will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send your letter as early as you can as Miss Gould receives so many letters she needs as much time as possible to answer them.

Williams' Talc



has the purity of the lily



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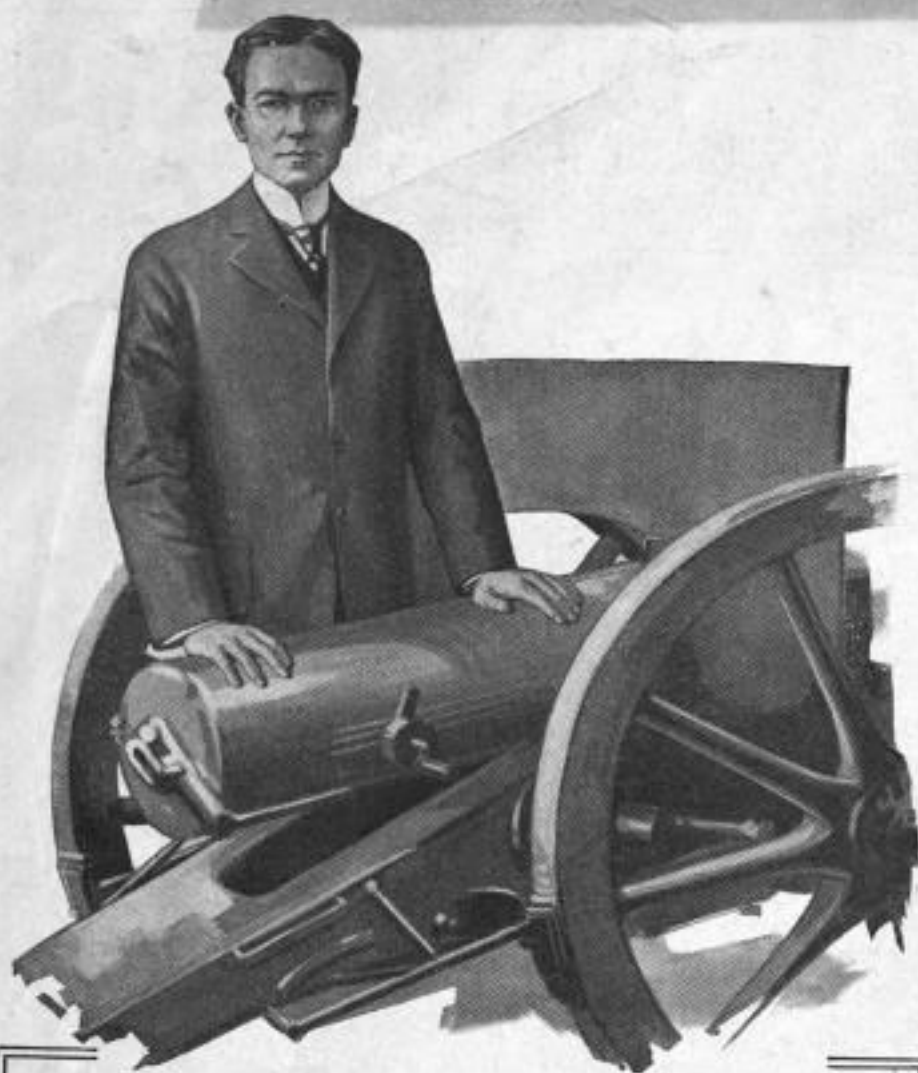
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Modern Cookery Creates Bubbles Out of Grain

In making Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, the chef was displaced by the scientist—

The laboratory supplanted the kitchen—

And steel guns succeeded the oven.

It seems queer. But the fact is that grain was never perfectly cooked before this heroic process.

Billions of Explosions

The scientist was Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He found in each grain a hundred million food cells. All had to be broken for easy digestion. He found in each cell a trifle of moisture. And he said, "I'll turn that moisture to steam and explode it."

And he did. He sealed up the grains in steel guns. He rolled those guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then he shot the guns, and every food cell exploded.

The grains were puffed to eight times normal size. They came out airy bubbles, flaky, thin and crisp. And every food atom, as never before, was fitted for complete digestion.

That was the climax in cookery.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

**CORN
PUFFS**
15c

These grains in other forms will partially digest. But never before were whole grains supplied with every food cell broken. Nor were whole grains ever made so enticing.

As morning cereals they taste like toasted nuts. In bowls of milk they float like bubbles. In candy making or as garnish for ice cream they take the place of nut meats. Eaten dry they become confections. And they never tax the stomach.

More and more, folks are serving their grain foods in this ideal form—as Puffed Grains.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

[1917]

"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

Fathers of Better Babies

Dear Editor: I agree with G. R. W., Michigan, that there is a "screw loose" somewhere. Do please give the fathers some information on how to rear Better Babies. It is so seldom the fathers realize that they have anything to do with rearing the children aside from paying the bills that I think the COMPANION will fall short of its mission if it does not help them to realize that the responsibility is theirs as well as the mothers'. But I want also to correct a mistaken idea of his, and I want to say he is a little conceited in it—as the majority of men usually are—that is, that the masculine mind will grasp intricacies more quickly than will the feminine mind. I think, if he will leave it to the teachers and doctors, that they, with one accord, will say the feminine mind is the quicker. But as G. R. W. acknowledges that he does not "know it all," I beg the COMPANION to please enlighten him and other fathers as to how to rear Better Babies.

M. S., Virginia.

A Friendly Craftsman

Dear Sir: For anyone to whom the furniture designs in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION have been such a help and sincere pleasure as to me during the past winter, it is no more than fitting that I should send you at least a short note of my appreciation of them, and of the hearty thanks which are owing to you. My mother and my sister always save their back numbers of the COMPANION, and so this last winter I went through them, cutting out all the wood patterns that I could find in them, and in my spare moments I have made many useful and beautiful gifts through their aid. Perhaps the prettiest gift of all was the sewing stand I made, similar to your design, only of quarter-inch Circassian walnut that came in five-inch width boards. I made a support for the tray of mahogany, and also the tray itself of the same wood. I altered the dimensions, enlarging them in every way, and put book shelves in between the two end boards or "legs."

There were many other designs that proved helpful in their sensible suggestions, such as the folding screen, child's swing, magazine stand, etc. Of course, I am merely an amateur at it, doing these things in my spare moments, but though I never had any manual training instructions, still I have yet to find a pattern of yours that is even a trifle obscure or difficult to follow.

This is but a brief attempt to tell you how much I appreciate this department. I trust I may see such articles often in succeeding numbers of the COMPANION, continuing as sensible in construction, as simple in their artistic design, and as free from the usual difficulties which beset the amateur as have marked them in the past. C. H. B., Pennsylvania.

"Foster Mother"

Dear Editor: "Once 'pon a time" a frightened little bride entered a strange land—a stranger save for her one companion, her husband. Soon he secured for her the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION (don't see why you call it "Woman's"—it is read and loved by the men as well); we always call it "the COMPANION." We're the best of chums now, after plenty of time to become well acquainted.

More than a year passed. A little son has brought more happiness into our home. "The COMPANION" helped strew with flowers the path leading to the Realm Beautiful—Motherhood. Now we look to it (my "foster mother"), for advice and counsel as to Baby-Man's health, diet, clothing, everything almost. "Dear Editor," you never, never, never can realize what a great service you are rendering to the great big family of humanity! Mrs. A. A. S., Georgia.

"From Happy Little B."

Dear Editor of the Children's Page: I received my prize to-day. All wrapped up in a nice little box, in the nicest kind of a way, I think it very beautiful. And I'm going to let everyone see. But now I must close with loads of thanks. From happy little B., B., Michigan.

The Favorite

Dear Editor: Our roll call at the club a few weeks ago was "My Favorite Magazine" and I was proud to say, "The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION."

Your articles are always helpful and practical—more so than those of some of the other leading magazines for women. The department which I think is your very best feature is that devoted to Women's Clubs. I should want the magazine for that reason if for no other. I have the articles all clipped and they were a great help to us in making our programs for next year.

Mrs. M. E. C., Illinois.

Larger Sizes

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your magazine simply for the "out-of-the-ordinary" embroidery patterns, but I do feel that it's a sort of legislation against stout women: and as we grow large here,—like our fruits,—your practice of furnishing patterns and under-lingerie in only 34, 36 and 38 bust is Discrimination! It would be far more fair to give us all a chance at them by sizing these patterns to 34, 38 and 42—in that way one could either enlarge or reduce in the between sizes, but to expect a 38 to stretch to a 44 is some chance! Now, I'm not a 44, so this is no voice for myself; but I know of many who are and who yearn to use your patterns, but cannot because of your small sizes.

A Los Angeles Subscriber.

Is the Companion Deteriorating?

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of your publication for many years—and is it my taste changing, or is it a fact that the COMPANION is deteriorating? So many features are overdone to my notion. The April number has seven or eight pages about building houses, etc. Not long since there were ten or a dozen pages in one issue about the Better Babies, and so on down the line. On the average how many of your readers would care for so much on one subject? If they really are interested to the extent of seven to ten pages on one subject they should buy a volume on this particular subject.

Mrs. S. D. H., Washington.

Another View

Dear Editor: Just a word of appreciation for my good old friend, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, which monthly grows in my esteem. I like your new series of 1915 covers—they are different and clever. "Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift" promise much, but I was always an ardent admirer of Mrs. Richardson's good sense in practical articles. I always expect my favorite authors with their most appealing offerings in the COMPANION and am very rarely disappointed.

Such articles as "The Charm of the Colonial" with photographed rooms are what I want most and a whole department each month pertaining exclusively to house and home would be most satisfying to this subscriber. Your crochet department excels any anywhere in the opinion of a constantly growing circle of us who crochet. Helen Marvin simply can't be equalled for (1) clever and original designs; (2) beauty and good taste; (3) clearness of directions.

"Jack and Betty" are "perfectly perfect" my children say. My "word of appreciation" could be lengthened indefinitely but I won't take up your time further. Mrs. C. G. W., New York.

From Far-Away China

Dear Editor: Missionaries come very nearly being "Jacks of all Trades," so we, too, find all the COMPANION interesting. For example, we find the Dress-making and Fancywork Departments invaluable in our Industrial School, and could wish for more dressmaking designs. We have two little Chinese children in our Home and a number in connection with the school—then Our Christian Herald Orphanage Children—and, well who can tell all the enjoyment that comes to so many out here from the COMPANION? As for myself, in these few months, I scan the new styles first and then look to see what "Sicily Ann" is doing. I hope she will come back soon.



The new Club Book and successful Club members tell you exactly what the Club has done to make money

The Pin-Money Club

A department for earning extra money

IF EVER you see a girl, COMPANION reader, who is wearing a little brooch, an outer circle of gleaming yellow gold with a diamond-encrusted inner circle, you will know that girl is a COMPANION reader like yourself, and a member of this Pin-Money Club, the COMPANION's department for earning money.

The lovely little pin is the emblem of the P.M.C., and the girl is privileged to wear it because she has earned more than ten dollars in the Club.

So, besides being a beautiful pin, our emblem means a great deal to the girl who has won it. It is a constant reminder to her that she can earn as much more money as she wants in the Club whenever she likes, to spend exactly as she pleases! Pretty new clothes for fall; new things for the home; a delightful trip or a visit—the Pin-Money Club member does not have to stop at wishing for the money to buy them. She knows that through the Club she always has a way to earn the money herself.

You have read this general outline of the P.M.C. before. I am sure that as a regular department of the COMPANION its services are offered to you, and who wants to earn money—the Club provides the way. There are no dues or initiation fees of any kind. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether you are a stay-at-home girl, a business girl, a married woman, an elderly woman—the Club will help you.

But usually when, as Secretary of the Club, I get so far with our story, before I can tell you "how," I come to the end of our column, and just have space enough to say "Write and I will tell you all about it."

This month, if you will send me your name and address, I'd like to mail you a copy of our new and beautiful little Club Book which will tell you the whole story.

Send for Our New Club Book

In this Club Book you will find four much pin-money you can earn, and how you can win the lovely little gold-and-diamond emblem. And you will find there the actual letters of successful Club members telling you exactly what they did, so that you can do likewise!

Suppose you are a business girl or a school-teacher; in the Club Book is a letter from Miss Anna Perkins, a business girl who has earned over \$450 in the Club. Miss Perkins gives you every detail of her first experience, and makes helpful advice. And on the next page a school teacher who has earned as high as \$841.10 in the Club tells you exactly how she started.

Suppose you are married and busy as a bee with home keeping duties. You'll get interested in what Mrs. C. W. K. (a teacher who does all her own work

and has a little son and daughter) writes of her pin-money-making in the Club?

Or if you are tied at home, there is a letter from a California girl who has been a shut-in for years, yet has earned over \$200 in the Club. And a letter from Miss M. P. of Illinois, who says:

"When I wrote you about five weeks ago I was in despair, for there seemed nothing for a semi-invalid to do. Now, thanks to you, I am full of hope and the future looks quite different to me."

There is a whole gallery of photographs in the Club Book, too: a picture of a pretty little eleven-year-old school girl who has earned over \$120 in the Club; the photograph of a smiling seventy-seven-year-old member, the picture of a Kansas farmer's sweet-faced wife who finds Club dollars a nice addition to her meager money, and many more. They give you an idea of the delightful companionship of all these girls and women, banded together in this big helpful Club, a real "Companion" Club.

"It keeps me young," writes an elderly member of the Club work.

It is a real recreation after a day at sewing," says a little dressmaker Club member.

"I feel in touch with the world again," writes the Club member way out on the "claim."

And "It is nice to be a 'girl' with the others," says the married woman. "Usually folks like to put us married people off by ourselves; they think we are so prosaic and dull. So I just love to work with the young folks in the Club. We older women are girls at heart after all. I know I enjoy your pretty gifts and pleasures as much as any girl. Miss Clarke, besides the practical money."

Indeed, COMPANION reader, you must get better acquainted with this big, interesting department, too big to fit into the page of the COMPANION we are given each month to tell about it. We want you to know what we are doing in the P.M.C. Write me for a copy of our Club Book; it is yours for the asking.

An Exceptional Opportunity in the Club Now

If you would like to earn some extra money, let me add there is an exceptional opportunity for money-making in the Club right now. It would take you a very short time indeed to earn your "over ten dollars" and your lovely gold-and-diamond Inner Circle Brooch.

Margaret Chase

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



Kitcheneed Mastercraft

Showing Sellers Patented Automatic Lowering Flour Bin

Sellers Kitcheneed

One of The Things That Helps Keep Women Young

THE things in a woman's life that are monotonous, that take much time and effort in their accomplishment, that must be done day after day and day after day, are the things that put the marks of age into her face.

So, because a Sellers Kitcheneed relieves the monotony and effort in kitchen work, we say it is one of the things that helps to keep women young. And it is.

A kitchen cabinet should not only concentrate into one place, into one receptacle, every possibility of accomplishing all the

work in a kitchen that cannot be done at sink or stove, but it should be so arranged and equipped with such conveniences as to still further relieve the housekeeper.

Sellers Kitcheneeds most completely fulfill this idea of what a kitchen cabinet should be.

The Sellers Patented Automatic Lowering Flour Bin shown in the picture is one of the many features that accomplish this purpose. With it it is possible to lower the bin to a convenient height for filling, after which the bin is returned to proper position automatically, filled with fifty pounds of flour.



Also, Sellers Kitcheneeds are something more even than this. They are made with the idea that, inasmuch as women are more or less obliged to spend considerable time in their kitchens, the kitchen furnishings should be as pleasing in appearance as those for other parts of the house.

They are also made with the idea of performing all these services for a lifetime.

These are the briefest statements of facts concerning Sellers Kitcheneeds as we can give them to you here. You can verify these remarks and discover many more points of desirability about them by seeing them on the floor of the dealers selling them in your locality. In the meantime we would be glad to have you ask us to send you the Sellers "Book of Thirty Meals." It will help you wonderfully in planning the meals for the family.

G. I. Sellers & Sons Company
221 Thirteenth Street, ELWOOD INDIANA

Fall and Winter Fashions

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

October, 1915



Fifteen Cents



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"THE WOMAN IN THE CASE"
First in a Series of True Detective Stories
by **W. J. BURNS**



Bon Ami

—a window a minute

YOU can wash a window with plain water after a fashion if you work long enough, but even then it won't be clean because you can't get the water off without making streaks as you rub.

But with Bon Ami, it's so easy, for the film of Bon Ami dries quickly on the glass and a clean, dry cloth or tissue paper brushes away the dried lather without making any streaks or smears.

Both Bon Ami and the dirt will disappear together, leaving an *invisible window*, as it were, because the glass is so clean and clear.

If you use only a very thin, watery lather of Bon Ami—so thin that it doesn't show white until it begins to dry on the glass—you will get the quickest and best results.

Some people seem to think that Bon Ami is for windows and nothing else! But I use more Bon Ami in keeping the bath room bright than I do for windows and mirrors.

That's why you won't find my nickel getting scratched and brassy or the enamel becoming shabby.

For everything that needs cleaning or polishing use Bon Ami. It is so fine that some people use it as a silver polish.

You can buy Bon Ami in either cake or powder form. I keep them both in the house.

*"Hasn't
scratched
yet!"*

Made in both cake and powder form →

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE PRICE

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*What the Parcel Post
will do for the
American Housewife*

OUT in the country there is an eager woman with eggs and butter and chickens to sell—but no way to sell them. In town there's another woman who would like to buy country produce fresh from the farm—but has no way to get it. And now comes Uncle Sam with the parcel post. How these two women can "get together," with satisfaction for both, is told by Postmaster-General Burleson in an article which will appear

In the November COMPANION

The Christmas Present Section

ABOUT this time of year the editor's desk is showered with letters asking for ideas for Christmas presents: "Something new, something different, something really desirable, something inexpensive, something easy to make." To satisfy this very definite demand, there will appear in the November COMPANION a special Christmas Present Section, pages and pages of easy-to-make, inexpensive, really desirable gifts—gifts in the various crafts, gifts in embroidery, and gifts for the woman who can do "just sewing," for that is what one of our readers asked for.

Some of the pages of the Christmas Present Section will be in full color, and all will be fully illustrated. A hot-dish band with cross-stitch motto, two nursery teapot holders, a workbasket with French knot garlands, a cunning manicure bag, boudoir slippers in silk crochet, a cover for the bird cage, a centerpiece flower basket—these are a few of many attractive and original ideas.

In short, the Christmas Present Section is a complete and very delightful answer to the question "What Shall I Give?"

The "Companion Kind" of Stories

SOMEONE used this phrase not long ago in describing our fiction, and when asked for an explanation of it, said:

"I mean stories that don't give a cheap view of life, that don't throw a glamour over vice and crime, that are not published to further any editorial propaganda—stories that are as good to read as intelligent, well-bred and entertaining people are to meet. That's the 'Companion kind' of story."

In November there will be a number of the "Companion kind" of stories, beginning with

the first instalment of Fannie Heaslip Lea's new serial, "Chloe Malone." Among the short stories are "Robin Hood and His Barn," by Grace S. Richmond; "In Different Worlds," a story of the Millionaire Kid and the Movie Girl, by Mary Hastings Bradley; "A Peaceful Day," an Adventure in Childhood, by Mary Heaton Vorse; and "The Smoke-Swish," another Brinkertown story by Sophie Kerr.

More Fairy-tale Pictures

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH has given us another of her delightful fairy-tale pictures: this time it is the beguiling "Snow White," surrounded by the seven little dwarfs. No child properly brought up to know the classic fairy tales, and no grown-up who remembers childhood days, but will enjoy this lovely picture.

How Can We Serve You?

THE practical departments of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION are first of all for service. If, as printed in the magazine, they do not exactly meet your individual needs, write a letter and ask what you want to know. The editors will find recipes for you, plan your new curtains, advise you concerning your wardrobe, settle any vexed questions of etiquette; in short—all of our resources for getting information are at the service of our readers. For mothers and mothers-to-be the Better Babies Bureau has much to offer; for club women, Mrs. Benton is a never-failing counselor; for the hostess, the Entertainment Editor has many new and original ideas; Miss Gould, in the Fashion Department, will tell you what is most becoming to wear. And so it goes—expert advice for all those who care to ask for it. It is all part of the COMPANION way of doing things.

Contents for OCTOBER

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	25
"Dear Editor," Letters from COMPANION READERS	82
FICTION	
The Woman in the Case, WILLIAM J. BURNS. Illustrated by Harry Townsend	5
Spare-Ribs and Roenake, NORVELL HARRISON. Illustrated by T. K. Hanna	7
What Shall We Do With Angela? MARY HEATON VORSE. Illustrated by Mary Greene Blumenschein	11
The Geranium Lady, Part II, SYLVIA CHATFIELD RATES. Illustrated by R. M. Crosby	13
The "Bungalow," SOPHIE KERR. Illustrated by John Rae	15
The Runaway Best Cure, MARGARETTA TUTTLE. Illustrated by Herman Pfeiffer	18
Vaughn Martin, Miser, Part II, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS. Illustrated by F. Walter Taylor	23
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
"That's Her Business," IDA M. TARBELL	10
Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift, ANNA STEENE RICHARDSON	12
The Heart of France, LAURA SPENCER PORTER	21
A Sermon to Fathers, CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.	22
The Well-dressed Girl in College and in Business, Described by HELEN R. BALLARD	24
The Girl with Notebook and Pencil, ANNA STEENE RICHARDSON	28
Why Grow Old? ALICE FAIRBANK LEADER, M.D.	29
Practical Nursing, ESTELLE LAMBERT MATYENON	35
The Pace That Kills, MIRIAM SHARPLESS	81
SPECIAL FEATURES	
Some of the Sweetest Girls in the Films	16
An Autumn Costume designed exclusively for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION by JEANNE LANVIN, Paris. Painting by Coles Phillips	19
A Cable Message from our Paris Correspondent	20
HANDICRAFT	
Christmas Toys, Designed by JOHN D. ADAMS	33
The Grapevine Stencil Used in Three Ways, HARRIET JOOK	40
An Afternoon Tea Set in Green and Silver, JESSIE IVORY	40
Motor Garments and Accessories, Designed by HELEN MARTIN	41
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
About People, Conducted by ARTHUR GUTERMAN	9
"Better Films" for the Children, HELEN DUKY	17
The Tower Room, ANNE BRYAN McCALL	26
Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	27
The Exchange	30
Entertainment	34
Women's Clubs, CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON	36
"Better Babies"	37
French Knot Embroidery, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	38
Blue and White Dollies, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	39
The Puzzle Page, Conducted by SAM LOVD, JR.	67
The Pin-Money Club	83
The Postscript	84
COOKING	
How to Select Cuts for Beefsteak and How to Cook and Serve Them, FANNIE MERRETT FARMER	31
Planning the October Meals, CORA FARMER PERKINS	32
FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Mr. Barker and the Twins, Part II, WINIFRED ARNOLD. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	64
Jack and Betty's Magazine, CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS and GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS	65
FASHIONS	
The Fashion Department, Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	44-60
When It's Time to Start School Again	44
"Miss Fifth Avenue"	45
The Smartest of the Autumn Hats	46
Costumes for the Older, Stouter Woman	48
Costumes for Indoor Wear	49
Costumes for Outdoor Wear	50
Costumes for Girls and Small Women	51
What Belongs With What and What Doesn't	52
The Inexpensive Trouseau Complete	53
Autumn Separate Skirts	54
The Dressmaking Lesson	55
The Season's Fabrics	56
The Season's Trimmings	57
Party, School and Play Clothes	58
The New Collars and Cuffs, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	59
Pattern Descriptions and Back Views	60

A Talk about the Editor's Plans

YOU speak of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION sometimes as a national institution, what do you mean by that? When does a national magazine become a national institution?"

This is a fair question. Perhaps this brief talk about our plans for the coming year will answer it:

On the wide veranda of her summer home in Maine a woman sits writing at a rustic table. The woman is Margaret Deland, author of "The Iron Woman," and the papers with which she is engaged are the proof sheets of the first big novel she has written since "The Iron Woman." She has written it for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

On the seventh floor of the Woolworth Tower, New York, in an office which probably holds more secrets than any other office in America, a sturdily-built, vigorous American is busily engaged in dictating to a stenographer. The man is W. J. Burns, whose skill as a detective has made him known on two continents. The story which he is dictating—for it is a story—is one of six. He calls them "The six most interesting detective stories I know about women." They, also, are being written for the readers of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Away off in Hawaii the woman who wrote the "Sicily Ann" stories, Fannie Heaslip Lea, is putting the final touches on her new serial, the story of a beautiful young girl who set forth with the deliberate intention of marrying a millionaire. She, too, is working for the readers of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



MARGARET DELAND, America's foremost novelist, correcting proof sheets of her new novel, "The Rising Tide," which will soon begin in the Companion

In three widely separated cities three specialists are finishing the articles which are to continue the work of the Better Babies Bureau; in Paris agents, whose sole time is devoted to this magazine, are preparing their winter fashion material for the steamers; in a thousand different cities and towns a thousand different men and women of talent are working this very minute in the service of this magazine.

When a magazine reaches half around the world for its material; when it serves its readers to the extent of tens of thousands of personal letters in a year; when its influence is sufficient in a single year to transform a mere idea like the Better Babies idea into a national movement like the Better Babies movement; when by slow, steady growth it has gathered a group of readers totaling more than a million—that magazine, in my judgment, has earned the right to be thought of as something more than a mere publication. It has become a factor in national life, a national institution.

This month of October, 1915, the circulation of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION crosses the million mark. Each of you is from henceforth in our reckoning "one woman in a million." You have helped build this institution. Most of you have already, by your renewals, pledged your support to it for another year. This foretaste of the magazine for 1916, brief and incomplete as it is, is the Editor's assurance to you that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is to be more than ever worthy of your confidence in 1916—the year which marks the highest point thus far attained in its success.

Mrs. Deland's New Novel and Other Special Features

The Year's One Big Novel By Margaret Deland

ONE word about Mrs. Deland's new novel, "The Rising Tide." It takes a good deal to create a sensation in the literary world. Several hundred novels are launched every year on the stormy seas of public patronage, most of them to sink promptly and ingloriously out of sight.

But a novel by Margaret Deland is different. She does not write many novels; among literary artists she is accounted a slow workman. But when "The Iron Woman" appeared, the literary world stood still for a moment and held its breath. Many hundred thousands of Americans read "The Iron Woman" in book form, and many more, presumably, will read "The Rising Tide," a tale of strong men and women, of love and the clashing of ideals. The reader of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION will read it first.

Suppose William J. Burns Were to Come to You

SUPPOSE some evening the world's greatest detective were to appear at your front door and say, "The man whom you love more than any other man in the world is engaged in a criminal plot, and I am charged with his arrest."

What would you do?

Would you yield to the mother instinct that prompts all of us to shield those we hold dear; would you seek to play for time in which to let your man escape?

Or would you say, "If he has done wrong, he must right the wrong, and I will help him to do it, no matter what the cost."

Mr. Burns has seen a good many women in precisely that situation. He tells the story of one of them under the title, "The Woman in the Case." It is a true detective story, and it proves the old saw that there is as much thrill, as much suspense in truth as ever there is in fiction.

Mr. Burns has written six of these true detective stories. There is, for instance, the "Disappearance of Edna Kent." Edna was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer in a cen-

tral New York City. She left her mother in a downtown department store at two o'clock one afternoon saying she would go straight home. She did go home; and half an hour later she had dropped completely out of sight. No one saw her leave the house; to no one had she given a single hint that could be regarded as a clue. What became of Edna Kent?

"My six most interesting detective stories about women," Mr. Burns calls these. The young people will find them exciting enough—and wholesome, too.

Health! Health! Health!

I WONDER how many readers realize the extent and quality of the service rendered by the Better Babies Bureau; take this letter for instance:

I shall always believe that it was your help, coming at a critical moment, that saved my baby's life. Or this one:

Away out here as I am, far from Mother, and awaiting

our first baby, your letters guiding me week by week, have been worth everything to me.

The Editors are sincerely proud of the Better Babies Bureau, of its staff of experts, of its tens of thousands of answered letters.

In 1916 we shall expand the scope of our "health service" by the formation of a real "health department." Not merely baby's health, but the health and well-being of the older members of the family will be treated in articles written by experts. Fuller announcement of these articles and the service will be made from time to time. The titles here announced will give some idea of the practical value of this new department:

ABOUT BABIES

By ROGER H. DENNETT, M. D.

- I. "The Sensible Young Mother."
- II. "What is the Matter with Baby: is he Sick or Cross?"
- III. "The Delicate Child."

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M. D.

Chief of the Division of Child Hygiene, New York City Board of Health.

- I. "The Winter Baby."
- II. "The Proper Food for the Growing Child."
- III. "The Normal Days of Childhood, and the Nervous Child."

ABOUT GENERAL HEALTH.

(ESPECIALLY BEAUTY)

By ALICE FARNHAM LEADER, M. D.

- I. "Why Grow Old?"
- II. "The Too Fat and the Too Thin."
- III. "The Care of the Hair, Teeth, Nails and Eyes."
- IV. "A Business Woman's Greatest Asset—Health."

Why Shouldn't She Marry a Millionaire?

HER NAME is Chloe Malone: she lives in New Orleans, and she has all the vivacity and charm of the real old-family Southern girl. She has youth, breeding and beauty. What does it matter if money be lacking? Why shouldn't she marry a millionaire?

always the best detective stories are facts and not fiction and the six best stories with women as the principal characters—that I know of, I have written for the "Woman's Home Companion"

W. J. Burns

THIS is what William J. Burns, the great detective, thinks about the stories he is writing for the Companion—by the way, there's one in this issue

For the Woman who is "One in a Million"

According to her own notion she not only should (for the sake of Mother), but she can and will. She sets forth with that deliberate intention, and encounters adventures of absorbing interest.

The creator of *Chloe Malone* is none other than Fannie Heaslip Lea, who gave us *Sissy Ann*; and from this you may know that her new story of youth and love and adventure is to be a real treat.

This is only one of four serial love stories to appear in the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* in 1916.

Your Woman's Home Companion Bank Account

A MAN subscribes to his professional or trade paper not merely because it gives him the important news of his business life, but because its definite information of how other men have made more money guides him to increased success.

A woman's magazine ought to justify itself in precisely the same way. There are more than a million regular readers of the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*; there is no reason why there should not be a million *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* Bank Accounts, each one swelled a little each year by the savings which this magazine has helped to make.

That there are already a good many thousand such accounts letters like the following indicate:

"A penny saved is a penny earned"—an eternal verity is this. Contemplating it in the light of some recent experiences I am wondering if it is not equally true in the converse order: 'A penny earned is a penny saved.' "However, viewing it from both standpoints my *COMPANION* has saved for me this winter, by exact account, \$57."

In 1916 we shall publish—in addition to the regular departments—forty articles, each one definitely planned to show results in actual money. In no year has thrift been so important a consideration in the majority of American homes.

DEAR EDITOR: This has been a rather bad year in my husband's business owing to the war, and we have had to cut down on many expenses. When it came to magazines he first thought that we ought to let them all go, but I showed him that the *W. H. C.* had paid for itself, and more, by actual records this year. He finally said that he wished all the investments he had made could show as high a percentage of return. We are to have the *COMPANION* another year.

Any woman who cares to do it in 1916 will be able to show her husband the value of the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*, as this woman did, in terms that his business sense will understand.

The Finer Things of Life

BUT there are, after all, finer things in life than money: there are cravings which neither food nor clothes nor houses satisfy.

Ideals, inspiration, culture,—these are the things that lift us above the commonplace, and the monotony of living.

To meet these demands on a high plane is our first purpose in planning each year's program. The year 1916 has too many features of this character to allow any detailed mention at this time.

The Reverend Doctor Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, has prepared a series of intimate sermons for the *COMPANION* family. They include a sermon to Fathers, a sermon to Mothers, a sermon to Children, and special sermons for Big Brothers, Big Sisters, to Mothers-in-law and Daugh-

ters-in-law, and to Grandparents. They form a delightful presentation of the duties and privileges of family life and the real meaning of family ties.

"Pictures for the Home," two articles by Laura Spencer Porter, author of "The World's Greatest Paintings," will help those who love pictures and want to know the best.

And, as always, that "best friend," Anne Bryan McCall, in the Tower Room will send her messages of courage and understanding to her many readers.

Make a List of Your Favorite Short-Story Writers

TAKE the stories that you have liked best this past year, in the *COMPANION* or elsewhere, list the authors of them, and then watch the pages of the *COMPANION* through the year to come. You will find the names of your favorite writers there. In the forty-two years of the *COMPANION*'s history we have never had a more alluring collection of short stories than are awaiting publication right now.

Here is a list of some of them:

"The Bachelor Who Lived by Himself," by Temple Bailey; "Wanted, a Shoehorn," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "Not in the Film," by Mary Hastings Bradley; "Full Measure," by Katharine Holland Brown; "The Psychological Moment," by Dorothy Canfield; "The Heart of Lucy Emma," by Grace MacGowan Cooke; "The Cry-Baby," by Mabel Dill; "The Madness of Anthony Spatola," by Walter A. Dyer; "A Child in the House," by Parker Fillmore; "Sarah Edgewater," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; "The Loveliest Lady," by Zona Gale; "The Mirror," by Margarita Spalding Gerry; "By Parcel Post, Insured," by Sophie Kerr; "The Magic of Dreams," by Laura Hinkley; "Little Rosamund," by Evelyn Gill Klahr; "The Secret Sorrow of Araminta," by Elizabeth Jordan; "Timothy Mapleton's Careers," by Georgia Wood Pangborn; "The Twilight of Dublety," by Margaret Busbee Shipp; "Breaking in with Cousin Joseph," by Anna McClure Sholl; "A Day of Reckoning," by Elsie Singmaster; "Extra! Extra!" by Frances R. Sterrett; "The Age Limit," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; "In the French Room," by Margaretta Tuttle; "Their Little Friends," by Mary Heaton Vorse.

Some Couples I Wish I Had Not Married

IT IS a clergyman, of course, who writes this article. In the thirty years of his active ministry several thousand couples have stood before him and heard the words which made them man and wife. An overwhelming majority of these marriages have ended happily; but some have not; and, analyzing these, he finds that they group themselves into certain definite classes: there are certain sorts of marriages that are almost certain to fail. What are these failure classes? This article, which will appear in the *COMPANION* during 1916, tells.

Knowing Our World Neighbors

ASERIES of articles, fittingly called "interpretations," has been written for the *COMPANION* by Laura Spencer Porter, to present to all who earnestly look forward to the peace that will follow the great conflict begun in August, 1914, and understanding of the aims and ideals and temperaments of the warring nations.

It is quite as important to know our world neighbors as to know the folks who live next door—not their picture galleries, their parks, their cathedrals, but the very heart and soul of the nations themselves.

In this series you shall see France, England, Germany, Russia, Italy, through eyes that have no prejudice, but only a desire for accurate and sympathetic knowledge. Those who care for national life, who believe in national duty, national honor, and national ideals, will find in Miss Porter's work a personal inspiration.

True Stories the Authors Would Not Sign

"My Son's Girls,"
"How I Manage to Live on \$400 a Year,"
"Learning to Fox-Trot at Sixty,"
"How I Made a Good Husband of my Son,"
"Our Experience with an Adopted Child,"
"The Confessions of a Tenor's Wife,"
"Living on a Preacher's Pay,"
"What I did with my Husband's Insurance."

There are perhaps twenty articles of this human document sort, each one telling a story of peculiar personal interest. Obviously they are articles which must appear unsigned, but they are by no means the least valuable among the features of the magazine for the year 1916.



THIS is "Freddy," the rebellious heroine of Mrs. Deland's big new serial novel, "The Rising Tide," pictured by F. Walter Taylor

Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry a Minister?

SUPPOSE that you are convinced that your husband's work is the finest, most worthwhile in the world; you are wonderfully proud of him and happy in your married life, but his income is so small that the fearful anxiety for food and clothes and the bare necessities of life never leaves you day or night—would you want your daughter to marry the same sort of man?

"Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry a Minister?" Miss Grace Edmunds asked fifty ministers' wives. It was an uncommonly intimate question, and the resulting article is as unusual and as interesting as you would expect it to be.

The Woman's Home Companion City

AND at last now a word about what we Editors like to call the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* city. It is a big city. It would make two Chicagos and twenty-five Denvers at least. The *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* city has a million homes, and more than five million people. The homes range all the way from little two-room apartments to imposing residences on wide shaded streets. How can you make a magazine, people sometimes ask, how can you make a magazine that will satisfy the needs of so many different women in such a wide variety of environment?

And our answer to that question is always the same: However different the surroundings of these women, we say, there are certain fundamental aspects in which the women themselves are the same. The same common chord runs through the characters, or they would not have been drawn together as *COMPANION* readers. Their letters, of which we have so many thousands, prove that fundamentally they believe in and demand the same things. They demand:

SINCERITY: "I stick to you, old *COMPANION*, year after year because you tell me the truth, even down to the last paragraph on the last page. If you tell me I can make a dress with five yards of cloth, I know it will take five yards. If you tell me that a recipe requires two eggs, I know that two eggs are enough. You tell me the truth, that's why I like you."

WHOLESONENESS: "Amid the plague of questionable stories and the flood of articles apparently important but actually published because of their notoriety value rather than from any desire to help, the *COMPANION* has never wavered. I regard it as the safest and the most wholesome printed influence that can touch my children's lives."

PURPOSE: "I like stories as well as any woman, and your other entertaining features too, but I am glad, also, that my magazine is the magazine that fought the fight for pure food, and has made the Better Babies Movement—in other words that my subscription is helping even a little to make the world a better world."

These demands which, spoken or unspoken, come to us in so many thousand letters every year, the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* for 1916 has been planned to satisfy. This is my pledge to the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* million subscribers, and to each of you who are "one in a million."

THE EDITOR.



CHLOE MALONE, the fascinating heroine of a new serial by Fannie Heaslip Lea



"WHAT my *Companion* has saved in dollars and cents," told by *Companion* readers, is a special feature of the 1916 plans



THE story of Sarah Edgewater and her lovely, treacherous sister is the first of a series of New England stories by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Economical

Delicious

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

Digestible

Look for the Grocer Who Shows this Display

It means that he recommends Crisco for all cooking purposes—just as representative grocers all over the country are recommending it as a standard, high grade cooking fat.

Make a thorough trial of Crisco now—perhaps in the White Cake or the Pastry shown in the picture. Recipes are given below.

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

You will find that Crisco makes cake as rich, as wholesome, as tasty as the best of creamery butter—and at half the cost.

You will find that Crisco makes pastry that is flakier, lighter and easier to digest than the best lard you could use—and at even lower cost.

You will find that Crisco does away with all smoke and smell in frying.

Emily's White Cake

1½ cupfuls sugar	3 cupfuls flour
½ cupful Crisco	3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful water	1 teaspoonful salt
whites of three eggs	1 teaspoonful flavoring

(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco, add sugar and cream together. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly, and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Grease cake tin with Crisco, pour in cake mixture and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Note: Cream Crisco and sugar more thoroughly than you would butter as there is no moisture in Crisco to dissolve the sugar.

Plain Crisco Pastry

1½ cupfuls flour	¾ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco	4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water

(Use level measurements)

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with knife until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly with hand into dough; roll out on slightly floured board, about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling-pin, and roll from center outward. Makes sufficient dough for one small pie.

If you want to know more about Crisco and the conditions under which it is prepared, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes gathered and carefully tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address Dept. E-10, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes is free.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII

October 1915

NUMBER 10

First of a Series of True Detective Stories



"You sneak; you come around behind a man and turn his women-folks against him. I don't shake hands with cowards"

The Woman in the Case

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

Formerly of the United States Secret Service, now head of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TOWNSEND

IF YOU follow the reports of crime in the newspapers you have read some such paragraph as this a hundred times:

"The police finally succeeded in discovering a woman in One Hundred and Twenty-first Street, a former associate of the gang. Under their questioning she broke down and disclosed the names of the gang's members and their hiding place. Late last night the place was raided: the whole outfit was lodged in jail. All of them refused to make any statement except Peg-Leg Brown, the leader, who said, 'Any man's a fool that trusts a woman.'"

That is one type of woman with which we who deal with crime and criminals become very familiar—the weak, wavering, often, but not always, vicious companion of bad men. She has her own large place in the annals of criminal history; she is the heart of a thousand interesting cases, and in another number of this series I shall tell about her.

But the woman in the case of whom I shall write

to-day is a very different type. I mean the good woman, the mother or sweetheart or sister or daughter of the man who has been led astray. She is just such a woman as you are, my reader.

Suppose, for instance, that someday I should call at your house and say to you: "Madam, I want to talk to you about your boy. He has been running with bad associates; he has involved himself in a criminal undertaking. I am here to arrest him, and I want your help." What would you do?

Would your mother instinct, rushing to the defense of your child, prompt you to hide him, to lie to me, to play for time in which to let the boy escape?

Or would you say to me, "Mr. Burns, my boy is a good boy. If he has done wrong I know that it cannot be entirely his fault; we will go to him together and talk to him; and if he is really guilty we will persuade him to do what he can to right the wrong, and to bear his punishment like a man."

It is a hard alternative, is it not?

Or suppose that instead of your son he were your sweetheart. Suppose that his confession would mean almost certain imprisonment, the postponement of your marriage for a year or two years or three, and, after that, a lifetime of union with one who had fallen short of your ideal, on whom the state had put the brand of criminal—suppose that a word from you could throw me off the trail long enough to let him escape with no other punishment than the reproaches of his own conscience, and of yours, what would you do?

I'll answer that question for you. You would do what Elsie Sampson did. I shall tell you the story of Elsie Sampson, and of Henry Fielder, whom she loved.

SOMEONE was making counterfeit money in Cincinnati, someone who possessed unusual intelligence as well as skill. The evidence kept piling in.

An old woman pushed into a little delicatessen shop down near the depot and offered a counterfeit five-



"There's millions in it," said Farson. "It's the richest proposition in the world, I guess—excepting one."

dollar bill in payment of her purchases. The proprietor called the police, who questioned her, but could learn only that her husband had received the bill from a saloon keeper who cashed his pay checks. The saloon keeper had no idea how the bill had come to him.

Two men dropped into a cigar store at the other end of town and filled their pockets with good cigars, handing five dollars across the counter and receiving three dollars and seventy-five cents in change. Not until the cigar dealer made his deposit at the bank next morning did he discover that the five-dollar note was bad. And then his memory of the men was so confused as to be worthless.

It was about this time, while we were still baffled, and without any definite clue, that Sam Huyler ran across this advertisement in the personal column of one of the daily papers.

Wanted: A partner in an enterprise that will pay a return of 100 per cent. Must have at least \$1,000. Address R. G. V., care Sun.

Sam was a simple soul, but not altogether devoid of common sense. He had saved a thousand dollars, looking forward to his marriage, and he was anxious to have his savings grow. He answered the advertisement; in due time a letter arrived on the letterhead of one of the down-town hotels. "I shall be glad to have you take lunch with me to-morrow," said the letter. It was signed "Edward Farson." Sam, who had never been inside the hotel but once, and then only to buy a newspaper, hastened to telephone his acceptance.

Farson proved to be a young man, big, clean-cut, with a frank, hearty laugh calculated to disarm suspicion. He began at once to explain the mysteries of a new invention to make print paper out of corn stalks instead of wood pulp—and Sam, who was enjoying a better luncheon than ever in his simple life, listened appreciatively, nodding his head, and laughing loudly when Farson laughed.

"There's millions in it," said Farson, "if we can only get together enough money to start it going. It's the richest proposition in the world, I guess—excepting one," he added, as an afterthought.

"What's that one?" asked simple Sam, wide-eyed. "Oh, no use discussing it, I guess," Farson answered. "I guess we aren't the kind of fellows that have quite nerve enough for it anyway. But it sounds awful easy."

Sam's curiosity by this time was beyond restraint. "I got more nerve than you might think," he exploded. "What's the game?"

Farson leaned across the table and looking hard into Sam's eyes said, "I know a bunch of fellows that have made a five-dollar bill that can't be told from the genuine. I'm on the inside. I can get all I can use at fifty cents on the dollar. It's the chance of a lifetime! Have—you—got—the—nerve?"

Little Sam Huyler blinked and nodded; before they parted he had agreed to meet Farson early in the next week, as soon as he could secure a thousand dollars.

What it was that came into his little mind to warn him, I do not know. Strange things happen sometimes in the development of criminal plots. The best laid plan will fall to the ground all because of some utterly unforeseeable little slip. Something told Sam Huyler to talk the thing over with a personal friend who was a lawyer.

The lawyer telegraphed me, and twenty-four hours later I was in Cincinnati.

The first thing I discovered was that Edward Farson was none other than Henry Fielder, and that he was in love with Elsie Sampson.

We sat in the lawyer's office together—the lawyer, little Sam Huyler and I, while I read Sam Huyler his lesson.

"You must do precisely what I tell you from this time on," I said to him. "Remember it carefully: a single slip might spoil the whole business."

"In the first place, you are not to come to this office again. You must never recognize me on the street,

You must not go anywhere or meet anyone that might cause the gang to be suspicious. For you're going to be shadowed everywhere. They've got to be sure that you're all right."

"Keep your appointment with Farson. Tell him you've thought it all over, and that, if the scheme is as good as it looks, you want to put in \$10,000 instead of \$1,000. But say to him that you want to be sure before you jump. Tell him you've got to meet his partners. Then watch out. You'll be a marked man from that minute. If you play the game right, if they have no reason to suspect, they'll arrange a meeting for you after a while."

Little Sam Huyler listened and nodded, and nodded and gasped. It was the greatest excitement that had ever come into his life; he was tremendously impressed. Also he was not quite a fool, by any means, for they never suspected his innocent face—at least not until it was too late.

Meanwhile I went to call on Elsie Sampson, the girl whom Henry Fielder loved.

It was an old-fashioned family house where the Sampsons lived; they were a good, wholesome, old-fashioned family. The father was an official in a wholesale grocery house and a trustee of the Presbyterian Church. It was at the church the young people had met. For young Fielder, too, was a pretty clean sort of a citizen. During all the months of his connection with that gang of crooks he never once missed Sunday morning service, nor his three regular weekly calls at the Sampson home.

A curious psychological problem, isn't it? I have wondered about it a thousand times. Three evenings a week he called at the home of that girl, where the old folks looked upon his love for their daughter as a crowning happiness in their honest, hard-working lives. He held her in his arms; there in the parlor that was a monument to the old man's honesty and hard work, they dreamed about the little home they would build. Three nights a week he did this—all the finer manliness in him responding to her love.

And two nights a week he gathered in a carefully guarded room with a crowd of ruffians, most of whom had served jail sentences, all of whom had broken the hearts of women—and planned a crime against his Government.

He loved Elsie Sampson; he coveted happiness for her; yet he must have realized that the very plot in which he was engaged might bring disgrace upon her name and home, and destroy her happiness.

In his heart he wanted to be clean, upright, successful for her sake; and by some curious mental twist he had convinced himself that he might lay the cornerstone of his uprightness and his future on one successful sin!

Curious, isn't it? Almost inexplicable, these dual personalities that struggle for the mastery of good men. I have known a man that loved two women at once—a good woman, and a bad woman.

But that is another story.

I was wondering about all this as I sat in the old-fashioned Sampson parlor waiting for Elsie Sampson to come down.

She came after a few minutes, a blue-eyed girl of only medium height, with brown hair and a chin noticeably firm. I liked that chin; I determined to make my talk straight at it. If the character that seemed to show were really there then I knew what to say. And I believed I knew what she would say, also. "I am a stranger to you, Miss Sampson," I began. "I've ventured to come to you because I need your help. You can help me to save a young man who is in serious trouble." She did not conceal her surprise.

"Of course," she said, "I should be glad to do anything I could for anyone in trouble, but why—"

"He is a member of your church," I interrupted.

"But why should you come to me?" she asked. "Surely the pastor of the church, or his mother—someone else—"

"No one else is so close to him as you," I said, looking her straight in the eyes, "not even his mother!"

She leaned forward, her face suddenly pale, her whole body tense.

"Who is it, Mr. Burns?" she pleaded. "Tell me; it isn't—"

"It is," I answered. "It is Henry Fielder." She gave a little gasp, and waved her hand as though motioning me to go on.

"You know Henry Fielder better than I do," I said. "You know he is not a bad man. He is a good man. What persuasive powers they may have used to get him into his present desperate condition I do not know. The law does not take account of persuasive powers; it does not differentiate between good criminals and bad criminals. They are just criminals in the eye of the law. The law doesn't know the Henry Fielder whom you know, at all. It sees only the Henry Fielder who is engaged in a crime against the State, the Henry Fielder who is the partner of counterfeiters; the Henry Fielder who is in danger of the penitentiary to-day."

They were terrible words, I know; but they were true. I said them just as solemnly as I knew how, looking her straight in the eye.

Her lips tightened into a hard little line, her eyes burned, but she made no attempt to interrupt me.

I went on quietly to tell her the whole story, using such facts as I already knew and drawing on my imagination for the rest. I showed her how they had searched Henry out; how they had played upon his ambition; how they had convinced him that there was no real danger, until at last he had succumbed to their persuasion.

"But it isn't true," she protested angrily. "He wouldn't do it. He would have thought of me."

"He did think of you," I answered; "they made him think of you. They showed him

what the money would mean, how much it would do for him—and for you."

She leaped to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"It's false!" she cried. "False, I tell you, false—false—false! Don't you suppose I know him through and through? Are you so foolish as to think that he could be doing this and I not find it out? Don't you suppose he's told me everything? Hasn't he been here almost every evening—"

"Every evening," I interrupted quietly, "except when he's been out of town."

"So that's it?" she cried. "You think I don't know about that, too. You may be very shrewd, Mr. Burns, but you don't know much about a woman. He's told me about his business out of town. He's interested in a real estate company. He has to go out of town twice a week to meet his partners—in Louisville."

Her voice rose almost to a cry. She was trembling with anger—and with triumph. I kept my seat, and my voice was provokingly calm, I know.

"He was in Louisville twice last week, wasn't he?"

"Twice," she laughed derisively. "Don't you suppose I know? He was in Louisville Tuesday night and Thursday."

"Miss Sampson," I said quietly, "I have had Mr. Fielder shadowed every minute of this week. I know where he ate, whom he talked with, where he slept. He has not been out of Cincinnati one single minute this week."

"I tell you you're wrong!" she cried. "He told me—Tuesday and Thursday."

"Tuesday and Thursday evenings," I said, "he spent in a down-town office building with the gang I have told you about."

She dropped back into her chair weakly, all the protest gone out of her.

"This is Monday afternoon," I said. "To-morrow night he will meet with them again. I have rented the office next to theirs and fixed a place where we can hear. You are going with me. I do not ask you to take my word for this. You shall have the evidence of your own ears."

She made no answer, and I rose to go.

"I shall call for you at eight o'clock," I said. "You can say to your mother that I am a friend of Henry's, and that his business associates are planning a surprise party for him. I shall be here promptly, and in the meantime I trust you not to speak a word—to anyone."

She made no answer except a nod, but I knew that I could trust her. I put on my hat and closed the door quietly behind me, leaving her sitting there alone, staring straight before her.

I did not enter her home the following evening. She was ready when I called and stepped out to meet me on the piazza. It was winter; she wore a heavy veil that hid the pallor of her cheeks. But nothing could hide the smoldering gleam in her eyes.

"This isn't an easy experience for me, Mr. Burns," she said; "you will excuse me if I do not talk much."

It suited my purpose much better that she should not talk. So, silently I led the way to my office. The office of the Chesapeake Land and Development Company was next door. Huxler, the leader of the gang, had conceived the land company as a cloak for their plot. It was before the days of dictaphones; I had arranged a panel in the wall between the two rooms. I opened it now and, sitting side by side in the darkness, we listened to the voices beyond the wall.

"And so, gentlemen,"—it was a deep bass voice which I recognized as Huxler's—"I think we should take over that shore property at the prices quoted. Are there any further remarks?"

"Are we sure we can get a clear title?" a thin falsetto voice meekly questioned.

"Sure," responded Huxler. Then suddenly another voice. There was no need to ask who the speaker was. I felt the girl grow tense; her breath came in quick, sharp snatches. She knew.

"Why not cut out this bunk?" said the voice, "and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



Spare-Ribs and Hoecake

The story of a Domestic Science Backslider

By

NORVELL HARRISON

Illustrated by

T. K. HANNA

THE orphaned Martin girls went to New York because of a lecture Eleanor heard; and because Oldport knew almost nothing of domestic science, eugenics, or the one-step. When Eleanor had returned from a preliminary visit there, along with the grass-green dress which looked fast in the eyes of Oldport she had brought new ideas. One day she took them to Mandy.

"Oh, Mandy, just guess!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Todd wants to rent our house."

"To rent our house!" Mandy echoed, surprise galvanizing her into a sitting position.

"He'll pay seventy-five dollars a month," Eleanor raved on glowingly. "That, with what we've got, will let us live in New York!"

She hurried on, as Mandy would have spoken: "I've known for a long time that I couldn't live here. You and I have only what some man made for us. You needn't say that our own father was not some man; in this case he was. I want to go to New York and study domestic science; to be something. A Miss Watts I met there is willing to leave her boarding house and share a little apartment with us. You could do the work, the first year. And later, Mandy, you could study something." Eleanor paused breathlessly.

Mandy got up slowly. "I thought—you were—were going to marry Mr. Mann."

Eleanor made an impatient little gesture. "If I ever marry, it will be to a man who wants—who wants only the best in me. The new man wants only woman's ultimate expression."

That night she renewed the conversation. "Mandy," she said, "I want to tell you what it was that revealed me to myself." She sat down on the side of Mandy's bed. "I heard a lecture one day, and afterward I met the lecturer. I was telling him about Oldport, how even the roses here seemed to be asleep. What he said re-created me." Eleanor paused. "Oh! the contempt the thinker has for us idle women! He said in the most contemptuous way, 'And so you—spend your life—picking roses!'"

Chivalrous man now wanted the woman he loved to work! The revolutionary fact was beyond Mandy's comprehension. But love wasn't. This fact worked in Mr. Todd's interests. Three weeks later he moved into the Martin house; and the Martins, taken to the train by a regretful crowd, left Oldport for New York. Mandy did not want to go to New York and leave behind familiar, pleasant things. But having given this proof of her love for Eleanor, she meant, of course, to make the best of it. To make a cozy, homy place for the girls in the heart of the big city.

Miss Watts proved to be a firm character. When she showed them over their tiny apartment in a brisk, efficient manner, she pointed out how much easier white paint was to clean than old black walnut, and when Mandy intimated that she had not cleaned at home, Miss Watts, with a clear gaze on her, marveled. "Oh, you southern women!"

Mandy also wondered. What big wrists and what a flat waist Miss Watts had. She intended to make the apartment a comfortable place for her. But how large, how firm, how active she looked for it!

For the kitchen, especially, even the tiny gas stove looked simply immense. Mandy had learned to cook in the biggest stone kitchen in Prince William County, to cook the rich and toothsome dishes of the South, like Mammy Cindy herself.

The three girls settled into their routine. At nine Eleanor and Miss Watts left the apartment, and Mandy fell to work. After luncheon she went out for a solitary walk. Eleanor had said, their first week, "Mr. Chesterton pines of Splendid Strangers. The streets here are mysteriously full of them to me." Now the streets around the Battersea were the streets upon which Mandy walked. But here she saw no Splendid Strangers. It is not surprising that the first week found her engulfed in loneliness. New York, with its roar and its rush, seemed fearfully indifferent. Home-making for the girls, conversing with tradespeople—this



Over the top of her muff, Mandy, the girl, and not the dietitian, smiled at him

made up her day. So her heart went plump into her housekeeping. Until a time came when something happened as a climax to various scarcely understood happenings. An unbelievable but true fact stood revealed. Miss Jane Watts, the one-time boarder, whom Mandy wanted to make comfortable, did not like the cooking! They had been in the little apartment a week. A whole strange seven days away from home.

"You're not eating anything, Jane," Eleanor looked up from her full plate. "This is a typical Southern luncheon. Don't you like it?"

"Really?" Miss Watts spoke, after an explosive sort of little pause. "Well, . . . of course, . . . I'm not Southern."

It was really true! Miss Watts preferred baker's bread to her hot rolls. She refused lemon pies. Not flabby pies, but crisp ones, made to crown a cold luncheon. Astonishingly, she disliked fried chicken with fried corn cakes; amazingly, she refused hot spare-ribs and hoeecake.

"Amanda," Miss Watts said suddenly at the close of their ninth luncheon, "you won't think I'm criticizing? But,—we really can't go on eating these things." The speech fell like a bomb.

Miss Watts had mouse-colored eyes. For ten minutes they had been turned fascinatedly upon Eleanor, eating her second helping of ham. Miss Watts's nourishment had consisted of bread—cold.

She pushed back her chair. It was done in a snappy, crisp fashion, and it left both hands palm down on the

table. The sunshine, slanting yellowly, cheerfully across the primroses in the window, fell upon her face, free—and determined. She spoke crisply.

"You must see," she said, "that it's foolish for two domestic science pupils to be eating improperly. Food values is what we are studying. Doctor Rathbun is right when he says that every home-maker should analyze food."

Somewhere within her, keeping pace with other feelings, Mandy felt instant, vague resentment for this Doctor Rathbun. Who was he to criticize her cooking—and Mammy Cindy's?

"To analyze food!" she repeated. And then, "Who is Doctor Rathbun?"

Miss Watts's look was one at least akin to contempt. "Mandy," she said, "I should

think a young girl, not going to college, would—er—care to absorb what she could from our talk; we've spoken often of Doctor Rathbun. It's because of his teaching that I feel absolutely that you must learn something of the proteids and carbohydrates."

Proteids! Carbohydrates! New York was bad enough. But to stop familiar cooking and take to—dietetics! It would be unendurable. Miss Watts proceeded:

"We ought to be living simply; even our moral natures depend on this, Doctor Rathbun says."

Having heard his name now, Mandy saw that she was to keep on hearing it. He was evidently to father a new kind of dreariness for her in New York.

"It's the way we've always had things at home—"

she began.

"Your food is good,"—Miss Watts spoke inexorably,—"but our bodies, you see, are like engines and must be stoked properly. Eating the wrong kind of food does you harm, mentally and morally. Take the negro race, for instance,"—the budding dietitian rested her elbows on the table and looked at the two girls,— "their dietary has a great deal to do with their immorality."

Mandy's mind, flying to Mammy, poised, regretfully, on her children. On Pontius, Mammy's eldest born, found oftener than not in the county jail. On her daughter, Mary Magdalene, who could not deny herself trifles she wished to possess. Then did her gifted cooking really tend to—?

"Of course I don't mean,"—Miss Watts made a little gesture—"that we could be affected. We must eat more simply, however. Let's see. How can I teach you the proteids?"

Mandy clasped her hands together. "I—I really couldn't learn them," she despaired.

Miss Watts tossed aside the womanly confession. "It's absurd for us to be unintelligently ignoring the proteids." She pushed back her chair, and, getting up, began to pace back and forth in the small space between the table and window. "I can make you a little food chart." She sat down by a table, which bore the usual bookish litter of the apartment, and drew toward her a writing tablet. "In the first column put the names of good food, and in the second and third, their percentages." She began rapidly to rule off her paper.

"Beans," she murmured, with what Mandy considered foolish, far-fetched animation. "A home-maker must remember this: Beans contain more protein than any other vegetable."

Mandy watched her despairingly. With the paper which she reluctantly accepted she took a conscious hatred for Doctor Rathbun. For, from this time on, she was not just light-heartedly to cook, she was to cook proteids.

She sat that afternoon studying the food chart. All sorts of familiar things, chiefly beefy and lacteal, had large quantities of the things called proteids. Parsnips,—as if anybody ever ate parsnips, anyhow,—nuts, and odd, once-in-a-while things like that, were in the first column. Other things, fruit chiefly, the familiar apple, the morning orange, and the fruit Eleanor detested, the banana, had that in them that Miss Watts called carbohydrates; the percentages of these latter were listed in the third column, the proteids were in the second,



"And what do you do with them?" he asked. He bent over the pan of hoeecake

There was a fourth column with a few things in it labeled "albumen." One dish alone had received Miss Watts's unqualified approval—beans.

After this, every morning she put that dreadful food chart into her muff. The simplest way to market was recklessly to buy four or five things that had the largest percentages of proteids—such as cheese, tinned salmon, almonds, dried peas. But they made such odd meals, these nutritious combinations. She went to bed at night thinking about the food chart. Or ever she had risen from her box couch in the morning, she had taken up the day's culinary burden, trying patiently to decide what best would stoke her exacting boarder.

On the fourth day Miss Watts gave a meed of praise. "Now, this is something like," she said, satisfied. She let her eyes roam over the frizzled beef, cold bread, beans, and bananas. "You'll be going to Doctor Rathbun's classes soon, Mandy, and making a science of cooking such as even he might approve of."

Mandy's eyes also wandered over the meal. She had no wish ever to cook scientifically if this was an illustration of it. Dietitians might be what the New Man wanted. She had no time to think of men or their wishes. Hers only to buy and cook proteids.

And then, on a busy marketing morning, there entered into the mundane, Adamless Eden, the man, a real New York man. He was unexpected, you might add titillatingly unframed, unbackgrounded.

One morning when she came out of the front door of the Battersea house a young man stepped from a nearby house; and getting into a red automobile went slowly down the sunny street. Chauffeur and pedestrian went abreast of each other, for Mandy walked briskly and the man drove very slowly. He also turned into Amsterdam Avenue. Stopping his car in front of McGinnessy's, he reached its door first and held it open for her.

HE WASN'T, in his fur-trimmed motor coat, the sort of person you would associate with McGinnessy's grocery store. He wore glasses, odd ones, with tortoise-shell rims and a black ribbon dangling from them; and through them, as he lifted his hat, a pair of gray eyes met hers with the sort of startling, not wholly unpleasant, look which makes you know beyond doubt that the person focusing them upon you sees you, and rests content to serialize the sight. She went in, agreeably conscious of the look.

She hated to select her day's proteids before people, because, of course, of their elusiveness. But in her voice of the South, in which each syllable liquidly underlines itself from the next, she ordered. Beans. Of course! That was easy, facile, pleasant. Butter and potatoes and cheese.

And there she stuck. Tapioca would be good for Eleanor's sore throat. But—What was it made of? She might ask the clerk if he knew, but for the presence of the strange young man, the sort of stranger Mr. G. K. Chesterton had noticed in the streets—splendid-looking. She turned and, full as an ocean wave, met the persevering continuation of his glance.

Mandy put her hand into her muff for the food chart. She would simply have to find a substitute for tapioca.

At the same moment the young man drew a silver case from his pocket and prepared to light a cigarette. There followed one of those small incidents which go to the making of history: Miss Watts's food chart slipped to the floor, skating away from her, and the head of the young man's match separated itself from the rest and bounded in mid-air, falling, of all places, aflame on the paper. He was upon it in a moment, not, however, before the chart was lightly touched with brown.

"I am most awfully sorry," His voice betrayed profound sincerity. Picking it up, he tried ineffectually to rub away the scorched place, the while he looked at Mandy.

Mandy wore the shade of brown she liked best, the one that matched the shade of her hair and eyes. She was apt to wear the flush upon her pink and satiny cheek much deepened after the flurry and worry of buying proteids. In her there was arising an instinct. Here, in the unexpected confines of McGinnessy's grocery store, was a Stranger. A man, young and very distinguished looking. Over the top of her muff, Mandy, the girl, and not the dietitian, smiled at him. And, according to the time-honored custom of her sex, she blushed.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference."

His eyes lighted. "I'm so terribly afraid it does."

HE CONTINUED to look down at her. And his eyes continued to lighten. Mandy, her muff still held against her cheek, returned his look, her velvety brown eyes forgivingly friendly.

"I am really glad it happened," she said unexpectedly. "And you have apologized to me. Now I can apologize to you. I'm so sorry I kept you waiting."

"Waiting?" repeated he. He made a little gesture. "Why—really—I wasn't conscious of waiting. I had something to think about, my order, in fact. I was deciding what to order for a—a sick friend."

Mandy smilingly accepted the food chart from him. "I'm glad I wasn't keeping you," she stated, "though, I think, in spite of the 'social' wafers and the boxes of other friendly things like 'afternoon teas,' it's the dreariest place to wait."

The young man proceeded. He simply had the air of taking the conversation for an established social affair now. "I wasn't looking at the 'afternoon teas.' Really, I doubt if I should know them if I did."

Miss Watts had said not to talk to any strangers in New York. Mandy was distinctly conscious that this was an agreeable interlude in dutiful, dietetic days. Seen through Miss Watts's eyes this wouldn't, of course, make any difference.

"I'm glad you didn't mind waiting." And she moved back in a dismissing way. But she added, "I—I suppose your thoughts about your order—for a sick friend must—must have been pleasant, though I shouldn't think pleasant thoughts possible in a grocery store."

Nobody with red hair, butcher boy or bank president, can ever quite create about him an atmosphere of chill impersonality. The tall young man felt, perhaps it might be safe to infer, the friendly atmosphere

about her, for he promptly produced another remark. "So your idea is that one cannot think pleasant thoughts in a grocery?" he asked interestedly.

A natural question, but Mandy felt a rushing tide of color. Why of course this unexpected encounter was pleasant! Perhaps she had shown that she thought so. Could it be that she had snatched her first opportunity to scrape up an acquaintance, and been overbold?

"Why, no," she faltered, "not often—" Muff against her cheek, she turned precipitately. "At least, it would be the exception," said truthful Mandy, "when it happened."

SHE did not stop now for tapoca, or any other proteid or carbohydrate. Outside, she realized that her first adventure, which she was ending so summarily, hadn't been altogether unpleasant. She didn't know, for certain that is, that his glance had followed her. But the titillation of the tête-à-tête was with her, and what normal girl could call that strange? Save for dietitians and clerks, Mandy, of sociable Oldport, had had no speech with a human being for six weeks. A New York man had talked to her, and looked at her as if he liked doing it. She walked, head up, tilted, revived self-respect at her feminine heart.

And, as it happened, she saw him again. He must live near. Three times on the days immediately following, along the gray stretch between the Battersea and McGinnessy's grocery store, she met him driving his car. The second day Mandy felt a faint perking interest in the streets of New York. Each time, by a strange but not unpleasant coincidence, their eyes met. The first time, he bowed. The next time, Mandy, after a momentary hesitation, bowed. Next morning both, spontaneously, in the manner of friends, greeted each other. She was just going into the Battersea. She entered with the odd new feeling that she had a friend ready to whisk suddenly around any New York corner. It made the city less enormous.

Then, with disagreeable abruptness, these pleasant meetings stopped happening. He whisked no more. Or, if he whisked, he whisked around far distant corners. Her life became enfolded once more in monotony. She soon found there was not much time between getting nourishing meals to do any sight-seeing. Her duty was to give heat and nutriment to Miss Watts's body. She and Eleanor were engines, Miss Watts a very big and bustling one, that must be stoked. She was alone in the apartment for the most of the day. In the evening the girls were absorbed in their studies. Just for a few days she had thought New York might be pleasant, after all. But it was simply a place for—stoking.

THEN, in a world where something, say, for instance, a whisking pleasure, might happen, something unpleasant happened instead. Eleanor's throat, like Mammy's cooking, should never have been brought to New York. Suddenly her sore throat became plain, unvarnished tonsillitis. Eleanor went really to bed on a busy college day. Mandy's anxious fears leaped at once to that familiar remedy in sickness—a doctor.

"No, no!" Miss Watts said authoritatively. "I can treat Eleanor for nothing. Remember that New York is just waiting, palm out. Expensive doctors take all that tips and taxis leave."

Under Miss Watts's treatment Eleanor grew rapidly worse. She stayed in bed, pale, listless, away from all her lectures. Oh, why had they ever come to dump New York?

On the third morning came the box from home. And Miss Watts announced that they must have a doctor. Mandy was glad and relieved over the announcement, and sorry for what the expressman brought. As soon as she glimpsed it she knew what was in it. How could Mammy dream of a household where its contents would not be tolerated? For Mandy felt that Miss Watts was the sort of person you could not imagine, till you knew she was real. The box did not come till nine o'clock in the morning. Very early it appeared that Eleanor was no whit better. Soon after visiting the sick-room Miss Watts announced, in the firm, ringing tone of one who looks for nothing from the dependent creatures about her, that they must have a doctor. In her useful green kimono, she spoke as if all along she had advocated a doctor.

"But you said New York doctors—were just waiting to—rob us," Eleanor whimpered.

"This," said Miss Watts, "is entirely different."

Mandy, kneeling beside the bed in a frivolous lilac garment, her heart hot with indignation against Miss Watts, patted Eleanor's hand.

"Who—whom shall we call?" Eleanor asked. And then, "Why couldn't we have Doctor Rathbun?"

"Why," Miss Watts plumped out, "does he take cases?"

"That girl with hay fever from Spokane had him," Eleanor answered.

"I'll go and telephone," said Miss Watts. As she went out, Mammy, if she had seen her, would have known how utterly foolish it was to send certain unstoking things to that apartment.

She came back satisfied. "It's all right. Doctor Rathbun said he'd come this morning. Hurry, Mandy. Let's have the rooms as tidy as possible."

THAT their professor's anticipated visit had thrown the two dietetic pupils into a flutter was quite evident to Mandy. Eleanor called, in a really animated voice, "Mandy, is my new bonnet cap with the tango ribbons clean?" And Miss Watts was much, much longer about her dressing than usual. When she appeared, she had on her best purple waist, a hectic exchange for the severe linen blouse she usually wore.

"I shall stay," she announced unexpectedly, "till the doctor sees Eleanor."

When the bell rang, she flew to the door. "Why," she said, "it's a—a box. I guess it's a mistake."

"No, it's for me," Mandy, who had followed her to the door, announced faintly. "We needn't open it now, Miss Jane," she deprecated. "It's just—just souvenirs from home."

Miss Watts handed her the hamper definitely. "How do you mean—souvenirs from home?" she asked.

Mandy knew quite well how her gray eyes would look and her slightly pink nose would sniff. Glaringly evident was the nature of the home souvenirs. They

were in superabundant, foolishly lavish quantities—things dear to Mammy's race: spare-ribs, sausage chub, crackling, and down at the bottom, just as if it were needed to tell Mandy that this was the week they killed pigs at home, a little, tiny, curled, pig's tail. Mandy of the food chart felt that she ought to offer a separate apology for the fat, foolish little tail.

Miss Watts, after a moment of silence, got up from her knees, carefully smoothing down her purple skirt. "Well!" she said. "Please cook as much as you can of those queer Southern things to-day. I sha'n't be here to luncheon."

Mandy had just lifted the top of the miniature box to hide the home souvenirs when the bell rang again. Miss Watts pushed hurriedly to the door. Mandy stood still. It was, she felt, a dramatic, fit time for the king of all dietitians to enter.

Miss Watts threw the door wide. And of course the tall young man of the grocery store, the one Splendid Stranger, was—Doctor Rathbun.

"Good morning, Doctor Rathbun," Miss Watts was saying. "We sent for you as soon as our simple remedies failed."

Bustling, she led him down the hall. So it was behind her back that the eyes of the tall young man felt suddenly upon Mandy. His surprise was evident. He stopped, half holding out his hand.

"Why, how do you do?"

Miss Watts turned with the frown of a brigadier general. The color flooded Mandy's cheeks. She gave the young man a shy, warm smile, then obediently followed the general.

He was evidently a capable doctor; he did not seem to be the least impressed by yellow ribbons or a purple waist; it was a medical visit, pure and simple. As soon as Mandy could, she slipped from the room.

SHE stood still in the kitchen. There were, an awed Oldport aunt had told her, five million New York persons. Out of this huge number had sprung this, this fantastic case of identity. The young man had been so pleasant. Doctor Rathbun, she had supposed, was an old person. Why, she wouldn't have believed it could be true that he was Doctor Rathbun, of critical acumen! That Doctor Rathbun was here! Presently she heard him go out.

Crowned in college togs, Miss Watts hurried in.

"He's coming back at three to spray Eleanor's throat himself," she stated briskly. "I shall try to be back by then. See if you can't make her go to sleep."

Mandy obediently tucked the quilt about Eleanor and begged her to rest. It was absurd, she knew it; but she really had a little feeling of loss in her heart as she began to prepare her luncheon. It was almost as if Miss Watts, who so mysteriously changed everything in New York, had patently changed Doctor Rathbun too.

Of course she would cook spare-ribs. And the matting of hoecakes with spare-ribs was a familiar one. Buttermilk made it an appetizing luncheon. But this did not keep Mandy from feeling more depressed than she had ever been before in New York.

The kitchen door was shut, and the bell pealed sharply twice before she heard it above the sputtering on the stove. Turning down the gas beneath her spare-ribs, she went to the door. It would be some agent probably. But there, two hours early, stood Doctor Rathbun.

Besides the apron there were two untidily suggestive dabs of flour on her arm. She stood revealed to him—a slovenly Southern cook.

His greeting was warm and friendly. "I believe I'm a little ahead of my time. I hope I'm not inconveniencing you." His eyes were masquerading as the eyes of the young man of the grocery store.

"Not at all."

She separated him from a humiliating tête-à-tête with a slovenly Southern cook. As businesslike Miss Jane had done, she hurried him into Eleanor's room.

Later Mandy followed him into the hall. Since his good-by to Eleanor did not include her, he seemed to expect her to.

"So—this is where you cook your proteids," he said with stunning unexpectedness. "It was charming to find you."

Mandy sent a glance of amazement up to him.

"When I recovered your paper which I came so near damaging," he explained naturally, "I couldn't help seeing that it was a food chart. I saw, of course, that you must be a very scientific person."

STEADILY, surely, perhaps because of his friendliness, her liking for him, which the discovery of his identity had reduced, rose Minerva-like again. Little did he dream of the absurdity of his last words. But where he leaned was quite close to the kitchen door, beyond which rested, quite done, the spare-ribs and hoecakes. "I'm not scientific at all," she confessed, "especially to-day." And, in malleous testimony, a sudden little breeze came straight toward him. Mandy flushed, laughed a little breathlessly.

"And yet," said Doctor Rathbun sociably, "where I stand I catch a most delectable odor."

He looked at her interrogatively. Just when things might have been so pleasant slap-bang! into any New York pleasures came proteids.

"It's—it's spare-ribs—and—and hoecake," said Mandy.

He stood suddenly upright. "Hoecake!" he exclaimed.

And then surprisingly this strange man said, "Do you know, I've never seen a hoecake in my life?"

Mandy stared.

"It's a mixture of flour and water, isn't it, just dropped into the ashes?" he went on. "When I say it," he confessed, "I think of—of plantation melodies and scurlet handkerchiefs and the tum-tum-tum of the darky banjo, and that sort of thing." He had taken up his hat and gloves; now he put them down again. "I've never seen one in my life," he said, reminiscently, regretfully.

Mandy knew that she was liking him better and better. He was one of the most scientific of men, and yet it was clear that he wanted to look a hoecake in the face!

"Why—I can show you one," she said. She pushed the kitchen door [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]

WILLIAM J. BURNS

Who lives thrilling detective stories

MRS. MILDRED J. LANDONE

Originator of the idea of "the Polymuriel"

MISS JESSIE ROSEFIELD

Designer of the Polymuriel costume

MISS MARJORIE STIMSON

Who carries the mail by aeroplane

Mlle. HÉLÈNE DUTRIEU

An air scout in the defense of Paris

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

A charming English peace delegate

About People

A DEPARTMENT OF
INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

CONDUCTED BY
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WILLIAM J. BURNS, DETECTIVE: He isn't tall, lean, saturnine or mysterious, nor are his eyes dark and piercing. In fact, there isn't the remotest resemblance between him and Sherlock Holmes. No, he is a pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced, comfortable-looking man of fifty-four, who might easily pass for ten years younger. His complexion is that of a boy. As for his eyes, they are quiet, rather light in color and remarkably clear; and while they are decidedly not of the traditional gilet type, they leave you with an impression that their owner will remember you when he sees you again. William J. Burns was born in Baltimore, but early in his boyhood his family moved to Zanesville and then to Columbus, Ohio, where his father became the leading merchant tailor. He was trained as a clothing cutter in his father's shop, but when he was about twenty years old, his father having been elected police commissioner, he became interested in the detection of crime and soon attracted notice by the skill and originality that he showed in solving difficult police problems. Mr. Burns joined the United States Secret Service in 1889, and during his twenty-two years of work for the Federal Government made a brilliant record in securing the arrest and conviction of officials involved in great land frauds, and of many counterfeiters, forgers and other criminals. Later, as a private detective, his astonishing success in exposing crooked legislators and in laying bare the great dynamite conspiracy made him the most talked-of man in his field, as he is to-day. Detective Burns is married and has four sons and two daughters.



William J. Burns, the most famous detective in real life, on the right, greeting Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, the most famous detective in recent fiction



Mrs. Mildred Johnston Landone



Miss Jessie Rosefield

TWO WOMEN AVIATORS

THE first of the two is an American, Miss Marjorie Stimson, photographed while being sworn in as a mail carrier in San Antonio, Texas. No matter whether carrying mail by aeroplane is to be her regular or only her temporary occupation, Miss Stimson is said to be the first woman, in this country at least, to run an aerial mail route. The second aviatrix, Mlle. Hélène Dutrieu, wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor because of her services to France in helping to guard Paris against air raids in the early days of the war. Mlle. Dutrieu, who is barely five feet tall and weighs considerably less than one hundred pounds, was a famous bicycle rider at the age of fifteen. She began her aerial career six years ago. Perhaps someday we shall hear "Aeroplanes for women" as often as the famous suffrage slogan, but this must not be taken to mean



Miss Marjorie Stimson



Mrs. Philip Snowden



Mlle. Hélène Dutrieu

that women are considered as the lighter sex. Certainly not.

"POLYMURIEL"

AN ATTRACTIVE costume tastefully designed, of good material and workmanship, suitable for any woman to wear at any time and on any occasion, that, Mrs. Mildred Johnston Landone felt she had reason to believe, was the chief wardrobe requirement of busy women with little money, leisure and inclination to follow the vagaries of fashion. So she offered a prize of \$150 for the design that should best embody her ideal, "the Polymuriel," the costume for the millions. The prize, for which there were hundreds of competitors, was awarded by a committee of prominent women to Miss Jessie Rosefield, an enterprising young lady of twenty, in business for herself as a designer and illustrator of costumes for dress-makers, magazines, newspapers and advertising agencies. Since the acceptance of the design, Mrs. Landone has been busy perfecting the model and providing for the little accessories by means of which the costume may be variously adapted to morning, afternoon and evening wear. She does not dream that the Polymuriel will supplant all other forms of dress, but she feels that women should have at their command an acceptable, staple costume, that shall be at least as serviceable and adaptable as a man's suit. Her claim, that a certain degree of uniformity in a costume with immunity from fashion's changes does not imply disagreeable monotony, is supported by the fact that the very costumes that we are accustomed to consider the most picturesque are the almost uniform and unchanging national and peasant costumes of European countries.

ETHEL SNOWDEN, PEACE DELEGATE

AT THE International Women's Peace Conference at San Francisco, Mrs. Philip Snowden, the non-militant suffragist leader of London, appeared as the representative of four organizations with a membership of eighty thousand men. Mrs. Snowden is the wife of a distinguished labor member of the English Parliament and is the author of a book on the feminist movement the importance of which has been recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. The suffragists have been urging those of their party to "look in the mirror," and observe their splendid facial characteristics. We heartily suggest that Mrs. Snowden has nothing to fear from this test.

"That's Her Business"

By IDA M. TARBELL

"A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar, or drink, or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally; and under the necessity, she develops until she is ready for anything"

IN THESE latter years the world has picked up a fashion of estimating at a very low value the contributions which women have made in the past to its activities and progress. The fashion would have been gone out long ago if, for campaign purposes, a group of women had not clung to it. But this is no inquiry into the reason of its persisting.

One of the by-products of this fashion is the surprise which greets reports of women doing well things which ordinarily have been done by men. Let a woman establish a shop, and the news travels across the continent; as if one of the greatest shops on earth had not been built up and managed by a woman! Let a woman win a law suit, and there is wonder, as if there had never been a *Portia*! Ever since the war began there has been almost a world-wide chorus of amazement over the exhibits of women in the countries involved. It began back in August of 1914, when travelers suddenly discovered the subways, the tramways, and the taxis of Paris to be run by women.

The change was made in a night, without fuss or feathers or exclamation, but the observers who had lived in the belief of the general unfitness of women stared in astonishment—a revolution! It's always a revolution, you know, when things occur of which you have never happened to hear! There was no revolution about the appearance of the women in Paris transportation; nor was it a revolution which led women to take up the street cleaning of provincial French towns, or which set them to acting as trolley conductors in England, or acting as bank clerks and a hundred other unusual things in Germany; and doing many things so well that their employers are talking of keeping them after the war—if they can.

The Greatest School on Earth

IN TAKING up these tasks they were doing what they had been doing all their lives—turning their hands to the next thing; meeting emergencies; filling sudden gaps; stepping into vacant places. The ordinary daily life of women fits, as no other school on earth, for rising to occasions. To bear children and to direct them into cheerful, self-controlled manhood and womanhood, and so to hold one man that he reverts neither into savagery nor sloth—one state or the other being his natural condition—is the greatest school on earth. It develops more unexpected situations and turns up more emergencies in a week than any trade or profession does in six months, situations and emergencies of every variety—physical, economic, social and moral.

A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar, or drink, or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally; and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything. If the house burns, five times out of ten she saves the baby and the family records, while nine times out of ten the husband saves the coal pall and the looking glass! If there's a crash and lacerated bodies and bleeding wounds, she knows what to do, and she does it. That's her business. If she falters, it is only to pull herself together for a fresh effort. "You dare not faint; there is nobody knows but you," a quivering man told his wife when she staggered after an hour and a half of relief work over a horribly burned man with the scanty improvised remedies of a pioneer home. She did not faint, she knew, too, that she dared not. It was her business to stick. It was what life had fitted her for, what her mother and grandmothers had done before her. It was in her blood.

Our Wonderful Pioneer Women

AMERICAN women should be the last to wonder at the promptness and ease with which European women have adjusted themselves to the unusual demands the war has made upon them. Throughout our history we have done the same—carrying a rifle or planting corn in pioneer days, supporting the family, organizing commissions, carrying help to battlefields in our wars.

When in 1776 loyalty demanded that we give up not only our tea but our silks and linens and feathers and furs—everything, in fact, that we imported—we invented a half dozen good drinks to stay us: Aunt Susan's tea, Labrador tea, New Jersey tea; and many a hand that had rarely lifted anything heavier than a fan learned to spin and weave and cut and fit an honest homespun.

From Maine to the Carolinas in those days women managed the farms and plantations, often with no other help than their children. They performed a self-appointed commissary service, without which the soldiers at many a point would have practically starved. Traveling on horseback, often alone, probably almost always in peril, they carried to the armies food they had raised, cloth they had spun, bullets they

had made from treasured pewter; and they did it as naturally as they had performed services in times of peace.

No adequate tribute has ever been paid to the valiant readjustment to conditions made by the women of both North and South in the Civil War. It would be difficult to point to any kind of labor or business carried on in that period that was not somewhere assumed by women as a matter of course. On both sides they were a great rear guard, preserving the activities necessary to life. In the North women developed on two lines which were really much more revolutionary and noteworthy than anything we have seen in the present European struggle: they took up the cause of the North on the platform and in the press in a way at once more general and more distinguished than had been heard of in the world up to that time. The work they did, common enough now, was most uncommon then. Anna Dickinson and Gail Hamilton, and others of their kind, were war developments, women springing to a need they felt. The backing they had from the administration and the political party in power is substantial proof of the service they rendered.

The Beginning of the Red Cross

THE first nation-wide organization of women free from class and dogmatic prejudice—a truly democratic body—ever developed in any country, the women of the North established in the Civil War, the Sanitary Commission. It marshaled the hosts of every interest and kind from sea to sea, and laid the foundation for our present splendid system of public and private nursing, and of Red Cross activities. It was the sense of an emergency, the instinct to spring to fill it, which developed such women as Dorothea Dix, Clara Barton, and the scores they led.

Wherever you pick up the life of a woman whose activities or relations have taken the particular turn that makes her known to the public, you will find this faculty of taking hold of whatever is necessary to be done. In those delightful letters of Abigail Adams written late in the eighteenth century from France and England, when her husband was our representative in Paris and in London, and later written from the White House and from Massachusetts, as the wife of a President and ex-President, there are many glimpses of this ability.

An entertaining episode and one entirely characteristic of women's ways is in a letter describing her first sea voyage. She was bound for London by a sailing vessel. The voyage took nearly two months, and for the first fortnight poor Mrs. Adams was desperately ill. When she finally got her sea-legs, she found a ship utterly demoralized by the seasickness of the passengers and the unfitness of the crew. Dirt, disorder, discomfort and irritation prevailed. The reviving lady took a few glances around and demanded—mops! Under a grateful captain's eyes she taught stewards and sailors how to "clean up," and then she proceeded to organize them to keep clean. She looked into the kitchen, and the food improved; she visited the sick, and they improved. In a little time the "Alert" was a changed boat!

If Mrs. Adams had been the wife of an American diplomat of 1914 on her way to Europe, she would have had a hospital organized and the money subscribed by the time she landed. Many an American woman in Europe sprang to meet the "instant need of things" as she saw them. Here it was a voluntary automobile service, and she and her machine traveled night and day. Here it was a home for convalescents, for Belgian babies, or refugee women, and her villa or chateau or Paris apartment was at their service, and she, in cap and apron, at work. They were following their instinct, as surely as the French, German, English or Russian women who went into the underground or the harvest field or the banks.

The Story of Doctor Davis

NORMALLY unusual happens in the world that does not turn up these cases. A few years ago, when the Island of Sicily was shaken by earthquake, an American woman whose recent public career has been unusually picturesque and important showed her ability in emergencies in a fashion to attract international attention. This was Doctor, or Commissioner, or Miss (as you prefer) Katherine Davis. She was in Palermo when the earthquake came, and she made her way to Syracuse as straight as a string. There was something to do there; and I doubt if she ever missed a thing she saw to do in her life, save through the inability to be in two places at once and do two things at once. So she went to Syracuse—and soon after she entered the racked and broken town she found herself in a great room of the Cathedral, left intact. On the floor were stretched scores of the victims. A distressing feature of their suffering was the white dust settled over them, caking their wounds. Miss Davis leaned over one old

woman and gently wiped her face. Immediately a neighbor pled for a like service—the handkerchief was like a magic balm. Instantly she saw a need. Handkerchiefs, linen, to wipe their caked eyes and lips and wounds!

Without ado she marched into the disrupted town, searching until she found what she wanted, a shop still standing. Without ado she entered, and with the help of friends drafted into service she raided it: handkerchiefs, linen, cotton, anything that would serve her purpose she took, and used, to the infinite relief of hundreds. It was the beginning of a relief campaign, conducted on purely personal and independent lines. What she saw to do she found ways to do or have done. One particularly sensible undertaking was the organizing of a shoe shop. Nobody had shoes, she found. At the same time hundreds had nothing to do; so she started a cobbler's shop to cover the feet and save the reason.

There were other self-imposed tasks to meet, the extraordinary and unheard of demands a great catastrophe creates. She stayed on for weeks, and won a decoration—incidentally it might be said, for the Italians were not ungrateful, a decoration and an interview with the Pope! When it was reported by cable that she had been appointed to her present position she received congratulations from the mayor of Syracuse.

But Katherine Davis at Syracuse was the Katherine Davis of Bedford Reformatory, meeting wayward and vicious girls on their own terms, and dealing out to them that which so fitted their needs that the most incorrigible came in time to believe her a friend.

She was the Katherine Davis of the Department of Charities and Corrections, who, threatened with a hunger strike of the sort that had for years baffled the Government and the prison authorities of Great Britain, answered that she would roll would-be martyrs in blankets and feed them safely and quietly through the nostrils. Simple! Simple as genius, and so obvious that it set the country to laughing. Quick wit they called it. Woman's wit, a woman's way, they should have called it, the way that life as she has practiced it through the ages has taught her.

Faculty and Philosophy

IT is oftener than not the ability to meet emergencies which places one man or woman above another in the affairs of the world. It is one of the fine fruits of human training. It demands more than one well-trained faculty. It demands that all the faculties be in working order and acting in harmony. It demands such a control over them that they spring instantly and naturally to the task. Emergencies give no time for consultation, for "studying the case," for getting ready. If they are to be met, they must be met on the spot; they require suppleness of mind and steadiness of nerve, instant command of resources, and instant invention of substitutes if resources are wanting.

There is necessary, too, a philosophy of life which is too sound and too broad to be knocked into a cocked hat by one's "ways" and tastes and habits are disturbed. One of the surprises which await many of us who have had things pretty much our own way in life is the suddenness with which our philosophy goes to pieces if that to which we are accustomed, which we like and want, is taken away. All the serenity and steadiness on which we prided ourselves disappears. If we take an inventory of our state we shall find we are shaken because things—and usually material things—have not stayed "fixed." We are philosophers only when we have what we want.

Now this command of faculties and this steady philosophy are not gifts of nature, they are the result of training, and it is a training of which one gets but little in those orderly operations which men have devised, such as schools and trades and professions. They go into the making, of course, but are only one element. It comes from the mixture of gifts and withholdings, of efforts and indulgences, of gains and of losses, which make what we call our life—that surprising thing which comes to us, and out of which we get, or do not get, whatever of knowledge we have of ourselves, whatever control we have of our powers, whatever appreciation we have of values, and whatever vision we have of finer and worthier things, possible to men, but as yet unrealized.

It is a training which demands intimate contact with other lives. There is no human experience which offers greater opportunities for it than that of women in their family relations. That numbers of them do not recognize the value of the demands on them, that a few resent them rather vociferously, has but little to do with the case. The great fact, backed by all human experience in the past and present, remains, that the mass of women can be depended upon, when the crisis arises, to do whatever is needed, whether it is to shoulder a gun or run a street car. They are trained for it, trained by life, and, whatever the experiments they make, they will never find a substitute.



*She was so bashful she couldn't think of a thing to say to him. At last:
 "One, two, three, four, five," said Angela desperately.
 "Six, seven, eight, nine, ten," answered the young man, reassuringly.
 And so began an unaccountable Love Story.*

"What Shall We Do With Angela!"

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHEN

WHEN Mrs. Armstrong said to her daughter Juliette and her niece Angela that it was time to dress at once if they were to be on time, Angela cried out: "Another dinner dance? Oh, how I hate the tango!" It would have been nearer the truth had Angela said that she tangoed with resignation.

Now there is only one known reason for hating the tango, which is that one doesn't know it, and there is only one reason for not knowing it, which is that one has never had a chance to learn. Neither of these things were true of Angela, for not only had she had the best and most expensive instruction, but she tangoed well. Indeed, her listless air had been copied by some of the younger girls.

After Angela had left them, Juliette turned to her mother with, "I told you Angela would hate society!"

"I know you did," her mother acknowledged, "but I couldn't believe you. Who ever heard of a girl of nineteen who didn't want to go out? If I could only find out what she *did* like!"

In that her aunt was like all the teachers that Angela had encountered on her way through school. Each one had tried to discover Angela's tastes as she changed from a fat, stodgy little girl into a beautiful and stately young woman. Alas! the only taste they discovered in Angela was a taste for food, especially for "goodies." With her eyes—they were like gray star sapphires—looking into some vague distance, Angela would absorb absent-mindedly more little cakes, more bonbons, more anything, in fact, than any other girl on record in the school—though the records were high. Her only "gift" was an amazing ability in chafing-dish cookery.

Studies of every kind were repellent to her. The last two summers she had spent travelling instructively abroad, where Angela had learned very little of foreign languages, and had not responded to the "art stimulus"

in a satisfactory way, in spite of all her advantages.

"And when you think," her aunt lamented, "that my only fear used to be that Angela might have the misfortune to grow up fat!"

Meantime, Angela was contemplating what was before her with distaste; men would have to be talked to at dinner, and men, again, afterward would have to be talked to. She would stumble and stutter, a painful if lovely crimson flood would pour over her face. Poor Angela, however, had no idea of its loveliness. All she knew was that she blushed like a fool.

She knew she would again undergo the experiences of former nights. New men would hasten to get themselves introduced; then would follow a period of anguish while Angela floundered in the quicksands of speech, and disillusion would grow in the soul of her partner. It was seldom that he would seek her out again. So she went forth that evening as to a sacrifice, lovely, young, straight as a lily in her pale green frock, and when Juliette said to her:

"Oh, cheer up, Angela, there's an old dear!" she wailed for the fiftieth time:

"Oh, but I don't know what to talk to them about, Juliette!"

A smoldering revolt at herself and at the world glowed into a deep flame that night.

"I don't belong here," she thought: "and I don't know where I belong." Then she fell so deeply to dreaming that she was looking for the place where she *did* belong, that when a youth who had been introduced to her earlier in the evening came up to claim his dance, these words came from Angela's beautiful lips.

"I hate dancing, and I can't talk!"

"Great!" responded her would-be partner. "I'll just sit here, then."

He placed himself beside her, while Angela followed her own thoughts. After a time she was conscious

of him again, but he was paying no attention to her, his mind fixed on other things. This was delightful!

"Nice young man!" thought Angela, letting her mind resume its wanderings.

Again he drifted into her consciousness. "Did you just ask me to dance," she said, "just the way I dance with people?"

"Yes," he replied candidly. "Of course, I liked your looks, you know," he confessed, "but I never can think of a thing to say."

"Do you hate tangoing?" Angela asked hopefully.

"No," said her partner, "I like that right enough. You don't have to think of what to say so much."

Again there was silence between them. Soon her partner said, "You know, if we don't say something to each other someone will sweep down on me and take me away, or bring someone else to you."

"Oh!" said Angela, in the tone of a deeply injured little girl who has just heard they are going to take a new plaything away from her, "oh, they can't do that! I'll tell you," she said, "this is what we'll do: you say to me, in an interesting kind of way, 'One, two, three, four, five,' and I'll answer, as brightly as possible, 'Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,' and then you say 'Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,' and we can keep it up without any trouble as long as anyone seems to be looking at us."

This agreed on, they both sank into soothing silence. Presently Angela said:

"My aunt is looking at me,—one, two, three, four, five!"

"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," he responded in a reassuring tone.

"Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," said Angela in a tone of deep anxiety.

"Seventeen, eighteen," he soothed her.

"Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two," Angela's tone expressed relief. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 75]

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"Chasing the penny to its lair is the housewife's favorite indoor sport."—H. C. OF L. PROVERB NO. 7

A REFRESHING breeze floated into the dining-room window of Mr. and Mrs. Larry's apartment. It touched Mrs. Norton's square, competent shoulders, Teresa Moore's sleek head, and Mrs. Larry's sparkling face. It made the men sit up a little straighter, and it quickened Lena's steps as, with crisp little cap and apron gleaming white in the dim room, she brought in the coffee service.

"For winding up adventures in thrift, I should like to remark that it was *some* dinner," remarked Mr. Moore, smiling at his hostess.

"I was thinking the same thing," commented Mr. Norton, "and wondering whether Mrs. Larry has spent at one fell swoop all she has been saving in the past few months."

"Well," said Mrs. Larry, "I'm going to tell you what it cost. Four months ago this dinner would have made a shocking dent in my housekeeping allowance. Now let me tell you the difference in prices:

"First course: leek melons, three for a quarter if I had bought them at Dahlgren's. In the 'Home Hamper,' three for ten. Saving fifteen cents.

"Cold consommé: a ten-cent can of soup and enough gelatine to make it quiver. In the old days I would have bought a soup bone at fifteen cents, soup greens at five cents, and used gas for the slow process of simmering. Of course this process would yield more stock, but in hot weather it might not keep. So we'll say at least ten cents saved and just as delicious, too. I'm learning how to utilize standard, factory-made food.

"Chicken, four and a half pounds, at 22 cents, including parcel post. I used to pay Dahlgren 27 cents, so save on four and a half pounds 22 cents. We three women have made arrangements with a certain farmer in Connecticut to supply us the year around with eggs, chickens and ducks. We have agreed to take a definite quantity each. He receives a little more than he would from the commission men, and we pay a little less than we would at the market.

"These fine new potatoes were bought by the bushel, enough to last the three of us for the year. The farmer keeps them for us in his cellar and ships them a barrel at a time. We paid him cash for our year's supply of potatoes, at a dollar a bushel. We've been buying them here in New York at the rate of two dollars a bushel. So I saved fifty per cent on the potatoes you ate.

"Corn, at Dahlgren's, sells at three ears for ten cents. Figuring up the contents of this week's Home Hamper, the corn I served to-night cost only a cent and a half an ear.

"The tomatoes, lettuce, parsley and peaches all came out of the Home Hamper at half the price asked at a city market. Even those stuffed dates represent thrift. I used to pay eighty cents a pound for them. Lena stuffed these, and they are just as good. A pound of dates at ten cents, the same value of nuts, and a little powdered sugar.

"Summing up the menu, it cost at least one-third less than it would have cost before I made my investigations. We must take into consideration, also, the better food value given for the money expended. There is absolutely no waste to the vegetables, which come directly from the truck garden to our table. Every leaf of lettuce counts; every bean, every pod of peas. In addition to the waste in fruit and vegetables which lie for twenty-four to seventy-two hours on the docks or in commission houses, dry, withered vegetables are not as valuable to the human system as the fresh vegetables. I am receiving two hampers a week now, and serving less meat, because Doctor Davis says that we do not need so much meat in warm weather, and we ought to make the most of the fresh vegetables and fruits while they are in season.

"Twice a week, Mrs. Norton, Teresa or I go to the City fish market very early and buy enough fish—that has been caught during the night and brought up the bay—to serve for two meals: first, broiled, fried or boiled, and then for luncheon or breakfast the next day, creamed or baked au gratin. When I buy meat I now know the economical cuts, how to get the most profits for my money, so to speak. Just by knowing how meat is cut up I have reduced my meat bill one third.

"These are not actual figures. For nearly a month I have been transferring money from the envelope marked 'Food' to the envelope marked 'Recreation and Improvement.' I have charged up all the car fare, postage, etc., incidental to our adventures in thrift and still have a good balance in favor of the investigation."

"Then what do you consider the secret of thrift in food buying?" asked Mr. Moore.

Mrs. Larry shook her head.

"I can't tell you that until Larry has reported his interview with the postmaster of Brooklyn, on the parcel post system."

"All right, Lena, bring on the last course," said Mr. Larry.

And Lena brought from the living-room a great sheaf of pamphlets, newspaper clippings and illustrated circulars, which she placed before the master of the house.

"Exhibit A, B and C," explained their host, as their guests looked with interest at the collection.

"All that about parcel post?" inquired Mrs. Norton respectfully.

"I felt the same way when I left Postmaster Kelley's office," said Mr. Larry, as he sorted the collection. "I don't suppose one tenth of the practical housekeepers in America realize what Uncle Sam is trying to do to

reduce the high cost of living. And it should be most important to the wives of men like ourselves, in moderately prosperous circumstances, who know the importance of good food to family health and who, therefore, deprive themselves of many advantages and pleasures that their families shall have wholesome meals. These are the women who resent most deeply the rise in food prices; they pass resolutions in their clubs; they demand that we men legislate—when they ought to appoint practical committees to investigate and work out direct connection between producer and consumer."

"Hear, hear!" cried Teresa Moore. "You'll be talking before the Federated Clubs next?"

"Well, if I do," said Mr. Larry, "I will first tell them what a clever wife I have."

"The parcel post system is democratic. It was designed largely to meet the needs of the farmer or producer. To ship by freight or express he must go to the nearest town. For parcel post shipment, Uncle Sam, in the form of the rural free delivery, passes his door each day, sometimes twice a day.

"But the Government soon discovered that it must educate both the producer and consumer if the value of parcel post was to be raised to the nth power.

"So in March, 1914, the post-office department at Washington started a campaign of farm-to-table in-

Mrs. Larry's adventures end with an inexpensive dinner party, a report on parcel post aid to the housewife, and some pungent conclusions on bargain sales and standard goods, as they affect the shopper

vestigations and education. It selected certain cities for its experiment—Washington, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Atlanta, Birmingham, San Francisco, Rock Island (Illinois), Lynn (Massachusetts), La Crosse (Wisconsin). The reports of postmasters in these cities have just been received and present some interesting facts.

"In spite of the fact that much perishable material was carried, damage to shipments in transit is reported as less than one tenth of one per cent, due almost entirely to improper packing. The shipment of butter, dressed poultry, and other perishable things fell off during hot weather because of lack of refrigerating facilities. This is now being met partly by cheap containers devised on the line of thermos bottles, while in the larger post-offices ice boxes are being installed to hold perishable shipments that must be kept overnight.

"Postmaster Bolling H. Jones, of Atlanta, cooperated with the office of Markets of Agriculture, which sent out Guy B. Fitzpatrick to tour contributory territory with rural mail carriers. He met the farmers personally and gave them and their wives practical demonstrations in proper methods of packing the articles most in demand among city buyers.

"In the neighborhood of Washington, 445 farmers sent their names to be placed upon the list of producers which the postmaster circulated among Washington consumers. Of this number, 334 farmers offered eggs; 176, butter; 189, poultry; 202, vegetables and fruit.

"E. C. Marshall, the retiring postmaster of Boston, offers a comment worth reading." Larry picked up a clipping:

"One of the striking features which has come to my attention in making this campaign to bring the producers and consumers together is the fact that some farmers have been charging top prices for their products. It was assumed when the plan was first broached that the consumer would get the benefit of low prices as a means of reducing the cost of living and that the producer, by sending direct by parcel post, could afford to sell at rock bottom prices. This, however, has not proven, generally, to be so, and if the plan for bringing the producers directly in touch with consumers is found to be unsuccessful, it will be due largely to this fact.

"In the smaller cities, like La Crosse, Rock Island, etc., the parcel post shipments from farm-to-table were proportionately smaller, because the truck gardeners quite generally drive to such cities and sell their produce either at a public market or by peddling from door to door to regular customers.

"The post-office authorities then selected other representative cities in different sections of the country in which to continue their investigations. Brooklyn was included in this second list, and the most interesting corner of the big post-office I visited the other day was that in which parcel post shipments are handled.

"On November 1st of last year, the postmaster of Brooklyn issued two pamphlets. One, a Parcel Post Information circular, was sent to every farmer on Long Island whose name could be secured. The other, a list of Long Island farmers, was mailed to fifty thousand residents of Brooklyn. The farmers were urged to notify the post-office in Brooklyn as to the products they wished to market by parcel post. The residents of Brooklyn were urged to communicate directly with the farmer.

"Within twenty days after the service was estab-

lished farmers had written to Postmaster Kelley that they had made from forty to fifty or sixty dollars on eggs, poultry and Brussels sprouts sold directly to consumers.

"Next, Postmaster Kelley opened an exhibit of containers, which are a vital factor in the success of the plan. I found this exhibit most interesting. It ranged from a hammock egg carrier for a dozen eggs, to steel-crated boxes with ice box attachment for shipping butter, poultry, fruit and vegetables. Postmaster Kelley invited all the farmers whose names were on his list to visit this exhibit, and the postmasters in every Long Island town were asked to notify the farmers in their section. The result of this educational campaign is a daily increase in the volume of business done by parcel post, and Postmaster Kelley considers it a feasible method for reducing the cost of living.

"The point on which I could not satisfy myself, however, was this: Does the farmer demand the top-notch prices asked by the high-grade city grocer and poultry dealer, thereby forcing the consumer to pay the full rate of commission charged by the commission merchant, or is he willing to split this commission with the consumer? If the latter is done, then parcel post will reduce the cost of living for the consumer and still pay the producer a better profit, by eliminating the middleman. But, unquestionably, the individual consumer must have some such understanding with the farmer she patronizes. Moreover, the Government will have to follow the express companies in the custom of returning containers free.

"There is no doubt in my mind that when the Government has followed up these investigations with practical improvements in the service and with parcel post education for the producer and consumer, we will find parcel post a big factor in thrift for the housewife. At present, in almost any of the large cities, the housekeeper can secure a list of farmers in her territory who will supply her with produce by parcel post, if she will apply to the local post-office. She must then drive her own bargain with the farmer, and study producers as carefully as she studies her city markets.

"Aside from the saving in price you must consider, as Mrs. Larry said a few moments ago, the superior freshness and nutritive value of the food bought in this way."

"To sum up the situation," said Mr. Norton, "you do not consider that parcel post to date is a big aid to economy in marketing."

"That's about it," assented Mr. Larry, "and it will not be until the farmer and the housewife establish amicable understandings as to prices."

"And now, Teresa, for our department store experiences," said Mrs. Larry.

"Our first lesson in department store sleuthing was the fact that the bargain counter is the natural enemy of thrift: the second, that the woman who buys, not for to-day alone, but for next week, next month, next year, demands standardized goods.

"First, as to bargain sales: If a merchant announces silk gloves at 79 cents, formerly sold for one dollar, one of two conditions exist—either he overcharged his customers when he sold the gloves for one dollar, or he is losing money on the gloves at 79 cents. Men are not in business to lose money. We therefore conclude that the gloves at one dollar were overpriced, so we are getting no bargain at 79 cents. None of the prices in such a store are, therefore, reliable.

"Take a single experience in the matter of table linen: In the basement of one store we found a certain chrysanthemum pattern, which Mrs. Larry admired, at 75 cents a yard, bearing a placard: 'Very special Monday morning offer, 75 cents a yard. The same pattern has been selling in our linen department on the second floor at \$1.50 per yard.' Please notice the little phrase 'the same pattern.'

"This roused our suspicion. I had heard that if you would moisten linen and then rub it with your finger it would remain smooth; also the moisture would show quickly on the wrong side. But with mercerized cotton, treated to give the effect of damask, the moisture would not show on the under side so quickly and, under rubbing, the fabric would become rough. We asked the salesman to make this test, and when he saw we knew what we were talking about he told us the truth. The expensive design of damask sold in the linen department had been reproduced in mercerized cotton with a high polish, to be sold at half the price. This table cloth was worth just what the firm was asking—75 cents a yard, and not a cent more.

"The salesman explained that mercerized cotton wears just as long as linen, and if properly laundered, with a final rinsing in very thin starch water, it will give the effect of real damask. This salesman was honest and, in a way, so was the store management. On the other hand, we learned that many merchants sell the mercerized cotton for linen damask.

"At another bargain counter we looked at silver-plated breakfast knives, as I needed to renew my set. Half a dozen knives put up in a fancy box lined with cheap, cotton-buck satin were offered to us at \$1.98. I looked for a mark—"Superfine, triple plate." That was all. In the regular silver department, we asked for and were shown, at \$3.98 per half dozen, breakfast knives made by a responsible firm which spends hundreds of thousands of dollars every year advertising its wares. There was no fancy box, no showy silk, but a trade mark. The salesgirl explained that, while no actual guarantee went with the knives, they were supposed to last fifteen to twenty (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

The Geranium Lady—A Serial Love Story

By SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE Betty Latch cottage stood facing the cove in a gentle hollow that offered itself like a beautiful shallow bowl to the sky. Set back from the road in its own grassy acres, the little house of greenish shingles was the very one for a door-yard garden of fox-gloves, larkspurs, Canterbury bells—but instead there blazed in the sunlight the strangest substitute. For, spread out in the front yard before the cottage, vivid, almost startling, was an acre of scarlet geraniums! Their sweet scent always hung in the air.

On the day after Lieutenant Hawthorne had received a telegram in the Bridgewater post-office, June Carver was in her strange garden, pretending to work. Her eyes had tender lights in them, set there as a beautiful beacon for all men and things, it would seem. For what could there be in a field of flowers to kindle that glow?

The scarlet garden was very quiet. The oak leaves rustled a little with a breeze that floated in from the water. The cove itself stretched away in glassy smoothness toward Clam Cape, beyond which the Great Pond lay shining far off. There was a murmur in the air, slumberous but never ending, coming from beyond the calm inner waters. One remembered, even in the peaceful garden, the eternally-talking sea.

Presently the girl rose from where she had knelt and stood looking down the cove. Often, lately, there had been a tall sail on Bridgewater Great Pond. It would appear just beyond Clam Cape, pass by the mouth of the cove, and be hidden behind a rise of land. Sometimes it moved slowly, with drooping grace, but on windy days it would come scudding by, bending low, hardly visible before it was gone. She rarely missed seeing it.

Now she turned her back on the cove. "Hannah!" she called. "Oh, Hannah, where are you?"

Around the corner of the house a woman of fifty hurried tolerantly. She gazed with affectionate inquiry at the young woman in the midst of the scarlet mass. She appeared to be perpetually forearmed against disconcerting surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," she briefly remarked.

"I'm not going after the mail to-day, Hannah. I'm—tired. Why don't you put on that lovely shade hat you bought in Boston, and go yourself? You would enjoy the walk."

"I'll go. But the wild Injun will probably bring it," said Hannah.

"What makes you hate that man so?" June Carver spoke curiously. "It isn't kind of you to despise him."

"I can put up with most anything," declared Hannah, "but wild Injuns. There I draw the line."

"Of course people think he's queer. But—but, Hannah, there's a—a man, another off-islander like us, down at Long Point Farm, who likes him. That's what people say."

"Well, I'll go along," said Hannah calmly; "only there ain't any use pretendin' I'm goin' for the mail."

Miles Hawthorne had set out to walk from Long Point to Bijah's Cove. The way lay through low-arching green lanes of dwarf oaks. As aisles of tall elms on the mainland remind one of Gothic cathedrals, these miniature forest paths seemed to the off-islander like some low-roofed village church in old Norman. Carpeted with fine, thick grass the lanes were pervaded with a greenish light flecked with yellow, and were silent, except for the crackle of a stick now and then and the call of a wood thrush.

At last at Bijah's Cove, he found that Captain Madison was right. There nestled the cottage, looking as if it yearned to be thatched, and before it the ground burned scarlet. To Hawthorne it appeared that someone had spread down a great red velvet mantle upon which a lady might walk with dry feet when she came out of her house. He found the path past it, and knocked at the low front door.

He knocked twice, but there was no sound from within. The windows stood opened outward. He saw white ruffles at them, and what looked like rows of little pots. A bee droned somewhere near, and its voice was all that answered him. Well, he would have to walk back for his pains. But, he reflected on the step of the tiny cottage, she could scarcely object if he should rest a while in her grove. So he carefully skirted the velvet mantle, not daring to find a way across it, and entered the shade of the oaks.

In the splashes of sunlight a hammock was hanging, motionless. Something white brushed the grass. Miles Hawthorne drew near. Then he started, as he did sometimes now at a sudden sound. Yet the quiet was unbroken. . . . Her face was turned away from him, but the dark clustering hair could belong only to the girl he had seen on the Beach, . . . who had stood before him catching her breath when she read out, "Orders at last," who managed the jib of the "Sitka." He took off his hat. . . . She must be asleep, or she would have heard him knocking. He was afraid to move lest he should step on a dry stick and awaken her. The woodpecker did it. He suddenly began his drilling on a nearer tree, with a hollow, startling knock.

The Geranium Lady tumbled to her feet. Her cheeks bloomed in two rose spots; her eyes were very dark. She stared at Hawthorne in amazement that refused to clear for a minute; and this third time that he saw her he found she was beautiful. He feared to speak at first, knowing that he must be rather alarming as an apparition, but her still look was almost pitiful. So he took one reassuring step forward. Her face swiftly changed, broke into a sweet, curving smile. She uttered one comprehending syllable.

"Oh—" the Geranium Lady remarked.

"You didn't say I couldn't come," began Lieutenant Hawthorne.

"I must have forgotten!" said June. He stepped



THE CHIEF CHARACTERS ARE:

JUNE CARVER, who has bought the Betty Latch cottage in Bijah's Cove and planted an acre of red geraniums about it

LIEUTENANT MILES HAWTHORNE, a retired young naval officer who has rented a deserted farm on the Island and is there recovering from an accident on his battleship which left him with clouded eyesight

CAPTAIN MADISON, an old skipper who introduced the two "off-islanders" at the "opening of the Beach," an important Island ceremony, in which a channel is cut from the great inland pond to the ocean

THE MINOR CHARACTERS ARE:

JIM BRANT, an Indian half-breed whose imagination is fired by the lieutenant's heroism on the battleship, where he risked his life to save two middies

WILLIAM BLAKE, Hawthorne's secretary

BONE, Hawthorne's negro servant

HANNAH, June's faithful servant, and her only companion

In the first chapters Hawthorne and June have met twice—at the Beach opening and at the village post-office, where she read a telegram for him. They are strongly attracted to each other and Hawthorne vaguely feels that the girl's voice and the red geranium she wears are associated with an important event in his past life. He plans to go soon to Bijah's Cove.

back, very quickly at that, his face changing color. "So—as I was passing—I stopped. I didn't—know—you were in the hammock. Now I'll go on. Can I do an errand for you in town?"

"Oh, please—"

"What shall I get? Bartlett's doesn't offer a great variety, but—"

"Oh, please! I'm not really awake yet. I didn't mean that! And I didn't mean the other, either! We're terribly mixed up! Can't we—can't we begin all over again?"

"You didn't say I couldn't come," he said obediently, smiling.

"That was because I hoped you would come," confessed this remarkable girl. "If I hadn't hoped that I probably should have invited you!"

This was still more astonishing, but he was getting used to being surprised.

"I'm awfully sorry to have come blundering here like this," he went on, "and awakened you. I ought to have gone away—when nobody was at home."

"It was the woodpecker awakened me, . . . How lazy you must think I am!" she exclaimed with actual consternation dawning in her dark eyes.

He laughed. "If I wanted any proof of the contrary, your garden gives it. You should see mine!"

"What's in yours?" she asked.

"Corn and cabbages!"

The woodpecker continued his knocking; the distant surf murmured; the sun shone down on the old green cottage and upon the extraordinary garden. But now they turned toward it.

"What do you think of mine?" she asked him after their pause.

"Considered just as a garden," he said seriously, "it is probably the only one of the kind in the world. But I suppose you look at it differently. You are a sort of geranium specialist, I understand."

"You might call it that," said the girl.

"It is like the fields of tulips you see in Holland. I suppose you supply a florist on the mainland?"

"No—I—give them away."

"May I ask who is lucky enough to get them?"

"Why—I—don't think I'll tell you—that!"

She turned around rather hurriedly and searched in the hammock for something she might have left; but nothing was there. Then, coming near, she put her hand on his arm, gently.

"Will you come into my house and see how nice it is?" she said.

So then they went back to the red velvet mantle, and entered the white door. He could hear the bee still humming in the honeysuckle.

He followed her through the tiny house, as, with a kind of glow about her, she exhibited its rooms. She showed him the living-room first, white-painted, low-beamed, chintzy, with braided mats on the floor, and a big blackened fireplace containing a crane and an iron pot. The sun was streaming in from the garden, and Hawthorne thought he did not care to go farther; but she led the way into a tiny library stuffed with books, and into a square cool dining-room that overlooked the kitchen and the brook. She even took him into the kitchen and two superior pantries.

"It's as clean as a man-of-war," he said with approval. Then, looking about the country kitchen, "You surely don't live here alone?" he asked.

"I have Hannah," answered the girl.

"Who's Hannah? What sort of a protector is she?" "She's as good as a cavalry troop," the Geranium Lady laughed.

They strolled back to the chintzy living-room, where the sunlight still slanted through the open windows; and Hawthorne maneuvered so that she sat in it. Leaning his elbow on her center table he unconsciously fingered her magazines. Then he wondered why this Geranium Lady, with the sun on her, looked so queer.

"Tell me some more about Hannah," he said, adding—"and you."

She smiled over at him. "Well—for one thing she's so pugnacious that I don't know what will happen if she comes back and finds you here!"

This again was surprising.

"You see she thinks of me chiefly as my mother's baby! She has always taken care of me, so it is natural enough. And since I've been out of knee dresses I've been constantly scandalizing her. But she says nothing will ever surprise her again."

"I think I like her!" said Hawthorne.

"You would. . . . It is only that she can't understand—things."

The clear voice by the window hesitated. She leaned back out of the sun, deliberately he guessed, reflecting that she had quickly measured his limitations. He was quick to catch a new note in her voice. And he divined the whimsical impulse that made her say, now, what she did in answer to his quiet question:

"What things?"

"When I was a very small girl," she extraordinarily confided, "I didn't like to walk in parks."

"Didn't you? Queer little thing!"

"It's funny; I loved crowded streets and roar and work and excitement—with lots of color, or else the open country, I mean woods and sea."

"Without a single swan boat?"

"Yes. I simply refused to play in parks. Hannah liked them, so there was always an argument."

"I'll wager you got your own way."

She nodded. "So you see that is one of the things she couldn't understand."

"There were others?"

"Poor Hannah! It's so long ago. I used to make her take me to the queerest places. Over to the wharves to watch steamers unload!"

"You went—where?"

"To the piers to see the ships. The farther they had come the longer I wanted to stay! I remember once we saw one from Calcutta. I didn't sleep that night, and Hannah thought I was sick, but I wasn't. When she wouldn't take me to the wharves we went to the Battery. I was willing to sit on a bench there to watch the boats go by. But there was nobody to tell me where they were bound."

She stopped quickly, because Hawthorne, suddenly rising, went to the window and stood looking out. There was a silence in which she seemed to expect him to speak. Finally he did.

"Hannah wouldn't understand!" he said.

She mused in the shadow. "Where do you suppose I went first—when I grew up and could use the money my father and mother left? You have one guess."

He was impolite enough not to answer.

"To Calcutta! For no sane reason on earth—only because I had seen that ship unload, years before, and the name got into my blood, and it was a long way off. That was the first real blow for Hannah. She had to go, too!"

Another pause happened, and again Lieutenant Hawthorne neglected to break it. He had been star-

ing over the row of flower pots with a queer look, but he smiled quickly at Hannah's martyrdom in India. With that the girl had appeared to have finished her confidence. But when at last he turned to her with a curious combination of distant courtesy and eagerness, she answered exactly as if he had spoken, seeming not to be able to help it.

"These are some of the things—nobody understood. . . . That was only the beginning. I began to want, oh, terribly, to do things—the pull of effort. You see? . . . So—so I found another kind of adventure, a kind that counted—with greater—stakes—" She broke off, and the intensity all fell away as quickly as it had gathered itself. She ended lightly.

"So I shocked Hannah again. And when I came down here—to raise geraniums, if you please—it nearly finished her."

Miles Hawthorne took a long breath. Then he dared to go and stand rather near this girl—who had read a telegram, and gone to Calcutta. He understood now the catch in her voice when she read out where Halleck was going on the "Alaska." He stood looking down at her, and it rapidly became necessary for him to say something. His talk again fell back on poor Hannah.

"You rather put her through her paces, didn't you? What a trump she was to follow you, blindly. . . . Your—your other adventure?"

It was then that the Geranium Lady leaned back into the sun again. She looked up at him, and spoke quietly:

"It was too scientific for my heart, you see." The reserved finality of her tone closed the incident. "Suddenly I couldn't bear it!"

And that night, finally sleeping, Miles Hawthorne dreamed of acres of scarlet velvet that smelled like geraniums. Then as the gorgeous mantle shimmered, more precious than cloth of gold, the sweetness changed, all at once, into the smothering scent of ether, which was—a remarkable thing—quite welcome!

THE South Beach stretched east and west, a ribbon of sand in hot loneliness, edging a green sea. Lieutenant Hawthorne apparently had the coast to himself, except for a cloud of gulls and an old wreck. He walked close to the small waves—the tide was far ebbd—and smoked his pipe, and thought of a thousand different things, but one in particular.

The brilliant June afternoon with its wide, still calm and its fragrance lay warmly glowing about him. In its gentle influence it seemed to him like all the summer Sunday afternoons he had ever known. They had been spent in vastly varying places, but he had always recognized in each a constant quality. In the sleepy quiet of his mother's unforgotten garden, when a very little boy, he had swung on the front gate while she napped subliminally upstairs, in the suspended activity of a battleship's quarterdeck with the ocean a hot blue lake, even in the unchallenged gaiety of an Eastern seventh day, there had always been, for him, a faint flavor of something that was distinctly Sunday afternoon at home in June. And now the unnamable comfort of all summer Sundays enveloped him. By nature rarely unhappy, he avoided self-indulgence in the matter of comparisons and yielded without quarter to the guidance of the day.

Why had it been ordained that he should blunder into her presence? He had as large a twinge as the calm day would allow, at the memory of the manner of it. Of course she knew that he had not seen she was there! It was odd that he minded that and not the thought of the telegram! But he did. . . . Why had she told him about the ship from Calcutta? Over that he grinned and blew little rings at the waves. To think of her going there! But what adventure was it she had given up for so remarkable a reason?

When he reached the place on the shore where the Bijah's Cove and Bridgewater men had made the opening, somebody on the other side of the vanishing cut rose from the sand where he had been lying, a large dark man, who touched his hat to Lieutenant Hawthorne.

It was Jim Brant, dusky, uncouth, towering. And, oddly enough, he stood in the very spot where he had looked across at the same man once before as he asked: "Did he do that?" and whispered an oath.

"Good afternoon," Hawthorne spoke first, instantly sure that this was the half-breed whose history had interested him. He had many strange acquaintances in stranger parts of the earth, to the alarm of his friends; and this man's fantastic mixture of bloods was arresting. Impulsively he had asked him to Long Point Farm with the freedom of a simplicity that the Islanders did not know was cosmopolitan. Now he motioned a greeting with the hand holding his pipe and smiled with sincere cordiality.

"Good afternoon, Brant," he repeated, not having received an answer. "I think perhaps you were coming to see me, weren't you?"

The dark man had not yet spoken, merely putting

at the brim of his hat several times. Now his voice was hesitant and deep, making all his words sound jagged.

"I—I—thought you'd—forgot."

"Of course not. Will you go back with me now?"

"I callate," was the brief answer.

As they walked down the Beach in the direction from which Hawthorne had come, he was conscious that his singular companion, who lurched beside him in the sand, was in the clutch of awkwardness that was making him suffer. Hawthorne appeared not to notice.

"Our handiwork didn't last very long, did it?" he remarked, as they turned their backs on the channel.

"No, . . . sir."

"How often do they do all that work?"

"Three or four times a year."

"They never make a wider cut, I suppose."

"It'd be a sight o' work, . . . sir. We callate to—someday."

"And there are all the herring. Isn't that a lost opportunity? If old Mr. Baxter doesn't care to take it I should think some ambitious man would buy the right of him."

Jim Brant hesitated, then in his stumbling voice burst out, "I—hev thought on't!" and looked down at the hat he clutched.

Hawthorne smoked silently. And presently the man added:

"I'm savin'."

The off-islander looked thoughtfully at the hewn profile projected dark against the green sea.

"But would Mr. Baxter sell the right, do you think?"



"You didn't say I couldn't come," began Lieutenant Hawthorne
"I must have forgotten!" said June

"He's one o' the kind,"—the half-breed looked around suddenly at Hawthorne—"as don't want a thing hisself, and don't want—nobody else—ter hev it!"

"I see."

"But things has ter go as I want 'em," added the Indian savagely, "er somebody pays!"

The harsh words fell into a silence which was broken only by the hushed surf. In the pause Miles Hawthorne glanced at the low sun. "Come home with me now," he said, "and we'll make a light."

The walk back to the farm through the all too quickly vanishing beauty was covered in silence. And at the doorway of the old house Hawthorne paused, looking back with a smile that surprised the half-breed. The afterglow on the grass had seemed, dimly, like a velvet mantle, dull red.

They went into the parlor of Long Point Farmhouse, a large square room, with many-paned windows, now turning dusky. As the towering half-breed followed Hawthorne, the bent figure of the negro Bone shuffled in from an opposite door with a lamp, the light from which flared on his withered black face and on the whites of the eyes that he rolled disdainfully at Jim Brant.

The Indian looked about him respectfully.

"I wish I had more of my traps down here to show you," Lieutenant Hawthorne began, between puffs at his pipe, "because you would like them. Those spears up there belonged to a Filipino I had the pleasure of meeting once. Then there's this old boy,"—he pointed to the skin of a leopard on the hearth—"a friend of mine shot him in India. That crook over there came from Greece. I persuaded an old shepherd to sell it to me, near Marathon."

Brant listened eagerly, looking hard at the "traps." Then he rose and took the tall staff into his hand. He knew something about shepherding himself.

"It's like them pictures in the Baxters' Bible," he observed critically.

"Yes. They're using them over there yet. And they make pipes to play on—there's one on the mantel, isn't there?—just as they did back four thousand years, you know."

"I don't know!" burst out the half-breed. "I don't know—nothin'!"

"I'm not sure about that," ventured Hawthorne slowly, looking up with speculation. "I have an idea, now, that you quite understand a man's making a pipe while he watched his sheep, and what he would play on it!"

Brant stood on the spotted rug, holding the delicate pipe of reeds in his large hands. He gazed at his host wonderingly, a slow smile just showing in the lamplight.

"Yes—I know—that!"

"Well, few people do. So, you see, you are very wise!"

The strange man put the pipe on the shelf again, and coming back sat down on the edge of the chair facing Hawthorne, with his elbows on his knees and his hands folded.

"Tell me some more!" he said.

The windows had darkened almost completely with the coming of the lamp. The large room was shadowy. The two by the table made an odd pair. But that they were together to-night in the old house on the lonely shore did not seem strange to either of them. As Hawthorne resumed his talk the murmur of the surf gathered itself and unexpectedly floated through the open window in a low surge. Each man looked over his shoulder for a moment, as if at the entrance of a third person, but there was only a blown curtain and a breath of cool air.

Miles Hawthorne turned back to the half-breed again, with only a simple desire to please someone whom apparently nobody cared to please. And as he gave unstinting entertainment to his humble guest there gathered in the Indian's eyes a concentration of devotion of which both were equally unaware.

The breath at the window turned into a cold breeze. Hawthorne rose to close the sash.

"That sound," he said, jerking his head in the direction of the sea and laughing a little, "is like a human companion down here; but a strange one! Once or twice, at night, I've imagined it menacing. I ought to be ashamed of the fancy. . . . It's grown cold. . . . Shall we have a fire?"

Brant had gone to the window, too, and was looking out.

"Will you light a fire?" Hawthorne repeated. And the Indian returned hurriedly to the leopard's skin, to obey.

And as he knelt there, lifting the logs with his great hands, it seemed to Miles Hawthorne that his request had held a peremptory ring. He had not meant that. He stood by the table, hesitating, and frowning down upon the bent figure at the shadowy hearth in a singular way.

"I should not have asked you,"—he spoke with some effort, though he smiled as if it had been Halleck or some other such man—"but I rather hate to light it—now."

At that Brant stood motionless, though his eyes burned. In hurried, hesitant gutturals he spoke, freely for the first time:

"I—I—know why you told me—that!"

The fire crackled up. With it something burst into freedom out of the dark man's spirit.

"You—want ter make me—forget—who I am!"

He drew back with another lithe motion.

"I'm sort of a bad lot—maybe you didn't know."

Hawthorne's gesture protested.

"But, I've got the blood of one—gentleman! That's why I cud set in this room. And it's why you—you talked to me, like you did. It's—why?"

The fire mounted behind the towering figure, leaping fiercely like the flame of his own excitement. But Hawthorne came swiftly into the circle of its abhorred hot brilliance and grasped Jim Brant's right hand.

"I should have known it was so," he said.

The Indian wrung the hand offered.

"Thank you," he muttered.

He continued to stand on the hearth rug with his back to the blaze and staring over the lamp.

"Sometimes I'm all Indian!" he burst out. "No white man knows! There's heaven in it. An' hell! . . . Once or twice I've felt all white man—but it ain't Portugee, I mean, . . ."

"What do you mean, Brant?" asked Hawthorne quietly. He had sat down again by the table.

"Why—this: My great-grauffer were an Englishman, an' a gentleman in that country. You made me feel like him to-night. You—treated me like—him! And that girl in Bijah's Cove, she treated me white."

"Tell me about your great-grandfather," said Miles Hawthorne suddenly.

The half-breed folded his arms on his great chest. He still stared off across the room with turbulent eyes, in which smoldered the complex history of all the souls that had gone to make up his.

"My father told me afore he died. He were an ole man. I'm his last son. It were his grauffer. . . . That makes it mighty near, don't it?"

"Very near indeed."

"The man were travelin' fer pleasure—wanted ter see the world. An' in course [CONTINUED ON PAGE 63]

Why did the Claverings call it

The "Bungalow"

No one in Brinkertown could guess the reason but they suspected the worst—

FIRST OF A SERIES OF
SMALL TOWN STORIES

By

SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RAE



"IT SEEMS very pert and saucy-looking, sister," said Miss Addie Graves to Miss Sarah Graves. She spoke in a fluttering sort of voice and took a sniff at her vinaigrette.

"It is highly out of keeping with the other residences of Brinkertown," said Miss Sarah Graves, sonorously and disapprovingly.

And they were both quite right. What possessed the quiet, staid and somewhat stodgy firm of Braley Brothers, Real Estate, to build only the proper sort of houses in the tract they were opening at the west end of Brinkertown, out by the old Graves place, until—at the very end of the new avenue—they built the bungalow, the wide-porched, casement-windowed and quaintly-roofed bungalow that looked like a naughty little girl making eyes at you from among a company of dignified elders? But build it they did. And all Brinkertown disapproved.

You have just been made aware of what Miss Addie and Miss Sarah Graves said.

Mrs. Judge Tetherington said that such a dwelling seemed to her a menace to family life.

The Reverend Abner Holmes said that it was a blot on the fair face of Brinkertown.

Miss Henrietta Jamison and her friend, Miss Lottie Tulliver, said that such styles of architecture might do in the West; but the East was at once too elegant and too conservative for them. And they looked slightly at the bungalow as they were passing.

Old Mr. Cameron said that, by gad, the thing was a monstrosity!

And all the rest of the good society of Brinkertown were equally condemnatory. Of course the bungalow remained empty. No one would have thought of renting it. When young Janetta Tetherington was married to Tom Blathersnipp, she looked longingly at the bungalow, and murmured to Tom that it would be awfully easy to keep house in. But Tom had grandly replied that he would never ask the woman he loved to keep house in a bird box, so they rented a three-story (and cellar) mansion instead, and Janetta got nervous prostration from going up and down stairs. But that is quite another story.

At last, after the bungalow had been so long untenanted that it positively needed repairs, and long after the New Avenue had become a well inhabited thoroughfare without a bit of novelty—why, just like that, the bungalow was rented! Braley Brothers, who had felt some natural pique because of the Brinkertown reception of their architectural novelty, never let an inkling of the event escape. The first Brinkertown knew of it was when big vans of furniture drove up before the bungalow and men began leisurely to uncrate furniture all over the lawn.

"Sister," cried Miss Addie Graves, who watched the arrival from behind a lace curtain, "it must have come on the train from some distance. Everything is packed with excelsior and sacking, inside the crates."

Miss Sarah was watching through the other lace curtain. "I believe you are right," she agreed unburiedly, for Miss Sarah was always calm. "And here comes the family. That is evidently the father, and the mother, and the little boy and the little girl—and that elderly person is perhaps the grandmother, or the maiden aunt."

"They look quite nice—really elegantly dressed," said Miss Addie. "What a graceful manner the mother has, quite an air. I vow! Sister—do you think—shall we—perhaps—call?"

"Later, perhaps," said Miss Sarah firmly, "after we have seen what sort of furniture they have and when we have found out their connections."

From behind their lace curtains, therefore, the Misses Graves observed that the newcomers' furniture was of the best, and some of it had an undoubted heirloom look. There was a clock that Miss Sarah pronounced a real Willard, for she was a connoisseur. A console table of rosewood, and a sideboard with a very Heppelwhite look, were other recommendations. Miss Addie and Miss Sarah wished they could have seen the china unpacked, but they couldn't, for it was unpacked inside the bungalow. However, they felt sufficiently encouraged to stop Wilbur Braley on the street that afternoon and ask him the names of the

new tenants. He said they were the Claverings, from Philadelphia.

Now everybody knows that the Claverings of Philadelphia are as solid an old family as that solid old city affords, so, as soon as they felt the bungalow was sufficiently to rights, the Misses Graves put on their best bonnets and called on their new neighbors.

A properly attired and well-trained maid showed them into the living-room, and before their hostess entered they inspected eagerly the furniture and rugs. It was all very satisfactory. They were looking hard at the family portraits when Mrs. Clavering entered. She was a charming young woman, and her dress and demeanor were alike acceptable to her callers.

They chatted amiably for a few minutes on the advantages of Brinkertown, the Clavering family, and then Miss Sarah, smiling agreeably, said:

"Won't you find yourself rather crowded in so small a residence?"

"It is delightfully convenient, though," smiled Mrs. Clavering. "I've never lived in a bungalow before, but I like it, so far, immensely."

The Misses Graves looked at her in a startled way, and then at each other. Had she said bungalow, or did they merely imagine it? Before they had time to recover, the elderly lady whom they had seen on the day of the Claverings' arrival came in, and was introduced as Miss Clavering, Mr. Clavering's grandmother. She was a very aristocratic-looking little old woman, with white curls and an arched nose.

"I am so glad," she told Miss Addie and Miss Sarah, almost at once, "that Lenore and Donald show a progressive spirit. At first, when they told me they were going to live in a bungalow, I did not realize the derangement. None of the Claverings had ever lived in houses with less than three stories, and most of us had four-story ones. But with all the modern trouble with servants, I can see that it is a better derangement to live where few servants are required. I have become a downright devotee of the bungalow."

Poor Miss Addie and Miss Sarah. They did not know where to look nor what to say: Derangement? Remire? Bungalow? What did this gibberish mean? The rest of the call was a horrid maze to them, though Mrs. Clavering served tea and plumcake, made, as Grandmother Clavering told them, by a pre-revolutionary recipe. At last, young Mr. Clavering came in, and when he was told that these were their nearest neighbors, he expressed himself as delighted, "although," he said teasingly, "your beautiful big house certainly puts our little bungalow in the shade."

Miss Addie and Miss Sarah made their farewells precipitately after that. They went at once to Mrs. Judge Tetherington's, instead of going home.

"We've called on the Claverings," they chorused.

Mrs. Tetherington was delighted. "I'm so glad you went," she said. "Now you can tell us what they are like. Do you think they are the sort of people we can really take in to the best circles of Brinkertown?"

"They are the real Philadelphia Claverings," said Miss Sarah.

"Their furniture is mostly heirlooms," quavered Miss Addie.

"They have beautiful manners," went on Miss Sarah, "and Miss Clavering, the grandmother, is a very aristocratic type."

"But—" And then the horrid truth came out. "They call—it all call—the bungalow, a *bungalow*!"

"What?" cried out Mrs. Judge Tetherington.

"Yes, they do," went on Miss Sarah. "Every one of them calls it 'bungalow.' Mr. and Mrs. Clavering and Miss Grandmother Clavering. And Grandmother Clavering uses other queer words, too. But bungalow is the *worst*."

"The children don't say it," pleaded Miss Addie. "At least, we didn't hear them do it, for we didn't see them. And maybe it is all just a sort of joke."

"Brinkertown is not the sort of place where people can come, even the Philadelphia Claverings," said Mrs. Judge Tetherington firmly, "and play such jokes. Why,

suppose everyone got to doing it? It would lower the tone of the town!"

Of course the dreadful news was spread as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. People of Brinkertown who were anybody at once decided that it would be better not to call—or at least to wait several months.

If the Claverings were aware of the storm they had raised, they did not show it. They bought a motor car and built a garage at the back of the bungalow, and seemed to have a very good time riding about.

The tender heart of Miss Addie Graves could not bear the thought that Brinkertown had been so unkind. Their house, as you know, was next door to the bungalow, and whenever Miss Addie got a chance she would go over and see Mrs. Clavering and play with the children. It was very delightful to her, and the more she knew of them the better she liked them all. They were a merry-hearted family, simple and sweet. The children were delightful. Sometimes, when Miss Sarah was out, she would bring them over to the old Graves house, where their yellow heads bobbed about like unaccustomed sunshine in the dull rooms.

Miss Addie thought very bitterly of the Claverings' ostracism in Brinkertown, and the more she knew them, the more she felt that something ought to be done about it. So, finally, she did what she ought to have done in the first place. She asked Mrs. Clavering, right to her face, *why they called it "bungalow?"* And then she waited, tremblingly, for the answer, for she felt that she had done a frightfully bold thing, and one that might cost her this happy new friendship.

But Mrs. Clavering only smiled a queer little smile. "It's one of Donald's jokes," she said. Donald was her husband. "You see, I'm only a Clavering by marriage, so I can speak to you about it. The Claverings are great people for little family jokes. If one of the family makes a joke—and their best jokes are always changing words in some funny way—why, all the family take it up and adopt it into their vocabularies. There are jokes in the Clavering family that have descended for generations. Grandmother knows them. She always says elderdown for iodine, because her grandfather called it so for a joke to his children. The Claverings care for these old jokes just as they do for the old tables and sideboards and family portraits. I don't try to keep up with the old Clavering jokes, but I think it only loyal that I should be respectful to my own husband's jokes. If he thinks it's funny to say 'bungalow,' why, I shall think it funny, too, and I shall teach the children to say it that way and think it funny." She looked proudly at Miss Addie as she spoke.

Miss Addie rose nobly to the occasion. "I think it's beautiful," she said, "to see old family customs kept up and in such an unusual way. Thank you for telling me, my dear."

You may be sure that it was very soon noised about Brinkertown that the reason the Claverings said "bungalow" was because it was an old family custom to have special family jokes, and that the Claverings kept their jokes as carefully as they kept their old mahogany. Of course that changed the face of matters entirely. Mrs. Judge Tetherington said that she thought it showed a fine spirit, and an evidence of real blue blood in these degenerate modern days. So, after that, everybody called. And now everybody in Brinkertown calls it a "bungalow," and is very disdainful of the old undistinguished pronunciation. It does not seem to have lowered the tone of the town.

Some of the Sweetest Girls in the Films

By HELEN DUEY

"**L**ARGE eyes, curls and dimples will make a doll, but not a motion picture actress," says Mr. D. W. Griffith, the wizard of the films. "There must be expressed in the face that beautiful something we call soul, for the face is a delicate instrument upon which the whole gamut of emotions is played, adagio, allegro, interpreting with accurate feeling the sweetness and the sorrows of life."

VIOLET MERSEREAU has the dimples and curls and big eyes that Mr. Griffith scorns, but she has also the qualities most prized by movie-managers, namely, grace, the ability to portray emotions in gesture and expression, and the willingness to work hard, harder, hardest.

"**I**SN'T she the sweetest thing?" is what people say of Mae Marsh, who is "Little Sister" in the "Birth of a Nation." In a few years she has blossomed from a shy, thin little girl, all eyes, into one of the most finished of screen actresses. Her popularity is due to her appealing charm.



IT ISN'T work at all, Anna Kromann thinks, to act in a strenuous Western film where she must be in the saddle all day, for she is an accomplished horse-woman and loves riding above all other sports. She thinks the cross-saddle seat the best.

VIOLA DANA (at the right), who was "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in the play, is one of the smallest and youngest screen stars. She likes emotional rôles, as in "The Stoning." Her naturalness is her greatest charm, especially in parts where she is "just girl." She has all the required curls and dimples, too.



Clara Kimball Young, who has been so successful in dramatic tragic rôles



The Thanhouser Twins, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks



LILLIAN GISH makes a lovely Annie in the film version of "Enoch Arden." She is the appealing, fragile type of blond beauty, with an occasional flash of fire. Her acting is notable for a delightful realism—she does not "over-act" her parts.

TWO films calling for widely different characterization were "Avenging Conscience," and "Judith of Bethulia," but the leading parts in both were taken by Blanche Sweet (at the left) with splendid success. She is another of the charming blond type that is always popular with "movie-fans."



Gladys Hulette, who played in "The Bluebird," is now winning favor on the film



Mary Pickford with her curls pinned up. Recently she appeared in "Fanchon the Cricket" with Sister Lottie and Brother Jack, a sort of family picnic



Mary Miles Minter is not any older than she looks. She is just like the dear little girl she pictured in the "Fairy and the Walf"

"Better Films" for the Children

The Juvenile Motion Picture Federation

By HELEN DUEY

IN response to an increasing demand for specially selected films for children, the National Board of Censorship has evolved a plan which is broad, sympathetic, sane and scientific, and which seems a reasonable and practical method of handling the delicate problem of censorship:

A committee of New York people, representing the People's Institute Juvenile Motion Picture Committee, the Mothers' Association of the Horace Mann School, the Federation for Child Study, and the Church Motion Picture League have formed an organization to be known as the Juvenile Motion Picture Federation. The object of this organization is to make such selections from the current releases of films as will be suitable for children up to the sixteenth year. These selections will be made from two standpoints: the special training of a child until the twelfth year, and the peculiar needs of the adolescent. No censorship is contemplated.

This federation will draw upon the services of about fifty local people interested in child welfare from the viewpoints of teacher, social worker, mother, and psychologist. This large volunteer committee will be in continual consultation with eminent child psychologists and other noted experts in child welfare in every state.

A questionnaire embodying all possible phases of the problem of motion picture influences in relation to the normal child has been sent to national authorities, and from this questionnaire a well-regulated standard of selection of films has been formulated.

This standard will be flexible, in order to meet the results of more careful research in this unexplored field and to adjust itself to special conditions that may arise.

A special committee of the Federation will endeavor to arrange a fair and reasonable adjustment of rental prices for those films which are approved for children.

Inasmuch as practically all films are exhibited in New York City before release, it will be possible for the Federation to make a more extensive selection than could local organizations.

Weekly bulletins on the specially selected films will be issued to those persons actively engaged in promoting children's matinees in their communities. Several large distributing companies, in response to public demand, will have their film exchanges withdraw these selected films for children from regular service and make them available for the children's after-school and Saturday matinees.

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is glad to announce this national movement for Better Films for Children, and heartily endorses the purpose of the Federation.

Moving Pictures in the Schools

A story of the work of a group of high school boys

FOR some two or three years the high school of Connorsville, Indiana, has, under the guidance of the instructor in science, Mr. H. H. Radcliffe, maintained a Science Club, composed of boys of the high school. Many scientific subjects were reported on by different members of the club at different times; among others some relating to moving pictures, their production and exhibition. Then the leader suggested that the club take steps toward procuring a moving picture machine for the city schools. It seemed very opportune that at about that time there appeared in



There are special Saturday morning performances for children at the Columbia Theatre of Grand Rapids. "The Land of Oz," "Cinderella," "Aladdin," and splendid nature films are shown. Are they popular? Well, this picture shows the crowd waiting to get in.

the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION a series of articles on better films. The club went heartily to work and, with the support of the city superintendent, the city school board, and the patrons of the school, succeeded, about the close of the year, in putting a moving picture machine in the schools.

Only two or three programs have been given. These have been partly educative and partly entertaining. Some of the industries have been portrayed, some historical and literary subjects, some comedy. At present it is the plan for the coming year to continue along the same lines, selecting the best available films. The club has in this connection splendid cooperation from the University of Cincinnati.

Of course it will require funds to keep it going, and several plans have been suggested. After careful consideration the following has been adopted for trial next fall: Many films of an educational value are available at a nominal price. These will be shown at an admission of one cent. This is believed to be better than free entertainments, as it will give the children a sense of participation—even ownership—in this addition to the school's outfit. This admission will a little more than pay expenses of programs of the nature mentioned above, and whenever a sufficient fund has accrued, higher-priced films will be shown at the same price. It must be remembered that the whole scheme is yet in its infancy, its experimental stage, so to speak. In addition to the above plan, which is the main one for the coming year, another will be used from time to time. For example, there are many historical films which will be of real interest and help to the history department. These may be furnished by a fund of that department or as specials at a higher price.

Essentially this is not a money-making scheme; but its purpose is to present educational subjects and educate public sentiment to an appreciation of high-class pictures. "Tariff for revenue only" has been emphasized from the first. Perhaps this has been a factor framing the attitude of the theatres of the town. We have been asked if they would not fight the undertaking. We are prepared to say that from them we have received the most potent cooperation: each of them (there are three in town) has given us free advertising at their own houses, and one of them loaned

us the use of a machine for a preliminary entertainment to raise funds while our own was on the way.

The faculty leader from the start had in mind two purposes which were kept in the background when talking with the boys about the machine. These were to educate public sentiment in favor of a higher class of pictures (perhaps the chief at the time of his first suggestion), and to unify the club. The growth of the spirit of unity, the belief in and endeavor for united effort in the club, leads him to think that the latter purpose has so far been the more productive, and will be with these boys a lasting good. As to what has been or will be accomplished in the other line, time only can tell.

Letters from Readers on Special Work for "Better Films"

What a librarian says

THE St. Paul Public Library is not cooperating with the women in the movement for children's matinees, but expects to in the future.

The first matinee was held last Saturday. It repeated former attempts by presenting corrupted and distorted versions with the sensational interloper as an accompaniment. I enclose a newspaper report which is verified by a member of the children's staff who was present.

I understand the film producers refuse to consider films for children, on the ground of not paying. I doubt if this be true. Federated action by the civic and social organizations most interested might shift their financial point of view by making it clear that the field is big, and hence lucrative. Children in great numbers are attracted to public libraries, the juvenile circulation being forty per cent of the total output, and the history of children's libraries has repeatedly shown that when a branch is established in a neighborhood, the news-stands that have hitherto handled penny dreadfuls and dime novels are forced to withdraw these lines, as they cannot compete with the library. Of course, the library is free, but if children did not find what they like they would continue their support of the news-stand.

The moving picture show for children can be put on a basis that pays, and at the same time satisfy ethical and artistic canons of good taste; but the didactic and informational tendencies of women's clubs and parent-teacher associations must be severely avoided. Emphasize the literature of power, make the appeal on the emotional and imaginative side and the children will respond.

The motion picture is a factor in the social problem which the library cannot afford to neglect. The influence it could exert in furthering children's love of good literature would be difficult to overstate, and when film companies standardize films for children, and exhibitors can be trusted to exhibit only such, the library will cooperate to its fullest extent. To reach these conditions it stands ready and anxious to lend a hand.

Elizabeth G. Dennis, Minnesota.
Supervisor of work with children.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The film referred to in the librarian's letter was one called "The Baby," a ridiculous but dangerous type. This film pictured small children kidnapping a baby and shutting it up in a box on a lonely seashore. The waves wash it out to sea and a dog rescues it.]

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

*to its readers by the Editors of the
Woman's Home Companion*

FEATURES

THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET, Broadway Features Universal: Very humorous portrayal of an Englishman who tries to adapt himself to American ideas.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE, World: Based on F. Hopkinson Smith's charming story, with Burr McIntosh as the lovable old colonel. The atmosphere of Southern life and Civil War times is for the most part well maintained.

LIBERTY HALL, London Film: A splendid human-interest story with the atmosphere of Dickens and well-selected characters. Heartily recommended.

LITTLE PAL, Famous Players: Mary Pickford as the taciturn half-breed Indian girl who loves and sacrifices steps entirely out of her usual personality. The Alaskan gold field is the setting with the usual atmosphere of mining life.

RAGS, Famous Players: Pictures Mary Pickford in her most fetching costume and her most successful character.

THE FIGHTING HOPE, Lasky-Belasco: Laura Hope Crews as the wife who believes in her husband until evidence against him is too strong. A picture for grown-ups.

THE MATING, Mutual-Masterpicture: A natural little story of the unconscious cruelty of schoolgirls toward an unwelcome wallflower member. Good characterization and detail with some funny situations.

THE HEART OF LADY ALAINE, Great Northern: An accurate and beautiful production based on an episode of French Revolution times, and featuring Betty Nansen as the bride who tries to save her cowardly husband.

THE SECRETARY OF FRIVOLOUS AFFAIRS, Mutual-Masterpicture: A society girl, thrown on her own resources, undertakes the impossible task of guarding the favored son against matrimony. Plot is a little complicated.

SHOULD A MOTHER TELL? Fox: Rather, should a wife tell that her husband is the murderer and thus save an innocent man at the cost of her daughter's happiness? Betty Nansen is splendid as the wife. The story is too complicated for young minds.

THE CUB, World: A good comedy in which a very funny young man, John Hines, mixes up with a Kentucky feud. Entertaining throughout and quite thrilling toward the end.

NEARLY A LADY, Bosworth-Morosco: Lively, romantic comedy-drama with Elsie Janis. Has many elaborate scenes and varied settings.

THE SECRET ORCHARD, Lasky-Belasco: Founded on the novel. Blanche Sweet is the heroine. Suitable for adults.

THE CLIMBERS, V. L. S. E.-Lubin: Clyde Fitch's comedy-drama of society portrayed in a satirical vein. Photography good.

THE PUPPET CROWN, Jesse L. Lasky: A sweet little romantic story well staged and well directed, with Ina Claire as the heroine.

JEWEL, Universal: Clara Louise Burnham's story of such a very good little girl that a bit of naughtiness would have been a relief. A Christian Science atmosphere.

THE SECOND IN COMMAND, Metro: Romance of the Boer War featuring Francis Bushman in a self-sacrificing rôle. Good detail, especially in the battle scenes.

MILESTONES OF LIFE, Mutual-Masterpicture: A domestic drama, attractively staged and well acted.

KILMENY, Oliver Morosco: A typical gypsy story. Pretty and appealing. Well directed.

MARSE COVINGTON, Metro: A good Southern melodrama, well staged and well acted, with plenty of heart interest.

OTHER FEATURE FILMS which are especially recommended
will be found on Page 61



"You have interviewed her! You have drawn her for the papers!"

PART FOUR

The Runaway Rest Cure

Nancy's Last Adventure, in which she untangles the mystery about her double and the doctor untangles his little special mystery about Nancy

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

MY ONCE hatless man—he now wore a cap—let the window down and spoke to me civilly.

"Mrs. Hamilton, my name is Krausman. I am taking you to your husband, and I am taking you this way because I twice tried to get you to go peaceably and failed. After you went off in the launch I telephoned your husband and he sent the automobile with directions to bring you to your country place. Nobody is going to harm you, but you'll have to go."

I was so dumfounded at the change in Krausman that I scarcely heard what he said. *For his beard was gone.* To this day I do not know whether he shaved it or took it off. But I do know that it took me two minutes to ask:

"Where is this country place?"

He gave me a look that said, "Don't try to work that on me," but contented himself with replying, "If we keep up our present speed we should be there in an hour and a half."

"Very well," I answered, as calmly as I could. "Shut the window."

"We'll not stop," he warned me, "so it's no use trying to get out, and if we happen to meet other people and you raise a row we'll tell 'em we are taking you from Doctor Haswell's insane asylum."

He closed the window, and I settled back in my seat. It was curious that my foremost idea was that it would be a long time before I should get anything to eat. I concluded we must be going at least thirty miles an hour. We were between Philadelphia and Baltimore. If I were being taken to a country place it was perhaps on the water, near one city or the other.

Then, in spite of my hunger and of my melodramatic predicament, I began to laugh. Friend husband was evidently a prominent citizen and, by the appearance of the automobile and the comments of Krausman, a wealthy one, with more than one home at his disposal. He would certainly be surprised when he saw me, and my laugh turned into a giggle when I thought of what he would say to Krausman. Here was a real adventure, an adventure that happened without my having done more to bring it about than to speak to a very good-looking doctor. Brian would certainly be interested, and he ought to be satisfied. Then the thought of Brian recalled the complicating fact that he was due to arrive on the six-forty-five train.

Singularly enough, any danger that the situation might hold did not occur to me. In fact I concluded that my captor was to be well paid for bringing me safely wherever I was to go, and, once arrived there, I had no doubt I should be treated with more consideration than the runaway wife whose quiet and secret return was so dearly desired. If I were not, as

Doctor Haswell had suggested, I had only to scream. No man is keen to have a screaming woman, on whom he has never set eyes, delivered into his house after dark. Then it occurred to me that I had no money with me. I could not even buy a post card or pay five cents car fare. Well, it would be up to the forceful husband. He would have to return me to the point of kidnapping, and I did not doubt he would.

Here Krausman turned to watch me as we ran swiftly through a constellation of twinkling lights and slowed down at the edge of a small town. But I made no move. The chauffeur seemed to be divided between two roads. It was too dark for me to see which he finally took, but I heard Krausman say: "Better take the lower; it's a bit rougher, and will be so much harder for the doctor if he follows."

"What'll you do, Krausman," asked the chauffeur, "if he does catch up?"

"He won't, before we get into the house, and if he comes there the senator will like to see him, especially after he hears there is a man following Mrs. Hamilton."

My mind turned at once to Mrs. Hamilton's arrival at the sanitarium; to the doctor's concern when he was asked at the station to wait for her; to the way he carried her into his office when she fainted. Was there a man in the case? The thought was benumbing. I pulled myself together with disgust. What on earth was there about this man that set my brain to such imaginings? I had bestowed on him a wife and then tried to deny him one, and now I was constructing a new situation for him with another woman.

Suddenly we turned off the rough road into one as smooth as glass, and our speed increased. I looked at my wrist watch and found it was only seven o'clock. Lights appeared on each side of us as of houses set back in large grounds. Presently we slowed down. Off to the right ran a lighted pier shining over quiet water.

We turned in between high white gates and then swept up before a massive pillared portico, and I saw a stately house with apparently little life or light about it. The automobile stopped.

Krausman opened the unlocked door of the house and we entered a broad hall dimly lighted. There were no servants in sight. I saw him give me an anxious look; then the door of what proved to be a library was thrown back and a broad-shouldered man with a dark complexion and gray hair filled the opening. The light was behind him and though I could not see his face distinctly, I could see that he scarcely looked at me.

"Very good, Krausman, that will be all to-night. I will give you your check in the morning. After you both have had dinner, Hawkins will have to drive Doctor Van Campen to the station. You may go with

him if you like." He dismissed the two men curtly. At the new name I must have shown the interest I felt, for though Krausman went away the man in the door darted a look at me that even in the dim light seemed threatening. I continued to stand in the shadow waiting for him to speak.

"Come in here," he ordered.

I crossed the threshold slowly, doubtless too slowly to suit an angry husband, for as I neared the door he grasped me by the shoulder and with a brutal movement flung me inside the room.

The touch infuriated me. I wrenched myself from the heavy hand, blazing with anger.

For a moment the room was absolutely still. Then the man uttered an oath which he fairly ground out between his teeth.

I had expected dismay, apology, explanation, even chagrin. During the ride to the house I had laughed over what this moment would be to the arrogant owner of a wife. But there was none of these things. Only a moment's utter incredulity, and then the anger in his face deepened to fury.

"Tell me, how did you get here?"

I was angry myself. "I was trapped into your automobile and brought here quite against my will. Please understand, I do not propose to be thrown about now that I am here."

But the man had no thought for me, only for his barked endeavor.

"I should have put a detective on it. But it seemed needless. The incredible fool! With all that accurate information—and he has brought me a stranger!"

I could not have kept from answering had my safety depended on silence.

"It is a good thing for her that he did not bring you your wife."

He bent his head forward, the better to look at me. "I said nothing about my wife. What do you know?"

I did not have to answer, but I wanted to say: "I know that you struck her in the face and that she left you; that she was clever enough to leave you at the one time in your life when it was most inconvenient for you."

He was silent for what seemed a long time. Then he said:

"You do not even know whether I have a wife, nor, having one, whether she is here or elsewhere, nor why."

At my elbow on the library table were some sheets of blank paper. I snatched up a pencil and began to make rapid strokes with it.

Some deadly certainty flared into the man's face, then it cooled and sharpened. "You are taking notes. I thought so. You are a reporter?"

I suspended my drawing, and as I met his eyes I knew instantly why the other woman had left. There was not one generous line in the whole face, not one chance of kindness to any weaker thing.

"It is the first time," I answered, "that it has occurred to you to ask who I am."

"Well, I ask it now. And I'll have the truth."

"It's too bad you have not had more of it."

"You are evading. Answer my question!"

"Oh, about the notes? I never knew a real reporter who took notes during an interview, did you?"

His face began to whiten. It occurred to me that to all intents and purposes I was alone in the house with this man. He reached out and grasped my paper.

"Alice!" He scowled at the paper. I had sketched the face of the woman who had sat beside me at luncheon, white from recent faintness, her cheek marked by a dark bruise. Then the man's voice thickened. "You have interviewed her! You have drawn her for the papers! You have the whole story!"

If I had spoken to him I think he would have struck me. But the touch of the familiar pencil steadied me. I let the point fall on the next sheet of paper and drew some more quick lines.

"Neither you nor your notes nor your drawings will get out of this house to where publicity can hurt me."

"I am not your wife. Doubtless she had nobody to defend her. But if you touch me a dozen men will thrash you for it to-morrow. Moreover, it will be in every newspaper. Hurt you? Neither legislation nor a woman is safe in your hands. I hope you will lose your election."

"I shall not lose it because of the trickery of a couple of women!"

"Was it my trickery that brought me here?"

"Well you are here. And this house is arranged to keep a woman quietly, whether she likes it or not, until after my election. Nobody will know that she is not my wife, and I shall have killed two birds with one stone. I do not want the woman back."

I laughed a little. "We have gone back several centuries, haven't we? A fine scandal that would make! Indeed, each minute you keep me here has its risk for you. You seem to lose sight of the fact that I am not your wife, and I have defenders. Surely you cannot suppose I would venture, even though kidnapped, into the home of a man whose wife left him because he struck her, without the safeguard of outside assistance. Still, I am glad I proved you the bully that you are. It will—make good reading."

He eyed me for a few seconds; then he spoke with an oily quietness that was a bit disconcerting. "You are a pretty handsome woman to send alone into a bully's house at night."

"Ah, that too! That is a side of you I suspected but was not quite sure of. You use all the cowardly weapons, do you not?" I was incensed beyond all thought of caution.

The paper I had been covering fell to the floor and he snatched at it. His own face stared out at him with all the venom and the brutality I had been able to put into a few lines.

"They sent a good one!" he said.

Then a crafty look narrowed the eyes I was watching, and I saw him pull himself together for some especial effort.

"IT IS not unlikely," said the senator, "that you might do better with this story of yours than to give it to the newspapers."

The flame of an idea scorched my mind. "How much better?" I asked. "It is a pretty good story—the trip here, the house, your amiable [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]"

An Autumn Costume

Designed exclusively for the
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

by
JEANNE LANVIN
Paris

MME. JEANNE LANVIN, creator of the velvet costume shown in the painting by Coles Phillips, belongs completely to Paris. She is distinctly French, and every costume from her establishment proclaims this fact. There is the charm of youth in its lines, secured through simplicity.

Soft, silky green velvet is the material Madame Lanvin selected for this autumn costume. Its style is Russian, its trimming one of Madame Lanvin's own exquisite embroideries worked in black silk and gold threads. Gray fur gives an added touch of contrast and softness to the costume.

For a more detailed description, see page 60.



COLES PHILLIPS

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

From our Paris Correspondent

A CABLE MESSAGE RECEIVED JUST BEFORE
THE "COMPANION" WENT TO PRESS

THOUGH the thought and care of the wounded soldiers is the first interest of the French woman to-day, the gowns of the famous couturiers just on display pervade the atmosphere with a suggestion of old-time frivolity.

Take the Ritz in the tea garden or any of the "Cafés Femminines," as a satiric French writer has called them. Fashion can be found on a little private dress parade of its own. The Ritz tea garden is cool, green-walled, tree-shaded, and the beautiful women who assemble there are wearing the gowns which set the style for the coming season.

As you enter, the first impression is that violet is the color—the one color—for fall and winter. Perhaps this is because the purple tones are included in second mourning, but another glance, and a more careful one, and you see wondrous frocks in many tints of blue, especially *bleu d'horizon*; and fern green is in evidence, as well as taupe, tan, beige, honey-suckle and rose. In fact, all these shades are seen where fashionable feminine Paris gathers.

Velvet proclaims itself the favorite fabric. The other day at the Ritz a most charming brunette was arrayed in a gray paneela costume. This is Rodier's new silk velvet. The skirt, like so many of the new models, was bordered with a deep band. This and the corsage accessories were of white paneela barred with blue. The hat was white velvet, and white ostrich tips were its trimming. The something different was that the feathers looked as if they had been quickly dipped in gold. About the edges there was just a touch of shimmer and glisten.

In striking contrast, a blond beauty nearby wore blue serge with the back of the frock set in narrow box plaits from neck to heels. The slight fullness in the corsage front was strapped twice at the belt line.

Velvet hats reign in Paris. One which attracted my attention this particular afternoon was pink, and trimmed simply with a blue ribbon band ending in a small bow. Another dashing hat was large and made of black velvet absolutely untrimmed. It was worn with a simple violet velvet dress finished with a Franz Hals collar of fine white linen.

When it comes to materials, there are novelties, just as there have been other seasons. Rodier's elephant-skin plush is specially favored, as well as his *faillé à jour*, which is the ribbed silk adorned with narrow openwork lines.

The winter taffetas are corded—diagonally, hori-

zontally and perpendicularly. They are also seen with raised flower designs. For everyday wear, basket and honeycomb cloths in two colors are modish, also two-toned checks and rough checked stuffs with plain contrasting borders joined unevenly under *soutache* braid.

Many silk, metal and wool fringes will be used. Paquin, Callot, and Martial et Armand show a wide selection of all materials, generally in restrained colors. Bernard is making swaggy tailored suits of rough black and white checks trimmed with *soutache* braid, black fur and touches of bright blue. Other suits for afternoon wear at this establishment are of smooth cloth with heavily embroidered borders edged with woolen fringe.

Too much fullness being cumbersome, stiffened rich silks are used to achieve distension in the godet skirts endorsed by Paquin, Jenny, Cheruit, Beer, Drecoll, Premet, Agnes and others. Cheruit expresses herself this season in a two-shaded Rodier transparency called *tulle Valenciennes*, and silk à jour in grays, violets and blues. Douillet's most distinguished novelty is silk voile decorated with applied silk bands and embroidered with a design of silk-covered cords.

Dresses of two materials are popular, a velvet cuirass, for instance, with a cloth skirt and sleeves. Sleeves remain long, with medium-length shoulders and easy armholes. Many buttons of jet, amber, crystal, ivory, leather, bone, and gayly embroidered ones are used for trimming. Big ball buttons are very popular.

Many silk frills trim skirts, the frills turning upward. *Crêpe de chine* and the new taffetas make simple dinner dresses, trimmed with bands of silk edged with *soutache* stitchings, and cords or tiny frills set in groups edge transparent *entretaux* of tulle or lace.

The new wrist bags are covered with tiny frills matching the silk flounces of skirts.

The present war has brought into notice the beauty of the native Indian and African laces. In natural tints, these laces, both fine and coarse, are fascinatingly novel, applied to Parisian gowning. They are greatly sought for accessories on velvets, heavy silks, Indian cashmeres and broadcloths. One graceful costume recently seen was violet broadcloth made distinctive by its ultra-Parisian simplicity. The gown's only trimming consisted of collar and high cuffs of Madagascar lace in an original design.

MARGARET McKENNA-FRIEND.

PARIS, AUGUST 15TH.



Tailored suit from the house of PAQUIN



BEER'S interpretation of the tailored suit



BERNARD suit with Venetian masque collar



One-piece dress from MARTIAL ET ARMAND

Four costumes by leading Paris designers

FOUR of the most famous couturiers in Paris have designed for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION the charming costumes and suits illustrated on this page. It is interesting to see the different interpretations of the tailored suit as set forth by Paquin, Bernard, and Beer. Pearl-white corduroy has been chosen for the Paquin design, wrought with hand embroidery in shades of gray with a touch of white. Bernard's tailored suit shows his special novelty—the Venetian masque collar which is so much the vogue in Paris. It is being shown not only in cloth but also in fur. This very odd collar entirely hides from view the fair wearer's chin.

THE Beer costume is of velvet combined with fur fringe. Both the coat and skirt show a decided flare. The extremely chic one-piece costume designed by Martial et Armand shows braid as its trimming. The gown is developed in French-blue zibeline trimmed with the black braid. The gown is in *princesse* effect, the long line broken at the waist by a belt. It is interesting to see the emphasis given the armhole by its outline of black silk braid. This trimming is one of the most modish in Paris to-day, braid being used on cloths and velvets, on tulle and chiffon. White braid is quite as *comme il faut* as black.

"Every man has two countries—his own and France"

The Heart of France

FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTERPRETATIONS

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

FRANCE was but a foreign country to thousands of us a few months ago; it has now become part and parcel of our lives. Thousands of us who have never hoped to set foot in Paris have been there in heart and mind how intimately in these days of her "great need and sweet chivalry."

Those of us who have read of France with a sympathetic and a thrilling heart have a better understanding of her, a better love for her than many a one who, before this great struggle, toured that beloved land in faithful journeyings, made careful note of its cathedrals and palaces, and saw the gay world of Paris streaming through the brilliant boulevards.

Indeed, who would wish now to go "sight-seeing," as we say, to stare curiously at her monuments and palaces?—or it is her heart that lies revealed, under the stars, to be understood.

So the days of sight-seeing and shallow travel would seem, at least for the time being, to have gone by; and the days of more intimate journeys of mind and heart, the days of wider study and better understanding of foreign lands and foreign peoples are at hand.

The journey I would ask you to make to France with me is one in which, if heart and mind are enlisted, you shall gain a better knowledge of this beloved land than many have who have traveled it from end to end. It shall never again seem strange to you, for it shall be in a measure your country also; and each sunrise shall bring it before you, dear and cherished among the nations; and its people shall be your people, its ideals shall stir and move you, its enthusiasm and heroism shall add to the loveliness of life for you, and even its faults shall, I promise you, endear it to you.

Darling of the Nations

THE old maxim, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," applies in our present method of travel also; for if we are to understand and know France and the French people we shall have to leave at home our own manner of thinking and our prejudices. We are travelers now. Let us forget all we have ever thought about this land and this people, all criticism we have ever made of her, and let us take her at the world's valuation, as great and thoughtful men have known and loved her.

France stands among modern nations much as Greece stood among the nations of the ancient world, the darling of all the rest. Naturally more gifted, a favorite child, there is something particular and essential which marks her from early days—a grace, a gift, a dower, be it of taste, of sympathy, of beauty; something which sets her apart from the rest.

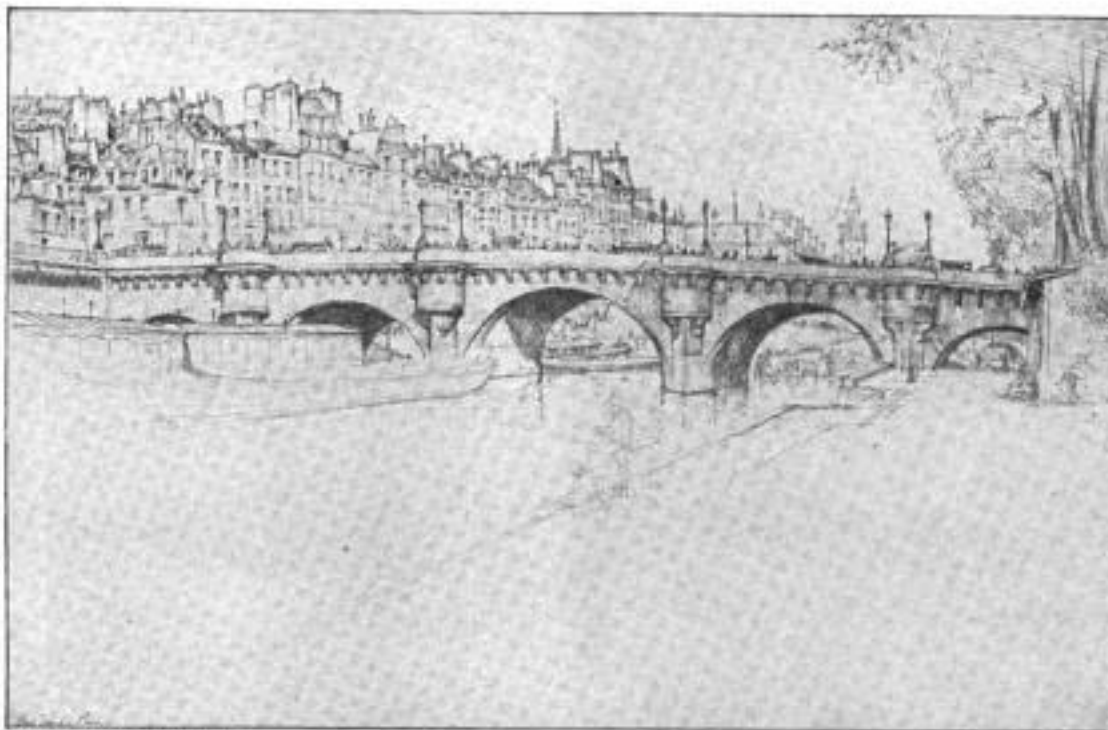
And whichever of her traits we study we shall find to be touched with this particularity; some fine flower of enthusiasm blooms in all she does or attains.

Again and again we see this enthusiasm. We see it in her history, in her patriotism, in her literature, in her art—she loves intensely, and delights in what is hers; in her language—has she not established an Academy to preserve its pure usage; in her land—not elsewhere shall you find a land more beloved of the heart. You have only to note how she has faithfully draped in mourning for more than forty years, there in the Place de la Concorde, that statue which represents her lost province of Alsace. I know of nothing similar to this in any other country. And her literature—it is a passion with her almost, and her boys and girls have familiar on their lips the words of her great writers, as the little Greek boys who, when asked by their barbarian conquerors to write or sing, wrote and sang, you remember, as Plutarch tells us, the words of their great poet Euripides. And her great men and women—not elsewhere shall you find a nation so dedicated to its heroes and heroines and to its men of letters.

On every side, as you approach France, whether by the road of history, or literature, or art, or patriotism, you shall see her high and fine enthusiasms, like the spires of a great city, whether like dream-things in the dawn or shadows under the stars.

Her Wonderful History

AND how shall we get this glimpse of her, how conceive and see her clearly in the mind's eye? First of all we shall need to read her history; we shall need to read the books which deal with the story of her life; not histories that are dry and academic, but any of the many books which, written from the heart, reveal her. There are many, many of these, some of them not properly to be called history at all. In Sismondi's "Literature of Southern Europe," for instance, you may travel in the old days of France in her glory, when her troubadours and trouvères sang through the sunny land. Or Froissart—even a few chapters, if



The grace and strength of the Pont-Neuf, standing above the peaceful Seine, holds for us something of the grace and strength of France itself

you explore them, will show you what her chivalry of the olden days meant. And the days of the French Renaissance, and its kingly palaces; and that time of long ago when Joan of Arc in her little eastern home on the borders of France left the tending of her sheep to gather armies and to crown France at last in that Cathedral of Rheims we now know so well.

And the wild passion and inspirations of the Revolution, even if you read only a few chapters of it (as Carlyle, for instance, or Belloe, tells of it); if you read only of the superb pride and indifference with which her well-born went to the guillotine; or that wonderful chapter of the flight of the King and Queen, inevitably overtaken by the people. And Napoleon: if you read of him only that chapter which tells how on his return from Elba the soldiers sent to take him prisoner fell at his feet at the sight of him, and began kissing his hands and the hem of his gray coat. . . . And modern France: a few chapters only about that, only a few pages about Rodin, about Rostand—from these you could learn so much of the wonders of this wonderful country.

These are the villages, these the by-ways to explore if we would know France. A visit to any of these, a visit of heart and mind, and we would know more of her than from many a day's touring in her actual towns, Baedeker in hand. For she is indeed a land of the intellect, a country of the heart, and it is by means of the intellect and the heart that we can best know her.

A Cabinet Office for Beauty

BUT if we are to really know and love France, there are other paths to be explored, very especially the paths of her art, her love of beauty. It may well seem to us foreign enough that not alone her individuals but her Government holds art so dear. They would seem to wish to guard themselves from what is ugly, these French, as from an enemy; and along with their Minister of War, Minister of Finance and other high officers of the Government they have for the Ministry of Fine Arts, "a cabinet minister and an expert staff to watch over the beauty of the land."

And as you live in France and among the French, in this your summer's travel, you shall find that this love of beauty is a thing in which the whole land takes part. They have a care of beauty and of charm, from the Minister of Fine Arts on down to the little dressmaker who adds just the right harmonious touch of color to your gown, or the cook who puts the little ruffled paper "cravat" on the chop he serves you.

It was pointed out to me not long ago that the English mother, reproving him, says to her child gravely: "Do not do that; it is naughty." But the French mother reveals herself and her country in her sorrowful phrase, "Do not do that, my child, it is not pretty!" That, in itself, just that little difference, well weighed and understood is as good, it seems to me, as a journey in France, for what it discovers and reveals of the French character and ideals.

French Character is Misunderstood

GENERALLY speaking, most of us understand very little the French character. Yet this, too, we can comprehend by traveling in her history, her art, and her ideals.

We who have lived long in our prejudices and have not journeyed a day's distance from our stay-at-home opinions and prejudices, how often have we dismissed

a whole nation with a sweeping phrase; the Germans are crude; the French frivolous; the Italians treacherous!

Light, gay, volatile, that is the general and sweeping opinion we have of the French. But travel a little way into their land and see. They are all this, no doubt, yet come with me here, look with me there, leave your prejudice behind, travel with an open mind among the facts of their lives, as you would travel, interested, free-of-step along a foreign road; and now tell me honestly, now you have really explored carefully their history, their art, their science, their social life, their ideals, tell me where shall you find men, women, yes, and children, more downright serious and in earnest, where their deep feelings, their rights, their beliefs are concerned? Why, the Germans and the English, whom we think of as so serious, are less serious, it seems to me, than the French; more sober they may be; more solemn they are, doubtless, but not, when all is said, not more serious.

So, too, as we journey in the land of their history with its thrilling and startling contrasts you think the French are mercurial. So they are. But we confound this with whimsical, and whimsical they are not. Mercurial is the exact word for them, I think, for mercury goes up and down in sensitive response to valid causes. So do

they. Even their revolutions have come in response to fearfully valid cause. The more you study them the more you will realize the sensitiveness and exactness with which they respond to circumstance and event.

The French love peace, and have peace at heart more than any land; but when the need of war and sacrifice came never was nation more sensitively responsive, more ready for the cheerful sacrifice of life and happiness. After a month or so spent traveling in heart and mind among them, we will be slow, I think, ever again to call them frivolous, whimsical; we shall glory, rather, in their responsiveness, as in some dear and human possession by which the whole world is made the richer.

The Secret of Their Individuality

AND what is the secret of this responsiveness which by contrast makes other countries seem a little slow or grave or ponderous? It would be difficult to say. Some lay it in part, as they lay the ancient responsiveness of Greece, to the geographical variety of the country. And, indeed, this land and its weathers are as varied as the gifts of its people. In a little while you may go from its northern seaboard, where the noisy storms are met with what patient fortitude by its hardy fishers, to the subtropical southern shore, where gray olives have grown through hundreds of years of sunshine, and oleander and lemon and orange load the air with sweetness, and where, as in Stevenson's garden at Hyères, under the mellow stars the "flutes of silence sound, the night long."

Doubtless all this has had its effect upon the people. It is upon the instrument of many stops that the most lovely and varied music may be rendered.

This delicate and true responsiveness is, I believe, the secret of their individuality. It runs through all their national and individual life. To it is due the exactness and purity of their language, admitted to be the most flexible, expressive language in the world. To it is due that social flexibility which we lightly call etiquette, more perfect and exact in France than elsewhere. To this, too, we may credit the fact that they are the world's best conversationalists, for that conversation is best which is most sympathetic, most responsive. Here, too, is the secret of her enthusiasm; for what is enthusiasm but a superlative responsiveness?

It is this responsiveness, also, which makes the literature of France so great. If we take but one of her modern authors, if we read Rostand's "Cyrano," then his "Romancers," then his "Chantecler,"—where shall we find such deep truths, such beauties, such fascinating follies of life so well rendered, so delicately responded to? In our own literature, wonderful as it is, we have nothing, absolutely nothing, like these.

And now, if we travel with heart and mind into the land of French Social Usages and French Home Life! Ah, indeed, what a country it is!

Perhaps you point out to me some of their unbelievable customs, that of the "Marriage of Convenience" and of the "dot," for instance. Strange enough these seem to us, who in all these matters put to sea with such gusto in all manner of leaky ships of romance, and are, perhaps, the better sailors for that. Strange indeed this thrift which says a girl shall not marry unless she have a "dot." Yet when you look close you find this to be rooted in a quite lovely thing—namely such anxious devotion of parents to their children as might appear highly romantic to us if we looked into it better. For it appears the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]

"WHAT is the greatest fortune a man can leave his children? . . . A parental example which makes it easy to believe in the fatherly goodness of God"

"I write unto you, fathers, because . . ." I JOHN II:13

A Sermon to Fathers

By

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.

PASTOR OF THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK CITY

THE apostle wrote to fathers who were interested in Jesus Christ. They had a rich store of spiritual experience, and could therefore appreciate the significance of what he had to say. I purpose writing to a larger company of fathers, not only to those who are confessed followers of the Son of God, but also to many who are without spiritual experience, and who care little for the cause of organized Christianity.

It is often assumed that religion is chiefly intended for women. They are the so-called weaker sex, and religion is supposed to be one of their indispensable supports. It is counted axiomatic in certain quarters that women are naturally more religious than men, probably because they outnumber the men in the churches and are foremost in all forms of church work. Let a man attend to business, and the woman look after the religious interests of the home: this seems to be a division of labor which commends itself to the sound judgment of multitudes of sensible men. It brings a certain sense of relief to many a man to feel that piety is not his forte, and that his religious obligations can be successfully shifted to the shoulders of his wife.

There is no sanction for this, however, in the Bible. The Bible does not seem to be conscious of any native lack of religious capacity in the male sex. It everywhere assumes that men as well as women are naturally religious, and it holds them both alike to a strict accountability for the way in which they perform their religious duties. Religion, according to the prophets and apostles, is not exclusively a feminine affair. It belongs also to men. The Bible was written by men, and it has a message level to men's needs. Jesus of Nazareth preached chiefly to men, and it was on the shoulders of twelve men that he laid the burden of bringing the world to God.

Religious Shirkers

It is an extraordinary fact that so many American men should be willing to shirk their religious obligations. They do it habitually, and many of them without compunction. Religion to them is merely an elective, and they pass it by without sense of loss. In the days of courtship they may be found in the church, but after the wedding day they attend church less frequently, and by and by drop out altogether. This constitutes for many a woman her first serious domestic problem. She does not know what her duty is. She loves the church, and she also loves her husband. If he prefers to stay at home, she is likely to stay with him. In this way many a woman crucifies her spiritual inclinations and sinks down into the indifference of a worldly life.

The tragedy deepens when children come into the home. The bringing up of a child is a colossal task. Both father and mother are needed for the work. Each has something to contribute which the other cannot give. If either contribution is withheld, the character of the child is marred. The religious education of a child is the most important feature of his bringing up. What he thinks of God and his relationship to God is of more moment than anything he can learn out of the books at school. No matter how extensive his intellectual culture, his nature is stunted unless his heart has been trained to reverence and adoration and his spirit has been disciplined to obedience to the will and ways of God.

If a child does not receive a religious education in his home, where is he likely to obtain it? If his own father is not interested in this sort of education, or if he rolls the responsibility of imparting religious knowledge upon the shoulders of somebody else, he is recreant to the highest of all parental duties, and must stand condemned before the judgment bar of God.

It is not uncommon for a man to leave the religious education of his children entirely to his wife. This is often done even in cases where the man is professedly religious. A believer himself in the Christian revelation, he makes no effort to impart his faith to his children. It is the mother who teaches the children to pray, who trains them in the reading of the Bible, who encourages them to go to church, and who manifests a solicitude in the development of their religious life. It is a long and difficult, and oftentimes a discouraging, task, even when both father and mother work together at it; but it becomes far more baffling and disheartening when the woman is left to work at it alone. For the example of the father often counts for more, at least with boys, than the precepts of the mother.

The Father's Example

IN THE earlier years, children can be controlled by their mother; but by and by there comes a time when they begin to note the conduct of the father. No eyes are keener than the eyes of a child. He sees everything the father does; he reflects on what the father does not do. His logic is inexorable. He argues his way to conclusions which cannot be shaken.

If his father does not pray, prayer must be unnecessary. Grown men surely know what is needed. If

his father never reads the Bible, then the big book can be dispensed with. Fathers know what books are most worth reading. If he does not go to church, then church attendance is a pastime and not a duty, for men so old and wise as Father is would not neglect church, if church were of value to them. If he never talks of God or Christ or the Holy Spirit, if he shows no interest in the Bible or church or Christian work the inference is clear and certain that religion is not a vital part of human life. The reasoning of a child is unanswerable. It is not what children are told from time to time but what they see in the lives of their parents from day to day which makes the deepest impression on their characters. A man can pull down by his conduct all that the saintliest woman can build up by her instruction.

But to the Christian fathers also I write. You, too, are in need of admonition. I write only the things which you already know. But repetition is wholesome, and it is a good thing to stir the mind up by way of remembrance. A man in his home may feel secure from the cold-eyed scrutiny of the world, but if he have children, he is subjected to a gaze almost as piercing as the eyes of God. Is there anything which escapes the eyes of a child? Who is quicker to note inconsistencies, and to detect hypocrites? A man's piety is no better than that which he displays at home. In every home the judgment seat is set, and he who sits upon it is a little child. A failure to measure up to one's professions is always humiliating, but it becomes altogether galling in the presence of children who look up to us and trust us.

Hypocrisy's Cost

HYPOCRISY is always ruinous, but nowhere does it work such frightful havoc as in the home. If the children see that religion is a coat put on at church and taken off as soon as the front door is shut, then all religion is made to seem to them a show or sham, and they lose confidence in the world's foundations.

One of the mysteries of sin is that many men are better in public than they are within their homes. In the presence of strangers they are courteous, considerate, and obliging, whereas in the home they are selfish, heedless, and boorish. Conduct of which they would be incapable in the presence of business comrades they are addicted to in the presence of their children. Foolish explosions of temper, of which they would be ashamed should a passing stranger glance in and see it, cause them no remorse because they are witnessed by no one but their children.

Church attendance is important, but still more important is what takes place in the home before and after the hour of public worship. Family prayers are beneficial, provided they are offered in an atmosphere which is kept clean and sweet by the daily practice of the Christian virtues. Christianity never seems so revolting as when its ceremonies are stuck into a life that is habitually pagan. It is the example of the father which the boys copy, and not his professed principles. Many a father has found it impossible to continue his warnings against tobacco with a cigar or pipe in his mouth. It is useless to caution a boy against the insidious danger of alcohol so long as wine is served daily on the table. The reason so much parental instruction comes to nothing is because it is not backed up by a course of consistent living.

Whatever grown folks may be, children are genuine and true. They speak out bluntly the thing that is in them, and allow their feelings to express themselves completely in their acts. If the parents are playing a part, the children are certain to know it. If in the realm of religion father and mother are actors, the very name of religion becomes revolting to the unspoiled youthful heart.

Now in his home a man shows his innermost self in the way he treats his wife. If he is a coarse-grained, selfish boor, his boorishness will come out in his conduct toward her. If he is a Christian gentleman, he will have daily opportunities to prove it in his attitude to her.

Of all the tyrants on earth a tyrannical husband is the most despicable. A man who lords it over a woman, keeping her painfully conscious of her daily dependence on him, holding all the money in his hand, and doling it out to her in reluctant pittance as



CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON

though she were a beggar, insulting her by disparaging remarks in the presence of her children, is a man who deserves the whipping-post.

In the treatment of his children, also, the man's innermost soul stands revealed. There are men who do not know how to deal with children, and then make no honest effort to learn. Their entire course of parental conduct is a blunder. In some cases they simply ignore their children, making no effort to enter into companionship with them. In other cases they recognize their existence, but only by way of occasional reprimand or condemnation. If their children do well, no word of commendation is ever forthcoming.

The highest distinction ever conferred upon fatherhood, was conferred by Jesus of Nazareth. When he went in search of a word by which to name the character of the Eternal he chose the word Father. This word, in his judgment, more nearly adequately expresses the nature of the Infinite than any other word in human speech. God is our Father, immeasurably wiser and nobler and more loving than any earthly father can be, and yet fatherhood, as we know it, is the best obtainable symbol by which to picture to our imagination the disposition of God. Fatherhood in the Hebrew race had been so cleansed and ennobled by a long line of faithful and loving fathers that Jesus could take the word Father as the best possible word for suggesting the attitude and character of God. When we are worried about things that are essential to us, we are to remember that our "Father" is fully conscious of our needs. When we go down into the valley of the shadow, we are to comfort ourselves with the thought that we are in our "Father's house" and that it contains many rooms. Earthly fatherhood gives us insight into the fatherhood of God.

Every man, therefore, who by his life adds luster to the idea of fatherhood, makes it easier for mankind to believe in God. The more beautiful earthly fatherhood becomes, the more attractive seems the fatherhood of God. No sadder letters ever come to a minister than those written by persons who confess that they find no comfort in thinking of God as their father, because of the distressing experiences they had in their childhood home. Their father was unfaithful, or cruel, or repulsive, and through him the name father has become so stained and degraded that it seems a profanation to apply it to the Creator of mankind. The memories of the early years are so bitter and depressing that even the Lord's Prayer is marred for them by the introduction of the word father. What greater wrong can a man commit on earth than to live such a life before his children, that in after years they shudder at the very thought of calling God their Father?

St. Paul's Exhortation

LET us listen, then, again to Paul's noble exhortation: "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it. Fathers provoke not your children to wrath; but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord." Husbands still need to be reminded that the spirit of self-sacrifice lies at the heart of love. Fathers need to be told again that the child can be so often found fault with that he loses hope of being able to do better.

It is not the mother alone who is to be patient and kind and forbearing. This is the duty of the father also. He is to crucify his overbearing manner and his irascible disposition, and become the affectionate companion of his sons and daughters. He must do more than this. He must bring them up, not simply in the knowledge of arts and sciences, but in the things of the spirit. He must join with his wife in the work of shaping the religious conceptions and purposes of his children. He must educate them in the chastening and admonition which the Son of God prescribes.

What is the greatest fortune a man can leave his children? A bag of gold? No. An honorable name? No. The best of fortunes is a parental example which makes it easy to believe in the fatherly goodness of God. The crowning achievement of a man upon earth is to make the word father so rich in memories and associations, that it brings God nearer to his children and opens for them the gates of heaven.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Doctor Jefferson's next sermon will be addressed to Mothers.

*The end of
a two-part love story*

Vaughn Martin, Miser

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

WAS Vaughn Martin a miser? The men who met him thought so because he would not join clubs, dressed shabbily, and refused to contribute to charities, although he moved in social circles where a good-sized income is taken for granted. Helen Lewis, a rich girl of progressive ideals and a warm heart, hoped he was not a miser. But she knew he was a philosopher with queer, interesting ideas to match some of her own. After meeting him at dances she found him one day at a settlement house; and he said he was going home to cook eggs and make his bed! Later, while passing through the slums in her limousine, she noticed a clean white house, and was told that a man with an invalid wife lived there. A crowd farther on attracted her attention. A woman had been injured; a nurse was with her and Helen Lewis took them to their home in her car, the home proving to be the little white house. A man rushed in—Vaughn Martin.

PART II

Joy in the Heart of Sorrow

HELEN, petrified, stared at him; but he did not see her. "What's wrong?" he demanded of the nurse before he was fairly in. "Whose motor—?" And with that he saw the figure on the couch. "What is it, is she hurt?" "Annie!" He dropped on his knees beside the couch, and caught a hand and carried it to his lips, to his cheek. The girl watching felt a wrench at her heart. "Annie!" the man repeated, unconcerned with anything except the face which his eyes devoured, "speak to me! It's Vaughn," and with that he sprang up, whirled on the nurse. "Is she hurt?" he cried excitedly, and then, with a forced smile to reassure the woman, to reassure himself, "Don't be frightened, Miss Schenck. She's just fainted. We'll have her all right in a minute." With that, "Tell me," he said, and his back was still toward those two others whom he had not yet seen. And the nurse stammering, told.

"She was so well this morning," the nurse said. "Cheerful, and quiet. We went out for a walk; we were going toward the river; she wanted to watch the boats; we were talking about when she would get well—how the doctor in Boston would help her. She was as sane as I am, and then—a great truck rushed around the corner, and before I dreamed of danger she ran out and—threw herself under!" The nurse hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Go on," whispered the man.

Trembling she went on. "The driver turned, but the wheel—struck her—"

"Yes," His voice was mechanical. "The doctor?"

"He's coming. He ought to be here now. There's a car stopping—"

He had dashed out of the door and down the stairs.

Then Miss Beecher, a small woman, stepped forward and spoke in her steady voice of a school-teacher. "We're not needed," she said. "Is there some back way by which we can get to the street?"

But the nurse caught her hands. "Don't go, oh, don't go!" she begged. "Don't leave me. He'll want to talk to you; he'll want to ask questions. They're coming! Oh, please go in there and wait!" She flung open a door, pushed them through, and the door was shut. A kitchen: there was a stove; there were pots and pans; a shelf held china, and an old-fashioned wash-stand was made into a manner of sink for dish washing. Then the girl's eyes fell, surprised, on a cot in the far corner of the room, for the room was large. Over the cot were hooks and clothing, a man's clothing. The room was clean, but old and forlorn; the once white paint was worn to the wood in places; everything was poor and cheap; the bed in such a place gave a sense of poverty and makeshift. A window opened on back yards of a tenement house block, on a squalid facade; milk bottles, broken pitchers, stood on window sills; sharp voices were scolding somewhere; a brutal laugh rose suddenly, close, and struck the girl like a blow. She caught at Miss Beecher.

"He can't live here—I can't endure it," she cried; then a vital need to understand came uppermost. "What is she to him, that—beautiful woman?" she shot at Miss Beecher.

Miss Beecher hesitated. She had known Vaughn Martin at the settlement house, and a week ago she had watched as the two talked. "I'm not sure," she answered reluctantly, "but someone said that the man who lived here had an invalid wife."

The girl did not speak, the blood seemed dripping out of her heart, leaving it dry and stony.

She was conscious that if he had a wife whom he loved then Vaughn Martin's look and voice had lied to her.

It might have been half an hour later when the door opened and the doctor stood there.

"Mr. Martin would like to speak to—" he said, and stopped. "Helen!" Doctor Underwood had known the girl all her life. She sprang forward, put her hand into his.

"I telephoned," she said. "I told you my name, but you didn't get it. Doctor, is she dead? I can't bear it if she's dead."

The doctor held her hand tighter. "Yes," he said, "she's dead."

The three stood quiet for a moment in the presence of the mighty stranger. The doctor spoke again.

"The skull was fractured. Death was instant—and blessed," he added in a lower tone. Then: "Mr. Martin wants to thank you for bringing her here," he said.

Helen shrank back. "I don't want to be thanked. I want to go home. I don't want to see him. I'm going home."

The doctor looked puzzled. "Of course, my child, if you say so. But Vaughn is in deep trouble. Wouldn't it be better to respect his wish just now? It might—help him."

She gazed into the doctor's face. Then she stepped past into the bright, luxurious little room.

Martin knelt, oblivious, by the majestic stillness on the divan. Sunlight came in under the gay chintz shades and danced silently down the black dress and touched the dark head and showed how thickly sprinkled were gray hairs through the brown. It was gay and care-free, the touch of the sunlight. To Helen's strained senses it seemed to say definite things in its cheerful caressing of the dead.

"Why should people make a tragedy of this?" the sunlight appeared to ask. "Why should people grieve for a separation of mere time? My life, the life of a star, is only for a few millions of years, yet I give out myself and my glory, and shine continually. The life of a soul is forever; it is childish to grieve if one be-

lieves that. Why should we mourn because a shadow covers us from our own for a few small years?"

The sunlight, playing on the dead figure, spoke a formless word of this sort to Helen.

And with that she was stirred with a quick passion of protection for the man kneeling, his head on the shoulder of the dead woman, his arm across her body as if trying to hold her against death itself. The girl in that moment rose to the love which seeks not its own; she would have thrown away her life eagerly to make him happy, to bring back life to the woman lying there, the woman whom he loved. It is the test.

"Vaughn," the doctor spoke, and the man stirred, lifted his head as if it hurt him and so stood up and faced them. He stood swaying, his hand out against the table, his brilliant eyes vague. Slowly they focused on Helen.

Slowly his whole face and figure filled with astonishment. Joy, a joy that drew her, unknowing what she did, straight to him. And then, as if the three others were no more than pictures on the wall, he caught her hands.

"You!" he said. "You! You God-sent thing! The only thing I want"—his voice broke—"on earth."

Many years before, Miss Beecher, then a shy little blond girl, had had a lover. He had died suddenly a month before the wedding, and instead of spending her days easily as a millionaire's wife she had spent them strenuously as a school-teacher. But her inner life had been lived in that early romance, and her sympathy for any romance was keen. Miss Beecher at this point touched the nurse's arm and drew her into the kitchen, and closed the door. The doctor slipped through the other door and down the stairs. And the two stood and gazed at each other, and the only other presence in the bright place was the presence of the angel of death.

"Come," the man said, "come and see her." He led the girl to the divan and took her warm living hand and placed it in the lifeless one, warm, also, yet, and held the two together in his own. "Annie," he spoke, bending, his arm around the head caressingly. "Annie, dear, this is the woman I love. Don't you want to see her, Annie,—the girl I love?"

The girl, her soul reeling, lifted her eyes and looked at him; but he did not look back for his gaze was plunging into eyes that were closed.

"Oh, Annie, Annie," he cried forlornly, "you never failed me before." And then his look came to Helen. "The only two things I care for," he said simply, "and she," with a quick gesture, "she's dead." Then, "The black camel who kneels at the door of every tent," he quoted. "Even a poor, ramshackle tent like this," and he looked around. "Such a wretched little place,—but I'd made it rather pretty for her—don't you think it's rather pretty for a cheap little shack?" he demanded of Helen.

Her lips quivered as she tried to answer. "I love it," she said.

"Could you have been happy here then, you wonderful thing, you darling of the gods, could you?"

Then conventions dropped [CONTINUED ON PAGE 73]



"Annie, dear, this is the woman I love. Don't you want to see her, Annie,—the girl I love?"

The College Girl's Wardrobe

Five costumes selected from designs winning the First Prize, made by members of the Y. W. C. A. of San Francisco, California



Skirt of tan gabardine that cost \$4.90; blouse of tan-striped mercerized crêpe, \$1.25



Becoming middy suit of white galatea that cost only \$2.20 to make



Separate coat of white twilled wool, \$9.35; flower-trimmed sailor hat of meline, \$2.85



Informal party dress of dotted swiss, \$3.65, with quaint bonnet of shirred meline, \$2.20



Smart tailored suit of checked cloth, \$10.95; blouse of white crêpe, \$1.10; black and white tricorne hat, \$4.25

ITEMIZED COST

First-Prize Wardrobe for a College Girl (Summer Season)

ARTICLES MADE	
Checked suit	\$10.95
Tailored hat	4.25
Tan skirt	4.90
Tan waist	1.30
Dotted swiss dress	3.65
White coat	9.35
White meline sailor	2.85
Meline bonnet	2.20
Middy suit	2.20
Striped crêpe waist	1.25
White crêpe waist	1.10
Embroidered drawers, corset cover, nightgown	4.00
Total	\$48.00
READY-TO-WEAR ARTICLES	
3 knitted combinations	\$1.00
7 prs. hose (1 pr. silk)	3.00
1 pr. pumps	4.00
2 prs. shoes	8.00
1 pr. bedroom slippers	1.50
1 long crêpe kimono	1.50
1 sweater	3.50
Gloves (1 pr. long white kid, 2 prs. short)	5.00
1 corset	2.50
3 petticoats (1 dark)	5.00
2 nightgowns and 2 corset covers	3.25
1 doz. handkerchiefs	1.50
Dress shields	.50
Undervest (worn with embroidered set)	.25
Tennis shoes and gymnasium suit	5.50
Total	\$48.00
Complete total	\$96.00

This wardrobe was made by six young business women, all under twenty years of age, members of the San Francisco Y. W. C. A. The work was supervised by Miss E. T. Mills, teacher of dressmaking, and Miss M. Adler, teacher of millinery at the Y. W. C. A. The material was selected and purchased by the girls themselves. No left-over garments were included in this wardrobe.

The Well-dressed Girl in College and in Business

"Pretty, practical and inexpensive" is the motif of these wardrobes, which won the prizes offered by the National Young Women's Christian Association at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Described by HELEN R. BALLARD

HOW shall the business girl and the college girl be well and suitably and economically dressed?

The person best fitted to answer this question is the girl who knows by experience what she herself needs and what she can afford. That was my idea in planning the prize contest, the results of which are pictured on this page, and actually exhibited in the Domestic Arts section of the Young Women's Christian Association at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Prizes were offered to the various associations throughout the country for the best wardrobe for a young business girl and the best wardrobe for a girl entering college away from home. The wardrobes were planned with reference to the income, the work or daily life, the environment and social life, or the recreation of the average girl. The various garments that would naturally be made at home had to be actually made and submitted by the contestants. Each garment carried with it a statement of amount and cost of material used.

A full description and itemized table of cost had to be sent with each wardrobe of the additional ready-to-wear apparel which would be needed to complete the outfit, such as shoes, knitted underwear, gloves, corsets, hose, and the like.

The judges for the Business Woman's Wardrobe were: Miss Mary Patterson, assistant professor of domestic arts, University of California; Miss Bertha Prentiss, director of domestic arts, Berkeley High School; Miss Ethel Taylor, director of domestic arts, Mills College; Miss Marguerite Ogden, attorney-at-law, San Francisco; Mrs. Frederick Faulkner, San Francisco "Examiner." The awards in this contest were as follows: First Prize, Detroit, 95 per cent; Akron, 94 per cent; Cleveland, 91 per cent; St. Louis, 84 per cent; Wichita, 83 per cent; Los Angeles, 73 per cent; Minneapolis, 62 per cent.

It is interesting to note that the prize-winning business girl's wardrobe was planned for a girl between twenty and twenty-five, earning a salary of sixty dollars a month, living at their own Y. W. C. A. and paying five dollars a week for room and board. She was supposedly of medium height, with light brown hair, clear rosy complexion and gray eyes, and a girl who enjoyed some social life, but nevertheless was an earnest worker.

Each wardrobe sent in presented some special points of merit— notably the evening dress from Detroit, the smart high-necked blouses from Akron, the excellent hand sewing from Cleveland, the double-paneled petticoats from St. Louis, the blue crêpe de chine dress from St. Louis, the white outing dress from Los Angeles, the tailored skirt from Minneapolis.

For the College Girl's Wardrobe the judges were: Miss Ethel Taylor, director of domestic arts, Mills College; Mrs. Ralph Merritt, chairman advisory committee, Y. W. C. A.; Mrs. Chauncy Goodrich. The first prize was awarded to the association of San Francisco. It was made by six young business women, all under twenty years of age, who planned it for a young girl who would partly work her way through college. The complete wardrobe was very moderate in cost and most attractive in appearance.

The contest as a whole was most successful in showing that a girl who can sew, and who can also shop wisely, may be well dressed at a most reasonable cost. It also shows the excellent work done by the Y. W. C. A. domestic art classes all over the country.



White golf skirt, \$2.57, and white crêpe blouse, \$1.40



Blue serge suit, \$11.71; hat \$3.35



Evening dress white rice voile, \$4.99; white hat, \$4.32

The Business Girl's Wardrobe

Five costumes selected from designs winning the First Prize, made by six members of the Y. W. C. A. of Detroit, Michigan



Blue voile dress, checked with blue and white threads, white ratine collar, cost \$2.37



Lawn dress flowered in Dresden colors, lace-trimmed, organdie front, \$1.59; black velvet girdle, \$1.21



Cotton challis kimono, \$1.17; organdie sewing apron, \$.62; organdie cap, \$.54



White cotton skirt, \$.50, white cotton waist, \$1.11; flowered ribbon girdle, \$1.05; hat, \$2.95



Evening dress, made of changeable taffeta in yellow and pink, \$5.70

ITEMIZED COST

First-Prize Wardrobe for a Business Woman (Summer Season)

ARTICLES MADE	
Blue voile dress	\$2.37
Peter Thompson dress, gingham	2.12
Flowered lawn dress	1.59
Blue gabardine skirt	2.90
Dark blue silk waist	2.45
Blue madras waist	1.37
Rice cloth waist	.63
White saten petticoat, 2 combinations, 2 nightgowns	3.78
Kimono and cap	2.27
White flaxon waist	1.11
Blue hat	3.15
Black meline hat	1.05
Two girdles, 2 collar and cuff sets, velvet neck bow	2.97
Total	\$27.76
READY-TO-WEAR (BOUGHT)	
Oxford ties	\$2.85
Rubber sandals	.75
Hose (2 pr. black, 3 pr. white)	2.00
Corset, gauze combinations (2), vests (3)	3.25
Spring coat	15.00
Gloves (one pair long and one pair short), dozen handkerchiefs	2.70
Total	\$26.55
LEFT-OVER GARMENTS (MADE BY GIRLS)	
Silk evening gown	\$5.70
White cotton skirt	.50
Two white silk waists	3.30
White cotton waist	.49
Dark saten petticoat	1.88
Three long cloth petticoats	1.79
Silk mull petticoat and corset cover	2.50
Three corset covers, three pairs drawers, two nightgowns	4.94
Challis kimono	1.17
Two aprons	1.10
Cap, silk scarf, collar	2.68
Tan straw hat	2.95
Total	\$29.20
Complete Total	\$83.51

THESE three costumes were selected as the most attractive features of the second-prize Business Girl's Wardrobe, won by Akron, Ohio. It was an entirely new and complete wardrobe, the total cost being \$85.97. It included a tailored suit (illustrated), \$11.71; two skirts, one washable (illustrated), the other of cloth, \$8.24; three dresses, \$8.10—white voile (illustrated), pink voile, and blue chambray; four waists for \$5.50; two hats for \$7.67; underwear, \$7.48; all made by the girls. The ready-to-wear garments included hosiery, \$1.45; rubbers, \$.75; shoes, \$10.50 (button shoes, ties, white pumps, and bathing shoes); undervests, \$.75; corset, \$1.00; gloves, \$2.50 (short white chamoisette, tan kid, and long white silk); \$1.50 for handkerchiefs; \$7 for a raincoat; \$3.50 for a sweater, and \$1 for an umbrella. Miscellaneous items of kimono, bathing suit, middy blouse, and aprons complete the wardrobe.



OUR OWN PAGE

Vassar Celebrates

IN OCTOBER Vassar College celebrates her crossing of the half-century line, celebrates it with pageant and music and address before a notable gathering. It is a many-sided anniversary, but the fine old pioneer has one supreme achievement to show: she has made it a matter of course that women should be educated.

Fifty years ago it was eccentric to go to college; twenty-five years ago it was still rather queer. Now even the ancient debate, "Shall Our Girls—?" etc., has died out of magazine literature. One no longer hears such contentions as that college "makes girls rude to their mothers," an objection offered as conclusive a score of years ago. Health, marriage, children—statistics have settled all that. The individual may go or stay away, but in America college for women has become as undebatable a proposition as votes for men.

No wonder that Vassar celebrates! Think how these fifty years have opened the world's doors for what a bitter German philosopher once called "a furtive tribe, conspiring in corners to defeat reform." Defeat reform? The furtive tribe is out in the open, working for reform wherever its fine moral sense discovers the need. Education has summoned woman from her corner, given her historical perspective, taught her to organize, armed her with the sound courage that is based on knowledge. She blunders, of course, for she still feels her educational oats. One may find her pretentious, stretching a little learning over a great deal of conversation; or even, perhaps, "rude to her mother" in the first swagger of her A. B. There can be intellectual parvenus as well as social. But the great and growing mass of A. B.'s forget all about their diplomas in the keen interest of following on through the open doors. As with Americans abroad, the noisy ones may discredit, but they do not represent, their country.

Youth Prolonged

ONE of Vassar's greatest gifts to women is not mentioned in the curriculum, and may not be honored in the celebration, though it will be abundantly evident as the alumne come back. Out of college has come the marvelous new youth of women. Youth has been prolonged almost to the borders of old age, the great Sahara of middle age has been reclaimed. In a novel of several decades ago we find reference to a lady's "sweet, worn, old face," and discover presently that her years number thirty-nine.

Those days fastened the tragi-comic label of "old maid" on a girl who left the twenties single, and the opprobrious "blue-stocking" on a seeking intellect. Active physical life was for children, active mental life for men; woman, tied up in clothes, shod with paper, was "loveliest in decay;" and when the good blood in her veins forbade this Byronic ideal, she smothered her impulses with decorum very much as she snubbed the rebellion out of her curls with pomatum. Resignation was then a prominent virtue.

College has gradually given to all women athletics. From athletics came the suitable clothes that they demand. A girl's feet took their honest size, her lungs expanded, the pride of muscle was discovered to her.

And the same thing has been happening in her mental life. College has poured streams of new interests through her unused brain, and the good growth which has sprung up means a thirty-years extension of that living activity that we call youth. Shall our girls go to college? They will go unconsciously, whether they enroll or not; for the college ideal is taking in the whole land.

Understanding

SINCE the opening of the war in August, 1914, the world is, for most of us, a very different place: a place of new responsibilities, new sympathies, new duties.

Because our country has not been involved in the actual battles of this war, she is perhaps all the more surely drawn into the responsibilities of peace which, it is the hope of all, may follow and redeem so great a conflict.

Experts tell us that war is due unfailingly to fundamental and exaggerated misunderstanding and mistrust of one nation of another. Certainly it would seem that in the great world-family of many nations that element which would be most

conducive to peace (as it is conducive to it in the smaller institution of the individual family) is a complete understanding of each member by all the other members.

But it is this precisely which we most largely neglect. Of the thousands of us who fling our somewhat passionate opinions into the strife to-day, it is only a very small minority who have earnestly striven to understand the aims and ideals and temperaments of all the great nations now at war.

Yet it is no longer permissible or excusable for us as individuals to be indifferent to these, or ignorant of them.

We are all enlisted now in a great cause—that of world peace; but that cause can never fully triumph while we hold our narrow prejudices and continue our ignorance, or rather ignoring, of the ideals and aims of other lands. A better knowledge of them is what we need, a better understanding of them—not merely of Belgium, the protégé of nations, and France, at present the darling of the world, but of Germany, of England, of Russia, of all those high-hearted sons of the world who precisely for lack of knowledge and understanding of each other are to-day engaged in fearful conflict.

It is with this in mind that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is presenting a series of articles, fittingly called "interpretations," by Laura Spencer Portor, the first of which appears on page 21 of this number.

Conviction Without Reason

WHAT a baffling thing is the psychology of the crowd! How curious it is that a whole party or city, or even a whole nation, can hypnotize itself into a convention that resists every assault of reason!

When Jefferson was elected President, the Federal Party believed implicitly that he would wreck the nation and destroy religion. His predecessor, President John Adams, stayed at his desk until midnight on March 3d, signing the appointments of judges so that the courts, at least, might be saved; in New England devout old women buried their Bibles.

Go to San Francisco to-day and you will be solemnly assured that the city never had an earthquake. There was a fire, to be sure, but an earthquake? Never!

"It is a wonderful thing to be a reasoning being," said Benjamin Franklin, "it helps one to find a reason for whatever he wants to do." Or *to believe*, he might have added. And therein lies one of the deep-down reasons why, in spite of the increase of knowledge, men and nations continue to misunderstand.

"To Please the Ladies"

THE city council in a certain Illinois municipality met in regular session not long ago.

"There are several small matters I should like to bring before you prior to the more important business of the evening," said the mayor, who had been called into consultation.

"The floor is yours, Your Honor."

"Well, here's a petition signed by the various women's clubs asking for a motion picture ordinance. It seems the women have gone after the picture men and want to put them out of business, the way they talk. The delegation of women said the pictures were filthy, and the houses in the same class; and they wanted to safeguard the morals of our city, especially of our youth, or something to that effect."

"What kind of an ordinance do they want us to frame?" inquired the thin man in the corner.

"They brought one already framed. It's so full of legal loopholes you could sift puppies through it. It is a perfectly safe ordinance, gentlemen. I think you might pass it. It won't harm anybody and it will please the ladies. They will think their duty is done, and forget all about it in a couple of weeks."

The ordinance, out of compliment to the ladies, was passed. For a whole month a committee of women visited all the motion picture exhibitors, remonstrating about certain pictures and calling for the enforcement of their new law.

Then they forgot all about it.

But did they really forget?

An amateur ordinance is a clumsy tool, but it is better than none. What happened? The saner public opinion was awakened, the showmen found that the people really preferred quality for a steady diet, and the slogan, "You could sift puppies through it," in the next campaign elected a new mayor and a wiser council.



LUCK?

**Yes, for those
who build it!**

To be lucky is more a matter of being prepared than of being the object of idle chance—

And sound body and clear brain are essentials to preparedness.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is delicious "good luck" nourishment for body, brain and nerves.

Made from whole wheat and malted barley, it retains the essential mineral salts—potash, sodium, iron, etc., often deficient in ordinary foods—especially those made from white flour.

Then, too, Grape-Nuts food is partly pre-digested in the making. The starch of the grain being converted into grape-sugar to a degree that insures easy, quick digestion.

**"There's a Reason"
for**

Grape-Nuts



Shall We Pray?

A Tower Room talk

By ANNE BRYAN McCALL

"As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action."

THESE is one subject that comes rather often to the Tower Room for discussion, and some of you ask me very direct questions about it: "Do you believe God answers prayers? I have prayed and prayed, but it has been of no use." And one high-hearted girl of old New England stock writes me: "Shall we or shall we not pray? I am going to tell you frankly that I think most of our prayers are either cowardly or selfish. This is the way I feel about it; but I wish you would tell me—am I right?"

I hope none of you will be shocked when I say that I believe that as we know life deeper and better we pray less and less. When I say this I am thinking of prayer in the generally accepted usage of the word—as entreaty.

Nor have I arrived at this opinion through prejudice. I was brought up to all the old prayerful traditions. I can remember how in my childhood I used to pray for all those things I greatly desired; and I remember with a kind of wonder and reverence the passion of desire and longing I put into my petitions.

I used to pray night and morning, of course, the usual and daily prayers, and which by repetition soon became, as they were bound to do, more or less formal. I am afraid, really, that they often amounted to a mere string of words that I could say with formal reverence enough, even while fixing my attention on something else. The Lord's Prayer I said night and morning. To this was added at night the "Now I lay me," the Twenty-third Psalm, and a little German rhymed prayer which I had promised my German governess to say every night.

But these were all of them forms, at best. The real business of prayer—from my childish standpoint, I mean—followed on these shallower repetitions when I got out into the depths of my own very personal needs and desires. Here I did indeed pray. I can still feel my forehead pressing tight on my clasped hands, and my eyes shut tight, tight while I prayed with intensity for the thing I wanted, needed, nay, must, must have.

The Prayers of Childhood

THEY were a strange and motley set of prayers, ranging from a petition for a hat with ribbon "streamers" behind, to passionate entreaties to be made an obedient and good child; from earnest petitions that the Lord would, in His own good time, make my nose a trifle longer (for it had the least tendency to tilt up, and it seemed to me my happiness could not, simply could not, endure anything less than the dignity of a straight and Grecian nose) to really passionate demands that my temper be mended and my faults be wiped away.

The chubby little pictures of me that remain from that time entirely discountenance the idea that I was in any way nervous or morbid or ascetic, yet I remember leaving my task or my play many a time when some desire for this or that came suddenly to me, to run up to the old attic and get down on my knees and pray for the thing I so much desired.

Moreover, I had a kind of intimate childish friendship with the Almighty, to whom these prayers were addressed, that I like to remember. I had none of those dreadful and morbid fears of future punishment with which some children's minds were tormented, and their bodies and nerves harmed. It was enough for me to know that when I did what I knew was wrong I had failed toward One who loved me, and that His face was turned from me in sorrow.

For the rest, I loved Him and believed in Him. When I took my personal petitions to Him, I left off all formality, indeed I did. I addressed Him direct: "Dear Father," "Dear Lord," and the prayer I said oftenest and most intensely, and I am far from being ashamed of it, was this: "Dear Lord, you must make me good! I have to be good! And you must help me! Please!"

That was, I suppose, without doubt, the best prayer I ever prayed. But I must not be misleading. I must admit that the large majority of my prayers were particular petitions for particular personal favors. Unfortunately, this is true of most of us. We want something for ourselves. We want some law or event or consistent and logical happening set aside, so that we may have our desire. We want some exception made in our favor.

Growing Up Spiritually

ALL this is natural and I doubt not it is even quite as it should be in young children. It may even persist without harm, perhaps, into our early teens; but then, if we are indeed "growing up," not merely physically but spiritually, the personal petitions drop away from us more and more; we ask fewer gifts of God. We even become in time a little ashamed of such personalities. We pray less for event and circumstance, and more for spiritual qualities. We pray not to have just results averted, for our sakes; we pray, instead, for courage to endure what it is just and right we should endure. We do not go on and on making mistakes, and then praying to have them miraculously set

straight; we pray, rather, for better insight, more wisdom, that our mistakes may be fewer; and that the harm we do may be less and less, and the good more and more. We do not pray passionately to have wiped away the evil and suffering our selfishness and our dishonor have done and caused; rather we set about eagerly undoing the harm, as best we can, making amends as best we may, quickly, oh, quickly, for the time is short.

It is, I think, a sad commentary on our praying that to some of us the idea that resolve and determination are prayer—and prayer of a noble kind—is somewhat new, a little surprising; whereas the idea of prayer as petition is familiar to us all, and entreaty, supplication are practically synonyms for it.

But this larger attitude toward prayer is the one to which we come in later years; to which we come, that is, if not merely our bodies but our hearts and minds and spirits are growing things.

"Prayer in All Action"

LET us read carefully these words of a great and good man: "Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good, is vicious. . . . Prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness. . . . As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer, kneeling in the field to weed it, the prayer of the rower, kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature."

When I first read that, it was as though on a road which I believed to be the right road—but of which I was not wholly sure—I had met one who knew; one who was familiar with every step of it, and whom I could trust.

The idea of true prayer being action is, I think, a beautiful one. Here, too, you see, is prayer that cannot fail, prayer which is always "answered." Here is no mere blind, passionate entreaty. Here is clear and truthful asking, and receiving what in just measure it is honorable and right to receive. Even those humble actions of the farmer and the rower, the one weeding, the other brushing the waters back with the strength of his arm, are prayers inevitably answered. The seed planted and carefully tended grows to abundance—what better answer could you have than that to the desire to have it grow? And the rower, pushing on, and in this way honestly desiring and in a sense asking to arrive, makes progress and comes to his destination at last. No special favors pleaded, you see; no miraculous intervention desired or expected; no orderly and beautiful laws set aside; but, instead, that better and nobler thing, man, praying by action; man, working, as is his high privilege, along with the unalterable laws of God; man, planting, watering, sure and never doubting that when he has done this God will give the increase.

After that I found this same thought either expressed in words, or events in the lives of many great men. The idea became more and more familiar to me, and I began to look for it and expect it there where I knew nobility to be. The noble were indeed the prayerful in that sense; they were the active, not the petitional; the determined in noble causes, not the passively entreating; the actively just and honorable, not those forever flinging themselves on the mercy of God; not those desiring with a great desire that the laws of God and nature be set aside, but those asking, rather (and by asking I mean now earnestly and actively trying), to understand the laws and fulfill them.

The Old Days and Now

THERE was a time when dread plagues and epidemics, for instance, swept along unhindered, carrying suffering and death to thousands. In those times, people hurried to the churches and prayed that the scourge might be banished and the favor of God restored.

Nowadays, in dealing with all such matters, we do not repair to the churches to pray that such evils may be averted. Every day of our lives we fight disease by means of action, trusting not to petition but to resolve, and to difficult but firm determination to stamp out this enemy by every means in our power.

All this we admit willingly in such large matters as science and the scientific treatment of disease. Few indeed would be willing to-day to give up all sanitary and preventive and scientific methods and to rely, instead, on petitionary prayers to stave off typhus or bubonic plague. But in our own lives we cling to the old methods, too many of us; and instead of preventive action make only prayerful petition that our faults, our selfishness, our weaknesses, and the unhappiness that follows may be annulled.

"He prayeth best who loveth best." It seems to me that is an answer to our questioning. If we loved as we should, prayer would in all cases be noble action. There would be no selfishness, no dishonor to be annulled; no wretchedness and remorse to be wiped away. When we prayed, it would be that the good of others might come to pass, and our prayer should not be mere petition only, said from the lips, but unselfish action, stirred from the heart.

Apple-picking time at Alderbrook Farm

And there's corn to be harvested and late potatoes to dig, and a live stock problem to be considered

By ROBERT LANE WELLS

OUR sixty-two old apple trees held a fair crop. The three Greening trees bore rather scantily, but the Baldwins were loaded. It was what the neighbors called "the Baldwin year."

It seems that all kinds of apples show a stronger or weaker tendency to alternate bearing, giving a full crop one year and a scanty yield or none at all the year following. The Baldwin, the favorite variety in New England, shows this habit more pronouncedly than any of the others.

Our apple season had really begun in September, not counting the green apple pies that we had on our own table as early as August. In September we had started to market with some prime Primates and some very fair William's Favorites. We early learned that William's Favorite was also the favorite of the buyers in our town, and though Primate seemed to us a much superior fruit, especially for eating out of hand—and this feature of the apple trade is more important in September and October than in other months—still the apple eaters insisted on having something red. The truly superior Primates were pretty enough, but with a blond and sallow complexion which showed to disadvantage against the ruddy brunet of the William's Favorites.

"Pie Timber"

BEFORE the end of October these varieties were past and we were getting down to real business. Standard sorts, like Gravenstein and King, were ready for market, and some buyers even were asking for Greenings. These were wanted by the knowing people, too, who have a taste for Greenings in their classic New England pies. "The Greening is the best of all for pie timber" they say.

The standard commercial package for apples is the barrel. It is very well suited for storing, handling and shipping long distances; and if the fruit is to be taken out of the package and sold in small drabs by the greengrocer or the fruit-stand man the barrel leaves little to be desired.

But obviously the whole tendency of retail trade is to smaller packages—to such packages, in fact, as may be sent through the hands of every middleman intact to the hands of the consumer. There are hundreds of good reasons for packing apples in small, neat packages ready for the consumer instead of in the ubiquitous barrel.

Yet there are very great difficulties. It is a complicated problem. Take the matter of the "standard" box. We had seen the beautiful apples from the Pacific coast running away with our New England markets, and it seemed a very simple proposition to take those same boxes, pack our fruit in the same way, and sell to the same fastidious customers.

When we began to inquire for boxes, however, there didn't seem to be such a wonderfully well-standardized standard box, after all. The "California box" appears to be the one which made Oregon famous in our apple markets. It is 10x12x20 inches, inside measurement. But we found that in this section the growers, and apparently also the dealers, prefer another "standard" box, which measures 10½x11½x18 inches inside.

Naturally, we wanted to buy these boxes from the factory ready-made; but the factories offered still another "standard" box, measurements being 11x11½x18½ inches. And when we went into the city markets near by we discovered that more apples—especially early apples—were being sold in the bushel vegetable box than in any other. This is decidedly different in form from all the others, its dimensions being 18x18 inches on the ground floor and 8 inches high. This box is used by the market gardeners of this section for everything—lettuce, potatoes, peas, peppers, onions or apples.

We finally decided on the local standard box measuring 10½x11½x18 inches, simply because our New England growers seem to be most nearly agreed on this style. The cubic capacity of this box is 2.173½ cubic inches, and it holds from 40 to 45 pounds of apples, varying with the variety.

The Art of Apple Packing

We soon discovered that there was some trick to putting apples into a given standard box and making them fit.

To begin, there are only a limited number of "packs." About twenty different forms are recognized, but only eight or ten of these are commonly used. Each pack requires an exact number of fruits. For example, you can pack 96 apples in a box, or 104, using the 2-2 style in either case; but you will not be permitted, and indeed you will not be able, to pack 95 or 97 or 101 apples in a box by any method or using any style. The different styles are the "3-2," the "2-2" and the "straight."

Margaret and I brought in four bushels of hard apples and practiced evenings in the kitchen. We literally wore those apples out. Then, when we got four bushels more of another size and shape we had to adopt some other style, some other pack, and learn it all over again. Margaret learned first and best; and the fruit dealers tell me that women are nearly always better fruit packers than men.

After much practice and with great difficulty we got a few boxes properly packed, got the covers nailed on, which is another bag of tricks, and took them to town. I went



with them myself. I was wholly disappointed at the cool reception I got.

Mr. Bell, one of the market men, sniffed about and finally said they weren't very well packed. I had to admit it. It was one of my boxes he was looking at. I could easily see that our boxes, placed beside the Oregon stock, had all the plain marks of an amateur performance compared with the professional.

Mr. Simpson, of Kellogg & Simpson, began by saying he would rather have the apples in barrels.

"But you are making your window exhibit of Western apples in boxes," said I.

"Oh, yes," he admitted; "but yours are not Western apples."

"But they are just as good—better!" I said warmly.

"Yes, I know it," said Simpson, "only we are in the habit of buying Western apples in boxes and of getting Connecticut apples in barrels."

This seemed so unreasonable that I left him and went over to the stand run by Antonio Pozzi. He had some sympathy and some sense, even if his English was a bit limited.

"Mister Wells," he said, "you have some very fine apple. I have some people what want to try to buy some apple just like them. They no wanta Westa apple. They lika betta Connecticut apple. I sella Connecticut apple fiva centa; sella Westa apple two for fiva centa."

This good sensible Italian merchant showed me how he was selling his apples, sometimes by the piece, but oftener by the quart or in other small lots. He had them tastefully displayed in little baskets just big enough for his customers to carry home in their hands. Also he had them in four-quart baskets, enough for two or three pies, just what the average housewife wants at one time. He convinced me that he could do this packing and displaying better than I could, and that our best business relationship would be found if I would bring him the apples properly sorted but unpacked, and let him put them up in various packages as his trade might require.

It must not be concluded, however, that our struggles in box packing were lost effort. Far from it. We expect to use those methods hereafter when we have more fruit than Mr. Pozzi can sell and when we have to ship to Boston and New York. We did this fall, in fact, ship several boxes on private orders, and these, of course, were packed in our standard boxes in the approved styles. Unquestionably this is the very best way to pack and ship apples to private customers; and quite as certainly this is the most desirable market which the apple grower can reach. The only question is whether by reasonable means we can find enough private customers to take up the entire crop of our full-grown and full-bearing orchards.

Harvest Home Features

OCTOBER is about the most poetic month in the whole calendar. The autumn tints on the foliage, the balmy airs, the ripening crops, and all the harvest from fruitful fields fill the world with a sense of peace, plenty and beauty. Perhaps the most popular and truest poetic expression of the times lives in Riley's lines:

When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder's in the shock.

We, also, had our corn, and there were a few pumpkins growing in the fields, too. This corn should have been cut and put into the shocks in September, but we simply didn't get to it—a common case in farm work. Frost held off kindly for us, and so with the beginning of October we made haste to catch up with the corn. Here again our French-Canadian neighbor and helper was our salvation. He knew how to swing the corn-knife, how to tie up a shock so it wouldn't blow down in the first wind, and in short how to manage every practical detail. I helped, and blistered my hands and rasped my neck with the asperate leaves till it bled. But I stuck to the work and enjoyed it. The very roughness of it gave it zest, like a camping trip in the north woods which we praise when we speak of "roughing it." Then, there were compensations. There was, for instance, the incomparable beauty of the fields. When I withheld my corn-knife and forbore to follow Louis it was not always through laziness or inexperience with the work, but from sheer joy in looking at the landscape.

Then there were the luncheons! When Margaret came out to the cornfield at ten o'clock bringing sandwiches and coffee there was no refusal. I can assure you. Louis Fresne was almost as delighted as I was, even if less tired and thirsty. Then she came again in the afternoon, and brought apple pie; and I can truly say that Margaret was the most popular woman in that part of the world.

I believe it is a fundamental principle in the modern efficiency schemes that all workmen shall have frequent short rests. I can most heartily commend the idea, and assert that it would do much to improve the quality of farm work.

What of the corn? There was corn there, plenty of it. Good, well-ripened corn. Later when we husked and measured it we found we had a crop of sixty bushels to the acre. Now that's a good crop anywhere, far above the average yield in the great corn states. We [CONTINUED ON PAGE 28]

Defy wind, rain, snow, storm!



Can you imagine anything finer for winter time than it is to have a home evenly warmed, right up to the window panes where the little folks can "watch for daddy," or safely play on the warm floors—all rooms comfortable all day and night for all the folks, without a draft or a chill in any spot? That is the home atmosphere which you can enjoy from a modern guaranteed outfit of

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

This home heating has grown rapidly in popular favor the world over, because it distributes one genial atmosphere to all the rooms in the most severe weather. In mild weather it can be easily controlled to avoid overheating and fuel waste. Women like this heating, because, unlike old-fashioned ways, rooms are free from ash dust, gas, and smoke; cleaning work is wonderfully reduced, and your furnishings are protected from damage by grime and soot.

For scores of years IDEAL Boilers will last and give satisfaction, no thin drums to burn out or rust out; no parts to warp or spring loose; no necessity for overhauls, with frequent repair bills. They burn coke, wood, gas, all kinds of coal, slack, screenings, pea, etc.

Then there is a premium on buildings having IDEAL-AMERICAN heating; being well-known for its thorough reliability, durability, and fuel economy, you can rent at higher prices; property sells easier, and the cost of the outfit comes back in the sales price. Can be put in farm houses (no city water mains necessary.) Made in special types for cottages, and other homes, churches, schools, apartments, stores, hotels, etc.

It takes but a little time and no annoyance to the folks to install an outfit; no tearing up of walls, floors, etc., and at present low iron prices, these outfits cost less than in 10 years past. Send for (free) "Ideal Heating" book—full of helpful points. Write today—no obligations incurred.



A No. 105 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 3/4-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$125, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

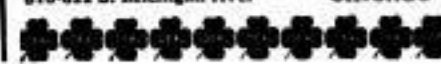
\$150 Vacuum Cleaner

Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful set-in-the-cellar machine with iron suction pipe running to each floor.



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BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

These two photographs of the same child show what Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk does for babies.

Roderick was a delicate baby. Until he was nearly three months old he clung to life by the slenderest thread—nothing seemed to agree with him. Then his mother put him on "Eagle Brand" and he began to gain at once. You can see what a splendid baby he was at ten months. The second picture shows Roderick at the age of three years—a big, healthy boy whose strong body and firm flesh were built by

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Your baby's main business is to eat. Your greatest mother-problem is to find the food that will make him a rosy, crowing baby and lay the foundation for strong manhood. Don't send your baby out in life handicapped by poor health. He should have the food that builds the structure of his little body solidly—that makes him a plump, rosy-cheeked baby and robust youngster.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk contains everything your baby needs to make him grow. Scientifically prepared so that even the tiniest, frailest baby can easily digest it. "Eagle Brand" is always pure—always safe—always ready—always dependable. Easy to prepare. Requires no pasteurization—just add "Eagle Brand" to freshly boiled water cooled to the proper feeding temperature and it is ready.

"Eagle Brand" can also be used as a table milk of quality.

Send coupon today for "Baby's Welfare," a helpful book which tells you how to take the best possible care of your baby.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857



CUT ON THIS LINE
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108 Hudson St., New York City.

Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to make my baby strong and well and guard him from all dangers that threaten his little life. Also send—Free—"Baby's Biography"—for the record of his life.

Name.....
Address.....

The Girl with Notebook and Pencil

She may be just a machine, or an efficient, capable helper

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

ARE you a student of stenography? Or perhaps a stenographer of some experience, discouraged, and wondering why you do not secure promotion?

Then read these little stories of real business life. If they parallel your case, they will help you:

"Oh, don't study stenography! The unrelieved drudgery of writing letters, day in and day out, is maddening. And there's no future in it. Why, I've been turning out absolutely correct letters and briefs for eight years, and I haven't had a raise in five. I suppose I'll die on twelve-fifty a week."

The speaker looked neat and brisk, but her voice was monotonous, her eyes lacked luster. It was easy to picture her seated before the tidliest of desks, clicking out form letters and legal papers from 8:30 to 12, and from 12:45 to 5:30, three hundred days in the year. She will never miss a comma or semicolon, never misspell a word, never be a minute late, never change a line of dictation; no, not even if her employer, in an absent-minded moment, sets the date of a trial for April when she knows perfectly well that court does not convene until May! The idea of doing less than she is paid for—or more—will never enter her head.

More Than a Machine

SOMETHING of all this was felt vaguely by the bright-faced young cousin who had announced her intention of entering the local business college.

"But some girls like stenography," she protested. "And I mean to like it, to be something more than just a machine."

"How?" demanded the elder woman grimly.

"Oh, by being accurate, and efficient, and resourceful and useful."

"Humph! Well, I've been accurate and efficient and useful; but if I tried to be resourceful, I'd be put in my place quickly enough. Some man or woman higher up would remind me that he was hired to do the thinking."

You have heard conversations of this sort before?

They are common both in and out of the business world, wherever clerical workers gather. For, roughly speaking, stenographers can be divided into just two classes; those who are happy in their work, and those who are not. Both classes may number accurate, even competent workers. The difference lies in the mental attitude of the girl toward her position. Accuracy, mechanical efficiency, do not make for contentment. But efficiency of the broadest sort, *thinking efficiency*, brings joy in labor.

Drudgery is routine work which holds no interest for the worker. The girl who is not progressing and who admits that she has given up all hope of advancement is a pitiable object, no matter what her salary. More women break down from monotony of work than from overwork. But no girl who uses stenography as a stepping-stone to work that is less mechanical and more congenial need fear nervous prostration. Vital interest in work is a splendid tonic for the nerves.

Every large firm must have a certain number of routine workers. It appreciates their value as small cogs in the producing machinery, but it does not regard them as material for filling positions of responsibility. The girl who is advanced is she who not only shows speed and accuracy, but resourcefulness and what is known as the ability to take the initiative, so to think for herself that she saves thought of details on the part of her employer. The girl who can save the precious time of a higher-salaried worker in handling mere details will eventually enter the ranks of the higher salaried.

Tact and Initiative

THE dissatisfied stenographer quoted at the beginning of this article did not know how to take the initiative, or her gift must have been appreciated by her firm. Understand, there is a right way, and a wrong, of using this precious talent. To make it count for its true value, combine it with tact. Realize that every stenographer is a private secretary in the making, and you will appreciate and perhaps avail yourself of a golden opportunity. Remember that letter-writing is only part of the stenographer's duties, and you are in line for promotion.

To be explicit, I quote a business friend who is just now looking for a new stenographer.

Miss M— has been my personal stenographer for three years. In reality she is my private secretary. The firm never calls upon her to leave my office or do any extra work. She takes dictation rapidly. Her letters are neat and accurate. She rarely loses a day, and she never disobeys orders. Yet I

must make a change, simply because the work in my office has increased. I have grown with the growing importance of my work, but she has stood still. She is doing precisely the same work she started to do three years ago. More and more work is being crowded upon me, and she is not helping me to carry the added burdens. While she has no more letters to write, she could help me in a hundred other ways.

Take, as an instance, the matter of light, heat and ventilation. On sunny days, at a certain hour, the rays of light fall on



Every stenographer is a private secretary in the making

my desk and nearly blind me. And every time this happens, I have to say: "Miss M—, lower the shade, please." She knows I like plenty of fresh air, yet day after day she goes to luncheon without opening the windows to ventilate the room in our absence. And not unless I look up from my work with the remark that my head aches from the closeness of the room does she think to lower the upper sash with a pole provided for the purpose. She never thinks of my personal comfort, or the little things which would relieve the hard strain of my duties.

Then, there is my banking. On her way to luncheon, she passes my bank. If I make out the slips, she deposits for me. If I write a check, she draws money for me. But if she put her mind on the task of doing all my banking for me, she could save me hours of detail work each month. She could write my deposit slips, balance my check book and on the first of the month, when I pay all my personal bills, she could write checks for them, asking me only to sign the checks.

And finally, there is my desk. It is not always possible for me to straighten it out before closing time. Very often in the late afternoon I am summoned to conferences with members of the firm. When I return to my office to put on my hat and coat, there stands my desk open, with papers in the greatest confusion. If I do not stop to straighten things out, I open my desk the next morning to the same confusion.

Now Miss M— knows every phase of my correspondence and work. She knows which letters or orders must be considered next, which have been disposed of and where each paper belongs. How simple it would be for her to sort everything into piles, ready for a fresh start in the morning!

Have I suggested these things to her? Certainly! And she always does it—after she has been told. But she never does it the second time. She seems to be afraid to do anything without consulting me, and giving orders takes time. I need a girl who can do a little quick thinking and prompt acting for me.

Here is a stenographer who has worked three years for one busy woman and who yet has not mastered the details of their joint work, nor learned to respect the peculiarities of the chief who can suggest advancement and a raise in salary for her. Being a successful stenographer is something more than writing correct and neat letters.

Telephone Calls and Memory

ANOTHER business friend complained bitterly that her very competent stenographer, who is rarely guilty of mistakes in transcribing her notes, cannot handle a telephone call. She does not remember names and numbers, she reports calls inaccurately and sometimes forgets them entirely. She does not know how to take an unimportant call and answer it without troubling her chief when the latter is in the room but otherwise occupied. Invariably she turns the instrument over to the busier woman, with the remark: "Somebody for you," and nine times out of ten she could answer the question intelligently.

There is in New York City to-day a young woman who owes her salary of thirty-five dollars a week entirely to the manner in which she once handled a telephone call for the head of the firm.

This girl was taking dictation for important letters to which the president was giving concentrated thought, when his telephone rang. He told the girl to answer and added that he could not be bothered. But his chain of thought was interrupted by something, just the same. It was the clever manner in which this girl handled the insistent talker at the other end of the wire, putting him off gracefully and agreeably, promising to take up the question at issue with her employer as soon as he was at liberty. Her quick grasp of the situation, her tactful replies, convinced the president that this girl was worth watching. He found that he never had to repeat directions to her, that she never asked an unnecessary question. She is now his private secretary.

Other girls owe promotion to a reliable memory which saves time and annoyance for their employers. The girl who writes letter after letter to the same correspondent, and still cannot remember his initials and address, even the substance of recent letters, is the sort of girl who does not progress and who finds stenography deadly monotonous.

I have known stenographers who felt that it was beneath their dignity to see to the dusting of their employer's desk; who felt that they did not need to pay any attention to his supplies of pens, rubber bands and letter clips; who did not notice whether his pencils were sharp or not, or whether his ink wells were filled. It should be a part of every secretary's work to see that these things are attended to; that ink wells, paste pots, pens, pencils, blotters—in fact, every bit of the desk equipment—are in order for use, and that the desk and all its fittings are absolutely dustless.

Two opportunities are open to the stenographer: One is a private secretaryship. The other is an independent business venture. Both are reached by the same methods—accuracy, efficiency and undivided interest. A good memory helps, but interest and that great gift of thinking for and with your employer count the most. Lastly and just as important as anything else, remember to keep absolute silence, both in the office and out of it, on all subjects relating to your employer's business.



A telephone call for the head of the firm



The girl who works just to closing hour

Why Grow Old?

*A Pertinent Question Addressed to Every Woman,
and a Practical Answer*

By ALICE FARNHAM LEADER, M. D.

FOR months I have had it in mind to ask certain women of my acquaintance the question, Why do you allow yourselves to grow old? Then after listening to their answers, I had planned to say to them: Do you want to grow old? Don't you realize, "Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care"? Age these days is really more a question of arteries than years. Why, you simply cannot afford to lose your youth. If you are willing to devote a little time and attention to the subject you can cheat Father Time. For you seem old only when you look old, when you lose your figure and acquire gray hairs and wrinkles.

But you are truly old when your blood pressure is high and your arteries harden and you lose your vigor and your interest in life. And if these symptoms have developed, beware, oh, beware, for, be your years few or many, health and happiness are threatened and old age is upon you. After thirty-five or forty years of age, most of us find some difficulty in adjusting ourselves to variations in the daily routine. The bodily machinery, while still good for many years if properly managed, is a little worn in places and can less easily adjust itself to indiscretions in diet, over-fatigue, and the loss of sleep. Now this is what happens to our bodies when maturity is reached:

During the period of growth all of the vital functions are very active, and the food ingested is rapidly converted into tissues and the worn-out tissues are broken down and discharged from the body by means of the organs of elimination. This process is called, "metabolism," and good metabolism means good health.

Metabolism is promoted by an abundance of outdoor air and exercise, factors which are seldom lacking in youth.

Don't Be Lazy

WHEN maturity is reached conditions are apt to be less favorable. Becoming more material as we grow older, we demand our comforts; we are inclined to show an undue interest in our food and frequently develop a distaste for physical exertion.

In brief, we are prone to be self-indulgent and lazy.

This is most unfortunate, as these are the tendencies which predispose to auto-intoxication, and auto-intoxication, either directly or indirectly, is the cause of most of the diseases of middle life.

Although the word auto-intoxication has a mysterious and alarming sound it is merely the medical term for self-poisoning.

To understand how we poison ourselves requires a little explanation: In the absence of organic disease the maintenance of a well-balanced diet and sufficient exercise are usually associated with good elimination; but deviation from these practices is commonly followed by disaster. If food is unsuitable or the elimination is poor, noxious substances form in the system and auto-intoxication occurs. These poisons increase blood pressure and lay the foundation for hardening of the arteries; they irritate the kidneys and create a tendency to Bright's disease; in fact, almost every tissue of the body may suffer from the results of chronic auto-intoxication.

Don't Eat More Than You Need

TO AVOID auto-intoxication you must suit your diet to the needs of your manner of life. If you take but little exercise, you must eat less. And, above all, see that there is good elimination.

Waste products escape from the body by the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels working harmoniously together, and the imperfect action of one organ will occasion an accumulation of waste products in the economy.

The function of the lungs is to take in oxygen from the air and to exhale carbonic acid gas. In order to do this properly plenty of fresh air and exercise is necessary. For this reason you must cultivate healthful out-of-door sports, such as tennis, golf, horseback riding, and walking.

Should you lack opportunity or means to indulge in these athletic sports, take advantage of the classes for physical training and dancing, where membership may be obtained at a nominal cost.

Walking should not be neglected, and groups of congenial persons may form outing clubs for country walks on Saturday afternoons and holidays.

Home gymnastics should be taken daily: the following simple exercise practiced ten times night and morning in a well-ventilated room, preferably before an open window, will bring into activity many muscles and prove an excellent, "body-builder."

Stand erect, with chin in, chest out, and feet slightly separated; rise slowly on toes, at the same time breathing in and raising the arms forward, first to the level of shoulders, then above head. Lower heels slowly, while breathing out and bringing arms laterally first to the level of the shoulders, and then to the original position at sides.

Indoors avoid close, hot rooms. Be sure to sleep in a well-ventilated room.

It is through perspiration that the skin gets rid of most of its refuse matter. What are commonly known as pores are tiny openings through which the perspiration passes. A hot bath at least twice a week with plenty of soap and water vigorously applied, as well as the daily cold bath, should be taken. A Turkish bath now and again is of inestimable value to those with whom it agrees; but I should

advise the novice not to take one without the advice of a physician. In regard to cold bathing, if you have never been accustomed to it I must warn you not to begin too energetically. Have the water at a temperature of sixty-eight degrees at first, and gradually accustom yourself to colder bathing until at last you will react well, even in winter, at the temperature of the water drawn from the tap. A shower bath is stimulating and tonic in its action, and sponge bathing is excellent. If chilliness and blueness of the skin occur after a bath the reaction is poor and you should make the water warmer. Energetic friction with a bath towel and a few minutes spent in gymnastics aid healthy reaction.

Drink Water Between Meals

THE kidneys remove most of the watery refuse from the body and their activity is increased by the drinking of fluids. Most of us take too little water—it is so inconvenient when one is busy. But it is as necessary to wash the body interiorly as exteriorly. You should drink at least four glasses of water daily, but between meals, as too much fluid with meals retards digestion.

Begin the day by taking a glass of water on arising, another in the middle of the morning, another in the middle of the afternoon and one at night. This practice will also encourage the action of the bowels, which are the most important of the organs of elimination. Chronic constipation is the curse of womankind. The large intestine is a veritable "sink of iniquity," the retention of whose contents give rise to mental depression, lassitude, and irritability.

No woman who fails to have a daily movement of the bowels need expect to protect herself from premature old age.

The intestine is a long tube, in the walls of which are glands secreting fluid. Too concentrated a diet may produce constipation, as well as too little water, for the intestinal muscles require both stimulation and fluid to promote their action.

If you suffer from constipation you should drink at least six glasses of water daily. Take plenty of green vegetables, fruit, and salads with oil. Eat coarse breads, rye, whole wheat, and Graham; cereals, especially oatmeal. Bran bread and a spoonful of bran on the morning cereal will often do much toward a cure. Cream and molasses may be taken, but milk, cheese, red wine, tea, rice, barley, and all fried foods should be avoided. Systematic gymnastics every morning should be taken, each one repeated ten times. Here are two of the simplest: Stand erect, knees stiff, bend forward and try to touch the floor with the fingers. Stand erect and bend the body forward at the waist, bend back, bend to the right side, to the left side, rotate.

A few minutes spent in exercising is not too dear a price to pay for a regular daily action of the bowels. And if you would retain your good looks encourage by every effort in your power the action of all of the organs of elimination: habitual retention of refuse in the system will show itself in a poor complexion and premature wrinkles. A healthy, wholesome appearance is an asset to the woman in the business world, and is no less important to the mother of a family, for a married woman should be the most charming person in the horizon of her husband and children.

Some women look old because they "let go." They are too busy or too lazy to keep themselves well groomed. It is the duty of every woman to look as well as she can, and to dress as handsomely as her circumstances allow.

The consciousness of being well-gowned, well-corseted and pleasing to look upon gives infinite satisfaction; and a contented mind will go a long way toward maintaining healthy action of the vital powers. Discontent and mental depression have undermined many a woman's health.

Cold Cream and Cold Water

WHEN first youth is passed it is necessary to pay particular attention to the care of the skin. Cold water should be used unsparingly to keep the tissues firm. Cold cream should be used to massage the face and neck each night.

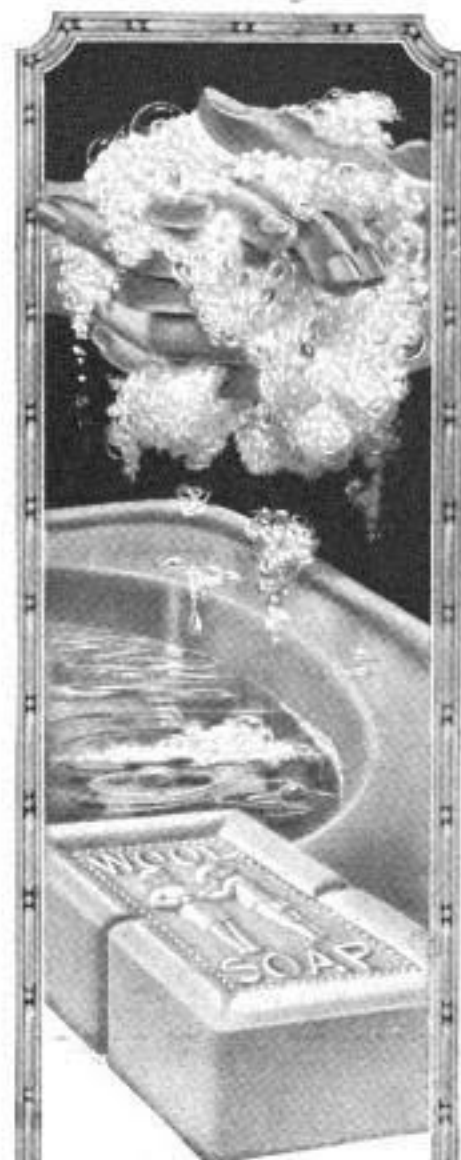
If you are weary after a fatiguing day, on reaching home take ten minutes' rest lying prone on the back. When you rise cleanse the face with cold cream, rubbing lightly across the lines and in an upward direction to correct sagging of the muscles. A cloth wet in hot water should then be applied, followed by several applications of cold water.

A most important factor in the prolongation of youth is to avoid obesity. It is easier to keep thin than to get thin, and exercise and dieting are both necessary. Avoid sweets, and an excess of starchy foods, especially potatoes and bread. Beer and other alcoholic beverages will make you both fat and nervous.

In conclusion I would say a word of cheer to the women to whom old age is but another name for despair: Old age is not a question of years. I have seen old women at thirty and young women at sixty.

So, lead a healthful, rational life, be careful of your appearance; and though your body may have reached maturity do not let your mind stop growing.

Attractiveness is largely a question of personality, and some of the most charming women of my acquaintance are beyond middle age. Years have given them a knowledge of men and affairs, and the study of good literature, and familiarity with current events have made them delightful conversationalists and intelligent listeners.



Try This Experiment

Use Wool Soap in every soap dish in the house for one month. On the wash basins, in the bathtub soap rack, in the kitchen, the laundry, and wherever soap is used, let it be Wool Soap the month through.

Not only will there be a saving in cost, if more expensive soaps have been used before, but everyone will enjoy the treat of having Wool Soap—safe, mild, pure—for an every-day luxury. The moderate cost is no criterion of its superior quality.

Wool Soap

for Toilet and Bath

United Profit Sharing Coupon
wrapped with every cake
Swift & Company
U. S. A.





"I Don't Care"

Goblin Soap quickly removes every atom of dirt and grime and the most stubborn stains that little hands get through playing, and best of all—Goblin Soap *won't* injure the most delicate skin but on the contrary keeps it soft and smooth.

Children like to use it because it makes their hands feel so good.

For Toilet and Bath

it lathers freely in hard or soft, cold or warm water and cleanses *Quickly—Thoroughly—Safely.*

For Accountants, Stenographers, Artists, Printers, Painters, Automobileists, Iron Workers, Machinists, Engineers, Firemen and others whose hands become stained from their daily occupations, it cleanses without hard rubbing or injury.

An ideal soap for
Surgical and General Hospital Use.

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Send now for sample cake—valued post-paid for your dealer's name and address and a two cent stamp. Address

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PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to \$16.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows: \$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems. \$3.00 for the second best. \$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch. \$3.00 for the second best. All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less).

To hold the
coiffure



est hair. Hairdressers use these pins, but they are hard to procure when far away from large cities or any large stores.

TAKE an ordinary straight wire hairpin, a good long one, and with a pair of pincers bend it as illustrated. It will serve as "holding pin," and never slip in the heaviest hair. Hairdressers use these pins, but they are hard to procure when far away from large cities or any large stores.

A. C. K., Maryland.

For short-stemmed
flowers

IN THE July number the use of raffia was suggested as a means of holding up short-stemmed flowers in an open bowl. For those who have never worked in raffia and haven't any handy, I would suggest the use of sand or fine gravel. When brass or pottery bowls are used the color will not be objectionable. If a glass bowl is to be used, the white sand looks better. This may be purchased from the grocer under the name of bird gravel for five cents a package. Fill the bowl two thirds full of sand and cover with water. Arrange your short-stemmed flowers in this, and see how fresh they keep and how nicely they stand up.

E. V. T., New Jersey.

For the hostess

FROZEN DELIGHT is a simply prepared and delightful dessert. Place in the bottom of sherbet glasses rather large pieces of cold, peeled pears. On this place vanilla ice cream, and over this pour a little very fine maple sirup.

C. W. F., New York.

Work without
worry

THE picking up of toys is a task much disliked by most children, but when the fairy "Make-believe" with a wave of her magic wand turns the toy box into a tall-masted ship with great white sails, and Bobby becomes a broad-shouldered captain with brass buttons, "like a p'liceman's," the loading of the cargo becomes a delight. Sometimes we go in search of a missing Arctic explorer, sometimes to bring back animals for a zoo, and often ours is a relief ship with food and clothing stowed away in the hold. Then the little blocks are cans of condensed milk and the long blocks are rolls of cloth and the middle-sized blocks are cans of cocoa, and so we go on with this glorious game till the wharves are cleared and the captain shouts, "All aboard."

L. M., New York.

Trays that are
time-savers

TRAYS that exactly fit the folding card tables are easily made by the man of the house, and save his wife much worry and time. These trays are made of one-quarter-inch or five-sixteenths-inch material and are finished on the edges by a flange of wood which projects upward about one half an inch, and is mitered at the corners. These strips are nailed into place, the holes put in and the tray stained to match the woodwork of the tables. When entertaining at cards, the hostess early in the day sets these trays with linen, silver, and even some of the less perishable eatables. When it is time to serve, the refreshments are placed upon them and the trays carried in and placed upon the tables. Before making them be sure to measure the doorways through which they must be carried. Make a case to hold these trays of four uprights with slats and grooves where the trays may be slipped into place.

M. H. W., California.

"Rockabye, Baby"

A GREAT comfort for a baby when riding in an automobile is a small hammock suspended from the top of the machine, so that it swings just above the seat tops and near Mother's lap. Baby will sleep as safely as in his own little bed, and he need not be held on the lap.

M. M. H., Illinois.

The Exchange

A Department of Practical Household News

Contributed by Companion Readers

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS—The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month.

Contributions received between September 8th and October 8th are eligible for the January prizes.

All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the January number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the January number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted.

Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts and to this department, as positions no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," c/o Women's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Away with the time-
honored button
box!

INSTEAD of a button box I use a wide-mouthed glass bottle, and by shaking it a little I can quickly see if there is a brown or black shoe button, a small or large pearl button, or whatever I am looking for, without removing the contents.

S. M. C., Jr., Kentucky.

Left-over pieces
of oilcloth

DO NOT throw away the unworn parts of oilcloth or linoleum. They can be utilized in making mats for pots containing flowers and plants. After cutting them any desired shape or size, paint and varnish them a color uniform with the color of the flower or plant in the pot. Use enamel paint if desired.

N. E. R., New Jersey.

Painted tin book
holders

CONVENIENT book holders to use any place where books are desired to be held upright may be easily and cheaply constructed out of fairly heavy tin. They may be cut either style, as shown, out of a piece of tin three and one-half by eight inches. They should be first bent and then enameled. Ordinary black stove enamel gives an excellent finish. When this is dry they may be decorated with a stenciled design in gay colors.

W. S. S., Illinois.

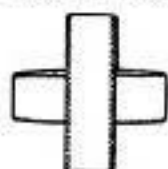
An easy way to
weigh the baby

I HAVE so often been amazed to hear people trying to devise a way to weigh the baby—tying him in a towel, and using various devices. Why not step on the scales with the baby in your arms, and then without him? The difference is the baby's weight. Like many other things, "it is so easy when you know how."

N. S. R., Colorado.

Red Cross knitting
bag

bag. The crosswise



they sell readily.

TWO strips of red ribbon or silk featherstitched together form this. The crosswise strip forms a pocket for yarn and knitting needles, the upper part of the lengthwise strip forms a loop to slip on over the arm. These are quickly made, as they require little work, and are excellent to make for church fairs or bazaars, as they sell readily.

G. R., New York.

Layer cake baked
in one pan

WHEN you have not the pans in which to bake individual layers, try putting into a loaf cake tin a very little batter, smoothing it down and then adding paraffin paper cut to fit the tin; continue as before, alternating layers of batter with paper. The cake will come out whole and can be easily separated into layers by lifting the paper beneath each section. When this is done, using a rectangular pan, the cake is novel in appearance and very easy to cut into a number of pieces.

V. S., California.

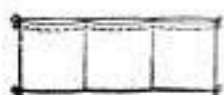
Ideal frosting

THE following recipe for frosting has been tried in our family for several months, and never hardens or crystallizes: To one cupful of sugar add three tablespoonfuls of cold water and the white of an egg dropped in without beating it. Put these into the upper part of a double boiler and have the water in the lower part boiling. Beat for eight minutes with a Dover beater. Flavor to taste. It is about the consistency of whipped cream, and can be used as filling.

R. E., Wisconsin.

Hat bag for an
automobile

TO MAKE a hat bag for the automobile which will hold three hats take a piece of lining material to match the top of car, forty-five inches long, fold together and hem, then fasten with dress straps. Divide this into three sections by stitching on the sewing machine, and sew on eight straps. Fasten these straps to frame of the top of the car between the front and back seats, and the hats will be covered and out of the way.



Mrs. R. H. P., New Jersey.

A dessert party

FOR women who wish to entertain near neighbors in a simple, informal way, my dessert party may be helpful as a suggestion. One fine morning I called at the doors of three houses on our terrace and asked that they plan no dessert for dinner that evening, but instead, after the main course of their evening meal, they walk across the lawn to our house and have dessert with us on the porch. At a quarter past seven they came, just as the sunset sky was aglow, and we ate strawberry ice cream, cream cookies, and sponge cake while the twilight deepened. Later the men smoked and the women visited until about ten o'clock. They were all enthusiastic over the success of my novel party.

Mrs. G. B. B., New York.

Pie magic

HEAT a mixing bowl by pouring hot water into it. Let stand a minute or two, and empty. Put in one cup of shortening, pour one-half cupful of boiling water over it, and beat with a fork until it becomes a smooth liquid. Put one-half teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder and three cupfuls of flour in the sifter, and sift into the liquid shortening. Stir all together and roll out. This amount makes two pies, or four crusts. If only one pie is desired, wrap the remaining dough in waxed or paraffin paper and put in a cold place. It may be used the following day or held for several days, as it keeps very well in an icebox.

A. C. P., New York.

When winding a
clothesline

ALMOST everyone has had trouble with the clothesline getting kinked when being wound into a ball. I have found that if you reverse the usual method and make the hand which is holding the ball rotate so as to wind the rope around it and keep the other arm still, merely using it as a guide, the clothesline will positively not kink, even if it is a badly twisted and tangled hemp line.

F. C. W., Missouri.

A new kind of
"nut" candy

DURING the past few months I have made and sold many pounds of nut candy—fondants, fudge, butter scotch, etc., and while my customers declare it the best candy they ever saw they are unable to tell what kind of nuts I have used. The "nuts" are pumpkin seeds from which the tough covering has been removed. A friend whose father has a large ranch and feeds many pumpkins to his cattle saves the seeds for me in exchange for favors that I do her, therefore my "nuts" cost nothing and I have been able to place a new product on the market.

E. C. S., Colorado.

No more
pinning

WHEN the windows of the bedroom are opened at night the curtains brush back and forth, and become soiled from rubbing against the casings and screens. To prevent this, sew snap fasteners on the curtains, one in each lower corner on the inside of curtain where it will not show, and the other half of snaps about three fourths of the way up, one on each side of curtain. In this way the curtain can be quickly caught up and held in place, yet the fasteners are almost invisible.

Mrs. H. R. B., Neb.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S REMINDER

OCTOBER is the month—

- To arrange and clean storage places in the cellar and attic.
- To see that the summer clothes are done up carefully without starch and put away.
- To go over the furniture, mending, repairing and polishing.
- To take down the screens, put up storm windows and doors.
- To finish the Christmas shopping.

How to Select Cuts for Beefsteak

And how to cook and serve them

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

WHEN selecting beef, see that it is firm, and of a fine-grained texture, bright red in color, well mottled and coated with fat. The fat should be firm and of a yellowish color. The less expensive cuts, coming from those parts of the creature where the juices flow freely, are no less nutritious than the expensive ones; but they do require longer cooking at a lower temperature.

A side of beef is divided into fore quarter and hind quarter, but the point of this division varies in different sections of the country. The hind quarter contains the choicest steaks, which are cut from the loin and rump, and are named porterhouse, sirloin and rump. Coming from that part of the creature where the muscles are but little used, the meat is fine grained, and consequently tender. The tenderloin, protected by the backbone and lying under the loin and rump, lacks flavor and has but little juice, but is easy of mastication. When cut into steaks it is usually trimmed for individual service, and finds a place on the formal luncheon menu as mignon fillet. Round steak has practically no waste, is very juicy, and the richest in protein, but, having coarser fiber, is not as tender. The second and third cuts from the top of the round are most popular. Among the cheaper cuts might be mentioned chuck, vein, and flank steaks. A steak should be cut from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and some prefer it thicker. It should be removed from the paper as soon as it arrives from the market and put in a cold place. If convenient, allow it to hang rather than to lie on a plate, and never put it in direct contact with the ice. Tough steaks may be made more tender by pounding with a potato masher, or by brushing over with oil and vinegar in the proportion of two parts oil to one of vinegar and allowing them to stand for several hours. The process may be repeated and the steaks kept in good condition for several days. Steak may be broiled over a coal or charcoal fire or gas flame, or pan-broiled by cooking in a hot frying pan rubbed over with a piece of the fat. Pan-broiled steaks require a longer time for cooking.

BROILED BEEF-STEAK: Wipe entire surface with a cloth wrung out of cold water and trim off superfluous fat. With some of the fat grease a wire broiler (having fat edge next to handle) and broil over a clear fire, turning every ten seconds for the first minute that surface may be well seared, thus preventing escape of juices. After the first minute turn occasionally until well cooked on both sides.

Steak cut one inch thick will take five minutes if liked rare; six minutes if well done. Remove to a hot platter, and spread with butter that has been creamed and seasoned with salt and pepper.

BROILED BEEFSTEAK, BORDELAISE: Remove skins and finely chop two shallots, add three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar and cook slowly until reduced one half. Strain, and add to vinegar yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten. Set saucepan containing mixture in a larger one containing boiling water and cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, then add gradually five tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne and one half of a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. When perfectly smooth and thick spread over a broiled beefsteak. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SMOTHERED ROUND STEAK: Try out in a hot iron frying pan three thin slices of fat salt pork, three by four inches, and add one onion peeled and cut in thin slices. Cook, stirring constantly until brown. Wipe a two and one-half pound slice of round steak, put in frying pan, pour over one and one-half cupfuls of cold water and add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Bring quickly to the boiling point, cover closely, remove to back of range, and let simmer slowly until tender. Remove steak to hot platter and strain stock (there should be one cupful). Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot stock. Bring to the boiling point, let boil two minutes, season with salt and pepper and pour over and around steak. Garnish with Baked Stuffed Tomatoes around the edge, and with overlapping slices of tomatoes and sprigs of parsley in the center.

NOTE: In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.



Sautéed fillets of beef with mushrooms

drops of onion juice. Fill tomato cases with mixture, put in buttered pan, sprinkle tops with buttered crumbs, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

SAUTÉD FILLETS OF BEEF (with stuffed mushroom caps): Cut beef tenderloin in slices one inch thick, and trim into six circular shapes. Season with salt and pepper and pan-broil in a hot buttered frying pan six minutes. Remove to hot plates for individual service, pour around Brown Sauce and garnish top of each with a Stuffed Mushroom Cap.

BROWN SAUCE: Cook three tablespoonfuls of butter with one slice of onion, stirring constantly, until slightly browned. Remove onion, and stir butter constantly until well browned; then add four and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until blended. Pour on one and one-half cupfuls of brown stock gradually, while stirring constantly, bring to the boiling point and let boil two minutes; then add two thirds of a teaspoonful of meat extract, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley and one third of a cupful of small carrot cubes which have been cooked until soft in boiling salted water and drained.

STUFFED MUSHROOM CAPS: Sauté selected mushroom caps, stuff, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake until crumbs are brown. Garnish each with diamond shapes cut from a red pepper and a sprig of parsley. For the stuffing clean and finely chop six mushroom caps. Add one tablespoonful each of parsley and onion finely chopped, and one tablespoonful of butter. Moisten with a small quantity of the Brown Sauce.

BROILED BEEF-STEAK (with oyster blanket): Wipe, trim, and broil a sirloin or rump steak, cut one and one-half inches thick, five minutes, and remove to hot platter. Spread with creamed butter seasoned with salt and pepper. Clean one pint of oysters and cover steak with same, packing them closely together. Sprinkle oysters with salt and pepper, and dot over generously with butter. Place on grate in hot oven, and cook until oysters are plump. Garnish with shadow potatoes and sprigs of parsley.

BEEFSTEAK SMOTHERED IN ONIONS: Cut beef in small pieces and try out, drain off three tablespoonfuls of the fat and put in hot frying pan. Remove skins from six medium-sized onions, slice thin, and put in pan with fat. Sprinkle with one teaspoonful of salt, cover and cook until soft. It may be necessary to add a small quantity of boiling water to prevent onions from burning. Remove cover, and continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until onions are slightly browned. Spread over a hot broiled round or flank steak and set in the oven for five minutes.

ROLLED SKIRT STEAK EN CASSEROLE (an excellent way to use a very inexpensive cut): Remove fat and skin from a skirt steak and pound with the edge of a china saucer. Brush over with olive oil and vinegar (using equal parts), roll, skewer, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Try out three thin slices of fat salt pork in an iron frying pan, put in meat, and cook until entire surface is seared and browned, turning frequently, being sure not to pierce, thus preventing the escape of juices. Put in small casserole, add one-fourth cup boiling water, cover closely and cook in a slow oven one and one-half hours. Wash and pare small potatoes and brown surface in tried-out pork fat. Put in the casserole and cook during the last hour of the cooking. Remove meat to hot platter, pour around stewed tomatoes and arrange the potatoes at each end of roll. For the tomatoes, turn the contents of one can tomatoes (quart capacity) into a saucepan, bring to the boiling point, and let simmer until most of the moisture has evaporated. Season with butter, salt and pepper.



Know the cuts of meat—which is the porterhouse, which is the rump



To Lovers of Toasted Corn

Here's a new form—airy bubbles—puffed from the inner corn

Here is something you should order without waiting any longer.

It's too good to miss.

It is pellets of corn hearts—just the sweet centers—toasted as never before. Then exploded to Corn Puffs, raindrop size.

Just flimsy globules of these dainty bits which everyone delights in.

Like Bonbons

Each Corn Puff is a tit-bit, sweet and fragile, with a taste like rare confections. You will wonder how such things can be served by the dishful. It is like breakfasting on bonbons.



"The Witching Food"

These tiny corn centers go through the process used in Puffed Wheat and Rice—Prof. Anderson's famous process. Every food cell is exploded.

The flavor is due to super-toasting in an hour of fearful heat. The thinness is due to the puffing.

Serve them at all hours, both as foods and confections. For between-meals, douse with melted butter.

You will call this, we think, the finest food dainty that ever came to the morning table. Don't let more days pass without it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1034)



This or **This**
Taste or **Effect**

**Which Appeals the Stronger
in Delicious Quaker Oats?**

Millions of people, every morning and in every clime, breakfast on Quaker Oats.

Millions of mothers consider this dish both a duty and a delicacy.

Not only because it is vim-food. That's true of any oats. But because we make this spirit-giving food enticing.

Oats are eaten because of their effect. Every mother knows that every child should have them. Quaker Oats are chosen because of their luscious flavor. Folks now consume a billion dishes yearly of this single brand. Oat lovers of a hundred nations send to us to get it.

Quaker Oats

Energy Flakes Made Enticing

Why not serve this wondrous food in its most inviting form?

Quaker Oats costs no extra price. Yet we make it of queen grains only. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, because we reject all the small, unsavory grains.

Our process enhances that flavor. Thus we have created the most famous oat dish in existence. It is the reigning dish even in Scotland.

For the sake of goodness, specify Quaker Oats. Nothing else has done so much to foster the love of oats.

**10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South**

Quaker Cooker Offer

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

(177)

Planning The October Meals

Some recipes and menus

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

IN CHARGE OF MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

MENUS FOR OCTOBER

NOTE: The menus on this page are planned to meet the needs of the average family and are given merely as suggestions. The recipes for starred dishes are on this page.

<p>1</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; boiled eggs; buttered toast; orange marmalade; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Cheese soufflé; baking powder biscuits; raspberry tarts; tea.</p> <p>Dinner Tomato soup, croutons; broiled beefsteak; paprika potato cubes; *baked stuffed eggplant; squash pie; demi-tasse; cheese.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Breakfast Baked apples; Spanish omelet; Cincinnati coffee bread; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Mock consommé, pulled bread; roast leg of lamb; Franconia potatoes; mashed turnip; *mint jelly; ginger ale salad; toastettes; praline ice cream; fudge squares; demi-tasse.</p> <p>Supper Grilled sardines; potato and egg salad; toasted crackers; pickles; hot chocolate; tapioca pudding.</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; sausages, fried apple rings; baking powder biscuits; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Corned beef hash with beets; golden corn cake; *grape conserve; wafer crackers; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner (cold) Jellied chicken; curled celery; raised finger rolls; lemon meringue pie; cheese squares; crackers; coffee.</p>
<p>2</p> <p>Breakfast Baked bananas; cereal; savory chipped beef; Graham muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Escalloped ham; baking powder biscuits; cinnamon toast; luncheon cocoa.</p> <p>Dinner Corn soup; lamb en casserole; baked potatoes; cold slaw; finger rolls; cold pineapple sponge; coffee.</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; bacon; Johnny cake; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Parsnip chowder; crullers; cheese; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner Mock bisque soup, croutons; cold sliced lamb; baked potatoes; molded spinach; steamed ginger pudding, foamy sauce.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Breakfast Stewed prunes; cereal; German toast; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Mock bisque soup; cheese toast; fudge; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner Commonwealth soup, imperial sticks; creamed salt codfish; baked potatoes; escalloped tomatoes; macaroni cream.</p>
<p>3</p> <p>Breakfast Sliced oranges; cereal; French omelet; Graham muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Minced lamb on toast; radishes; commonwealth sandwiches; hot chocolate with whipped cream.</p> <p>Dinner Fisherman's haddock; baked macaroni with cheese; tomato salad; coffee soufflé.</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal with dates; scrambled eggs; rye muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Lamb à la breck; radishes; emergency biscuits; buttered pop corn; cocoa.</p> <p>Dinner Pea soup, imperial sticks; veal cutlets, brown gravy; creamed potatoes; tomato and lettuce salad; Spanish cream.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Breakfast Grapes; cereal; fish hash; one egg muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Roasted Hamburg steak; Turkish pilaf; mashed squash; coffee jelly with whipped cream.</p> <p>Supper Ganser salad; clover leaf biscuits; prune whip; gold cake with lemon icing; Russian tea.</p>
<p>4</p> <p>Breakfast Baked pears; cereal; eggs on toast; crullers; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Tomato soup; creamed salt codfish; baked potatoes; dressed lettuce; sponge drops; coffee jelly with cream.</p> <p>Supper Escalloped oysters; curled celery; orange jelly; clover leaf biscuits; Lord Baltimore cake.</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Breakfast Grapefruit; cereal; griddle cakes; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Corn oysters; cream toast; gingerbread; cheese; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner Cold sliced corned beef; O'Brien potatoes; *parsnips, city style; dressed lettuce, cheese balls; orange puffs, orange sauce.</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Breakfast Grapefruit; fried eggs; bacon curls; Holland brioche; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Mock consommé; dinner biscuits; roast stuffed chicken, giblet gravy; Franconia potatoes; corn fritters; celery; grapefruit salad; Oriental cream; sponge cake; demi-tasse.</p> <p>Supper Creamed sardines; brown bread sandwiches; caramel custard; nut caramel cake; tea.</p>

RECIPES

NOTE: In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

PARSNIPS, CITY STYLE: Wash parsnips. Cook in boiling salted water to cover one hour, or until soft. Drain, cover with cold water, again drain, and rub off skins. Cut in one-fourth-inch slices, and slices in one-fourth-inch strips. Reheat in the following sauce: Melt two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Bring to boiling point and boil three minutes. Season with salt and pepper; add three tablespoonfuls of butter, bit by bit.

BAKED STUFFED EGGPLANT: Wipe eggplant and cut in quarters lengthwise. Remove pulp close to skin, leaving shells. Force pulp through a meat chopper, and drain. There should be two and two-thirds cupfuls. Put in saucepan, add one and one-half cupfuls of ham stock, bring to the boiling point and let simmer twenty minutes. Add three fourths of a cupful of coarse dried bread crumbs, one fourth of a cupful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one half a teaspoonful of salt, and one egg, slightly beaten. Fill shells with mixture, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

RUSSIAN DRESSING (by request): A novelty that makes dressed lettuce fit for an epicure: Mix one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Add yolks of two eggs, and when well blended, add olive oil gradually, at first drop by drop,

stirring constantly. As mixture thickens, thin with vinegar or lemon juice. Add olive oil and vinegar or lemon juice, alternately, while stirring constantly, using in all two thirds of a cupful of olive oil and three fourths of a tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice. Chill thoroughly and add three tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, two of chopped canned pimientos, one of tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful of chopped chives, and one-third teaspoonful of dried and pounded tarragon leaves.

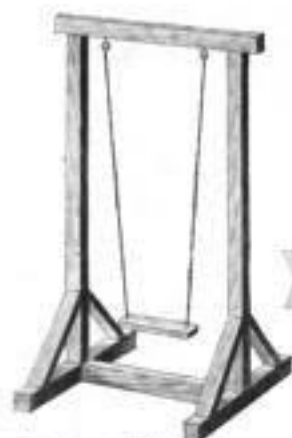
GRAPE CONSERVE: Pick over, wash, drain, and remove stems from seven pounds of Concord grapes. Separate pulp from skins. Put pulp in preserving kettle, heat to the boiling point and let simmer until seeds separate from pulp; then rub through a hair sieve. Return to kettle and add skins, which have been chopped, seven pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of chopped English walnut meats, and one pound of raisins, seeded and chopped. Bring to the boiling point, and let simmer until thick, about thirty minutes, stirring occasionally. Fill jelly tumblers with mixture.

MINT JELLY: Bring one cupful of sugar and one cupful of vinegar to the boiling point, and boil five minutes. Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and add to mixture. Season with salt and paprika, and color green, using vegetable paste. Strain, add one cupful chopped fresh mint leaves, let stand five minutes. Strain and chill.

Christmas Toys

*A complete outfit for playing
DOWN-ON-THE-FARM, to be made
by the amateur carpenter*

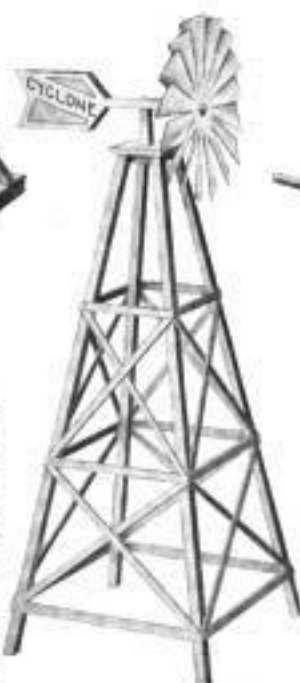
Designed by JOHN D. ADAMS



For the dolls' playtime

To play "Down-on-the-Farm," choose a corner of the room, lay down a piece of green felt or carpet for grass and set up the fence around it. In the center of the plot arrange the red and white barn with the cow at the door and the "cyclone" windmill nearby. Beside the barn draw up the wagon, with the horse not far away. The dog kennel should be in a fence corner and the swing just outside. Put the stepladder, the sawback and the wheelbarrow in handy places about the farmyard.

Complete directions and working drawings for all the toys on this page will be sent for ten two-cent stamps. Order H-285, Farm Toys. Address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



It really turns when the wind blows

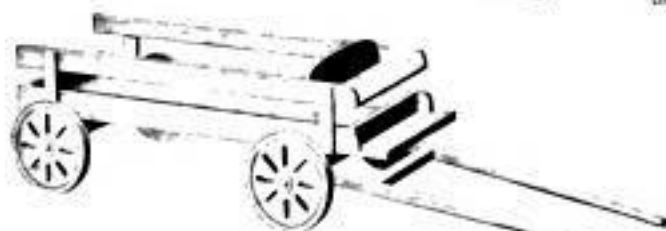


For Mr. Farmer Doll's work

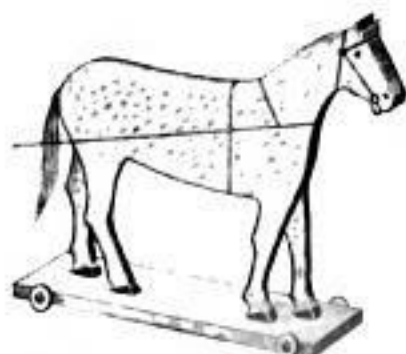
Directions and working drawings for a dolls' bungalow were published in the November, 1914, issue and those for a complete outfit for dolls' furniture (H-272) can be obtained for ten cents from the Handicraft Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Old Watch guards the farm

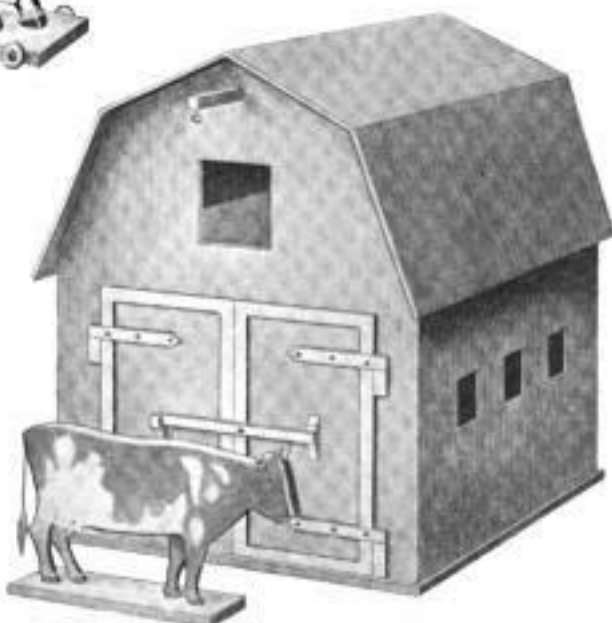


At harvesting time the hired man uses this wagon

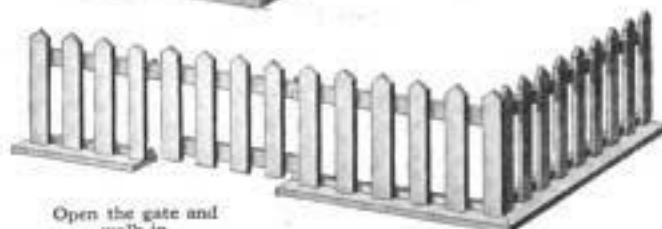


Ready to run away

The barn walls are made of heavy composition cardboard with a roof of wood or builders' board, the baseboard is of half-inch stuff. This barn is quite substantial enough to house toy cows and horses.



Here is an easy way to make animal toys. Find a picture of a beast and trace the outline on two pieces of board. Saw one out, omitting the feet of the left side, and then the other, omitting those of the right side, so that when the two are glued together the animal will have depth and exist in three dimensions. Leave downward projections on the feet to glue into holes in a baseboard.



Open the gate and walk in

A Hallowe'en romance

Suppose it was *yours*—

Suppose that on Hallowe'en *you* went out in the moonlight with a mirror according to the old superstition, to discover your future spouse. And suppose, instead of a face, you discovered over your shoulder the familiar Campbell label—wouldn't *you* call that a pleasing reflection?

Think how many happy housewives are "wedded" to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

They are wedded to the idea of making every meal served on the home table as attractive and tempting as it can be made.

They know how perfectly this delicious Campbell "kind" satisfies the hungry longings of the whole family; how it quickens the appetite, gives new zest to the entire meal; and nourishes and builds up both body and brain.

And so these successful home-makers order this wholesome soup by the dozen and have it always on hand.

Isn't that a good idea to be "married" to? Why don't *you* "espouse" it *today*?

21 kinds 10c a can



"He's the one!"

"Here's a reflection
That stirs my affection—
A suitor to suit me
indeed!
That beautiful label
Assures me he's able
To meet every family
need!"

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Think What Women Might Do

In Place of Needless Cooking



The cost is only 3c per serving.

Boil the can before opening, and Van Camp's will seem fresh from the oven.



Each serving saves cooking a meal.

Van Camp's ought to save you 100 hours yearly. Think what is possible, indoors and outdoors, if you utilize those hours.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH
TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

You ought to know Van Camp's.

Don't regard them like old-style baked beans. This dish is a delicacy.

It is baked in steam ovens—baked for hours—baked to mealy mellowness, without breaking or crisping the beans.

The sauce is a masterpiece of a famous chef. It is baked with the beans to give zest to every atom.

Baked Beans were neglected when baked in the old ways. They were too hard to digest. Now the Van Camp way has made this staple an every-day delight.

When you once find out how folks like Van Camp's, you'll buy it by the dozen cans.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



(390)

Our plea today is, Save your hours.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans makes as dainty a meal as you know. It makes a complete meal. It is heartier than meat.



Everybody likes it. Nobody tires of it like old-style baked beans. You can serve it ten times monthly at the least.



"Ring a finger and you get a doughnut," announced the Mistress of Ceremonies

A Hallowe'en High School Party

By CLARA COMSTOCK

ALTERNATING narrow strips of yellow and black paper had been stretched across the gymnasium from side to side so that they formed a canopy, and yellow Chinese lanterns were hung at intervals around the room. Tables had been placed at each corner: on one, piled as high as possible, were apples; on another, ears of yellow corn; on another, doughnuts; and on still another sat a huge fine pumpkin.

The souvenirs corresponded with the edibles: there were small ears of corn cut from orange paper, corn husks from green paper, doughnuts from brown, pumpkins from yellow, and apples from red paper, fifteen of each variety, and each group numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. The girls selected their own souvenirs as they came into the room. When the party was well started, the girls were asked to group themselves according to their souvenirs. Those with ears of corn naturally drifted toward the corn table, and so on. Hallowe'en sports always call for more or less guessing. To supply this feature, each group was asked to provide itself with three ears of corn from the table. The groups were then told to make a guess as to the number of kernels on their own three ears of corn, and the "Mistress of Ceremonies" wrote down the guesses for safekeeping. They were also allowed a guess as to the total number of kernels held by all of the groups. Each group shelled the corn and counted the kernels with much anxiety, because the group winning either of the contests was to be given five points toward the final big score for the afternoon, and to that there was an award attached.

A race was then announced, for which three of the girls were selected by each group as their contestants in the big race. These girls were lined up at

one end of the gymnasium, and each was given a small teaspoon filled with kernels of corn. At the sound of the whistle they were to start as fast as they could travel for the other end of the gymnasium, touch it and return to the starting line, holding the spoonful of kernels before them. The three girls coming in first were awarded points for their group: the first, five points; the second, three; and the third, one.

The girls were then asked to form a column of twos and march around the room and help themselves to apples. A rollicking good march played on the piano by one of the girls, as well as the invitation to sample the apples, made the advance of the column a rapid one. When they were all back in their places each girl was told to guess on the number of seeds in all the apples eaten by her group and, as with the corn, on all the seeds in all the apples. The winner was awarded points as before. While the apples were still in the process of disappearing, a girl from each group was asked to get as many doughnuts as there were girls in her group.

"Ring a finger and you get the doughnut," announced the Mistress of Ceremonies. The leader in each group stood a few feet away. The contestant raised her right hand, and as the leader tossed a doughnut toward her she endeavored to catch it on one of her fingers. Those who missed went without, and there were not many doughnuts left over.

The best part of the refreshments had been kept a secret, and there were exclamations of delight when small individual pumpkin pies were passed around with the date marked with cinnamon across the top of each one. All the points were added up, and the girls in the group having the largest score were given little black-cat pins.

An Afternoon for Grandmother

By GOLDIE ROBERTSON FUNK

THE second page of the year book of our woman's club read as follows:

October 12th
Grandmothers' Day
In charge of program committee
Open meeting

The chairman of the committee was our hostess. Her little daughter opened the door and showed us to the parlor, where her mother stood at the head of a long receiving-line of grandmothers, all seated comfortably. One member of the program committee took each guest down the line, presenting her to the dear old ladies. Nearest the hostess sat three great-grandmothers, according to age, the eldest ninety-six. All three of them wore little lace caps. The grandmothers also sat according to age, the last a mere girl of sixty-three. Fortunately for her she was the last, because she needed extra room for her wide war-time dress. Several had on their wedding-dresses.

Before the fireplace in the reception hall were arranged brass kettles, Indian baskets, long-handled, round-bottomed cooking vessels, a spinning wheel, and a wooden-hooded baby cradle. The walls of the big double parlors were hung with strange tapestries labeled with the name and age of the maker and the date when made, consisting of at least a dozen bed quilts showing intricate and old-

time designs, finely quilted, suspended flat against the wall by cords from the picture molding.

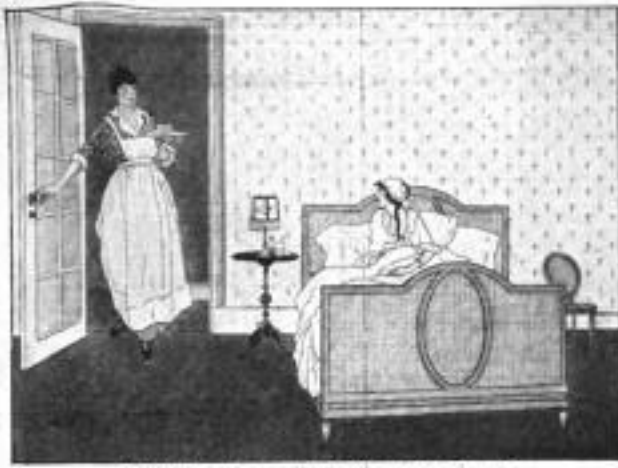
While everybody was still exclaiming and explaining and admiring the grandmothers and their handiwork, the president called the meeting to order. The mother of the hostess was conducted to the spinet, and played some of the first exercises she had ever practiced, on this same tinkling instrument, from a book as yellow as saffron with age. Then she and her eldest granddaughter played a spirited duet on the piano.

A beautiful song poem was read by a seventy-three-year-old grandmother who couldn't look but fifty-three to save her life. Original? Of course it was. This grandmother has three little grandsons who never say, "Mama, where'll I find a piece to speak?" They say, "Grandma, will you please write me a piece to speak?"

A small tea-table was placed before the mother of the hostess, and a finely wrought centerpiece, done by a grandmother of eighty-four who has her second sight, was placed on it. Then we all drank tea from a service that had been used in the entertainment of Lafayette in New Orleans when he visited there early in the century; and before we made our adieux we younger women, although we were proud of our own accomplishments, all admitted we hadn't yet caught up with our mothers.



She and her eldest granddaughter played a spirited duet



Satisfied patients will be the greatest asset

Practical Nursing

A profession for the untrained woman

By ESTELLE LAMBERT MATTESON

TO THE average woman who is forced to earn her own living the profession of nursing is one which, unless she possesses the time and the money for the preliminary hospital training of three or four years, seems wholly impossible to her.

Rigid as are the laws governing the assumption of the title, "trained nurse," yet there is another phase of nursing which, although she may overlook it, is so rapidly growing in favor that it is being recognized as a distinct vocation.

This is untrained or practical nursing, as it is called. This untrained or "practical nurse" is one who fills the gap between the expensive hospital-trained nurse and the inefficiency of the usual harassed and overworked household where illness is.

The Demand and the Pay

ILLNESS is no respecter of persons or pocketbooks, and vast is the number of comfortable homes in cities as well as country where the family of the patient finds a twenty-five-dollar-a-week nurse a strain on their purses equalled only by the physical strain of doing without her. Here is the practical nurse's opportunity. Her very lack of hospital training comes as an asset, for it enables her to accept far less than her trained sister and widens her field immensely. The pay she usually commands, ten or fifteen dollars weekly, as it includes board, is well worth the while of a young or middle-aged woman who is seeking dignified and remunerative employment. Such a woman's opportunity to raise her salary little by little lies in proving herself earnest, thorough, and reliable to every doctor with whom she comes in contact, and highly indispensable and pleasing to her patients.

Now as to the best way in which to make a start in entering this work:

First, let the would-be applicant question herself as to her personal qualifications. Foremost comes that of excellent health, which, because of the heavy physical demands made on a nurse's strength, is essential. Nursing at best is a serious occupation, and unless one has a natural liking and aptitude for the sick-room and regards it seriously she may well hesitate. Given these, however, with exquisite cleanliness of person, an impersonal manner, and a pleasing personality, the field is an enormous one in city or village, large or small. It may well be used as a financial stepping-stone to a regulation hospital training later, if a nurse is ambitious and becomes convinced that her best talents and ability lie in this kind of work.

What to Do First

As a first step she should tell the local doctor her plan, asking his advice and help in learning how to make charts, prepare reports, take temperature and pulse. Five dollars will obtain a complete set of nurses' instruction books, and if there is a library in the town numerous other textbooks can be found to help her on her way. Through these the use of antiseptics, sterilizing, bandaging, and the dressing of wounds can be studied, and general rudimentary knowledge obtained.

It might be possible, though it is not essential, to serve for a short time as a doctor's office assistant. To do so for a while without remuneration would be well worth her time, as much of practical help could be learned from personal observation. This, too, would bring her into personal contact with his patients, which might be very valuable later when ready to take a case.

If this is not practical, study con-

stantly, particularly "first aid" antidotes, stimulants, and emergency remedies, for doctors are not always within immediate reach and many lives have been saved by watchful nurses who promptly and efficiently applied restoratives while waiting for the doctor.

Ready for a Case

THE actual starting as a nurse requires but little preliminary outlay. When a thorough study has been made and a certain confidence gained go to all the local doctors, register your name, amount of your fee, and tell them plainly what you understand about nursing. Ask them to send for you in some early case and let you try. If you please one on your first case, the rest is easy, as far as he is concerned. Have a simple card printed, bearing your name, address and telephone number, and leave one with every doctor and patient you come in contact with. Keep a small advertisement in your local paper until your time is filled. Satisfied patients will be the greatest asset, as no one is so grateful as a patient who has been cared for by a faithful and practical nurse.

Take good care of your health, learn to be a prodigal with antiseptics and a miser with frills.

Keep a record of every case you have and remember every symptom and its treatment.

Slowly gather simple instruments and implements, until fully equipped for some kinds of cases.

There is no reason why, if this advice is taken, a woman totally untrained cannot guide herself in this work until she becomes, in actual experience at least, the equal of her trained sister nurse. In many cases the untrained nurse must take charge of the household as well as the patient, and this of course will include some housework; but many nurses find it a welcome change from the work in the sick-room; particularly is this true when the patient is not seriously ill and the entire attention of the nurse is not required.

The question of clothes is an important one to the untrained nurse. Her uniform should consist of a simple washable dress of chambray or poplin with a snowy white apron, collar and cuffs. It is not necessary that the dresses be white; blue and white stripe or plain blue is excellent, and need not be laundered as frequently. Cambric and sheeting are the best materials to use for the aprons. There must be an abundance of these, for they should always be immaculately fresh. Indeed, it is imperative that a nurse train herself to be scrupulously neat and clean about every detail of her person. Her hair should be simply done and fastened securely in place, her skin and nails cared for to the best of her knowledge.

Opportunities for Study

A WOMAN who enters this field of nursing to succeed is one who, although frankly acknowledging her lack of hospital nursing, will never lose an opportunity to supplement her practical experience from time to time, attending public health lectures,—in many large cities this includes "First Aid to the Injured" courses,—reading all medical journals obtainable and taking short courses offered by many cooking schools in invalid cookery, and the like.

In the small town there is an excellent opportunity for such work for the woman who because of home ties cannot afford to leave home to earn her living in a metropolis. If fitted for the work, in overlooking it she is missing a well-paid occupation right at her door.



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Women's Clubs

By CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Trained Motherhood

The second month's study

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This article is one of a special series on Trained Motherhood by Mrs. Benton, Counselor of the Better Babies Bureau. This series will extend throughout the club year, and is planned for the use of large clubs or small, informal meetings of mothers who are interested in the problems of parenthood. Monthly programs will be outlined and definite work suggested in each article. Mrs. Benton will send bulletins on any of the topics suggested in the program if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

THE COMING OF THE BABY

THE Mother as a Student; The Welcome for the Baby; Telling the Other Children; The Laying; The Nursery; The Mother's Rest Time.

A woman who does not study how to become a trained mother seems to us today as absurd as a man who starts out all by himself to design and build a palace. Indeed, there is more than absurdity involved in such an attitude. It is criminal for any woman to undertake so great an enterprise without knowing how. She must know how to bear a healthy, normal child. So from the first moment that she knows she is to become a mother she should set about learning how best to do her work.

Club women should set the example of getting sensible, up-to-date books written by experts on this and similar subjects, and studying them. A mother should learn how to take care of her health; how to prepare for the birth of the child; how to get ready the necessary clothing and the nursery. But especially she ought to learn how to feed a baby, clothe, bathe, and dress it, how to keep it well and make it vigorous. The long waiting for the baby's coming gives even the busiest mother time to study her new profession, and the monthly letters and bulletins, issued by the Expectant Mothers' Circle of the Better Babies Bureau will give the young mother just the homely, practical, intimate, and yet

"Know your business as a mother"

authoritative, advice that she needs. But mothers have one more duty, and that is to give to the new baby a loving welcome. Sometimes there is little money or sometimes, alas, a mother does not wish for any baby, and its coming means to her only a loss of beauty and freedom and ease. But it is essential, not only from a moral but from a physical standpoint that a child should have a warm, loving welcome from the first. Clubs should read on this subject some of the words written recently, not from a sentimental but a scientific standpoint: "The first step toward making the baby healthy and happy is to be glad he is coming." "Reluctant motherhood imposes a disadvantage on the unborn child." "Only when love reigns in the mother's heart will the baby be born tranquil, normal, healthy." These quotations will suggest to clubs many helpful discussions.

Another interesting topic is that of telling the older children in the home that a new baby is coming. Most modern mothers feel that the children should be told. The club members should consider the subject, pro and con, exchange experiences and opinions as to the best way of telling the children, and discuss the many articles that have been published on this subject.

The next two topics on the program are full of practical suggestions, and the last one, the mother's rest time, will draw out many helpful suggestions for family cooperation. For clubs which do outside work other topics may be added, such as infant mortality, and what can be done to check it; pure milk and how to obtain it; free ice for the poor in summer; pensions for mothers; day nurseries; clinics for babies, and study and work along similar lines. The Better Babies Bureau has already given the titles of many books for the care and help of mothers and babies. In addition there are two which deal directly with subjects in this program: "Short Talks With Young Mothers," by Charles G. Kerley (Putnam), and "The Modern Mother," by Dr. H. Lang Gordon (Fenno).

A Study of Immigration

A WESTERN club writes: "Can you suggest a subject which we can study through this entire year, one on which we can read good books and write papers of value, and yet one which will be both up-to-date and suggestive of practical work?"

A subject which exactly fills this demand is that of Immigration, one of the most interesting which any club can select, and one which may easily lead to practical work for a community in any locality. There are an unlimited number of books on the general subject of immigration, but a most comprehensive one is "The Immigration Problem," by Jenks and Lauck; use it as a reference book.

The causes of immigration are different in different countries. Discuss these, and the effect on foreign lands. The agents of transportation companies in Europe, with the inducements they hold out for immigration make an interesting topic. This should be followed by a study of conditions of travel on land and sea.

Turning now to our own land, there should be a résumé of the laws which govern the coming of foreigners. Have descriptions of Ellis Island, with pictures. Make plain what the Government does to safeguard itself, and also the immigrant. Discuss: Should we bar the illiterate?

The Distribution of Immigrants

The great question of the distribution of the immigrants all over our country has many sides. Clubs should study the conditions of work, of wages, of living in different localities, particularly in their own state. On the Western coast the Chinese, Japanese and Hindus have brought with them many new problems. The immigrants in the Eastern cities have brought others—problems of food and rent of sanitation, of the tenements in general, which should all be studied. The immigrant and the public school is also something for special study.

The aids to the immigrant are, happily, numerous. The Federal Government offers many; there are also state

bureaus, homes and aid associations, civic leagues, churches and settlements. Clubs should try to secure speakers from some of these, and if possible try to secure some speaker who was himself an immigrant. The adjustment of the immigrant to the ways of his new home is a suggestive topic: Naturalization, investment of money, raising the standard of living, the night school and what it does, are all full of interest. Other questions which may be raised are: Should we have more rigid immigrant laws? What are some of the crying evils of the transportation system? What are the principal hardships of the immigrant? What are the relations between domestic and foreign labor?

In arranging programs clubs should add illustrative readings to all of them, some of the best in lighter vein are found in Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens." Two poems should certainly be read: "The Unguarded Gates," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and "Scum o' the Earth," by Robert H. Schaeffer. ("A Little Book of Modern Verse," Houghton Mifflin.)

Among many practical suggestions which might be offered are these: How many immigrants are near our own locality? What is their condition? What can be done to help them through our schools? Our settlements? Our churches? What is the condition of our employment offices?

Books suggested for reading: The Immigration Problem, J. W. Jenks and W. J. Lauck (Funk and Wagnalls); Immigration, Henry Pratt Fairchild (Macmillan); Races and Immigrants in America, John R. Commons (Macmillan); Aliens or Americans? and The Incoming Millions, H. B. Grose (Revel); The Immigrant Tide, E. A. Steiner (Revel); The Slav Invasion and the Mine Worker, F. J. Warne (Lippincott); The Promised Land, and They Who Knock at Our Gates, Mary Antin (Houghton Mifflin).

A complete outline for a year's study of this subject will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. A one-day program on any given subject will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope.

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Dr. Denton's garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with drawstrings. Made from our Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Corded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool, no waste, no dyes, and no bleaching chemicals. Our soft-knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off. Prevents colds that often lead to pneumonia. Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices, 50c to \$1.10 according to size and style.

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This Build-Up—Essential KIDDEE-KOOP A few months ago a new baby's playmate. The safe, hygienic playmate for baby indoors and outdoors. While some mothers prefer the old-fashioned wooden cribs and cots, the KIDDEE-KOOP is a modern, sanitary, and safe playmate. It is made of the finest material and is easy to carry anywhere. It is the only playmate that is safe and sound. Buy a KIDDEE-KOOP early. Write for FREE folder and 10-day trial offer.

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Sleeping Comfort for Life

Does your bed spring sag? Do you lie with spine *cracked*—unevenly, body sunken, uncomfortably? Do you "roll to the center"—or toward another occupant? There is new comfort, new luxury, a new sort of sound, refreshing sleep awaiting you, in the use of a

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"Cradles the body"—holds it up evenly, uniformly, buoyantly. Two springs in one, so reinforced that sagging or rolling to center is impossible. The spiral coils separately yield to the depression of hips and shoulders and conform to the natural lines of the body.

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Have your dealer send one home on 30 nights free trial. Booklet sent on request.

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Need a new bedstead? See the "Ideal" line. Well-made (iron and iron bedsteads, hotel and institution beds, cots, etc.—all with exceptional merit.

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A splendid convenient baby crib. Patented feature permits lowering one side by slight pressure of the toe to the "tripper"—with baby asleep in arms. When side is raised it automatically locks into place. Noiseless, accident-proof, excellently made and a safe, healthful crib for baby. If interested, write at once for "Baby Booklet."



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The strong pin, the easily adjustable buckle and the patent rubber clasp that saves darning, will insure lengthy, satisfactory service.

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"Better Babies"

A Service for Mothers, Expectant Mothers and all interested in Children

THIS is our anniversary month. Just a year ago we started our "New Service," and what a wonderful year of Club Work it has been! Mothers all over the country have been eager for information about Better Babies. They have discovered that a clearer understanding of the rights of children, a better knowledge of their care and feeding, tend to make home life happier and easier. Motherhood is not difficult when you know how to fulfill its duties.

Any woman eligible to the Expectant Mothers' Circle or the Mother Club may write to be enrolled, whether she is a subscriber or not. In order to guard mothers-in-waiting from idle curiosity, no mention of the Better Babies Bureau appears on the envelopes or wrappers in which our material is mailed, and letters may be addressed either to the Better Babies Bureau or to Caroline French Benton, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Enclose a self-addressed envelope, and state when you expect your baby.

The Better Babies Council-Room is at the service of all who are interested in Contests, Health Exhibits, or other features of the Better Babies Movement.

Since no one can speak more truthfully of the value of the work of the Better Babies Bureau than those who have been benefited by it, we are quoting extracts from a few of the hundreds of personal letters received each month from grateful club members.

A few ask us not to print their letters, but most women, realizing that their experiences may inspire other mothers with confidence, are glad to have their letters spread the gospel of Better Babies.



"I WANT to express my appreciation of the help I have received from you. The expected event is by far the most important thing that has ever come into my life, and the one thing about which I know the least. It was all so new and strange that I was floundering around in a sea of perplexity until your bulletins came and gave me a clear idea of how to make preparations for the baby."

Mrs. E. O. S., Texas.

"LAST night a friend showed me a letter you wrote her as a member of the Expectant Mothers' Circle. It was about 'marking the baby,' and it just seemed to have been written for me. No one knows about my condition yet. Somehow, I feel so shy and sensitive about telling; but I do need someone to go to for advice, because often when I am alone I get so terribly frightened at what I have to face. You will understand, I know. Do please write me as kind and motherly a letter as you wrote her."

Mrs. C. M., Missouri.

"ON WITH the great work! I consider this department of your magazine the one which would outlive all others, if put to the test. I have looked on with intense interest since the movement was first inaugurated, but have only recently become one of your 'Mothers-in-waiting,' and now I want your help. I truly want a Better Baby, and in order to have one I must be a Better Mother first. Scientific motherhood will someday be demanded by all, I hope, thanks to such noble work as your magazine is doing."

Mrs. J. S. W., South Carolina.

"THIS is to be my seventh baby and yet I did not know some of the things you advise. I have a good doctor; but I see

plainly that no doctor, however good, could give the time to instruct every mother he is attending about the necessary and practical things we members learn from you."

Mrs. A. Z., Maryland.

"I WANT to let you know very much I appreciate your sweet, helpful letters. Could anything be more motherly or more practical? Although this will be my first baby, I feel with all the help you are giving me as though I knew as much as a mother of five! You don't know how much money you saved me in doctors' visits. Besides, if I had gone to the doctor about my clothing, baby's layette, etc., I'm sure he simply couldn't have given as good advice as you did."

Mrs. W. M. Y., Mississippi.

"SOMEHOW it seems as though the 'Better Babies' page was meant personally for me. We are just common, hard-working people. Like me, my husband loves children. He tries so hard to overcome his small, petty ways when he sees one of the little girls taking them up. Do you know, I often think that little children are better missionaries than our older evangelists! They are so helpless and dependent."

Mrs. J. T., Oklahoma.

"I HAVE a wonderful piece of news to tell you, the most beautiful, big baby girl came to us, two weeks ago! Please transfer me to the Mother Club because I need your help now more than ever. There is nobody to advise me out here on our ranch, and my mother is dead. How often should baby be fed? How long must she wear a flannel band? Tell me everything you think I ought to know, and just assume that I don't know a thing. Mrs. H. T., Oklahoma.

MOTHER CALENDAR

For October

THE first three months of his life a baby should sleep about twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four.

AT SIX months he sleeps twelve hours at night and has a two-hour nap both morning and afternoon.

AFTER six months one nap, preferably in the afternoon, is sufficient.

UNTIL the seventh year every child should have twelve hours' sleep at night.

CATHARTICS should not be given unless a physician so advises. An attempt should be made to regulate the bowels through a proper diet.

DURING his second year a baby should not be given so much

milk that he will not want to take the proper amount of solid food.

CHILDREN with poor appetites should not have sweets, nor should they be allowed to eat between meals.

MILK and eggs are important elements in a child's diet up to the tenth year; the latter should never be given fried.

MEAT should be given after the third year once a day, preferably at noon.

LITTLE children should not have ham, bacon, sausage, pork, liver, kidney, game, or dried and salt meats.

Most meats should be rare, and either scraped or cut fine to be digestible for young children.



ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Author of "Making Motherhood Easy" and "The New Mother's Handbook"

Making Motherhood Easy

BABY BILLY had flung aside the cover. His head was forced back and up in pain, his eyes were fixed, his face white, and his whole body was twitching. With a wild shriek, Jane bounded to the telephone, demanded a number in a voice that spelled "emergency" to the experienced "Central"; then, as she waited, she hung upon the wire as if burned to it.

"Oh, Mr. Hanford, Baby Billy's a-dying—if he ain't dead this minute."

They came flying down the street, Hanford in the lead, Madge's pretty veil floating behind her, Amy Busby with a queer, strained look on her usually immobile face, and Grandpa Hanford, clasping the five-dollar bill whose expenditure in the cause of charity had been interrupted by the dread summons.

Hanford took one look at the baby and turned away, sobbing; Madge, at his very heels, gasped and then began to act.

Remember, you cannot buy this book. You can get it only by using the coupon printed below. Be sure to fill it in carefully and mail as directed. Your copy of "Making Motherhood Easy" will be sent you postpaid without charge.



Have you read this fascinating book by Mrs. Richardson? From the title page straight through to the end it is full of just the things every mother and prospective mother wants to know, must know, for the health and happiness of her baby and herself.

Mrs. Richardson has written this book for us because she believes that through the makers of Eskay's Food this modern philosophy of motherhood will reach the largest number of mothers and do the greatest good. Get your copy and keep it near you. You will find that it meets most helpfully your everyday needs.

And write your mother problems to Mrs. Richardson, care Service Bureau for Mothers, 458 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Motherhood is not an accident, but a profession. Not an incident in a busy life, but its supreme event."

Anna Steese Richardson
"Practitioner in Babyology"

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.
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Please send me a copy of Mrs. Richardson's book, "Making Motherhood Easy," postpaid without charge.

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Comfort for New Born Babies

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Should Be Kept Warm With Non-Nettle White Flannels

Tendered Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the roughest teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nuzzles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. WE DO NOT SELL TO DEALERS.

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and receive sample books as illustrated. Also catalogue showing 50 styles of white flannel-lined Flannels, Infants' Outfits (Bapt), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Baskets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. An advertisement as wrapper. For 25 cents we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.50 if bought separately.

Write at once or save this advertisement. THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 337 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio. Sole Distributors Non-Nettle White Flannels

FREE—WRITE TO-DAY For "MaterModa," illustrating dresses, shirts, coats, suits, waists, corsets and underwear for MATERNITY Economical and stylish—expensive as required. All automatically when fit is made normal. Send 10c. Lane Bryant, 25 West 40th St. Write Dept. 1-2 New York



Every New Mother Gets the

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To Physicians: We will supply you Free a book of cards entitling every new mother to the Hygeia Nursing Bottle with our compliments. Write for it. HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO. 1350 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.

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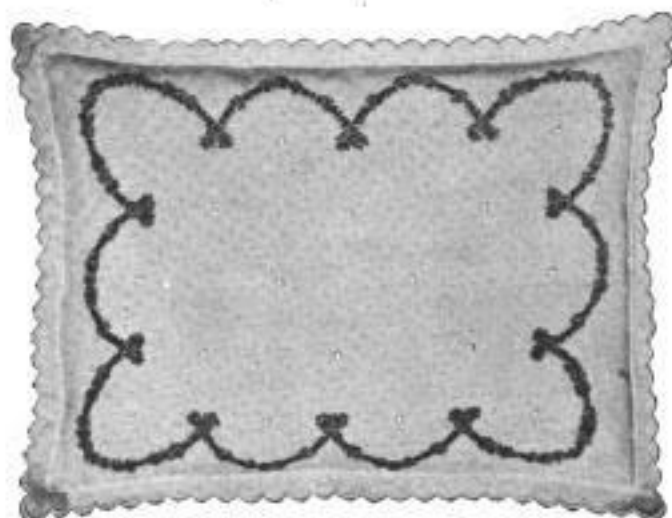
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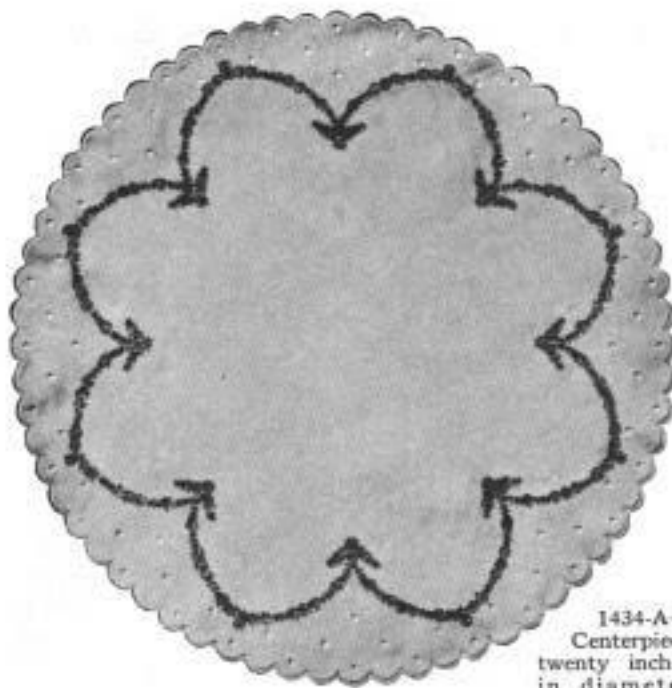
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1434-A—Centerpiece twenty inches in diameter



1431-A—Pillowcase stamped with initial

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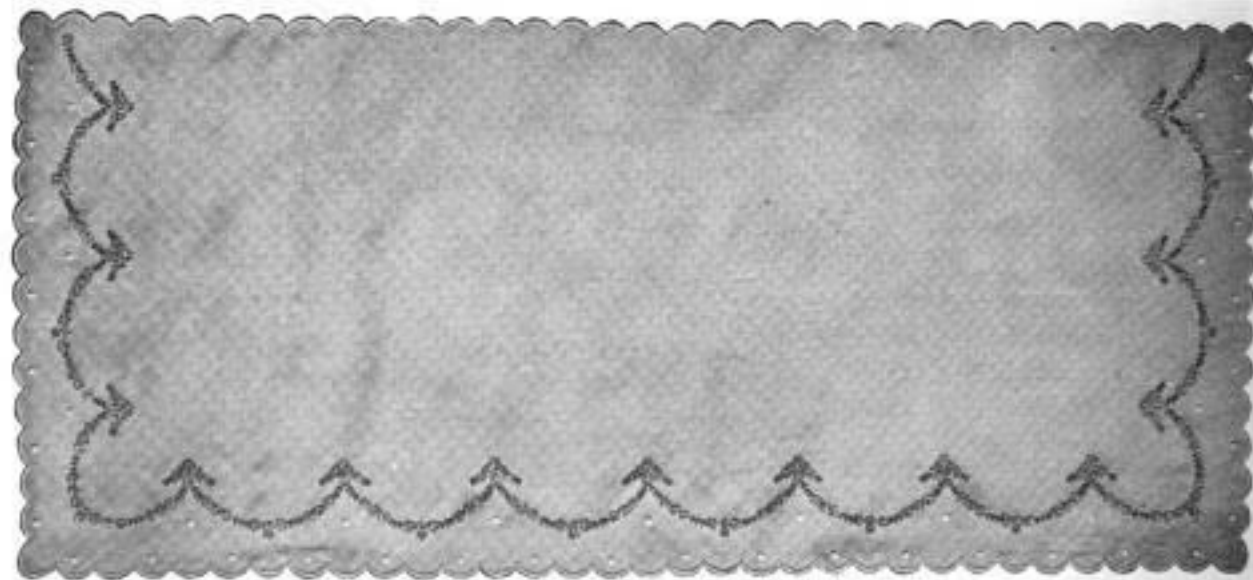
IMPORTANT—Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order if possible. *If stamps or currency are used it must be at the sender's risk.* The Woman's Home Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittances in the mail. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders to Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Stamped cases, per pair	\$1.10
Embroidery cotton	15 Cents
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1433-A—Slumber Pillow (16 by 12 inches)	
Stamped on fine white linen	65 Cents
Embroidery cotton	25 Cents
Transfer pattern	15 Cents
1434-A—Centerpiece (20 inches in size)	
Stamped on heavy white linen	50 Cents
Embroidery cotton	25 Cents
Transfer pattern	15 Cents
1435-A—Pincushion Cover (12 by 5 inches)	
Stamped on heavy white linen	35 Cents
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Transfer patterns of cover and cushion	20 Cents
1436-A—Dresser Cover (19 by 42 inches)	
Stamped on heavy white linen	\$1.25
Embroidery cotton	35 Cents



1435-A—Embroidered Pincushion



1436-A—Dresser Scarf which completes the bedroom set

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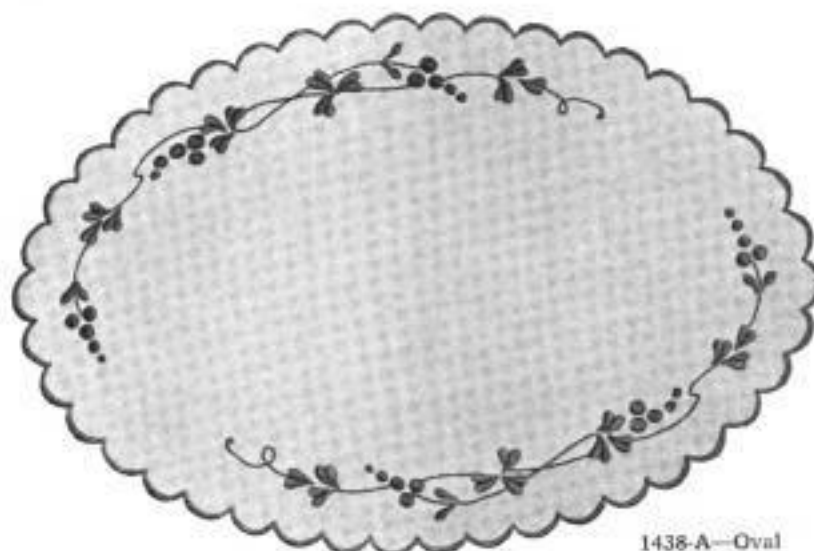
Blue and White Doilies

A breakfast or luncheon set in Japanese effect

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS



1437-A—Doily



1438-A—Oval
Platter
Doily

BLUE embroidery on white linen is good-looking, and for a luncheon or breakfast set is unusually cheery. The embroidery floss is absolutely fast color and is in two shades of blue; the dark shade is used for berries and stems, and the light for the scallops and leaves. Rather heavy linen that launders and wears well is used.

IMPORTANT: Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order if possible. If stamps or currency are used it must be at the sender's risk. The Woman's Home Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittance in the mail. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders to Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The pillowcase, 1431-A, illustrated on the opposite page is of white cotton 42 inches wide. The initial is embroidered in solid and eyelet work, and can be obtained in 2-, 3- and 4-inch sizes. When the embroidery is completed, sew the case together.

PRICE LIST

Table Set consisting of centerpiece, doilies and napkin

Perforated patterns of complete set	75 Cents
Stamping paste, per box	10 Cents
Embroidery cotton, per skein	5 Cents
Package of assorted embroidery needles	10 Cents

1437-A—Tumbler Doily

Stamped on linen	10 Cents
Embroidery cotton for six doilies	10 Cents
Perforated pattern	10 Cents

1438-A—Oval Platter Doily (16 by 11 inches)

Stamped on linen	30 Cents
Embroidery cotton	9 Cents
Perforated pattern	15 Cents

1439-A—Napkin (13 inches square)

Stamped on linen	20 Cents
Embroidery cotton for six	15 Cents
Perforated pattern	10 Cents

1440-A—Plate Doily

Stamped on linen	25 Cents
Embroidery cotton for six doilies	9 Cents
Perforated pattern	15 Cents

1441-A—Centerpiece (20 inches in diameter)

Stamped on linen	50 Cents
Embroidery cotton	15 Cents
Perforated pattern	25 Cents

1442-A—Bread and Butter Doily

Stamped on linen	15 Cents
Embroidery cotton for six doilies	20 Cents
Perforated pattern	10 Cents



1439-A—Napkin
with embroidered
motif in one corner



1440-A—Plate Doily has two embroidered
sprays like the centerpiece and
platter doily



1441-A is for the center of the table



1442-A—Bread and Butter Doily is em-
broidered like the rest of the set
in two shades of blue



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Princess Pearl Crochet Cotton is a full size, soft, smooth and lustrous thread, just the right size for crocheting bags, belts, collars and slippers. 25 beautiful colors put up in 100 balls. Size 8 coarse, and size 5 fine. Price, 25¢ a ball. Ask your dealer for "Princess".

Send 6¢ for **Fancy Work and Crochet Book**, including rules for crocheting many pretty articles, bags, purses, slippers, ladies' sweaters, jackets, hooded caps, boots, tan-o slippers, quilts, lace-trimmed sets, etc. For Color Card showing all shades made in C.M.C. and Princess Pearl Cotton send 5¢. **Color Kitten Calendar**, 6 x 7 in., sent for 2¢ stamp.

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HEISEY'S GLASSWARE

TRADE MARK

The Grapevine Stencil Used in Three Ways

By **HARRIET JOOR**

IF YOU are planning new fall draperies be sure to use the decorative October grape as a stencil design for them. It has been adapted, as shown on this page, in three different ways; as a frieze for the top of portières or curtains, as a side border for a runner and as a kind of hollow square for a pillow top.

The curtains shown are of tan monk's cloth with a brown border top and bottom. The grapes hang naturally below the brown border and are stenciled in deep brown; the leaves are a harmonious shade of green. The width from top to bottom of the stencil is twelve and a half inches, and the width between perpendicular stripes in the border is thirteen and a half inches.

On the runner, which is of natural-colored crash, a simpler variation of the design appears. A bunch of grapes and a leaf are repeated as many times as necessary in the length of the runner. The motif measures six inches in length from tip of grape to stem of leaf, and is four and a quarter inches wide at the widest part of the leaf. It can be used six times on a runner two yards long.

Dark green leaves, and pale green, purple or blue grapes may be used harmoniously for a color scheme. The border illustrated was made up of deep green leaves and grapes of a dark magenta on a background of ecru.

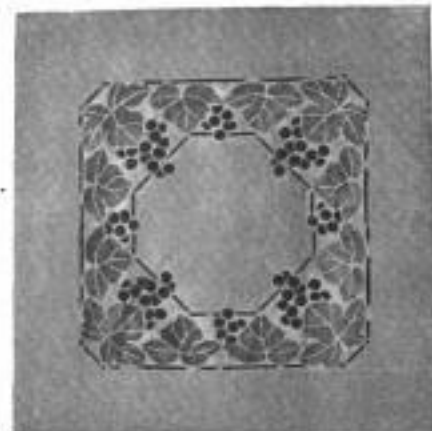
The sofa-pillow top is a square of tan linen, and the grape design here is made to conform to the square shape. Three leaves and two bunches comprise the corner motif which, placed properly four times, completes the whole



These portières effectively curtain a doorway or closet space



Suitable for the serving table in the dining-room



This design fits either a large or a small pillow

decoration. As, measured horizontally with the edge of the cushion, the motif is ten and a half inches, you may observe that the whole pattern will take up a space twenty-one inches square. This necessitates a rather large pillow, one measuring thirty inches or so in diameter, though if you like you can use the stencil as the border of the pillow without a plain area surrounding it. The same colors were used on the pillow as on the table runner.

The pillow stencil is very suitable in size and shape for a centerpiece and would make a good decoration for a "between-meals" cloth.

A decorative set for a bedroom can be made with the aid of these stencils. Choose a buff color linen and do the stenciling in green and rose, or if the new black and white decoration is desired, use white linen and do all of the stenciling in black. The latter would give an excellent effect if the room were papered in a cherry color.

For the bed-spread use the border illustrated on the table runner, and for a center medallion use the pillow-top stencil. The bolster roll can be decorated at either end with the same border. The covers for the dressing table and bureau top, as well as the hangings for the windows, can be decorated with the same border.

All three of these stencil patterns, printed in black on yellow stencil board, ready to cut out, can be obtained for ten cents. Order H-284, Grapevine Stencil, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

An Afternoon Tea Set in Green and Silver

By **JESSIE IVORY**

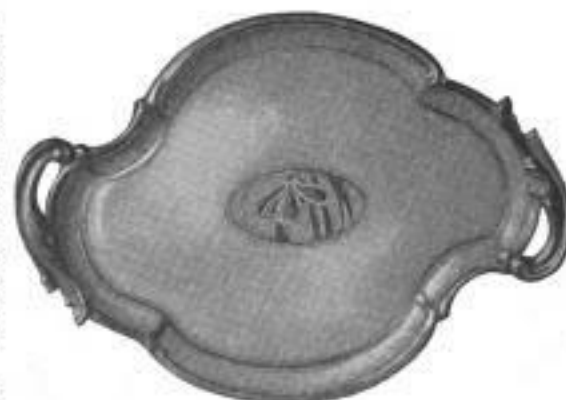
THE delicate green Satsuma ware is a favorite kind for the tea table, and especially designed to harmonize with it is this unique tea set in green and silver. The design used is a conventionalized crocus and its leaves, and it is painted in silver on a pale green background.

First transfer the design by means of tracing paper and carbon paper to the china, and outline with India ink. Tint the background with four parts apple-green and one part Copenhagen gray. When partly dry, dust with the same, adding one half white glaze. Clean out the design, and fire. Paint in liquid bright silver, and fire. Then put in mat silver, and fire. This is the safest method for an amateur to follow, but an experienced china painter may put in the liquid bright silver before the first firing, and after adding the mat silver fire a second time, thus making only two firings.

A large motif is placed in the center of the platter, and a crocus border on cups, sugar bowl,



Ready to put before the hospitable hostess



The background is green, the design silver

teapot and cream pitcher. A narrower border finishes the saucers and the standards of the quaint pitcher, pot and cups. The edges are silvered, and so are the knobs of teapot and sugar bowl, the nose of the teapot and the handles of all the pieces. The tray also has a silver border and silver handles. This tray could be used separately, if desired, for a platter for sandwiches or fancy cakes.

The color is made as nearly as possible Satsuma green to harmonize with the Satsuma ware so much used. Tea plates of the Satsuma ware would fit in very well with the set.

This set could be used for after-dinner coffee also. This same pattern could be placed on cups of different shape, and the border used on cups of ordinary shape.

Full-size patterns for the designs used on the green and silver tea set will be sent for five two-cent stamps. Order H-283, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Unusual in shape and color are the parts of the crocus tea set shown here. There are at least five more cups in the cupboard

Motor Garments and Accessories

Worked in wools of soft colors

Designed by HELEN MARVIN



Snug and warm is this hood to attach to the blue sweater



A knitted aviation hood and cape is practical for other sports

THE blue sweater, which can be worn open or buttoned to the neck, may have a white collar as illustrated, or the hood shown above at the left may be attached to the neck. Straps buttoned over the hood hold it in place.



THE sand-colored hood opens under the chin beneath the rose-colored neck band, and the shaped cape is finished with a pointed edge and picot. It is admirably suited for skating or tobogganing or other cold-weather sports.



Rose-colored sweater for a young girl, with white knitted straps which form either a high or low neck closing



Crocheted cover for a foot warmer

Knitted in an English vest stitch with garter-stitch trimmings, this blue sweater is smart yet essentially practical



Knitted mittens in elbow length

Scarf with Roman stripes and silk fringe

GERMANTOWN wool is closely crocheted in the apple-seed stitch for this automobile robe and foot warmer, and the latter has a pocket for a hot brick. The center of both pieces is done in the afghan stitch, providing a foundation for the cross-stitch letters. The scarf above is in the knitted apple-seed stitch, with garter-stitch bands of color separated by narrow lines of black silk. The fringe is of the silk.



Wools of brilliant violet and green with touches of orange are used on this crocheted automobile robe, which is surprisingly warm when used under a heavy outer robe

COMPLETE crochet and knitted directions for working all the pieces which are illustrated on this page, with full instructions regarding the proper materials and needles to be used, and with working patterns for the cross-stitch alphabet in the style shown, will be mailed to those who desire them for ten two-cent stamps. Kindly order CK-103, and address Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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The new Sixes are being
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Canadian Price, Model 86, \$1600 f. o. b. Hamilton

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



When It's Time to Start School Again

Designs selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

Illustrated by M. EMMA MUSSELMAN

WHEN school begins, the mother soon finds that fashion reigns in the world of small people as well as in that of grown-ups. The little girl wants her everyday dress to be entirely modern and the little boy looks closely to see if his suit is as smart as his chum's.

The designs illustrated on this page have been sifted out from a variety of attractive ones as ideal for fall and winter models.

The girls' dresses at the top show the popular middie and jumper styles. Two smaller children show an attractive little high-waisted dress and a wide-collared school frock.

For the boy, there is a serviceable play suit with plenty of pockets for his treasures; a suit in the middie blouse style, now taken over by many little boys; and a suit with a novel rever effect and the new rounded blouse corners. Straight trousers are now generally worn.

On page 60, descriptions of these clothes are given with back views and directions for ordering patterns. Each pattern is ten cents.

ANY further suggestions which Miss Gould can give on the child's wardrobe and the mother's will gladly be sent in answer to your request for them. The fall is a busy time for home dressmakers, and it is a pleasure to Miss Gould to be able to help with any details. If you are tired of the old materials and want the names of new ones, if you want to be sure that you have chosen suitable trimmings, or if you have already bought your materials and trimmings but do not know how best to combine them, consult Miss Gould. Last year's dresses have to be brought up-to-date, too, and it may be that Miss Gould can suggest some simple way of remodeling them which will make the old dress like a new one. Or two old ones may be combined and the best part of each one taken. There are many such devices to help the home dressmaker, who need only write to Miss Gould for help. With your letter, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope and send it to Miss Gould's Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

"Miss Fifth Avenue"

By what she wears and how she wears it she sets the fashion

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

BY THE WAY, have you ever met "Miss Fifth Avenue"? She is worth seeing, since you want to know what to wear this autumn. And why?

Well, because she has everything that can be bought. She knows what is the best of what she does buy, and she wears it in the smartest way.

Miss Fifth Avenue is a celebrity. She is always dressed up to the mark and to the moment. She never has to look around to see how other women are dressed, as all the rest of us do. With her it is quite the other way.

This sense of being just right gives her poise and confidence. She looks her best and acts her best because she is dressed at her best.

After all dress isn't just frivolity. It makes a woman put not only her best foot forward but her best personality forward. Dress is a revealer of individuality—a mirror that shows not only the appearance but also the character.

But Miss Fifth Avenue wasn't thinking of all that when she came back to town this fall. It was clothes and new ones, not the effect of clothes, that she had in mind.

She had many styles to choose from, and you have them, too. First, there were the one-piece dresses in many stunning variations of the princess form. Then came the smart-looking coat dresses with the skirt separate, and the waist and long tunic in one. Redingote dresses they are called. Dresses in the basque form, giving a long waist-line effect and made with full skirts, were also offered for her approval, as well as dresses and suits emphasizing the Russian blouse effect.

The most pronounced style features in these costumes from which Miss Fifth Avenue made her choice are: the semi-fitted waist; the not-too-short, flaring skirt; the yoke and yoke effects in skirts; the high and odd collars; the long sleeves with the trimming emphasis at the armhole, and the combination of two fabrics in one costume.

Serge and satin are used in combination; taffeta, plain or plaid, with serge or gabardine; and crêpe de chine, chiffon cloth or Georgette crêpe with serge, poplin or broadcloth.

In many of the coat suits, Miss Fifth Avenue spied a faint suggestion of the old-fashioned bustle. Yes, she did! First, we were threatened with the hoop skirt and now with the ridiculous bustle. More than half these coats are made with a very full peplum edged with fur. At the back, especially, they stand out from the body in a way that gives a hint of the bustle.

The one-piece dress with its smart long lines has specially taken the fancy of Miss Fifth Avenue, and her next favorite is the coat dress.

Perhaps you are saying, "But these styles are not so awfully new. We have had them before." In a way this is true, but there is a difference which is also a distinction, and that lies in the detail. Don't think for a moment the detail amounts to little. It is often the whole thing.

I saw Miss Fifth Avenue the other day in a crow-wing-blue serge dress made with a panel back and front. At the sides were plaits held with a belt of the serge which had a decided dip and was fastened with a buckle. But it was the sleeves that made the costume. They were long and semi-transparent, and made of Georgette crêpe trimmed with an exquisite bead embroidery, the colors of which were Pompeian red, gold, blue and black. This bead trimming in a narrow band reached from shoulder to wrist down the outer part of the arm. The buckles, which caught the side belts, were also of beads.

Bead bands, embroideries and motifs are the

most fashionable trimmings of the season. Pockets are outlined with beads, or a vari-colored bead button fastens the flap of the pocket. You know we all have pockets now.

But back to the detail, for I do want you to realize how important it is. Let us take another dress approved by Miss Fifth Avenue. This is in the new redingote or coat-dress style, and made of tête de negre gabardine combined with crêpe de chine in the same dark shade. A band of the crêpe bordered the long full coat at the bottom, and the crêpe de chine was used for the long plain sleeves. The collar gave the bright touch. It was cherry velvet and made in the high turn-over form at the back. Just a suggestion of a vest showed in the coat waist, and this too was of the gay cherry velvet. The bright touch, by the way, is a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. You sometimes see it in boots—the high, wrinkled Russian ones—of green, cerise or yellow kid.

Collars are occupying quite a distinct place of honor this season. They are extremely varied in form. Perhaps the novelty at the head of the list is the Venetian masque collar, which Bernard of Paris is using on so many of his best tailored suits. It is high and quite startling, actually covering part of the lower portion of the face. The chin disappears from view when this collar is worn. The fastening is in the front with two buttons, but the sides and back are even higher than the direct front.

The very high flaring collar slashed at the side is another novelty. This style is often made of fur. Then there is the equally high collar, braid- and button-trimmed, that belongs to the reign of James I of England. The Garrick cape collars, finished with a high turn-over at the back, are much liked in Paris, while the simple Puritan and Quaker collars of exquisite laces will continue to be worn by the woman whose neck is short.

Just as the gay velvet collar furnishes the distinctive detail of many of Miss Fifth Avenue's dresses, so is braid used to accent the detail. For instance, a long basque waist of blue and green plaid taffeta worn with a plaited blue serge skirt shows two slashes at either side at the bust line. These slashes are worked with a buttonhole stitch in green silk, while drawn through the buttonhole is black silk braid finished with a tassel.

Another dress, of subterranean-green velvet combined with faille silk the same tone, has its circular-effect skirt made to simulate a hip yoke. Deep V's of black and gold braid trim the skirt over the hips. The faille silk is used for the blouse and the long over-jacket pieces are of velvet. The sleeves are Georgette crêpe. They are long, and trimmed down the entire length with the braided design.

Velvets and velveteens will be all the vogue during the autumn and winter. They come not only in plain, rich colors but many novelties, and are all much lighter in weight than they ever have been before, which makes them desirable for the wider skirts and redingotes.

Fabrics in ribbed effects are much favored. The darker shades prevail, but often enlivened with a splash of gay color. Field mouse, a tone of brown with a gray shade, for instance, shows a touch of soldat-blue or brilliant orange in combination. Blush-pink or mustard-yellow, just a bit of it, is introduced in a blackberry-toned gown or one of a crow's-wing-blue.

Not only the suits but very many of the new dresses are trimmed this year with fur—skunk, fox, muskrat, mole and beaver being the most popular. The neck pieces of fur with a tail brush finish continue to be fashionable, and many of the muffs show the same head and brush. Muffs vary greatly. The pouch, melon and pillow muffs are used; also the little old-fashioned, round muffs.

Fashion is not only reminiscent but she is very quick to reflect the news of the day. Right after Italy joined the Allies, out came in Paris the "Bersaglieri" hat. These hats are of black velvet with a flare to the brim at the left side and a pompon of coque at the right. Since this hat came out there has also been just a suggestion of early Italian effects in the straight lines of some of the newest costumes.

The fact is, Miss Fifth Avenue when she came home had many more styles to choose from than has ever been her happy fate before. In other words, style is becoming more and more advice instead of command. Fashion presents the new modes, and many of them, and then says: "Think of what you yourself should have, then choose."

There are costumes suited to the curved and rounded figure. There are others which emphasize the long, unbroken line. You may have your waist line normal or elongated.

We speak of these as natural and Moyen Age. Within these two general styles there are several variations, such as the pointed, semi-fitted waist suggestive of the Victorian age, and the long, straight waist with an early Italian ecclesiastical touch.

And that reminds me—of course, it is just like a woman to leave the most important thing to the last—that is the reason why you must never skip her postscript.

And so I came very near forgetting to tell you, when speaking of details, that the personal detail is the most important of all. "What is this personal detail?" I can hear you ask. Why, it is yourself—your individuality. This should show in every dress you wear. In other words, take a style and add to it your personal taste.



Foucher

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



The Smartest of the Autumn Hats

They may flare or dip, they may be large or small, but all are feather-trimmed

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

Illustrated by AUGUSTA REIMER

VELVET, Fur, Feathers—these three proclaim the fashions in millinery for fall and winter. There is scarcely a hat for the autumn that does not show the introduction of velvet, if it is not entirely made of that material; and as for the trimming, it is bound to be of feathers, one kind or another, and often fur, too, is introduced.

LARGE and small, high and low, these are the new hats for the autumn. No one definite shape is a necessity, but rather to suit the individuality of the wearer is the mission of the hat this season. Well down on the head it must be placed, with a slight dip to the right side, to be correct. It is worn again this year without even the suggestion of a bandeau.



Victrola

*Three
new
styles*

*The latest
Victor Achievement*



Victrola XVIII, \$300

Matched mahogany cabinet with paneled moulding, swell front and sides.

Victrola XVIII	\$300
Victrola XVIII electric	\$350
Victrola XVI electric	\$250

See and hear these new Victrolas. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear. Other styles of the Victor and Victrola \$10 to \$250.

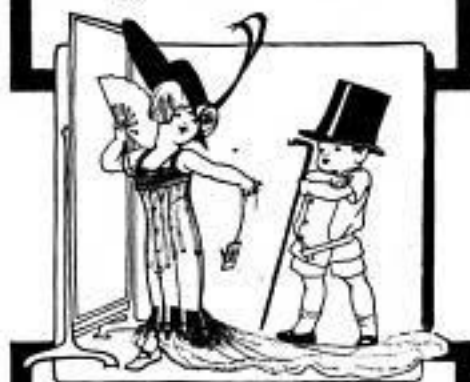
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets



Style

A factor in corset selection is style, but a fashionable model that is correct will be comfortable.

Every Warner Style is scientifically designed over a living model. You can bend in any form of recreation or work without being conscious of your corset—it fits so well and is so thoroughly comfortable.

The new Warner Models are boned as they should be to properly shape and support.

They fit the waist—the latest fashion word—and follow the natural outline of the figure.

The lines at the back and front are straight, and the skirts moderate in length, but long enough to control the hips.

Your size does not matter in the selection of a Warner Corset, since the range of models is sufficient to supply every corset need.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

Every Warner Corset, regardless of the price you pay, must shape fashionably, fit comfortably, and not rust, break or tear.

\$1 to \$5

**SOLD EVERYWHERE
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED**

Warner's Brassieres

There is a certain quality of daintiness that denotes the supremacy of Warner Brassieres. They are an improvement to any figure and an absolute necessity with many. The brassiere is as necessary in controlling and shaping the bust this season as last.

50c to \$4

Every corset you buy has a name. Some you know—others not. Nationally advertised trade-marked corsets are known by everybody and guaranteed by the maker, whose continued success depends upon your satisfaction.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



Costumes for the Older, Stouter Woman

Illustrated by A. M. COOPER

For back views, pattern descriptions and directions for ordering patterns on this page, see page 60

If you have \$15 to spend

for your fall and winter outfit
follow this table of costs:

EVERYDAY DRESS made from Nos. 2846 and 2847
5 yds. of 36-inch Albatross @ \$.49 \$2.45
¾ yd. " 36-inch Satin .80 .67
2 W. H. C. patterns .10 .20 \$3.32

AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESS
made from Nos. 2848 and 2849
3½ yds. of 40-inch crêpe de
chine @ \$1.29 \$5.00
2 yds. of 40-inch chiffon .99 1.98
¾ yd. " shadow lace .49 .31
2 W. H. C. patterns .10 .20 7.49

COAT made from No. 2850
3 yds. 54-inch serge @ \$.98 \$2.94
1¼ " 36-inch satin .89 1.12
1 W. H. C. pattern .10 4.16
TOTAL \$14.97

If you have \$30 to spend

for your fall and winter outfit
follow this table of costs:

EVERYDAY DRESS made from Nos. 2846 and 2847
4½ yds. 50-inch serge @ \$1.50 \$6.75
¾ yd. 36-inch moire 1.49 1.12
2 W. H. C. patterns .10 .20 \$8.07

AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESS
made from Nos. 2848 and 2849
3½ yds. 40-inch silk poplin @ \$1.89 \$7.33
2 " 40-inch Georgette crêpe 1.49 2.98
¾ yd. Venise lace 2.29 1.44
2 W. H. C. patterns .10 .20 11.95

COAT made from No. 2850
3 yds. 54-inch broadcloth @ \$1.98 \$5.94
2½ " 18-inch velvet 1.44 3.60
1 W. H. C. pattern .10 9.64
TOTAL \$20.06



Little things that give smartness to the older woman's costume

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



Costumes for Indoor Wear

Illustrated by AUGUSTA REIMER

For back views, pattern descriptions and directions for ordering patterns on this page, see page 60

If you have \$18 to spend

for costumes for the fall and winter
follow this table of costs:

MORNING AND EVERYDAY DRESS

made from Nos. 2851 and 2852

5 1/2 yds. 27-inch cotton rep	@ \$.25	\$1.44
3/4 yd. 27-inch piqué		.45 .34
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 \$1.98

AFTERNOON DRESS made from Nos. 2853 and 2854

5 1/2 yds. 36-inch silk and cotton crêpe	@ \$.85	\$4.57
2 yds. 44-inch chiffon		.39 1.98
1/4 yd. Venise lace	.75	.19
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 6.94

EVENING DRESS made from Nos. 2855 and 2856

5 yds. 40-inch voile	@ \$.75	\$3.75
4 " rhinestone trimming	.75	3.00
2 passementerie ornaments	.75	1.50
1 tassel		.50
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 8.95

TOTAL \$17.87

If you have \$40 to spend

for costumes for the fall and winter
follow this table of costs:

MORNING AND EVERYDAY DRESS

made from Nos. 2851 and 2852

5 1/2 yards 28-inch cotton cor- duroy	@ \$1.00	\$5.75
3/4 yd. linen	.75	.56
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 \$6.51

AFTERNOON DRESS made from Nos. 2853 and 2854

5 1/2 yds. 36-inch taffeta silk	@ \$1.85	\$9.97
2 " 42-inch Georgette crêpe	2.00	4.00
1/4 yd. lace	1.50	.38
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 14.55

EVENING DRESS made from Nos. 2855 and 2856

5 1/2 yds. 40-inch Valette crêpe	@ \$2.50	\$12.82
4 " beaded trimming	.75	3.00
1 passementerie ornament		1.25
1 " "		.75
1 tassel		.60
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20 18.62

TOTAL \$39.68



Little dress accessories for afternoon and evening wear

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Bob-O-Link



Girls are measuring their popularity by the number of "Bob-o-links" they get. Engraved with the initials of a friend or sweetheart, or the date of some happy occasion, "Bob-o-links" preserve, in a beautiful and useful form, memories of those who are dear, associations that are cherished, or good times that would otherwise be forgotten.

A person may have any number of "Bob-o-links". Several bracelets are more effective than one. "Bob-o-link" necklaces are very popular. Jewelers have simple attachments for making "Bob-o-links" into hat pins, watch chains, stick pins, fobs, bar pins, cuff links, rings, "sport" tie rings, etc. "Bob-o-links" are also made bearing fraternity emblems.

"Bob-o-links" are used, not only to remember friends, but also occasions. It is also quite a fad to engrave separate "Bob-o-links" with dates significant in the life of wearer and donor.

How to start "Bob-o-link" jewelry

Present your friend with a "Bob-o-link", engraved with your initials. Your friend will reciprocate, and both of you will have a start. Wear them on a narrow black ribbon, which your jeweler will give you. Friends will see your "Bob-o-link" and others will come quickly. Genuine "Bob-o-links" cost, sterling silver 25c; gold filled 25c and 50c; 10k. gold \$2.00; 14k. gold \$2.50. They can be set with precious stones if desired. Jewelers engrave and clamp them without extra charge. "Bob-o-link" rings, complete, in sterling silver, 50c; 1-10 gold filled 75c; solid gold \$4.00.



Look for this name

There are imitations of "Bob-o-links" being sold, frequently on bargain counters and at cut prices. Genuine "Bob-o-links" are quality jewelry, sold by reputable jewelers. They will fit and match the "Bob-o-links" your friends are wearing. They will be received and valued as other genuine jewelry is—by the mark on the back. Insist on the name "Bob-o-link", not only as a sure guide to the genuine, but also because it shows that you would give your friend nothing but the genuine.

Nearly every good jeweler has genuine "Bob-o-links". If your jeweler offers you any without the name "Bob-o-link" stamped on the back, refuse them and write us. We will see that you are supplied.

Eisenstadt Mfg. Co.,
Manufacturing Jewelers,
St. Louis, Mo.
Makers and Distributors under
license of H. B. Pratt, Inventor



BUY BELDING'S AMERICA'S BEST SILK FABRICS

Satisfactory Wear Guaranteed

Inferior, adulterated silks made to sell, but not to last, have had their day. Women no longer take chances. They go to the store that protects its customers by selling Belding's "Guaranteed" Pure Silk Fabrics.

Appearance, wear, style, and lasting satisfaction are absolutely guaranteed, and this guarantee is backed by the financial resources of the largest pure silk manufacturers in America—Belding Bros. & Co., established over 52 years.

This name **BELDING'S** woven in the selvage identifies fine silk and is your assurance of satisfaction.

Belding's Silks have beautiful, soft, lustrous texture; up-to-date colorings; smart designs and broad range of weaves and weights. They will dry-clean without damage. The white washes like muslin.

You will find a Belding Silk Fabric to suit your every purpose. Retail prices \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard (36 inches wide).

Belding's Guaranteed Lining Silks

If you want to be sure of the lining in your ready-to-wear garment see that the Belding Guarantee Bell Tag or Label is attached to garment. It guarantees the lining—assures style and service.

Belding's Lining Silks are also best for your made-to-order and made-at-home garments.



Belding's Tearless Petticoat Silks



"It won't tear"

Petticoats receive hard usage. Yours is guaranteed not to rip, split, or tear if made of Belding's Petticoat Silk. You can purchase this silk by the yard or made up in petticoats. All latest shades.

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks

The peculiar richness and strength of Belding's Messalines, Taffetas, Poplins and Satin de Chineses commend them to the discriminating modiste in modeling up-to-date gowns and waists. FREE—Booklet "Story of a Silk Mill" if you address our Chicago Branch, 207 W. Monroe St.



Belding Bros. & Co.

New York Chicago St. Louis
Philadelphia Boston Cincinnati
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Also Manufacturers of Belding's Sewing Silks
and Belding's Embroidery Silks

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



Costumes for Outdoor Wear

Illustrated by WILL GREFE

For back views, pattern descriptions and directions for ordering patterns on this page, see page 60

If you have \$20 to spend

for your winter street clothes
follow this table of costs:

SEPARATE COAT made from No. 2864			
3 3/4 yds. 54-inch coating	@	\$1.50	\$5.07
1/2 yd. broadcloth		1.49	.75
1 W. H. C. pattern		.10	\$5.92
ONE-PIECE STREET DRESS made from No. 2865			
6 yds. 36-inch silk and cotton poplin	@	\$.68	\$4.08
3/4 yd. 36-inch satin		1.25	.94
3/4 " 36-inch satin		1.25	.16
1 W. H. C. pattern		.10	5.28
SUIT made from Nos. 2866 and 2718			
4 3/4 yds. 54-inch broadcloth	@	\$1.49	\$6.90
3/4 yd. 18-inch velvet		1.44	1.08
2 W. H. C. patterns		.10	.20
			8.18
TOTAL			\$19.38

If you have \$35 to spend

for your winter street clothes
follow this table of costs:

SEPARATE COAT made from No. 2864			
6 3/4 yds. 32-inch corduroy	@	\$1.00	\$6.75
1/2 yd. broadcloth		1.49	.75
1 W. H. C. pattern		.10	\$7.60
ONE-PIECE STREET DRESS made from No. 2865			
4 1/4 yds. 54-inch whipcord	@	\$2.00	\$8.50
3/4 yd. 40-inch satin		2.00	1.50
3/4 " 40-inch satin		2.00	.25
1 W. H. C. pattern		.10	10.35
SUIT made from Nos. 2866 and 2718			
5 1/2 yds. 42-inch velveteen	@	\$2.85	\$15.68
3/4 yd. broadcloth		1.95	.75
2 W. H. C. patterns		.10	.20
			16.63
TOTAL			\$34.58



Conservative shoes step into fashion this autumn

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



Costumes for Girls and Small Women

Illustrated by M. EMMA MUSSELMAN

For back views, pattern descriptions and directions for ordering patterns on this page, see page 60

If you have \$18 to spend

for your fall and winter outfit
follow this table of costs:

TAILORED SUIT made from Nos. 2867 and 2868			
6½ yds. 54-inch wool poplin @	\$1.00	\$6.30	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	\$6.50
EVENING DRESS made from Nos. 2869 and 2870			
5½ yds. 40-inch flowered voile @	.30	\$1.78	
2½ " 40-inch plain satin	.90	2.85	
2 rhinestone buckles	.25	.50	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	5.33
EVERYDAY DRESS made from Nos. 2871 and 2872			
3½ yds. 54-inch serge @	.98	\$3.43	
2 " 36-inch charmeuse	1.00	2.00	
½ yd. embroidery	.30	.15	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	5.78
TOTAL		\$17.70	

If you have \$50 to spend

for your fall and winter outfit
follow this table of costs:

TAILORED SUIT made from Nos. 2867 and 2868			
8 yds. 42-inch velveteen @	\$2.85	\$22.80	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	\$23.00
EVENING DRESS made from Nos. 2869 and 2870			
2½ yds. 36-inch plain taffeta @	\$1.85	\$5.32	
5½ " 40-inch flowered chiffon	2.00	11.75	
2 rhinestone buckles	.25	.50	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	17.77
EVERYDAY DRESS made from Nos. 2871 and 2872			
3½ yds. 54-inch serge @	\$1.50	\$5.25	
1½ " 40-inch crêpe de chine	1.50	2.63	
½ yd. embroidery	.75	.38	
2 W. H. C. patterns	.10	.20	8.46
TOTAL		\$49.23	



Details of dress that will appeal to the young girl

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W.B. Elastine-Reduso CORSETS

For Full Figures

Whether short, tall, heavy or plump, there is a W. B. Reduso to improve your figure with all the comfort of old wearing, at first wearing.

STYLE 716

New Model

Ease through diaphragm. Elastine semi-belt, subdues prominent abdomen.

\$3.00

W.B. Elastine-Reduso

Other Reduso Models \$3 to \$5.

W.B. NUFORM CORSETS

For Slender and Average Figures

The corset for all occasions. Try one. You will receive the utmost in a corset—

Comfort, Style, Fit, at a "price for every purse."

\$1.00 to \$3.00

STYLE

449

New Model

Elastic inserts over groin; new incurved waist; slightly rounded hips; medium bust. Coutil.

W.B. NUFORM

\$2.00

Insist on W. B. Corsets and get best value for your money. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us style number, size and price. Catalogue free.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc., 1328 Broadway, New York



THE "COLD CREAM HABIT"

Beauty is not a matter of birth—it is largely a matter of habit, the habit of taking intelligent care of the skin—just a few short minutes each day—with a good cold cream, one perfectly suited to the needs of every woman on every occasion—social affairs, shopping, motoring, at night, etc.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind that Keeps"

was perfected by two painstaking chemists twenty-five years ago and is still manufactured by them. Since then it has helped thousands of women to be better looking and more attractive. The "cold-cream habit" will bring skin health and complexion happiness if you depend on D & R Perfect Cold Cream. Read money-back guarantee on package. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50.

TWO SAMPLES FREE

Samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette—a new and dainty Face Powder—will be mailed, free, on request. Address Dept. K.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
NEW YORK



YOUR PERRY-DAME Fall and Winter Catalog will save you money IT SHOWS:

The new-style Tailored Suits . . . from \$9.95 to \$24.95
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Perry-Dame Guaranteed Shoes . . . 1.00 to 3.00
Gloves, Hosiery, Petticoats, Underwear—everything in
Clothes for Women, Misses and Children at prices that
mean a big saving to you.

If you have not received YOUR copy of this catalog, don't fail to send us a postal card today and it will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE by return mail.

PERRY, DAME & Co.
155 East 32nd St., New York City

How to Dry Clean Fine Waists and Laces

Wash the article in a mixture of Putnam Dry-Cleaner and gasoline. Rinse in gasoline to which handful of flour has been added if article is white; rinse again in clear gasoline and when dry, dust out flour.
Clean your gloves, furs, silks, dress goods, woollens, curtains, etc., with Putnam Dry-Cleaner. The easy, simple, inexpensive and effective way. It won't harm the most delicate fabrics.
Your Druggist sells Putnam Dry-Cleaner—25c and 50c bottles. If he can't supply you, write us—we will send bottle, postpaid, for 25c.

Don't accept substitutes—demand the genuine.

FREE booklet—"The Secret of Dry Cleaning"—also list of dealers, valued at 5c.
Monroe Drug Co., Dept. A, Quincy, Ill.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

What Belongs With What and What Doesn't

By
**GRACE MARGARET
GOULD**

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. FOSTER LINCOLN



Miss Correct-in-Every-Detail and Miss
Right-from-Top-to-Toe



Miss Lost-in-Her-Clothes and Mrs. Too-
Tight-in-Her-Clothes

A MAN is judged by the company he keeps, but with a woman it is the clothes she wears. After all, there is not much difference, for your dress is a pretty intimate companion. So it is wise for us to know what goes with what and what doesn't, or we may get into bad company.

DRESS, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is a candid friend. It tells right out whether we have good taste or bad, and you can just depend upon it that people agree at once with this candid friend; for it is marvelous how quick and accurate is our first impression of dress. This doesn't include ourselves, of course, because we all think we look as we want to look.

Fitness—that is the answer to what belongs with what. Though you should look as if you had just stepped out of a bandbox, it must be the right bandbox every time.

Take the young woman who has just bought her smart fall tailored suit. It is going to be her mainstay, you know. If she will only carry out the ideal of the strictly tailored costume it will be not only a mainstay but a long stay, and no one will ever dream of saying: "What a sight she is in those everlasting things of hers!"

Now, with this suit she should wear a small tailored hat, part velvet or better's plush, and part satin or silk, with a snappy bow, a good-looking buckle or a pert feather novelty as its trimming. She should wear a tailored shirtwaist of linen or a plain crêpe de chine blouse, mannish walking gloves, and inconspicuous shoes, if she can find them. A leather wrist watch and a good-looking bar pin are about as much jewelry as she should show. Trimness, in a word, is the keynote.

Need I say, then, that she should not wear a big, dashing ostrich-trimmed picture hat, fit for a piazza tea, or a lace blouse showing a pink camisole decked with ribbons or lace?—except when the tailored suit must of necessity serve duty as an afternoon costume. Her shoes should not be of the variegated sort which everyone has been promiscuously wearing, nor should she wear gloves in delicate evening shades, or an eccentric flowing veil. In a word, the tailored suit is not picturesque.

Veritable crimes are committed in the name of hats. Think of the little dinky one, balancing on the head of the broad-shouldered woman with the big, round, fat face, like a fly on a pyramid. Think of the huge, animated hat that apparently floats on the air as it approaches you, until at length you make out the scrawny little creature who is striving to hold it up.

Think of the picture hat rakishly tilted at the most extreme angle that fashion advocates, and then of the faded, wrinkled face that peers out distressingly underneath. Think of the sailors, the impossible, never-ending sailors, and the more impossible women who insist on wearing them. Really, I must speak of something else in the interest of sanity and good taste.

Jewelry, even in these war times, will be worn more than ever. Women naturally love jewels, just as they do flowers, and with quite as good a reason. They are not only beautiful but they give beauty. Above all, they are good friends.

An amethyst brooch set with pearls looks its best with an amethyst crêpe de chine or soft silk

gown. Rhinestone pins for the hair in spike and dagger form give a bright touch to the afternoon and evening costume. Lapis lazuli, jade and gold beads each set off fabrics such as silks, crêpes and delicately-toned satins. The jewel dangle goes with the low-cut corsage. Pendent earrings give dignity and grace to formal dinner and reception gowns.

But, oh, what a difference when any of these bits of jewelry are misplaced!

Think of the taste of the young business woman who wears the family heirlooms to the office—the cameo brooch, the antique bracelet, for instance. Think of the jeweled watch that dangles on the front of an inexpensive shirtwaist. Think of the marquise rings on unmanicured fingers and the diamonds in slovenly ears.

Think of a profusion of rings where one ring would do so much better. Think of the big costing-a-fortune sunburst and the tiny woman who often wears it. Think—but, no, let us again try to think of something sensible.

Now the crêpe de chine gown is really very serviceable. It is a standby for different dress-up occasions.

A yoke or collar of lace or batiste goes well with it, in fact, it belongs. A sailor collar of lawn, worn with a Windsor tie, doesn't. A giraffe of beads gives an appropriate touch of newness to the crêpe frock. A belt of patent leather with a stiff buckle introduces a bad-taste note.

A separate coat of velveteen or broadcloth may be worn and be in keeping with the crêpe de chine dress, but not the rough-and-ready coat, nor the tailored suit coat. This type of gown requires a hat that is in a sense dressy. The sport hat and the severely plain tailored hat do not accord with the crêpe de chine dress. The hat that does belong need not necessarily be a big picture shape trimmed with an expensive feather, but it should be more or less a soft, graceful hat of velvet or satin, perhaps combined with fur or a fluffy feather fancy.

The what belongs with what in shoes is gravely important. The half solled evening slipper does not go with the morning dress; neither should the extension-soled tan oxford ever put in an appearance with a dressy afternoon or evening gown. The white kid laced boot, even though it does happen to have black patent leather trimmings, should not be worn with the tailored suit.

The big velvet flower so useful in giving a striking color note may be worn with an afternoon costume on certain occasions, but it looks its best with the after-six-o'clock frock. It should not be worn with the tailored suit, nor the heavy separate coat. The boutonniere gives just the added touch of up-to-date-ness to the tailored suit.

In considering their clothes, women should pay the strictest attention to what belongs with what. If they do, no matter how simple and inexpensive the costume, it will suggest harmony and good taste. If they make the mistake of adding the incongruous necessary to the otherwise lovely gown, the result is sure to be tragic.



Miss Just-as-She-Should-Be and Mrs.
Ever-Correct



Miss Never-Dress-Right and Mrs.
Always-Dress-Wrong

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



The Inexpensive Trousseau Complete

Two tables of cost to help the bride-to-be

By EDITH M. WEIDENFELD

NO TIME is quite so important in a girl's life as that which surrounds her marriage. It is such a happy time that too much of it should not be devoted to the ordinary everyday affairs of life. Yet some of them are quite important: Take, for instance, the subject of clothes. What girl does not like to look her best on all occasions, and certainly this is a time when she wants to look her very best. In her effort to do this, she is often apt to over-do and then, instead of feeling rested and energetic on her wedding day, is pretty well tired out. It is foolish to work yourself into an exhausted state when you can secure the desired effect without doing so. It simply means working in a systematic way, and I know no better means of doing this than to decide just how much you have to spend, and what you need, and then make a complete list and set about filling it.

Let us suppose that you have fifty dollars to spend. It is a small sum when you realize the many, many things it has to cover, and yet it will provide a trousseau. Nice materials made up in conservative, stylish designs are necessary, and special attention should be given to certain details. If they are good, the rest of the outfit will look well. If they are not good, the result is a shoddy appearance.

Take, for instance, the girl who appears with a stylish hat, nice gloves and good shoes. You pronounce her well dressed without inquiring into her

suit and her blouse, provided they are unobtrusive. For this reason, in planning the trousseaux printed at the bottom of this page, I have given special attention to hats, shoes and gloves. But now let us get down to the practical planning.

At the bottom of this page are two tables of cost, one at \$50, the other at \$125. They tell how the money can be planned so as to secure the best results. Good materials have been used throughout and no money has gone into frivolities that wear out, or into trimmings that will require constant freshening.

It is a pretty unfortunate bride, these days, who does not receive a number of engagement presents, and so I have depended on friends and relatives for the little dress accessories—frills, bags, collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs—that every girl loves.

Let us take the lists as they appear on this page, which means that we begin with underwear. Dainty and serviceable it will be and not a bit costly if made of good material in pretty designs, and finished with featherstitching, scalloping or French knots if time is limited, and a bit of hand embroidery if it isn't. Petticoats, too, can be finished in the same way.

The coats, suits and dresses, if made of attractive materials, need have but a bit of chiffon, lace or embroidery as trimming, and made at home will really cost very little. A number of the things are bought ready-made, so that it will not be too great a task to make the rest at home if you begin in good season.

TROUSSEAU NO. 1

3 sets of underwear made from 2 pieces of longcloth including 3 nightgowns, Pattern No. 2687, 3 combinations, Pattern No. 2688	@ \$1.25	\$2.50
1 bridal set of underwear made from 6 yds. of nainsook including nightgown, Pattern No. 2687, combination, Pattern No. 2688	.25	1.50
1 bolt of baby ribbon for underwear		.20
3 union suits or shirts	.50	1.50
2 white petticoats made from 5½ yds. longcloth, Pattern No. 2787	.15	.83
1 black petticoat made from 2½ yds. satreen, made like Pattern No. 2787	.25	.70
Japanese crêpe kimono, bought ready-made		.75
Turkish bedroom slippers		.50
2 pairs corsets	1.00	2.00
3 pairs black hse thread stockings		1.00
2 pairs boot-top silk stockings	.50	1.00
1 pair high black shoes		4.00
1 pair black pumps		4.00
1 pair long white kid gloves		2.00
1 pair short white kid gloves		1.00
1 pair short tan kid gloves		1.00
Hat suitable for both dress and general wear		5.00
Long coat made like No. 2864		5.00
Cloth dress for everyday wear, made like No. 2865		4.00
Cotton dress for everyday wear at home, made like Nos. 2858, 2859		1.50
Dress for informal afternoon and evening wear, made like Nos. 2869, 2870		3.00
Dress for special occasions, made like Nos. 2853, 2854		7.00
(This in an inexpensive trousseau is worn instead of a white wedding dress)		
TOTAL		\$49.98

ASSISTANCE will be given you in the choice of fabrics for your trousseau, and patterns will be provided for its making. The patterns cost ten cents each; the advice about their development, only a letter addressed to the Bride's Trousseau Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, with stamped and self-addressed envelope for the reply enclosed.

TROUSSEAU NO. 2

6 sets of underwear made from 4 pieces of nainsook including 6 nightgowns, Pattern No. 2687, 6 combinations, Pattern No. 2688	@ \$2.50	\$10.00
3 union suits	.85	2.55
3 white petticoats made from 1 piece of longcloth, Pattern No. 2787		2.00
1 colored petticoat made from 3 yds. satreen, Pattern No. 2787	.35	1.05
1 white petticoat made from 3 yds. satin, Pattern 2787, to wear with wedding dress	.85	2.55
2 pairs corsets	2.00	4.00
3 pairs black hse thread stockings		1.00
2 pairs black silk stockings	1.00	2.00
1 pair white silk stockings		1.00
Japanese crêpe kimono, bought ready-made		1.35
Ten gown, made from 4 yds. cotton crêpe like Pattern No. 2795	.35	1.40
Turkish bedroom slippers		.50
Black high shoes		4.00
Black low shoes or pumps		4.00
Black satin slippers		3.50
White satin slippers		3.50
1 pair long white kid gloves		2.00
1 pair short white kid gloves		1.00
1 pair tan kid gloves		1.00
Wedding dress made of 9 yds. of satin 4 yds. lace like Patterns No. 2802, 2803	2.00	21.00
2 yds. tulle for wedding veil	.25	.50
Wreath of orange blossoms for veil		1.50
Tailored suit made like Nos. 2866, 2718		8.00
Costume blouse made like No. 2837 to match color of tailored suit		5.00
2 waists made like No. 2836 for general wear		3.00
Separate coat, made like No. 2864 for day and evening wear		6.00
Cloth dress made like No. 2865 for everyday wear		5.00
2 cotton dresses made like No. 2838, 2839 for everyday wear at home		3.00
Dress made like Nos. 2869, 2870 for afternoon and informal evening wear		5.00
Dress made like Nos. 2853, 2854 for special occasions		7.00
Hat for general wear		3.50
Hat for dress occasions		8.00
TOTAL		\$124.90

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Ageing, wrinkled skins

How to keep them young

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Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with it cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. Use it regularly and it will keep your skin so firm, so healthy and active that it will resist wrinkles and retain that fresh, clear youthful look you want it to have.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

Autumn Separate Skirts

MISS GOULD shows how to adapt and vary the patterns of her Dressmaking Lesson



NO ONE likes to have more than one skirt of the same design, so these Woman's Home Companion patterns are so constructed as to be adaptable in several ways. The use of different materials also disguises the style, particularly if some small variation is introduced. For instance, the illustrations show No. 2862 made up in three different styles and materials. On one skirt the deep side pockets add a distinctive touch; another depends on the center panel, with the alternating stripe, for its originality; the third introduces a novel strapped-belt effect. No. 2863 is shown in two variations. In one the straight yoke is accented by a band attractively braided. In another a slanting yoke is the feature of the skirt. Descriptions of the patterns are on the opposite page.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

The Dressmaking Lesson

In which Miss Gould explains each step in the cutting and making of separate skirts

WITH genuine pleasure I turn to this dressmaking lesson, for it is about the new fall skirts. There are so many ways of making them, with their new-found panels, plaits and fullness and, best of all, they are easy to make.

Five of the new skirts are shown on the opposite page, featuring the V and straight panels, fancy belts, pockets and plaits. The first three designs, cut from pattern No. 2862, make up especially well in medium-weight silks, fall suitings, soft whipcords, gabardines, serges and checked and striped worsteds.

Directions for cutting are given on pattern envelope. In making these skirts, join the panel and side sections first, for it is easier to finish off the front before side seams are closed. Turn off tucks on front edges of side gores, basting and pressing them. Much depends on the pressing. Press each part of the skirt as you go along, for it helps in stitching and finishing neatly.

Baste front panel to position, lapping side sections over it. Stitch the left side from top to bottom, the width of tuck back from edge of fold, and the right side in the same manner, starting about twelve inches from top, which allows for placket. In this case, I usually face the front edge of placket. Cut a straight piece of lining material, about one and one-half inches wide and the depth of the placket, allowing seams top and bottom. Lay it right side to right side of panel, along the edge of placket, and stitch from top to bottom of placket, a seam's width in from edge. Fold under free edges, and turn facing onto wrong side of skirt, stitching it in place. Cover the raw edges on the other side of placket, where tuck turns back, with silk tape, caught down flat by hand.

Bind the raw edges of seams. Bias binding can be bought by the piece, but it is simple to make it from percaline. A half yard is ample for an ordinary skirt. Cut the percaline in one-inch bias strips, turn back one fourth of an inch on either side and press. Fold it lengthwise through the center and press again (Fig. 1). The binding is then ready to apply. Insert both raw edges of seam between the two thicknesses of binding and stitch by machine.

Close back seam, turning the tuck on right-hand side, lapping it over left side, and stitching as illustrated. If both pieces have been cut on the selvedge of material, the seam will not need binding. If there are raw edges, bind as described.

Any alterations can be made at the side seams. Baste these and try on the skirt, fitting it if necessary. Either in silk or cloth, the neatest finish is obtained at the side with an open seam. Stitch seams with raw edges extending on wrong side and press them open. Bind raw edges. In silk I prefer scalloping the seams before binding. Scallop both sides of seams with shallow scallops, about an inch long, and bind with narrow ribbon binding, bought by the piece. This can be run on rapidly by hand (Fig. 2). When working on cloth use the bias percaline, binding seams straight, as described before.

If the outside, applied belt is used, cut a facing for the tabs the same shape as the outside. For a neat finish, facing should be silk the color of the skirt. Lay facing on the belt with right sides together, and stitch a seam's width in from the edge around outside. Snip seams, so the edge will not rumple when it is turned, and turn belt right side out. Baste close to edge, drawing material smooth. Turn under lower edge of belt a seam's width, snipping edges, and press belt.

The pocket, shown on the skirt in the center, is made and put on with the belt. Turn under the inner edges a seam's width, snipping corners and covering

raw edges on wrong side with silk tape, caught on flat by hand. Turn hem on outside edges and press pocket.

Run a shirt thread across top of skirt to confine the slight fullness. Pin pocket to position and adjust belt, the upper edges even with top of skirt and the lower edge lapping over pocket. Stitch the pocket around outside edge as illustrated and blind-stitch belt in place, leaving the portion of the tab free that crosses over on the other side of skirt.

For the pocket flap lining, use same material as for the facings of tabs. Cut it the shape of flap and lay it right side to right side of flap. Stitch a seam's width in from edge, down sides and across bottom. Round off corners, and turn flap right side out. Smooth edges, turn under top of lining and flap and fell together. Blind-stitch flap to position.

The top of skirt should be finished with an inside belt of inch and a half grosgrain belting. It is easier to handle and better fitting than a canvased belt. Cut it the size of your waist measure, allowing enough to turn under at ends. Finish ends with hooks and eyes (Fig. 3). Turn under top of skirt a seam's width, place foundation belt on the inside, with edge of skirt extending above, so belt will not show, and stitch around top to catch belt (Fig. 4).

When skirt is finished at top, the hanging is simple. Try it on and mark depth of hem even all around. In silk, the bottom of skirt can be turned under a seam's width, the hem folded back and stitched, but on cloth, blind lower edge before turning the hem.

Make buttonholes on tabs with tailors' twist, sew buttons on tabs and pockets, and snappers on placket.

The other two skirts, shown on the opposite page, are cut from pattern No. 2863. Either will make a stunning skirt for a dress of chiffon or soft silk.

Cutting directions are on the pattern envelope. If the pattern is large either at waist or hip, baste skirt together, try it on and make necessary alterations before stitching. However, if the pattern corresponds to your measurements you can proceed with the stitching.

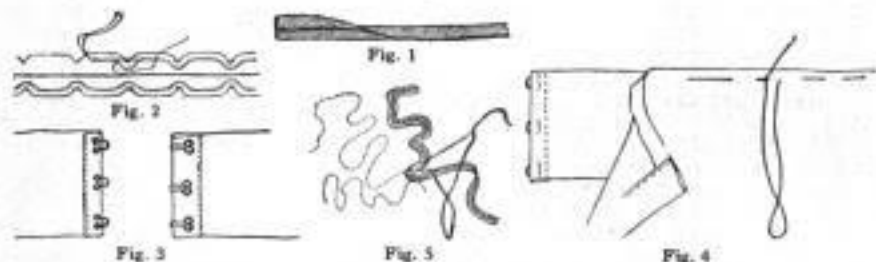
Close seams in upper and lower side sections, pressing them open and binding as described before. Lay in plaits in lower sections, turning them toward side seams and press down. Turn under bottom of upper side section. Finish it with a point or cut off straight. If made with point, lap point over plaits and stitch as illustrated, cutting away extra material, if desired. With the straight edge, lap upper section over lower section a seam's width and stitch.

Braiding makes effective trimming and it is simple to back-stitch soutache braid on by hand (Fig. 5).

Join plaits to the front panel, laying the plait for the right side, face side to the face side of the panel and stitching a seam's width in from the edge, starting about twelve inches from top and stitching to bottom. This allows for placket. Finish placket in the same manner described for other skirts. Stitch left side plait to panel, stitching from top to bottom. Join plaits to side sections, back plaits to back panel and then to side sections and stitch as before. Lay plaits in and press.

This skirt also needs an inside belt of grosgrain belting.

For outside belt, cut a lining same shape as pattern. Lay two right sides together and stitch around edges, a seam's width in, leaving left end free. Round off or snip corners and turn belt right side out. Baste around edges and fold under free ends of belt and lining. Press belt, fell lining across left end, and stitch one-fourth inch from edge all around. Finish with buttons and buttonholes.



No. 2862—Five-Piece Skirt with or without pockets. 24 to 36 waist. Material for 26-inch waist, three and seven eighths yards of thirty-six-inch, or two and seven eighths yards of fifty-four-inch. Hip measure in 26-inch waist, forty inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2863—Plaited Skirt with Side Yoke. 24 to 36 waist. Material for 26-inch waist, seven yards of thirty-six-inch, or four and five eighths yards of fifty-four inch. Hip measure in 26-inch waist is forty inches. Width, four and one-half yards. Price of pattern, ten cents.

ALTHOUGH we have tried to make the dressmaking lesson as explicit as possible, it may be that some small but bothersome points are not fully covered. The amateur dressmaker, working on these or any other Woman's Home Companion patterns, need not waste time puzzling over anything that she does not understand, for Miss Gould always is ready to explain further by letter. She also is glad to give any suggestions about materials and trimmings, and the general planning of your wardrobe. A stamped and self-addressed envelope should accompany your letter. Address: Miss Gould's Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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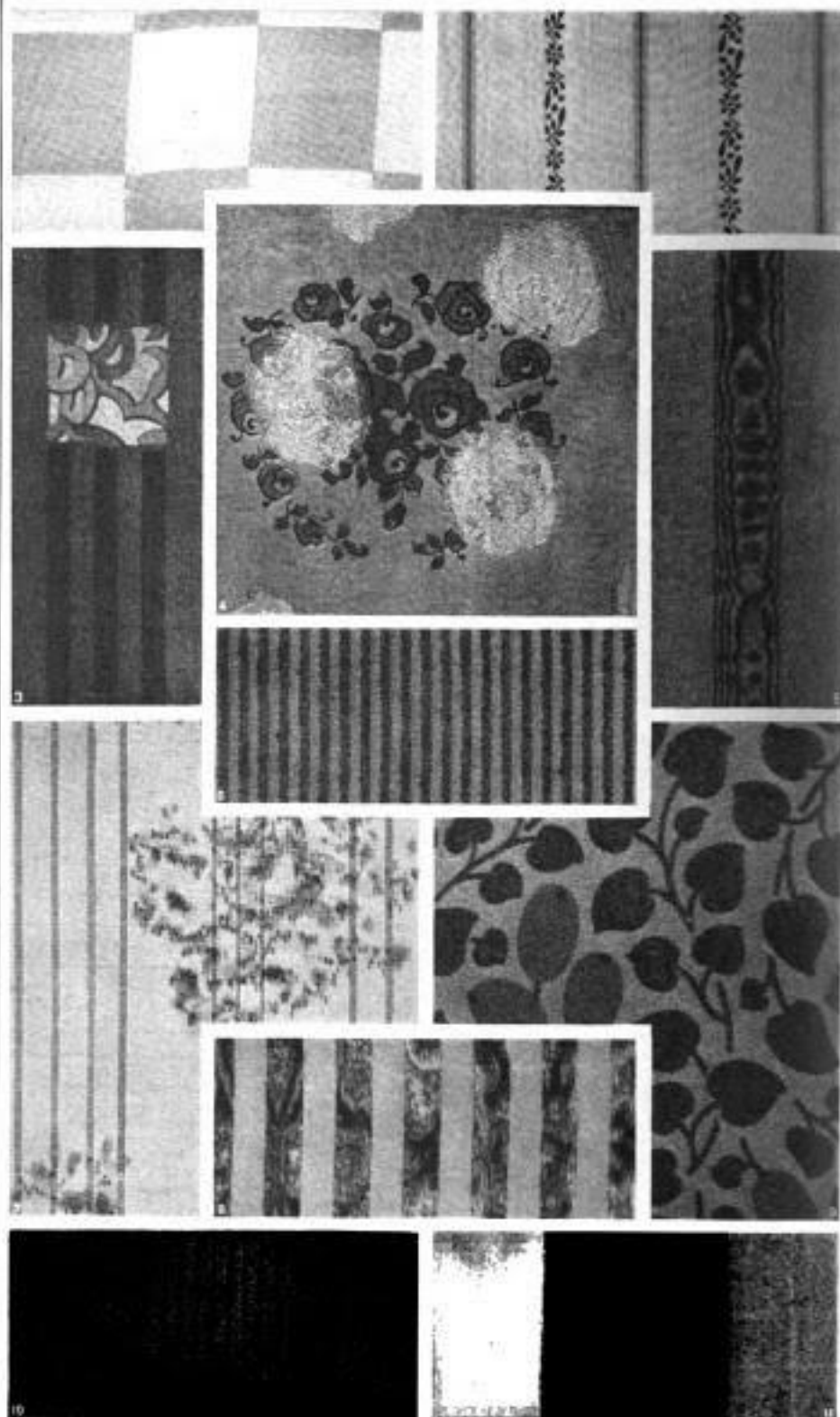
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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



The Season's Fabrics

Worsted silks, velvets and many novelties

By EDITH M. WEIDENFELD

"SILENT" is the term applied to new colors for the autumn and winter, silent because they are quiet and somber in tone. There is nothing bizarre about them, neither is there about the fabrics, and yet one could hardly call them "silent." It is not a plain fabric season by any means, and really it could not be if the fabrics are to conform to the new modes—a habit they usually have. The new fashions, being ruffled and frilled, quaint and dainty, require materials of a like character, especially for afternoon and evening wear. For street and daytime wear they are more quiet, not only in tone but in weave as well. There are serges, broadcloths, whipcords and other serviceable worsteds for general wear. Then, when it comes to the demi-tailored costume and the one for afternoons, velvet, velveteen and corduroy with many combinations of crêpe, satin and taffeta are favored. It is but a short step from plain and corded velvet to the tuffetas with velvet stripes (No. 11); they are beautiful, too, especially when combined with plain taffeta, net or marquisette.

By the way marquisette, which has been on the shelf for several seasons, has now taken a bold step to the front rank, and as if to make up for lost time is more popular than ever.

But let us get back again to the fancy velvets a moment, for the striped ones (No. 6) for coats, suits and costumes combined with satin are most interesting. Imagine a beautiful shade of sapphire velvet finely striped in the softest of browns, or a green as deep as the sea with a golden

stripe. In these beautiful colors there are also checked velvets, and then there is another fabric, the work of the famous Rodier of Paris, pannecia it is called, and when you see it you wonder if it is velvet or plush, so cleverly does it combine the best qualities of these two materials.

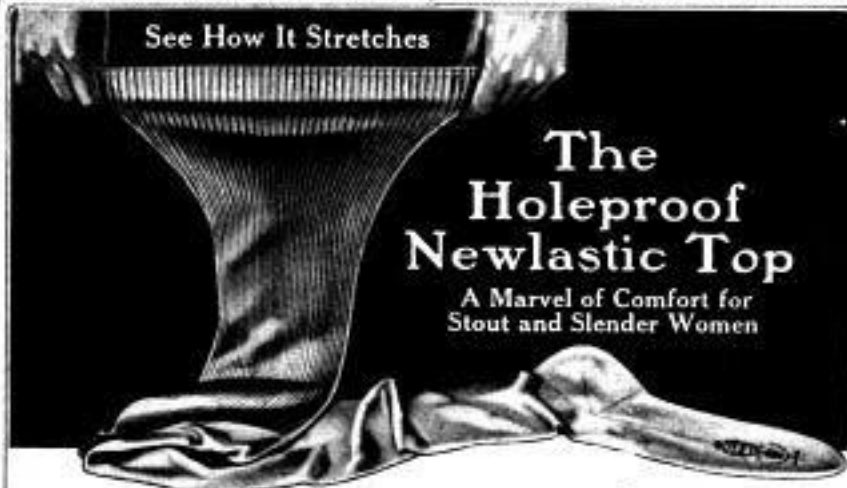
A novelty fabric most adaptable for trimmings and draped effects is a transparent material run with silver threads and striped in velvet (No. 10). Metallic materials are very fashionable; some of those for evening wear are truly lovely in cloth of silver and white satin checks (No. 1), or cloth of gold with wide stripes of plain satin. They are expensive materials, and yet when you cannot afford a whole gown a half or a quarter of a yard used as trimming will make a simple dress very handsome.

Then there are flowered silk voiles worked with metallic threads (No. 4). Rodier again is responsible for some of these. Flowered materials are more than popular, and in watered silks (No. 2) and needlework taffetas (No. 7) are most attractive for some of the quaint evening dresses fashionable this season. Georgette crêpe in flowered (No. 9) and striped designs as well as plain is a close rival of marquisette, which also comes plain, in flowered patterns and stripes (No. 8). Gros de Londres, moire-striped bengalines (No. 5) and the new satin poplins are much in favor. And with all these lovely fabrics we must not forget the tuffetas, plain, changeable, striped and flowered, and the many pussy willow tuffetas in all their variety of designs (No. 3).

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



The Season's Trimmings

Many new forms to finish the costume

By EDITHE M. WEIDENFELD

STRAPS of the material or a bit of contrasting fabric and the dress had its finish a season or two ago. But now we have left those severe styles in the past where they belong, and have taken to full, wide skirts, jaunty jacket effects and sleeves that are sleeves again. All these more feminine clothes require many more trimmings than we have seen in some time. There are flounces and frills of lace, embroidery or beads on evening dresses. There are bands and bands of braid on velvet and cloth costumes. Buttons are everywhere. The buttons are in every conceivable shape—square, round, oblong, ball—and in sizes from one-quarter inch to two inches, bigger than that they are not considered smart this season. Among the buttons, the crocheted that introduces metallic threads in its design and the metal one in openwork design are the greatest novelties. Then there are buttons of braid, celluloid, vegetable ivory, galalith and jet. In black and white they are modish, and in the exact shade of the costume they are considered most correct. A favorite idea of a famous French couturier is to trim a costume with bands of braid and finish it with buttons covered with the same braid. Drecoll, for that is the couturier, uses black braid where the braid is not just the same tone as the fabric of the costume.

The new braids are very simple in design—so far no fancy weaves have been introduced. The Titan is the favored weave, the diamond and the basket being entirely out of style.

Braid is used as bands on skirts this season, in wide widths and in the narrower to blind coats, cuffs, jumper over-blouses, and so forth, the narrow braid always being in the same weave as the wide. For trimming waists, cuffs and vests, the very narrow metallic braids are quite the vogue.

One of the novelties of the season is a chain of hand-painted beads with pendant of beads and tassels.

Beads are very fashionable this autumn, many of the flounces of net being decorated with beaded designs in bright and pastel colors. These flouncings come in a variety of widths, and there are bands to match.

Quite the newest idea, however, is the combination of sequins and embroidery. A solid band of sequins will have medallion spaces at every few intervals, the spaces filled in with embroidery in rose, blue and yellow tones. To combine with these bands, there are flouncings carrying out the sequin and embroidery pattern.

The trimmings illustrated on this page are as follows: 1. Black sequin banding with embroidered medallion spaces; 2. Square vegetable ivory button; 3. Openwork metal button; 4. Button of galalith in two colors; 5. Novel-shaped jet button; 6. Braids in the Titan weave; 7. Bead chain and tassel; 8. Iridescent sequin banding; 9. Braided frog; 10 and 11. Black and white galalith buttons; 12. Braid frog and button; 13 and 14. Buttons of crocheted with metallic threads; 16. Bead and sequin ornament; 15 and 17. Gold and silver braids in narrow widths.



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Write for Samples—Address Dept. E, New York City.

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THE NAME IN THE SEWAGE

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We sell Women's Suits of latest styles, colors and fabrics for \$4.75 to \$17.95; Fall Coats of surpassing excellence at \$2.98 to \$16.00; Girls' Coats as low as \$1.39; beautiful Furs, 98c to \$29 per set; serviceable Rain Coats, \$1.98 and up; stunning Waists and Petticoats, only 48c; pretty Dresses at under \$1.00; House Dresses, 59c and up; fashionable Hats, 98c to \$6.98; Skirts of latest designs, \$1.49. No matter whether you want Wearing Apparel for Women, Men or Children, you will find it in this Fashion Book.

We pay all carrying charges on goods; we guarantee sale, prompt delivery; goods returnable if not satisfactory. Our references—one million customers and 18 years in the business.

This Satin-Lined Velvet Suit No. 746N

is a sample of our styles. It is beautiful costume velvet—green, black, navy blue or brown. 32 inch jacket with distinctly new-appeal collar trimmed with rich brown Coney fur; box-plaited back; wide belt, finishes waist line; popular open vent at side; charming tailored pockets with unique flaps trimmed with appropriate buttons; sleeves have turn-back cuffs trimmed with fur to match collar. Lined throughout with genuine yard-dyed satin. Skirt is plain tailored with full fashion swing; made with girde top and finished with inner belt. Closes at side of panel with patent fasteners. Plain Habit back. Sizes to fit any Woman or Miss. Shown on page 23 of our Book.

Write! Send postal now and receive our Style Book No. 42N showing 1029 bargains by return mail. Be sure and address Dept. N2.

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and you will find them more attractive than ever.

Their good materials, exceptional workmanship and refined styles have made them the choice of thousands of women everywhere.

Dix-Make House Dresses are Sold by Leading Stores.

Illustrated model No. 141 is of striped or plain gingham in all colors; velvet tie; yoke skirt; price \$2.00.

We fill mail orders through responsible dealers.

Send for Blue Book O of new House Dresses, or book X of Uniforms for Nurses and Maids.

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Style 141, illustrated, is one of the many fashionable dresses in our collection. It is the new Redingote style, trimmed with elaborate mesh, forming a belt. Wide flare skirt. Satin claspings, crepe-do-chino or crepe costume.

Free Maternity Style Book M 3, describing Economy Utility-Maternity Dresses, \$1.75 up, sent on request.

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IMMEDIATE REDUCTIONS

38 Bust Reduces to 36
40 Bust Reduces to 37
42 Bust Reduces to 39
44 Bust Reduces to 41

Constructed of Ovidalac self-entirely contoured to nature's model, the Ovida is the most successful figure-shaping and health-making garment ever invented.

AT ALL LEADING STORES. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

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What a Woman Can Accomplish

Ambitious women seeking a genteel, independent source of livelihood should read this record of results of a few women who are now representing us. A new agent made \$35 first week. A Texas lady sold \$110 in 5 days. Another in Ohio averages \$3.44 daily.

You Can Do Likewise
Write us to-day for our proposition. It will pay you to get started early.
NATIONAL DRESS GOODS CO.
10 Beach Street New York

FALL AND WINTER FASHION



Party, School and Play Clothes

For little boys and girls from two to fourteen years

THE hats illustrated below should supply the little boy and girl with suitable shapes for all sorts of wear. First is a turned-down sturdy beaver for the boy, and a similar everyday hat—a stiff felt with a gay ribbon band—for the little girl. A mannish little shape suits the boy for church or street use, and at the end is a black hat with a bright cockade for the little girl's "dress-up" occasions. Between them is a tiny white fur hat, with fur earlaps, and a white grosgrain band and bow, suitable for the very little child, either boy or girl.

No. 2857—Girl's Dress with Corded Trimming. 4 to 12 years. Material required for 6-year size, two and three-fourths yards of thirty-inch or two and one-eighth yards of forty-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents.

No. 2858—Girl's Long-Waisted Dress. 2 to 8 years. Material for 6-year size, three yards twenty-seven-inch or two and three-eighths yards forty-inch material; one-half yard of material for belt, collar and cuffs. Pattern, ten cents.

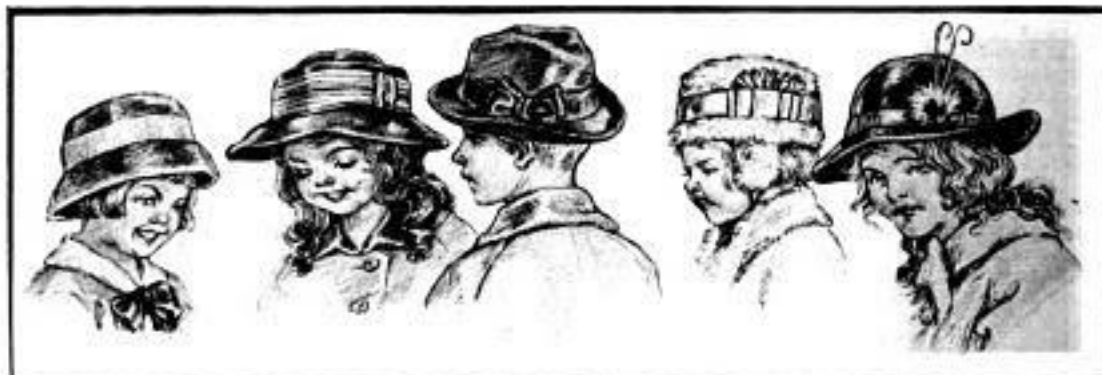
No. 2859—Boy's Raglan Coat with Side Pockets. 6 to 12 years. Material for eight-year size, two and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch or two yards of fifty-four-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents.

CHILDREN'S clothes are sometimes even more perplexing to a mother than her own. There is no age limit, however, to Miss Gould's interest in the clothes problem, and she is just as glad to help with the tiny wardrobe as she is to plan street dresses and evening gowns for the mother. Write to her about the little girl's school dresses or the boy's play suits. Tell her how much you want to spend, just what you have and what you need. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope and write to Miss Gould's Inquiry Bureau, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

No. 2860—Girl's Long Coat with Wide Belt. 4 to 14 years. Material for eight-year size, two and seven-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch or two yards of fifty-four-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents.

No. 2861—Boy's Suit with Straight Trousers. 4 to 8 years. Material for six-year size, three yards twenty-seven-inch or one and three-fourths yards thirty-six-inch material; under-waist, five eighths of a yard. Pattern, ten cents.

The back views of the children's coats, dresses and suits illustrated on this page are to be found on page 60. Full directions for ordering the patterns shown on this page will also be found on page 60.



Hats for the very little tot and the older schoolboy and girl

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

The New Collars and Cuffs

And a chemisette to wear with one-piece dresses

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

FOR the fall days a crisp white collar with cuffs to match will freshen almost any suit or dress. The new collars lie flat around the neck and are carefully fitted. Organdie and marquisette are the best materials to use, the latter having a stiff finish which is new to this kind of material. This crispness does not come out when laundered, and is most satisfactory. Embroidery on sheer material is always done with a paper foundation, and the paper is torn away after the work is completed. Baste the goods very carefully to the paper, so that it cannot pull away while the embroidery is being done. The paper is supplied with the marquisette.

Stamping paste (to use with perforated patterns) 10 Cents



1427-A—Embroidered marquisette Chemisette with 1428-A, Collar

THE chemisette at the left is made of the new crisp-finished marquisette, and extends to the waist line at the back and front. It is made without sleeves.

The collar, 1428-A, is novel in shape and very becoming when worn. The cuffs, which match the collar, can be obtained for either long or short sleeves. The Quaker collar and cuff set, 1429-A, is made of two thicknesses of organdie, and the edges are finished with a fine net footing. Before the embroidery is worked, carefully baste the two thicknesses together and turn in the edges. It is difficult to make the edges even if the embroidery is done first. The collar is six inches deep. This set is particularly dainty when worn with a very simple dress of light-colored crêpe de chine or cloth.



1428-A—Collar and Cuffs, to be worn separately or with 1427-A, Chemisette

1430-A—Collar and Cuff Set of marquisette
Stamped collar 35 Cents
Stamped cuffs 15 Cents
For long sleeves 15 Cents
For short sleeves 20 Cents
Embroidery cotton 15 Cents
Perforated pattern 15 Cents



1429-A—Organdie Collar and Cuffs with net footing around the edge

1427-A—Stamped Chemisette and, 1428-A, Collar 60 Cents
Stamped cuffs 15 Cents
For long sleeves 15 Cents
For short sleeves 20 Cents
1428-A—Stamped Separate Collar 35 Cents
Embroidery cotton for complete set 15 Cents
Embroidery cotton for collar and cuffs 10 Cents
Perforated pattern of chemisette, collar and cuffs 30 Cents
Perforated pattern of collar and cuffs 15 Cents

1429-A—Collar
Stamped on organdie 40 Cents
Embroidery cotton 10 Cents
Net footing 15 Cents
Cuffs stamped on organdie 25 Cents
For long sleeves 20 Cents
For short sleeves 25 Cents
Net footing for cuffs 10 Cents
Perforated pattern of collar and cuffs 15 Cents

IMPORTANT—Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order if possible. If stamps or currency are used it must be at the sender's risk. The Woman's Home Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittances in the mail.

To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders to Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The heavy embroidery on 1430-A set, worked with rather coarse cotton, is very good-looking on sheer material

BUY DIRECT AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Select your fall suit, coat or dress from our free catalogue of actual photographs taken on live figures, and save from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

The same styles that we sell to the critical New York women in our sales rooms, you can buy at wholesale prices, with only a small amount added for handling single sales.

We illustrate a conservative model as well as a more novel style. Our Catalogue shows both modes in a wide variety of materials for all ages.



No. 52—Fine quality all-wool Fugle suit in a conservative model. Black, Navy, Russian Green, Arizona Green and Haze Blue lined with fine quality guaranteed pure-silk Peas-de-Loup velvet collar can also be worn open, girlish yoke skirt with plain front and back. Misses' Sizes—14 to 20. Ladies' Sizes—24 to 44. Waist bands 24 to 34; skirt lengths 36 to 42. Price \$15.50

No. 101—A beautiful coat for street or evening wear, made of very fine quality Corduroy in Navy, Russian Green, Arizona Green and Haze Blue; collar and cuffs of good quality genuine Fur in imitation of White Ermine. Silk lined throughout. Featuring the new cashmere. Misses' Sizes—14 to 20. Ladies' Sizes—24 to 44. Price \$16.75

We will ship your size upon receipt of a postal money order. State color wanted. We prepay all mail or express charges—and refund your money if not satisfied.

Other styles in Suits, \$10.50 up.

Coats, \$5.00 up. Dresses, \$5.00 up.

BE CURIOUS—Send for our free catalogue.

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PUSSY WILLOW

EVERY yard of Pussy Willow is autographed by the Author. Our label is our pledge of two seasons' satisfying wear.

See the stamp on the selvedge—the label in the garment.



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Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering including two sets of envelopes, \$2.50. Write for samples, 500 Wedding Cards, 50c.

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Write for our New Hair Book FREE

Contains latest scientific instructions on Care of the Hair and Beauty Culture at home without cost. Also beautifully illustrated all the

Latest Styles in Hair Dressing and catalogs hundreds of Newest Creations in Switches, Braids, Pompadours, Waves and all other kinds of Hair Goods and Toilet Articles at guaranteed lowest prices. Make your selection from our catalog, and we will ship goods ON APPROVAL—no pay unless satisfied.

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Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flush, White, Pink or Green. 50c, a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers, Dept. 2, 121 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.





Trying a pair of "Burson" is pretty sure to mean you'll go back for more. But why shouldn't you? Look at the difference between ordinary stockings and

BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

By a special patented process they are shaped as they are knit, without seams. Trim and snug-fitting, yet perfectly smooth and comfortable. And the "knit-in" shape stays—it cannot be worn nor washed out.

Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized
25c 35c 50c 75c

Regular, Outside, Trunk Top, Rib Top and White Foot Styles. If your dealer will not supply you, write us. Booklet sent upon request.

Made in U. S. by
Burson Knitting Co.,
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You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can, I know you can, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

You Can Be So Well!

—If you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength." Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write to me now for my interesting booklet! You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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Dept. 25, 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a College bred woman. She is the recognized authority on the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

Wedding 100 Engraved Announcements, \$5.40
Invitations, \$6.75, 2 envelopes for each. Each set 1 set, 50c. Postpaid.
100 Engraved Calling Cards, \$1.
Write for samples and correct terms.
Royal Engraving Co., 314-N Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

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The three little wheels at top adjust it to exactly reproduce any woman's figure. When not in use can be collapsed and put away in its ornamental cabinet.

To introduce this wonderful new Venus Dress Form to every woman who yearns to give ten days free trial and offer special easy payment terms.

Write today for complete illustrated catalog showing various styles, models and prices; or order today with a check of \$1, and form will be promptly forwarded for free trial.

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To introduce this wonderful new Venus Dress Form to every woman who yearns to give ten days free trial and offer special easy payment terms.

Write today for complete illustrated catalog showing various styles, models and prices; or order today with a check of \$1, and form will be promptly forwarded for free trial.

Dept. L, Grand Bldg., New York
Dept. L, 233 W. 30th St., Chicago

Pattern Descriptions

and Back Views

THE LANVIN COSTUME

THE smart afternoon costume illustrated in a painting by Coles Phillips and shown on page 19 of this issue was designed exclusively for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION by Jeanne Lanvin of Paris. Though it is a French model, any home dressmaker can develop it. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION offers ten-cent patterns for it. The coat is No. 2880, Russian Coat with Wide Belt. 36 to 40 bust. The skirt is No. 2881, Yoke Skirt with Front Panel. 24 to 30 waist. Hip in 26-inch waist, 40 inches. Width four yards.

Backs of Children's Clothes Shown on Page 44



Backs of Children's Clothes Shown on Page 58



Backs of Costumes Shown on Page 51



Backs of Costumes Shown on Pages 48 and 50



Backs of Costumes Shown on Page 49



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Timely models are always offered to you in the latest Thomson's

"Glove-Fitting"

(TRADE MARK, REG.)

Corsets. "Timely" models are the ones that are just right, right now—not guesses at what the styles will be—not radical—not absurd. Thomson's "Glove-Fitting" Corsets have, for 60 years, seen others come and go while they stood solidly on the rock of popular demand; always guaranteed as to the satisfaction they will give in style and wearing comfort.

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CORSETS



You can look younger

"Six to ten minutes a day of pleasant exercise for the face—in your own room—bring a quick and marvellously youthful expression."—Susanna Cocroft

Physical Culture for the Face

is as effective as Miss Cocroft's exercises for the body. It gives to the face the same care of the hair, eyes, hands and feet, breathing, correct posture, etc., and relieves such appalling blemishes as pouches under eyes, wrinkles, flabby, thin neck, double chin, crow's feet, tired eyes, sagging facial muscles, pimples, thin, dry or oily hair, tender, inflamed feet, rough, red hands, and other beauty-disasters.

Write for free booklet today

Women are learning that they do not need to look old at 40.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course,
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BERTHE MAY'S CORSETS

For MATERNITY and ORDINARY WEAR
Comfort, ease of action, normal appearance and abdominal support. Also for stout women with invalids, for slagers, and for young girls.
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Write for booklet No. 8
Send free order plain and sealed envelope.
BERTHE MAY, 10 East 46th Street, NEW YORK
Beware of imitations

X. BAZIN DEPILED POWDER

Removes Objectionable Hair

To wear the modish sleeveless dresses, transparent sleeves, and décollete evening gowns, the underarm must be smooth as the face.

To remove unsightly hair is a safe and simple matter with X. Bazin. This preparation has been used by ladies of refinement in Paris and New York for over 75 years.

X. Bazin does not cause the hair to return thick and coarse. X. Bazin simply removes the hair and retards the growth in a natural, normal way.

50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't X. Bazin, refuse dangerous substitutes and send us his name and 50c for trial bottle. If you send \$1.00 and dealer's name for large bottle, we will enclose a large jar of the famous Bazo Cold Cream FREE.

HALL & RUCKEL
299 Washington St. N. Y.

Better Films" for the Children

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

From Hackensack, New Jersey

LAST year a committee of our school principals selected the films which were used at motion picture entertainments at the Social Service House, which were offered at a nominal price to the children of the town. This year the Social Service House has given the schools an opportunity to select films for practical education work, and to have these given to classes of the public school children who go to the Social Service House during school hours, after some preliminary discussion of the subjects in class. One of the principals or teachers usually gives a brief explanation before the reel is given, and makes brief comments while the reel is shown. The next day the subject is taken up for thorough discussion in class. I consider that the plan has been very successful. The chief difficulties are the limited number of films which are valuable for educational purposes, and the difficulty of studying these films in advance, so as to make preparation for the lesson. A large number of films which, from their subjects, would appear to be exactly what we desired, proved to be too "scrappy" to give a clear view of the subject under consideration. If films could be prepared for a strict educational purpose to be used in connection with school work, there would be great possibilities of development on the standpoint of the school.

William E. Stark,
Supervising Principal.

What Iowa is Doing

AM very glad to write you as to what we are trying to do in the way of motion pictures in Iowa. I have noted with much interest the work that the ROMAN'S HOME COMPANION has inaugurated, and I believe that it cannot help but result in the more intelligent appreciation of what is meant by better films and that, as this appreciation grows, its effect will naturally be felt by the producers.

We are trying to get motion pictures produced into the schools of Iowa, and you can readily see, is a specialized one and has very little to do with the regular releases of the producing companies. Our particular problem in this work is that the films available do not fit in with the established curriculum. This being the case, schools have been slow to equip with machines and, the demand not being established, producers have not made any effort to undertake a systematic production of educational motion pictures molded on the subject studied. There have been many educational films produced in a half-or-miss fashion, and these are very valuable. It is this part of the field that we are trying to develop.

To date there are about thirty schools which have agreed to equip themselves to use the film service. The circuits as established will include these schools, state institutions, Y. M. C. A.'s, and libraries.

To depend on the film exchanges for service is quite impossible in our stage of development. The cost is too high for the ordinary school to stand now. We have made no effort to get comic films, and I doubt whether we shall do so, outside of an occasional one in our programs. We have found that nature study films and folklore films have been very effective.

The interest of this institution in the motion picture is largely in the field of industrial welfare and popular science. We have, however, succeeded in getting the Iowa State Teachers' College at Cedar Falls and the State University at Iowa City to cooperate in developing programs for the schools, so that the broad field of educational films may be covered to better advantage. We shall not make as extensive use of films as the state of Wisconsin, but are progressing on similar lines. Their growth has undoubtedly been due to the fact that they have had an appropriation available for the purchase of a large supply

of films. We hope sometime to induce the legislature to support this work with an appropriation.

Miss Mary Gray Peck of the National Board of Censorship spoke in Iowa City last month before the Federated Women's Club, urging the cooperation of the women's clubs toward the development of the movement for better films.

J. Will Parry,
Department of Engineering Extension, Iowa State College.

What California is Doing

WE ARE an organization of schools, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, clubs, etc., interested in educational matters and in good clean entertainment films. We have arranged a circuit around which suitable films are sent. We not only use the pictures in actual classroom work but try to provide healthy and helpful entertainments for our members. The first problem is difficult, but the latter one is more so as it is almost impossible to censor good films, and make suitable selections.

We should be very glad to cooperate with you if it is possible to do so. We should like to receive lists of those films which you have judged suitable, and we should like to get them as you select them from time to time. This information is for the schools throughout the state and is also available to other educational institutions if they wish it.

You will be interested doubtless in knowing that our state legislature has just passed a bill establishing a bureau of visual education under the direction of the State Board of Education, and making an appropriation for it. I have no doubt that the bill will be signed by the governor.

Carl H. Carson,
President of Visual Educational Association of California.

[Editor's Note: The governor signed the bill.]

Government Better Films

THE Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with films for use in disseminating agricultural information. The films have been so valuable as means of information to an interested public that the department has been overwhelmed with requests. To quote from the Department Bulletin: "In showing such subjects as the germination of seeds or other processes which must be taken intermittently over a long period, the Department is determined that the film shall be an honest scientific record of the process depicted, rather than the result of optical illusions."

In reply to a request as to the availability of these films, Chief G. W. Whartin says: "At present we are not at all anxious to have this matter discussed very broadly, for the reason that we have not yet reached a stage where we can supply films or make them generally accessible. If by any chance you do make mention of this work, please be careful to say that the Department cannot lend or sell copies of its films, for the reason that the work is still in an experimental stage and as yet the laboratory is unable to produce enough copies to equip its own field representatives."

"The films at present are shown only when in custody of one of the Department's direct representatives. The whole question of wider use of the films is being carefully considered, but at the present time the Department has no funds available for any extension."

"In all probability additional legislation would be necessary before the Department could successfully undertake cooperation with the public without very heavy expenditure of our federal funds. Under present conditions any money received from the sale of films must be turned back into the treasury, and the Department accordingly would be forced to deplete its own special photographic appropriations."

Especially Recommended

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

- THE WANDERER**, Biograph-Griffith: A one-reel release. Beautifully portrayed picture with a theme like "Pippa Passes."
- OIL AND WATER**, Biograph-Griffith: Two-reel release. A striking portrayal of the theme based on the dissimilarity in the temperament of an actress and a recluse. For adults.
- MISTER PAGANINI**, Biograph: A two-reel release. A lovable old man—pathetic, appealing—makes this picture attractive. Well acted and well directed.
- THE ROSARY**, Selig-V. L. S. E.: A heart interest story of love between a young orphan and his priest guardian.
- THE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT**, World Film: A romantic drama of the Napoleonic revolutionary times. The likeness of two half-brothers, sons of a French nobleman, one an aristocrat, the other a brigand, each unknown to the other, a wrong identification of one as a murderer, give the plot sensational interest.
- SEVEN SISTERS**, Famous Players-Paramount: Frohman stage success based on the Hungarian matrimonial conventions which consign to spinsterhood the unmarried sisters when a younger one marries before them.
- THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE**, Essanay-V. L. S. E.: Advocates the parental teaching of the fundamental truths of life to boys and girls. Of special interest to parents.
- THE FOX WOMAN**, Majestic Mutual Masterpicture: John Luther Long's Japanese story

- of a heartless sculptress who takes advantage of the infatuation of a gentle-souled Japanese hunchback artist, with almost disastrous results. Beautiful settings. For adults.
- KINDLING**, Jesse L. Lasky: A story of the problems of existence in the poor sections of any great American city. A good lesson for those who forget their less fortunate brothers.
- CROOKY SCRUGGS**, Vitagraph-V. L. S. E.: Entertaining comedy about a crook who escapes from the penitentiary, steals check book and identification papers from a wealthy Westerner who befriends him, and proceeds upon his merry way, spending money like a millionaire until the trail becomes so hot for him that he is glad to sneak back to prison.
- THE FLYING TWINS**, Mutual-Masterpicture: Two attractive little girls run away from home and join a circus. They soon learn that the part of a spectator is much more pleasant than the life of a performer, and are glad when they are taken home.
- UNDER TWO FLAGS**, Biograph-General: Based on Quila's romantic novel. The carefully calculated effects, a real sandstorm, and the seemingly real Algiers give the picture unusual interest.
- THE CLUB**, Lasky Feature Play Company: A political drama in which the plot is woven around the secret agents of the hostile Russian and Japanese Governments. Intensely interesting.



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Weatherproofs
Style and Reliability
The Kenyon Ideals you can depend on

Style No. W808, in Black and White, Brown and Olive mixed, and Black and White mixed English Tweed; at \$17.50. Style No. W6345, with the convenient storm convertible collar. High grade double texture material; at \$12.50.

Weatherproofed by the Kenreign process
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Standing on the Threshold of Furland

With our beautiful Fur Book, "The Theatre of Fur Fashion," in your hand, you stand on the threshold of Furland. It tells all about Furs, illustrates the latest styles and points out how to distinguish genuine furs from trashy imitations. A fine set of Furs is more to be prized than jewels which may offend by their flash. Fur, however, expresses the truest taste and the deepest distinction, and never goes out of fashion. You can't think of Furs of Quality unless you think of Lamson & Hubbard. For generations, this house has been in the lead, piloting reputation upon reputation and establishing a name that girdles the globe. We get our pelts right from the trappers and manufacture the garments ourselves, saving you all in-between profits.

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of your "Theatre
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Babies Who Are Rubens-clad

will know few colds this winter. For this is that ideal shirt—two-fold in front—which protects the lungs and stomach.

Note how it slips on and off like a coat—you want this convenience. Note the lack of buttons—yet it is adjustable, always a perfect fit.

A million children have this shirt on

today. In the past 21 years 20 million children have worn it. Don't you want such a shirt for your little ones? Try one and see:

Ask for Rubens Shirts, and look for this label. Don't be misled by imitations. Sizes for any age from birth. In cotton, wool and silk. Prices, 25c up.



Sold by dry goods stores—or direct where dealers can't supply.

Rubens Shirts

For Infants and also Union Suits for Children

Rubens & Marble, Inc., 16 N. Market St., Chicago

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

years, with reasonable treatment. If within a few years after the date of purchase the customer returned a knife in bad condition, and could prove that she had not used scouring soap or strong cleansers in polishing it the damaged knife would be made good by the manufacturers. The difference in price of two dollars no doubt represents the better wearing value of the standard metal, and at least it protects the purchaser.

"In our shopping investigations, which covered four mornings, we found that almost invariably the goods pushed by the sales people or shown most prominently were not standardized wares; they were imitations of standard goods, often so flimsy as to betray the adulteration. Almost invariably by asking for standardized goods we could secure them. Now there must be a reason for the prominence given the unstandardized goods, and we have decided that the stores make bigger profit on them, even though the price is less, than on the standardized goods. Therefore, we are not getting so much for our money."

"Just what do you mean by standardized goods?" asked Mr. Norton.

"In fabrics, those which have the name of the maker woven in the border, or printed plainly on the board or carton in which the materials are offered for sale; in china, cut glass, silverware and writing paper, a trade mark blown, stamped or woven in the article; in hosiery, underwear, corsets, shields, ready-to-wear garments of all sorts, the stamp of the maker."

"But how can you be sure, even with a trade mark, that these goods will wear satisfactorily?" asked Mr. Larry.

"We don't know anything," said Mrs. Larry, "but it stands to reason that a man who spends thousands to make his goods known to us women will not give us a chance to say to our neighbors that what he guarantees is unreliable. In every case where the goods were made by a reputable firm and bore their trade mark, the sales people told us we could bring them back, if they were not satisfactory. This, because the merchant knows that he can hold the manufacturer for any faulty output."

"Adulterated, unstandardized dry goods represent the same waste in the household budget as unstandardized, unlabeled canned goods."

"How about the small city or town woman?" said Mr. Norton.

"She is quite as independent as we are," replied Teresa Moore. "Consider, as an example, the small town or suburban woman and her corset. She has been to the large city store and found a corset, made by a standard firm, which suits her figure. She need never wear any other kind; she can order it by mail, or she can insist that the local shopkeeper handle that make of corset or her trade. This is true of any other standard article that she wants."

"You sometimes hear people say that when articles are so much advertised the consumer must pay the price of the advertising. This is ridiculous. My cousin, Wilbur Hall, who is an expert in such matters, says that it has been proved over and over again that advertised goods cost less than unadvertised goods, because the selling expense of unadvertised goods per unit is higher than the selling expense of advertised goods; because advertising increases the sales so much more than they can be increased by any other method of selling that the cost of advertising in reality pays for itself by the economies it effects."

"As for gloves, hosiery, underwear, sheeting, pillow casing, etc., we can buy them labeled or unlabeled, just as we choose to give time and thought to our shopping."

"Substitutes are seldom, if ever, as good as the trade-marked advertised brands. When you buy reliable branded goods you are guaranteed satisfaction. Many substitutes that are offered the purchaser as 'just as good' do not carry any manufacturer's label so if you do not like the goods there is no known person from whom you may demand satisfaction."

"And now," said Mrs. Larry, "for the summing up of our experiences. Thrift for the home-maker to-day means, first, knowing how to buy, and then how to utilize to best advantage what she has bought. In our grandmother's day, the housewife was not a purchaser. Her husband raised and supplied what was needed for the family; her economy consisted of using the supplies to best advantage. To-day she spends the family income, and kitchen economy is without value unless she knows her market."

"I would, therefore, say that the housewife must know food and fabric values; what goes furthest in the home. Second, knowing these values, she must seek the markets where they are offered at the lowest figure. She will make her biggest saving in cooperative buying. I believe that in time every community will have its association like the Housewives' League of New York, and the National Housewives' Cooperative League in Cincinnati, or its cooperative store, such as we saw in Montclair, New Jersey. This will save on groceries alone at least ten per cent."

"Next in importance to cooperative buying is (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



Soft Elastic Snug-fitting

Do you have trouble getting popular-priced underwear that is warm and comfortable, that fits right all over, and as daintily trimmed as you would like it? If so, try

Setsnug UNDERWEAR

No bunching, no wrinkling, no discomfort. Every size tailored from a living model and cut by hand—proportions always right. Sizes to fit every form—smoothly, snugly, with positive comfort. Made of soft, elastic-ribbed fabric with silky inner fleece—a splendid preventative against "chills." Special, extra wide bust. Close fitting cuffs. Dainty, attractive trimmings.

Made in union suits and two-piece garments, all styles and sizes, for men, women and children. In ladies' two-piece suits the pant is provided with our famous, patented Sliding Waistband, adjustable to any waist measure, without wrinkling.

Men's union suits have closed crotch with new patented "Settles-the-shon Seal" that will not bind, bunch or irritate. A splendid comfort feature.

For your own comfort and satisfaction—and that of your family—insist upon getting "Setsnug" underwear. You will like it—and wear it always.

Union Suits - - - \$1.00
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Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. C. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

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is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a cream, it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sunburn. Good for freckles, moles. Use Malvina Lotion and Lotion Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion. At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Be sure to ask for the Pro-phy-lac-tic by name. It is always sold in the yellow box.

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Send orders and inquiries to our New York Office



Women's Peerless Comfy. Price \$1.50, in a great variety of color combinations.

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

the establishment of direct communication between the producer and the consumer through the parcel post. We know that if the housewife gives the farmer to understand very clearly that she expects to split the middleman's commission with him she will save ten per cent on her poultry, eggs, vegetables and fruit, and have better food besides.

"Third, she must consider the wearing qualities of dry goods first, and their attractiveness second. As to telephone ordering, that's largely a question of the intelligence of the housewife and the honesty of the butcher and grocer. Many a woman can get what she wants at the right prices, simply by using her mind a bit before she gives her order. Also she must check up her bills afterward. If sugar or coffee or smoked meats are cheap, as the result of certain wholesale conditions, she will know this by reading reports of the papers or by inquiry at her store or market. If she finds that her trades people are dishonest or careless, she can change. The woman who is firm and intelligent can, without haggling, get her money's worth, whether she orders in person or by 'phone.

"Before I undertook the adventures in thrift I expended all my energy trying to stretch as far as possible the groceries and fresh provisions which I bought extravagantly through the order clerk or by telephone. Now I concentrate on buying intelligently, and I have reduced our table expenses thirty-three and a third per cent by cooperative buying, farm-to-table marketing, and the personal purchase of daily supplies. I do not think I am less intelligent than the average wife of a salaried man, and I hope, by becoming more familiar with market conditions, to reduce the cost of setting this table and buying our clothing even further. My goal is fifty per cent. But I cannot accomplish this without unremitting effort and concentration on my duties as the head of the purchasing department of the House of Larry."

The Geranium Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

"o' time he come ter this here Island. There was Indians here, livin' pretty wild, like they did then. And my great-granfer got friends with 'em. And he come ter love one o' the young squaws. Her name were kinder pretty-like—Shamawna. She were beautiful. . . . Do you know what I think? I think he really loved her!" A dark hand was flung out, unconsciously, in the firelight.

"Why not?" said Hawthorne. "I think that because he married her, Indian style. An' I think it because she were beautiful. Besides, he stayed here a long time. All one summer."

"Do you know where?"

"Over in Deep Bottom."

The somber eyes brooded.

"But summat come happen—in the ole country. He had ter go back. . . . She took it hard. And she said he'd never go."

"But of course he did go. That's the old story."

"No. . . . She took it awful hard—his last night in the wigwam. An' toward mornin'—when he were asleep—she killed him. You see, she'd said he'd never go!"

Hawthorne leaned toward the tall figure behind which the fire was sinking down.

"What happened then?"

"Some Englishmen come a long time arter, an' made a stir, an' took his body away with them. They wanted to hang the girl. But she were dead a'ready. She had a son, an' that killed her, they said. Wal—Shamawna's son were my granfer. That's the story."

For a moment the room was as still as Shamawna's wigwam must have been, over in Deep Bottom, after she had taken it hard. Then Hawthorne came again to the man on the leopard rug and put his hands on his shoulders.

"I don't envy you your heritage, Jim Brant," he said.

"Aw—well— The half-breed looked down awkwardly. Then he lifted his eyes to the off-islander's for an instant, and dropped them again.

"But there's all that was back of the Englishman! With that blood in your body you should do something. Then I believe you'd—you'd feel white all the time! I've got a scheme. Those—those herring are on my mind. They worry me! I'd like to go in with you on that deal. I'll advance the money, and then you wouldn't have to wait."

"You—mean—"

"We should be partners in the business. I'll go and see Mr. Baxter tomorrow, if you agree. What do you say? Is it yes?"

The half-breed drew in his breath. "Yes. . . . sir," he gasped. "Yes!"

His lips worked as if he would say more; and again he threw out both hands in his graceless, eloquent way.

"I—I—I will do something fer you!" he faltered at last. "I will do anything—anything!"

[CONTINUED IN NOVEMBER ISSUE]

Our Fall Fashion Catalogue Is Now Ready

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Copy for You!

This beautiful illustrated Book, containing pictures and descriptions of all the very latest New York styles in fashionable wearing apparel for the coming Fall and Winter, will be gladly sent to you FREE upon request. It is now ready. Your copy is waiting for you and you may have it for the asking. This book is conceded to be the leading fashion authority. Marvelous values in Advance Fall Styles, and if you



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6H17 Hat \$2.98

6H15 Hat \$3.98

1H16 Suit \$10.98

5H18 Coat \$6.98

1H16—If you need a new Fall Suit, here is a beauty! Perfectly tailored, made of good reliable quality all-wool 12-ounce Cheviot. The coat is single-breasted and is 32 inches long; features in single-breasted style with self-covered buttons, and at each side of waistline are button-lined Paddock flaps trimmed with self-covered buttons. Similar buttons finish the sleeves. The coat has a stitched plait from waistline to lower edge at back and flares in accordance with the latest fashions. Coat is handsomely lined with good quality guaranteed fabric. Skirt is a smart plaited flare model having four deep side pleats at each side, stitched down to about the knee. Colors: Black, brown, green or navy blue. Sizes 32 to 40 bust, 23 to 35 waist, 37 to 44 skirt length. Also to fit Misses and Small Women. 32 to 38 bust, 23 to 35 waist, 37 to 40 skirt length. Price, all mail or express charges prepaid. \$10.98

6H15—Sensational Continental Tricorne-Shape Dress Hat made of extra good quality Velvet. This smart model has turned up three-cornered brim and round crown which is trimmed with bands of grosgrain ribbon. At the side is a full fluffy pompadour of Ostrich and two long whips with Ostrich ends. Colors: black with white Ostrich trimmings, navy blue with navy trimmings, solid black and Emerald green. Postage paid. \$3.98

5H18—Stunning "Fox Trot" Coat, all the rage this season, made of rich wide waist Velvet Corduroy. Coat is a thoroughly stylish flare model, not loose and full, made with a wide "Fox Trot" belt of self-material trimmed with Corduroy buttons. The lower part is cut in circular style, flaring in graceful ripples. The cuffs and collar are of self material. Coat fastens with Corduroy loops and buttons, and may be worn with open lapels or fastened across chest. (See small illustration). Serviceably lined with fine Venetian. Black, military blue, dark brown or bottle green. Sizes 32 to 40 bust. Also proportioned to fit Misses and Small Women. 32 to 38 bust. Price, all mail or express charges prepaid. \$6.98

4H17—Becoming Sailor Hat of high-grade Velvet. This hat has a sloping brim and flat crown, which is edged with a narrow band of fur. The hat is tastefully trimmed with three large shaded Velvet pompadours combined with western foliage and three black whips. Brim measures 14½ inches in diameter. Colors: Brown with burnt orange pompadour and brown inner fur, black with white pompadour and black fur, black with red pompadour and black fur and Military blue with blue pompadour and black fur. Special Price. Postage \$2.98 paid.

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The moment you put the crystal-clear cake in water, you release its exquisite real perfume of violets, in a lather as fluffy as whipped cream, and as smooth. A delicate violet odor is left clinging to the skin, while the glycerine makes it soft and white.

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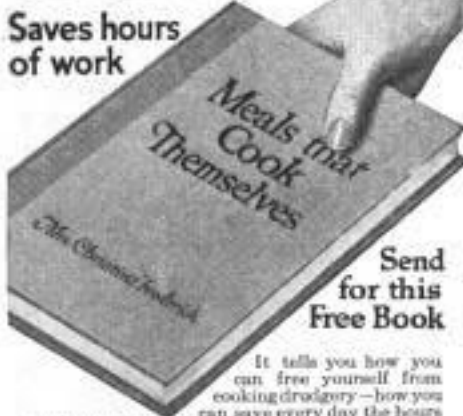
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Saves hours
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Mrs. Frederick shows how your meals can be cooked automatically—without any watching or attention whatever—if you have the

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The Sentinel is a regular gas range with an automatic oven that enables meals to cook themselves. You simply place the food in the oven, set the timer and light the gas. Then you can leave the kitchen and not return until it is time to serve the meal. You will find it perfectly cooked.

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Mr. Barker and the Twins

Part Two of an entertaining serial for YOUNG FOLKS

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA

THE STORY UP TO THIS POINT: The Temple twins, Geraldine and Constantia (known to their friends as Pro and Con), have arrived to spend the summer at West Melton with their father's aunt Sally. The girls are quite fascinated by the old-time mansion where the gentle old lady lives, and are especially interested in the powdering closet Lafayette used.

The first evening Uncle Henry, an-

other relative, comes to call with his two nephews, Tom and Joe, who are just "plain boys," have uncomplimentary opinions of girls, and are not disposed to be friendly to the twins.

During the evening's talk the girls mention their little dog, Mr. Barker, to be sent to them shortly from New York, and are led to believe the boys do not own a dog. As the boys leave they hint mysteriously at a secret.

THE SECRET STAIRCASE

WHEN the twins awakened next morning the rain was pouring down in torrents, and Aunt Sally was full of apologies for the weather at the breakfast table.

"Oh, don't bother at all about us," cried Pro, "we'll find plenty to do, I'm sure."

"Aunt Sally," exclaimed Con, "perhaps you'll let us look over the house while you are gone. I never was in a house before where Lafayette had been, and lots of other Revolutionary heroes and belles I'm sure. And we'd love to explore."

Aunt Sally beamed with pleasure. "Explore all you like, my dears, only don't let in any flies," she answered promptly. "It was your grandmother's old home, you know—as well as mine. There's many a story been lived out in these old walls. And sometime I may even tell you—the Secret of the House!" Aunt Sally's tone was big with capital letters and importance.

Pro pinched Con ecstatically under the table.

"A secret?" she cried.

"A secret staircase or room, or something like that, do you mean?" chimed in Con, returning the pinch. "Do tell us all about it."

Aunt Sally raised a protesting hand. "Softly, softly, my dears," she said. "The old house must not give up its secrets all at once. Someday perhaps, when you have shown yourselves its true daughters—" She paused with gentle dignity.

After that it seemed years till Aunt Sally finally did start.

"Now let's go to the attic," cried Con gleefully. "Attics are the usual places for secrets."

But though the twins searched diligently "up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber," they could find no sign of the missing "Secret," and finally they returned disconsolately to their own room.

"If we only knew what to look for it would be such a great help," groaned Con.

"I guess we'll have to wait for Aunt Sally after all," sighed Pro. "What do you think we'll have to do in order to prove that we are 'true daughters of the house'?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Con wearily. "Find out for ourselves I guess, Twinnie. If it keeps on raining to-morrow I'm going to go over that attic with a microscope. But, lo, hst, what have we here? A fly invading these sacred precincts? Shades of Aunt Sally! Kill him, Pro; he flew just over your head."

"Kill him yourself," retorted Pro. "He's over your head now."

"I can see that you are no true daughter of this house, my dear Geraldine," reproved Con in her most serio-comic manner. "Now I, faint-hearted one, shall arm myself for the fray."

Stalking over to the dressing table she picked up the tin can in which Betty had brought their morning hot water, and with great dignity placed it upside down upon her head and pinned a bath towel from shoulder to shoulder in comic imitation of a knight's short mantle. Thus equipped she threw over her left arm a large woman's magazine, grasped a folded newspaper in her right hand and stalked toward "the foe."

But even as the "maiden knight" brandished her rattling "broadsword" the enemy flew gently over her head and vanished through the open door of the powdering closet.

Con, removing the hot-water can helmet, proceeded to "rush" into the powdering closet, where she mounted upon a chair and slashed vigorously with her folded newspaper.

"There he is now, on the paneling!" cried Pro. "Fold up the paper good and tight and try again."

"I'm going to try the palm of my hand," answered Con, suddenly landing another blow, which echoed dully through the little room.

"Did you hear that, Pro?" she demanded. "Didn't that sound different?"

"Why, yes; but you used your hand instead of the paper," answered Pro. "There's the fly up on the ceiling now."

"Never mind that fly," cried Con excitedly. "Listen again while I try it all around. I believe that wall over there is hollow."

"You're right, Con," cried Pro, equally excited. "It does sound different. Oh, Con, do you think maybe we live next to the Secret?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out, I can tell you," answered Con doggedly. "Come on, Pro, let's thump all around till we find just where the edge is and then feel for the spring or whatever it is that slides it."

With trembling fingers and beating hearts they patiently pressed and fingered and fumbled over the shining surface of the paneling.

"Oh, it's coming!" breathed Con in a tense whisper. "I've got it, Pro, I've got it! Look, it's sliding, it's opening!"



"What are you doing here and what have you done with our dog?"

Sure enough! At the left side of one little panel a tiny open seam was showing, wide enough almost to slip in a finger. As they pushed, it widened slowly, and finally showed an opening large enough to squeeze through.

The next moment Con had plunged boldly into the pitch-black abyss beyond. Pro, more cautious, clutched at her twin's disappearing skirt, but when Con apparently landed safely on a proper floor she relaxed her grip.

"Shan't I get the bedroom candle?" she inquired.

"Do," came Con's voice in a sepulchral whisper. "And hurry, Pro, I've felt around in here and there's a staircase, I'm sure. Oh, I'm sure it's the Secret of the House!"

Pro promptly squeezed herself through the hole,

and turned to pinch Con in silent rapture. Before them a steep little staircase led up into the gloom above.

"Where are we coming out?" whispered Pro, who was almost treading on her sister's heels.

"I don't know," answered Con's voice from above, and then, as a sudden thud resounded through the darkness, she added: "We aren't coming out just at present. I bumped my head into the ceiling. There's some sort of a trap door above here. You take the candle, Pro, and light up as much as you can while I push."

"Try sliding," cried Pro with a sudden inspiration.

"Isn't there anything to take hold of?"

"There is!" answered Con joyfully. "Good head, Pro! There's a little groove at one side. She starts, she moves! Come on, Pro—it's open!"

The room in which the two girls found themselves was hardly more than a closet, but there was space enough in it for a tiny bed, a little iron-bound chest with an imposing padlock, a chair, and a small ink-stained desk.

"My dear, my dear, they hid people up here, refugees, political prisoners, people like that!" cried Pro under her breath. "Oh, Con, don't you wish you knew who they were?"

"Don't I though?" answered Con. "What I want to know now, though, is where this room is. It must be part of the attic of course, but just where?"

Con suddenly stepped across and laid her hand on each wall in turn. "Pro," she cried, almost aloud, "it's in the chimney! That wall over there is warm, and the others aren't. That's why the chimney is so huge at the top and why there isn't any fireplace. Oh, oh!"

"Look out," warned Pro, "you'll rouse Betty if you get too much excited. Shall we tell Aunt Sally we've found it?"

"Tell her?" retorted Con in her most piercing whisper. "I should say not! Just think what larks it will be when she starts to reveal to us the Secret of the House with all the proper frills, to say casually, 'Oh, yes, Aunt Sally, do you mean that darling little room in the chimney? Pro and I have been having the finest time in that all summer.'"

Twenty minutes later they were in their own room chattering over the events of the day, when a sudden idea struck Con. "Oh, Pro," she cried, "aren't you just dying to tell the boys we've found the secret already? I suppose Aunt Sally wouldn't think it was ladylike for us to go out in the rain and hunt them up, so I'm going down-stairs and see if she's home. If she is, I'll tactfully suggest that we return that call to-night," and with a hop, skip and jump Con was off. At the top of the stairs she stopped and surveyed the broad and shining balustrade which led to the lower hall.

"Oh, you tempting thing," she murmured, "I simply can't resist you!" and in another second she was catapulting toward the front door at a rate that rivaled the Cannonball Express. At the very same moment that front door opened and Aunt Sally [CONTINUED ON PAGE 65]

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The Puzzle Page

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By SAM LOYD, JR.

EACH one of the pictures below represents the name or names of fish. For example, No. 1 stands for Moonfish and Starfish. Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. The competition closes on October 8th, and all contributions must be received on or before that date. Address Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, in care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



No. 1. The answer to this is given above

No. 2. What three fish does this represent?

No. 3. What two fish does this represent?



No. 4. What two fish does this represent?



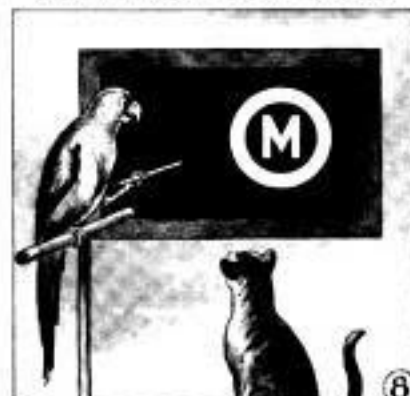
No. 5. What three fish does this represent?



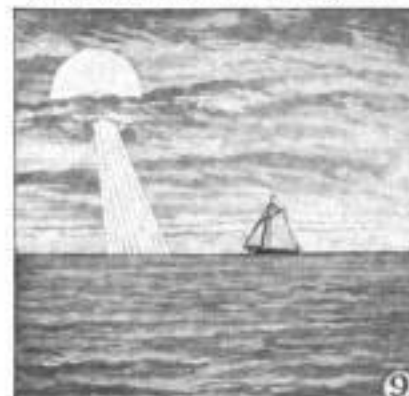
No. 6. What four fish does this represent?



No. 7. What two fish does this represent?



No. 8. What four fish does this represent?



No. 9. What two fish does this represent?

August Puzzle Answers

THE answers to the puzzles published in the August COMPANION are: No. 1, Eland; No. 2, Elephant (L leaf ant); No. 3, Tapir (tape R); No. 4, Cayman (K man); Bat; No. 5, Hyena; No. 6, Pig (Greek letter pi), Ox (o x); No. 7, Moose (M=1,000), Mole, Cow (C=100); No. 8, Gnu (new); No. 9, Lynx (links); Ounce (one twelfth of a pound).

July Prize-Winners

The honor prize of ten dollars for the complete set of correct answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the puzzle page is awarded to Dorothy Tynan, Oregon.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the

next best letters and helpful suggestions are awarded to the following solvers:

Miss E. W. Scanlon, New York; Elizabeth Quintard, Connecticut; Mrs. R. E. Miles, Washington; Mathaly E. Newton, Connecticut; Mrs. E. A. Belling, Massachusetts; Mrs. J. H. Beamer, California; Alice Lardner, Illinois; Laura D. Haslam, California; Mrs. J. R. Dean, Massachusetts; Harriet Miller, New York; Mrs. H. W. Miller, Massachusetts; Marie O'Connell, Massachusetts; Bernice Fry, Pennsylvania; Mrs. W. O. Fletcher, Colorado; Alice J. Creed, Massachusetts; Louise Stevens, Virginia; Mrs. B. K. Spencer, Illinois; Mrs. A. Lowe, Minnesota; Mrs. David Scott, New York; Helen M. Stote, Colorado.



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Mr. Barker and the Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

entered upon the scene, ushering in two girls.

Con turned to see what the noise was, lost her grip and, instead of stopping at the newel post, bounced off and landed in a heap on the rug, capsize the shorter girl as she did so.

"Oh, Aunt Sally!" she cried, crimson with mortification as she struggled to rise. "Oh, oh, everybody! I'm so sorry! Did I kill you?"

"Oh, my dear!" quavered Aunt Sally. "My dear Constantia—or is it Geraldine? What can be the matter? Is anyone hurt?"

Nobody was, apparently, and after the taller girl had picked up Con and her victim, who were both so helpless with laughter that they could not get up alone, everybody felt like old friends.

"That's what I call breaking all the social ice at once," cried Con after everything had been explained. Then she went up-stairs after Pro.

"Oh, Pro," she exclaimed, entering the Lafayette room and flinging herself on the bed, "Honora Carisbrooke and another girl have come to call, and I slid down the banisters and almost killed the other one. Hurry and come downstairs and show them that one of us can behave decently. The boys will have to get along to-night without the secret room, for Aunt Sally has asked the girls to tea to make up."

But Pro walked over to the bed and laid her fingers on her lips.

"Sh," she breathed, "not so loud, Con!" Then tiptoeing cautiously to Con's side she whispered: "There are more mysteries in this house than that secret room, Con. Mr. Barker is here!"

"He is? The dear, darling thing!" cried Con. Where is he? I want to see him this minute!"

But Pro pushed her back to a sitting position on the bed. "My dear," she whispered, "that is the mystery. The boys had him and they've taken him off somewhere."

"Taken him off somewhere! Our Mr. Barker! What do you mean, Pro?"

"Why, you see," exclaimed Pro, "I happened to be looking out of the window, and I saw the boys come up the drive and go into Aunt Sally's barn. They acted rather queer, I thought, and kept looking around and talking low to each other and by and by they came out again, and Tom had something in his arms—a sort of bundle wrapped up in a blanket. Just as he got outside, the bundle jumped and landed on the ground and started to run. And, Con, it was Mr. Barker!"

Just at that minute there came a soft rap on the door and Aunt Sally appeared.

"Oh, my dears," she said gently, "my shoes are so damp that I didn't dare to wait another moment about changing them. Will you please both go downstairs and entertain your guests?"

THE two guests, Kathie Holden and Honora Carisbrooke, proved to be just the twins' kind, so the evening passed off very pleasantly in spite of the mysteries which had been left unsolved.

Mr. Barker, however, was not forgotten, and as a result of eager bedtime plans the girls were up with the lark the next morning, and Pro was playing Sister Anne at the window, while Con made a hasty toilet.

"There they come now!" cried Pro, just as Con was slipping her one-piece dress over her head. "Joe's carrying Mr. Barker now."

"All right," cried Con. "Here goes!" and off she flew down the stairway. Breathless she dashed around the corner of the house and confronted the boys. "What are you doing with our dog?" she demanded hotly.

"Haven't got your dog," answered Tom, jumping in front of Joe.

"You have, too," cried Con, swiftly circling Tom and pulling away a corner of the blanket so that she could see one shaggy ear and one appealing brown eye.

"He's not your dog," persisted Tom. "You let him alone, Fal-lal Temple."

"Give him to me this minute," stormed Con. "What do you mean by stealing our dog? I shall go straight to Uncle Henry."

"Tell-tale," drawled Tom irritably.

Con's face blazed. "Oh, very well!" she cried, drawing herself up. "Hide yourselves behind my sense of honor if you like! But I warn you, Tom and Joe Martin, if you steal our dog you'll be everlastingly sorry for it, that's all!"

With great dignity she turned and marched off into the house.

"Oh, my dears," said Aunt Sally apologetically at breakfast, as she poured the coffee, "you will think me very unkind of the duties of hospitality. I fear. Once more I shall have to leave you to seek your own amusement. Miss Hargrave, my seamstress, is to be here for the day."

"Oh, Aunt Sally," protested Con, "we don't mind at all, really. We don't want you to feel that you must entertain us all the time."

"No, indeed," cut in Pro. "Besides, we really ought to go out to the barn and get acquainted with old John and Bluebell. Father told us about them."

Aunt Sally beamed.

"How like dear Richard to remember all the old retainers," she said. "But don't go too near Bluebell, my dears. She's a very spirited animal."

Not till the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 69]

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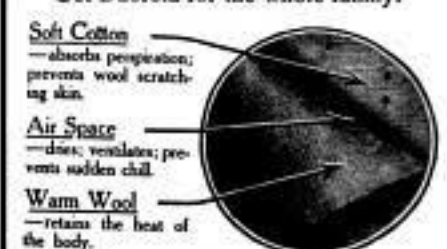
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Mr. Barker and the Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

girls had reached the barn did they appreciate the full humor of Aunt Sally's remark. There, standing in front of old Bluebell, whose mild eyes stared at them in gentle reproach as they interrupted her after-breakfast nap, they both fell into fits of breathless laughter.

"What's the matter?" demanded old John.

"Is she—Bluebell—very dangerous, would you say, John?" gasped Pro.

"Did Miss Sally warn you again her?" chuckled old John. "Wal, she hain't never killed nobody yet. It kinder damps a horse's sperrit never to be driv more'n a five miles an hour, you know."

"Is she the only animal you've got on the place?" inquired Con suddenly. "I thought I heard a bark just now."

"Wal," answered old John cautiously, "that's as may be. One time when the boys had a set-to with their uncle they came over here and wanted I should let them have the old tool closet over there to keep some of their truck in. The boys and I, we're kinder mates, but 'tain't always best for me to know just what they've got there under lock and key."

"Do they always keep it locked?" asked Pro eagerly.

Old John nodded. "Sure," he answered. "Got a key about the size of your arm. Does 'em a sight of good to hear it rattling around in their pants pockets. I was just thinking of tackling up and driving over to Sol Morse's. You gals want to go?"

"We'd love to," answered Con quickly, "but we have some very important things that we have to attend to this morning. Let us help you hitch up."

Thus assisted, old John and Bluebell drove out of the yard in the course of the next hour, and as they disappeared Con turned to Pro.

"Come on!" she cried. "Now is our chance."

Tiptoeing across she shook the locked door, and a storm of little barks broke out in response.

"Here we are, you darling thing!" she cried, pressing her lips to the keyhole. "Here we are and we'll get you out in one little jiffy, so we will. Come on, Pro. Let's go around on the outside and see if there's a window."

There was. Very high up and not at all large, but fortunately wide open. Con flew for a small ladder which was hanging in the carriage house, and by dint of some wonderful climbing and balancing feats she soon appeared on the window sill with Mr. Barker in her arms.

"Drop him down to me," cried Pro. "I'll hold up my skirt and catch him."

As the ladder was still on the inside this seemed to be the only thing to do. Hurling through the air Mr. Barker landed on the edge of the skirt, rebounded to the earth, and then dashed madly off through the encircling bushes.

Quick as thought Pro dashed after him, while Con turned all her attention to pulling up the ladder from inside so that she could climb down and join in the chase.

But it is no joke pulling up even a short ladder by sheer strength while you are balancing on the narrow ledge of a very small window several feet above the ground.

"I will get this over!" she said between her clenched teeth, and then with a gasp of horror she sat upright. The door had flown open, there on the threshold stood the two people out of the whole world whom she wanted least to see then—Tom and Joe Martin!

"Why, why," she stammered, "where did you come from? I thought you were in school."

"Got out of school early on account of exams," answered Joe almost amiably, and then, as his eye swept the little empty room, "What are you doing here, Fat Temple, and what have you done with our dog?"

"It is not your dog!" retorted Con. "It's our dog that Father bought for us in New York. You said last night that you didn't have any dog."

"Well, it isn't yours anyway," growled Tom roughly. "And what have you done with him, miss?"

"Yes, where is he now?" demanded Joe. "And what are you sitting in that window for?"

"Oh, I'm sitting here because I like the view," returned Con provokingly. "And as to Mr. Barker, why, I just threw him out and he ran away."

Tom stepped forward threateningly. "So you like the view, do you, Miss Smartie?" he growled. "Well, just stay up there and look at it then." He put out his hand toward the ladder.

Quick-witted Con leaned suddenly from the window. "The boys, Pro!" she shouted. Run, Pro, run!

Tom's hand dropped from the ladder and he seized his brother by the arm and dragged him to the door.

"Lal's got him outside," he cried. "Come on, Joe. We'll head her off."

With a madly beating heart Con flew down the ladder and through the door which the boys had left open.

The boys were already out of sight, and no sound of either shout or bark told in which direction they or the fugitives had gone. It was almost as exciting as a man hunt, she thought exultantly, and dropping down on her hands and knees to find the trail she plunged off through the shrubbery into which Mr. Barker had disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Runaway Rest Cure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

reception of me and your interesting threats."

He hesitated, evidently considering the effect of the story on his constituency as compared with its effect on his pocket if he tried to buy me off.

"You are doing this work for money, I suppose," the man said at length. "You will get a certain sum for this story?"

"Well?"

"Now, I, too, sometimes buy news. I also pay for information. I have not yet given Krausman the check he did not earn. Information as to where my wife is at present is worth Krausman's check and another thousand to me. Your story is worth twice that amount if it is kept for me only."

"I would not willingly give information that would return a woman to a house where all preparations are made to keep her locked up. What your wife needs is an impartial judge to award her money to keep far away from such a possibility."

"She can get neither."

I recalled the drawings that I had sent to an editor only yesterday, the illustrations of a story involving the divorce laws of four states.

"She can get both. In Washington the Supreme Court has jurisdiction in divorce cases."

He gave me a searching look. "So, that's the game, a suit for divorce, just before my election?"

"For extreme cruelty," I reminded him sharply.

"What assurance have I," he asked, "that after I have paid you, you will not publish the story?"

"You will have to take my word for it. If you pay me with a check I shall have to trust you equally."

"How much?" he said laconically.

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Rather than pay you or any of your tribe ten thousand dollars I would break every bone in your fool body!"

I had caught the whirr of a slackening motor. "In that case, good night, Senator."

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed grimly. "You don't get out of this house with that story until after Saturday."

He grasped at my arm as he spoke, catching it at the elbow. I wrenched my arm from his grasp and reached the library door. I heard him behind me, almost upon me. I flung open the door and faced Doctor Haswell.

"Is this your home?" he asked quietly.

"It is not my home," I answered.

"Are you this man's wife?"

But the senator could restrain himself no longer. "Oh, cut that, the two of you! One blackmailing reporter is enough, without adding a vaudeville performance."

I caught another of those incredibly swift and probing glances. From the senator to me the doctor looked, perhaps he was envisaging me as a reporter. "Will you come back with me now?" he asked.

"Yes. It was good of you to come."

"Wait!" snapped the senator. "Wait!"

He stood perfectly still staring at me a moment, then: "I accept your terms. Whom shall I make the check to?"

"Make it out to A. Hamelton," I answered.

"You cannot cash it until nine to-morrow. I shall stop payment on it if a single paper to-morrow has one line of this in it."

I turned to the door as I folded the senator's check for ten thousand dollars, and the doctor closed it after me.

IN THE doctor's automobile, I fell back into the seat with a sigh of exhaustion. He did not look at me. He drove silently past the lighted pier and through the village streets.

"If ten thousand dollars were properly invested," I mused aloud, "a woman could get fifty dollars a month from it, and in an emergency she could live off that. It might mean a measure of independence, at least."

Under a passing lamplight I saw him glance at me. "Do you want such independence—your?"

I felt the color flood my face. "The check is not for me!" I said sharply. "I do not even know the man's name."

He nearly brought the automobile to a stop. "Come now," he said quietly, "everything you have said to me has borne the sound of truth, even when you have palpably been acting a part, but this is not even good acting."

"Nevertheless, it happens to be true. I do not know his name. If you will turn on that little light by the foot-board I will look at the signature." I took out my check.

"His name is John Alexander Hamilton," said the doctor grimly.

"Heavens, the world seems full of Hamiltons to-night! Then she did not hide either her name or her identity."

"What do you mean? I spent two horrible hours believing you were his wife," he went on.

"I told you I was no man's wife."

"You told me many things."

I pondered this. Then I asked: "How did you find out? How did you find me?"

"Find out! Haswellton is a small village. Its main entertainment consists in watching the comings and goings of my patients and hoping they will reveal their peculiarities in public. When they [CONTINUED ON PAGE 71]



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need strong little togs—and strong little togs need safe, firm fastenings.

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POHLSON GIFT SHOP, 1 Bank Bldg., FARTUCKET, N. Y.

The Runaway Rest Cure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

do the story runs like wildfire. One or two people recognized the limousine you were in, and I found those people."

"Then—after all—it might get into the papers."

"Be comforted, it will not. The one or two people who know the name of the owner of the limousine are well content to keep still. Doubtless your check-dispensing host has at sometime attended to them."

"If—you thought I was this man's wife, if you thought I had willingly gone away from you, why did you follow me?" I asked.

"I was not quite sure. It was, somehow, impossible to believe you married. Your face—your—" He paused and turned out of a rough place in the road. "If you were not his wife, then something might be wrong, and—well—I could not run the risk. I had to go."

The car swayed suddenly and I saw that we had narrowly missed another automobile coming out of a side road.

I turned to look and I heard a man's voice say: "That's the doctor's car and there's a woman in it!"

"They are turning round," I cried. Visions of the senator having repented his check assailed me.

"Are you always to be pursued on both land and sea?" asked the doctor. "You are about the most mysterious young reporter I ever met. And you certainly got into my sanitarium cleverly. By Jove, I see it! Part of your scheme was to interview Mrs. Hamilton, too."

"You asked me to come to your sanitarium," I began hotly.

"Do you want these people to catch you?" was all he answered.

"Why should I want anybody to catch me?" I asked, and I was suddenly aware that I was hideously miserable.

"Why, indeed! You are some trouble to catch." He did things to the levers and we swept forward with dizzying speed.

THE sanitarium with its lights came in sight at last and we turned into the approach. We covered the distance to the sanitarium veranda almost in a breath, but as we jumped from our machine the pursuing automobile reached us. The doctor rushed me up the steps as a tall figure sprang from the other car. Then I stopped perfectly still, for from the tall figure came one sharp call: "Nancy!" The doctor turned.

"Brian!" I gasped. "Oh, good heavens, it's Brian!"

The tall man came up the steps. "It's Brian Gardner," I gurgled between gusts of laughter, "and your own chauffeur!"

The doctor gave a low whistle. "I forgot him altogether, and he probably came on the six-forty-five!"

"Why didn't you stop?" said Brian. "Good evening, Doctor, may I come in?" Inside, in Doctor Haswell's office, Brian wiped the dust from his face.

"I had to go to Washington to-night and I was worried about you, Nancy, so I stopped off at six-forty-five as I said I would. I telephoned the sanitarium and they gave me Mrs. Haswell, or I should probably still be at the station. I told her I had come after you. No, no, not to get you, nobody could do that, it seems, but to see that—"

"That nobody else got me?" I interrupted.

"Nearly that. I concluded I had come too late, after what Mrs. Haswell told me. She said you had driven away in the Hamilton automobile and that the doctor had driven to the Hamilton place after you, but that she would send Brooks and the other car with me and that doubtless the doctor would be back before morning. I was a bit too impatient to contemplate such a long wait, and as I could see no reason why you should be driving about in the Hamilton automobile at night, and as Brooks said the road was a straight one to Hamilton's house—well, there you are!"

"Did you call her Nancy?" said Doctor Haswell. "Nancy Hamilton, the artist?"

"The same. Her real name is Anne, but she does not use it often, though she signs her drawings A. H."

Doctor Haswell made no answer. He just stood staring at me, staring until the color began to flood my face.

I put out my hand. "You two may talk it over at your leisure," I said, "but I have to see Mrs. Hamilton at once. I have a ten-thousand-dollar check that belongs to her."

Doctor Haswell held out his hand. "Forgive me!" he said. "And are you quite sure she is Mrs. John Alexander Hamilton?" Doctor Haswell asked.

"Yes, I am sure."

"What makes you sure?" Brian asked. "This"—I took from the doctor's table a sheet of paper and with a pencil drew a few lines on it—"I did this while I was standing beside Senator Hamilton's desk, and he thought I was taking notes—that was why he believed me to be a reporter. When he snatched the paper from me he exclaimed, 'Alice!' and assumed that I knew his wife."

The two men looked at the paper. "Yes," said Doctor Haswell wonderingly. "It is she. How do you do it?"

I turned to the door. "Wait, Miss Hamilton," he continued, "either Mrs. Haswell or I will have to take you to Mrs. Hamilton's room."

He went out with me into the hall and again [CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]

"The Perfect Crochet Cotton"



ROYAL SOCIETY CORDICHET

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The illustration at right shows two pieces of a set consisting of Shirt Bag, Tie Rack and Collar Bag embroidered with Celesta Twist. These are a part of the new Fall line of Royal Society Package Outfits now on sale by dealers generally. These quality packages, offering an extensive line of wearing apparel and household articles, either made up or ready for making, retail at 25c to \$1.00. They contain full instructions and sufficient material to complete.

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* Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi River and in Canada.

The Runaway Rest Cure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

this woman I had forgotten clouded my bright hour. I stopped and faced the man.

"Mrs. Hamwell," I breathed. "Is she your wife?"

"My wife! Good heavens, no! She is my brother's widow. Have you been thinking all this while—She is employed here," he concluded quietly.

"Oh!" was all I could find to say.

"After you have spoken to Mrs. Hamilton, will you come to the dining-room? You have had no dinner." Then he went on: "You are wonderful! I have thought your work was for years. Now after a whole day of you—" He paused as abruptly as he had begun. Then he added, "You will not let—let it all stop here, will you?"

"If you mean, am I going to leave the sanitarium? No, I am not. I am going to take the cure," He smiled at this. "And I am going to stay right beside that man's wife until she believes what I say about a woman's right to her own body and soul. It is justice. Marriage can be so cruel where the man believes he owns the woman and the woman has lost the strength to stand in denial against this outworn belief."

"She may not let you interfere."

"She will let me. She is hungry for companionship. I found it out this noon. Let me help in this. You will do the greater part. I know, in restoring her to health, but she needs more. She needs to know that a woman can stand alone and live alone."

"Your help will be invaluable. But you must not forget that marriage can also be exquisitely happy where each one gives the other room to grow and yet keeps in tune with the growing, where love grows too."

"I do not know love," I answered. A whimsical gaiety touched his face. His eyes grew very bright. He looked down at me in silence.

"All day," I protested. "I have thought you—married."

"Ah, but there is to be a new day. Nancy Hamelton."

[THE END]

The Heart of France

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

French father and mother cannot endure that their children shall take the risk of such financial shipwrecks and suffering as overtake thousands of our young people every year. I am not trying to uphold one system above another. I am only trying to show you the difference.

Traveling among the customs and ideals of the French you shall find many an undreamed-of loveliness. Let us take no prejudice or hearsay. Let us find out for ourselves. We have heard all our lives, for instance, that the French have no word to correspond to our word "home." But if you explore that matter you shall find that the Frenchman does not indeed, speak of his "home," for he has no such general and inclusive place; but you shall find him speaking of an almost more cherished thing, you will find him speaking of his *foyer*, his fire-side or hearth, that very heart of a home which stands to him for all its intimate loveliness. And the French home, the ideal French home, is perhaps the most intimately lovely in the world.

We have spoken of the French responsiveness; yet, strange as it may seem—it is one of the world's paradoxes—there is no people so reserved. It is as though this land or this people had some treasure locked away in its heart.

There is indeed a very deep reserve in the French nature, and it is this, largely, which gives the French character its poignant and appealing quality; it is this, too, which allows the unthinking of us to call them insincere. They appear polite, we say, when, often, they do not feel so; gay, when at heart they may be sad. Well, that is because they respond to your need rather than to their own. But their own is there, some ideal locked away in their own hearts.

Sometimes I think that secret ideal which they all hold is just a passionate love of France; France, their beloved country; France, the darling of their souls—for I question whether any land has ever been quite so loved from the heart; France, whether faulty or fair; France, whether weaving garlands and love songs in the old love-courts of Provence, or daring high deeds with the sword of Roland, or passionate with the religious zeal of St. Louis; or France triumphant in the Renaissance with the great men of the world in her employ, or following the white banner of Joan of Arc; or France with her hand steeped in the blood of the Revolution and with the fearful passion for liberty in her heart; or France in 1870, bowed and broken; or France to-day, in her high and gracious devotion, marching to those battles from which but broken remnants return.

Those who wish to follow Miss Porter's suggestion of "traveling in the literature and history of France," may secure, for four cents in stamps, a list of books helpful to a better knowledge and understanding of France. Address Miss Porter, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The next article in this series will deal with "The German People."



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Quarter a chicken weighing not more than a pound and a half. Salt—roll in wet flour, so that as much flour as possible clings to chicken—melt tablespoon butter in pan—put chicken in skin down—cover. Cook slowly for about 15 minutes, turning when necessary. When thoroughly brown and crisp add 3 tablespoons of water. Cook 3 minutes longer. Take out and drain. Thicken gravy. Serve hot or very cold.

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**POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL**
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLE SOME

Vaughn Martin, Miser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

away like hindering rags and her inmost soul stood out, careless of past, or present, or future, and spoke bare truth. "I'd be happy anywhere with you," the girl said, and looked him squarely in the eyes.

The man stared. A long minute. "My God," he whispered. "My God! I didn't mean that."

And as if red-hot metal had been poured on it, the unafraid, truthful soul sank down in shame. She tried to draw her hand away, she tried to stand up. "I must go," she said. But the strong fingers held her calmly, inevitably; one couldn't fight, with that on the couch. Still he did not speak. And then, "You must let me go," she repeated. "Please let me go."

The man, regarding her with a considering look, spoke at last. "I'm never going to let you go," he said, and suddenly his arms were around her, and she knew nothing else.

"The Lord has given me life pretty abundantly this day," after a while he spoke. "To lose her and get you in one half-hour! I'm not sure if I can weather it." And then, "You unbelievable dream-come-true, I never dared hope that you cared. I wouldn't have thought of asking you. I was only trying to find out if a woman, here, should have been so wretched—that she would kill herself. Like my Annie."

And then the girl, with the flame of his mouth still on hers, asked the question which had tortured her a few minutes before, which had been drowned out of her mind. She put her hand on the dead woman's. "What is she to you?"

Vaughn Martin turned on her in amazement. "What? What is she to me? Annie, my sister? You didn't know?" and then he knelt again by the couch and threw his arm over the long lines. "Annie, help me to tell her what you've been to me," he said, and buried his head in the black dress and was still.

In a moment he rose, and drew a chair for Helen close to the divan, and sat on the couch and put his hand over his sister's hand as he talked. "It's a bromide sort of story," he began. "My father was dead and my grandfather was rich, so we lived with him in luxury all our young days. Then the bottom dropped out, when I was sixteen. Grandfather and my mother were killed in a railway accident, and the money exploded. Everything went to smash: Annie and I were left with almost nothing. She was five years older than I. She saved and scraped and gave music lessons, and I worked, too, and somehow I scrambled through college. After that I got into my profession and we had four or five pretty good years, though we were poor as church mice even then. But one summer we went abroad in a cheap way and that—a good thing to remember." He smiled down at his sister's worn face. "You'll remember that always, Annie, won't you? And the winter after that she was taken ill. Worn out." He stopped a moment. "She always threw her life away for me by handfuls."

The girl put out her fingers impulsively and touched the quiet head. She knew. They two knew how a person might do that, for him.

"It was a slow, nervous breakdown and—we had no money. We got awfully hard up, in debt, with her illness. Then, two years ago, Doctor Underwood, who was my mother's cousin, came to see us and—tried to help us. But we couldn't—take money. So he suggested our coming to this city and living at a nominal rent in this old, down-town place, which he owned. He would look after Annie, which would save doctor's bills. We could accept those things, you see; he's our kinsman."

"Anybody could accept anything from Doctor Underwood," the girl put in. "He's so good."

"He's the salt of the earth," the man said. "He's kept us out of the pit. We were far down. I seemed to be losing my grip, and he put hope into me and got work for me and kept me going. It's by his orders, under his lash, that I've been doing the society act this winter. He said I'd go to pieces if I didn't have a safety-valve. He prescribed that. Funny, wasn't it? He's made me ride Traveler, a horse of his, every day. Said Traveler needed the exercise, but it was just for me; I knew that. Also, he gave me the idea that I might be city engineer and that meeting men in power was a step to it. I could take only jobs in the city, you see, because I couldn't leave Annie. If I'd got that—" His gaze wandered to his sister.

"They say you'll get it," the girl spoke. "Father says so."

He made a gesture. "Now! It doesn't matter now. It's irony." And then his eyes came back to the girl's face. "Ah!" he spoke. "I can't grasp it—there's you! I feel as if I couldn't compass the two things. A man isn't made big enough to hold a joy and a grief this size." He caught her hand against him again as if the touch poured strength. "There was another reason, besides health and politics, why I went about. You, I went everywhere, to any old thing, if I thought there was a chance of seeing you. And when I saw you I did my best to keep away from you, for I knew each heaven of that sort meant a hell of restlessness afterward. I didn't dream of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

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Vaughn Martin, Miser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

your caring for an eccentric, tired-out scarecrow like me. I hadn't the least hope. So after I'd moved the skies to get to you I tried to keep away from you. But sometimes I couldn't, and then, sometimes, you were wonderful to me. But you turned me down rather hard at your tea. Remember? I waited and held off, and then at the last, when I had to come, you wouldn't dance with me."

Helen stared at him. "God's fool," was what she said, and the man did not care at all that he did not seem to understand.

"I thought then that forces were combining to save me from worse. Nothing was accident, I thought; it was all in the scheme; your turning me down too. All that about dancing and psychology; it was she—" He bent and touched the dead hand with his lips. "It was you, Annie, whom I had in my mind. Doctor Underwood wanted her to go to Boston, to Doctor Prince. It was a case of dissociated personality. There were periods when she was—not herself. Oh, it was not you, Annie, my dear; I knew that always. You understand that, dear," he spoke to the silent something lying so quiet. "But it made living expensive, because someone had to be with her always. I hoped that the specialist in Boston would cure her."

"Then why—" the girl began and stopped.

"Why hadn't she gone? Money. You see—" He hesitated. "It's queer that I can uncover for you all my sordid troubles. But I can. I can." He caught his breath sharply, and steadied himself. "I had borrowed a thousand dollars when we came here, for doctors' and other bills; we'd got behind. So I've had to live close."

"I see," said the girl, and the collar of the thousand-dollar furs which her father had given her at Christmas slipped at that moment, and fell to the floor unnoticed.

"I've been a regular screw," Vaughn Martin said, and smiled sidewise. "I've wondered sometimes if the men didn't think me a tightwad. For I couldn't spend money; I couldn't join clubs or give to charities, or go into things that meant expense. I grudged every penny that might help. You see?"

"I see," the girl said again. "And yet here was Doctor Underwood bounding me to dinners and dances with the threat of a nervous smash of my own. That terrified me, all right. Where would Annie have been if I'd dropped out? So I trusted in human kindness and was a miser. If people had understood, they'd have forgiven me, wouldn't they? To know everything is to forgive everything, the proverb says. And I think if a man's really decent, people somehow feel it, and don't criticize. Don't you think so?"

Helen, considering Teddy Webb, answered slowly, "The people that count, yes."

"Yes," agreed Martin, "and the others don't count," and was satisfied.

With that there was a sound downstairs, someone rapping, a heavy step inside the house. Vaughn Martin went into the hall, closing the door softly after him and Helen heard men's voices. He came back after a while, his watch in his hand.

"Your chauffeur says," he stated, "that it's two o'clock."

Helen sprang up. "But that's impossible. It was ten—"

"Yes," He held out his watch and then put it back and caught her hands. "Time's an artificial business. When real things happen it's not there." Then, "I can't bear to let you go. I never could bear to let you go. I'm so glad," he said wistfully, "that it was you. That you've seen her, that I've held your two hands—like that. I'll be glad always. Won't you?"

And the few seconds which followed were such as those who have been through it do not need to be told, such as those who have not been through it could not be told. Of that adventure there can be no record. Afterward, the girl, flushed, sorrowful, radiant, opened the door into the kitchen, where Miss Beecher, knowing now the story of the brother and sister and glorying in her long captivity for the sake of a romance, held the nurse in leash.

"You will come again, before—?" the man begged wistfully. And little, shy Miss Beecher took the answer from the tall girl's lips.

"She will," said Miss Beecher, "for I will bring her myself."

And then the man, bending from his great thin height, gave the little old school-teacher the surprise of her entire life by putting an arm around her and kissing her.

"You're a dear," said Martin, "and somebody must have loved you a lot to make you understand."

"I believe somebody does yet," whispered Miss Beecher tremulously, and finished—commonplace, sweet—with a sentence which she might have learned from a "Ladies' Book" of her own young day. "True love is eternal," and smiled mistily.

Vaughn Martin's eyes wandered to the couch where the still figure lay wrapped in the helpless inevitability of the dead, and back to the living face, brilliant with love and sorrow.

"Yes," he said.

[THE END]

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"What Shall We Do With Angela!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

That night, with cheeks flushed and eyes shining, she told her aunt. "Something's got to be done about me! I don't know what's the matter with me but I get so sleepy at ten or eleven o'clock."

"You weren't sleepy to-night," her aunt responded, "you were talking most animatedly."

"Yes," said Angela, "but what about? Do you know what I was talking about. Aunt Marion? I was saying the only thing that ever occurs to me to say to any human young man, I said to him. 'One, two, three, four, five!'"

"And what did he answer, my dear?"

"He answered, of course, 'Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,' as any sensible person would have done. We counted up to two hundred once when you were looking at me. If I could always talk like that to people I should be all right."

"What was the name of your partner?" asked Mrs. Armstrong.

Here Angela's mouth fell open and her eyes widened in a stare of alarm.

"I don't know!" she gave out. Then she ended amazingly. "As I shall never meet anyone I can talk that way to again. I want to go out in the world and find out where I belong. I'm strong and healthy and I must belong somewhere. I can't be quite utterly useless—no one is!"

Angela's aunt was a woman of great sweetness and tact, one of those women whose social life is combined with wide activities, whose days are so full that there is never time for all their varied interests. What could she say to Angela, who cared neither for suffrage nor social service, nor for society, and who hadn't a scrap of creative ability, and as for marriage, how was that thinkable as long as Angela fled from eligible young men as she did? She reflected that Angela might have some obscure nervous affection.

The case of Angela was accordingly put before Paul Ellington, the famous nerve specialist.

There was something so kind about him that Angela's painful shyness gave way. With so little effort that she herself was surprised, she told him how sleepy she got after eleven and how she hated the opera. She told him how cold the new dances left her. She told him what a horrible nightmare it was to talk to young men, and fail. And when he said, "Didn't you ever find anyone you wanted to talk with?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Angela, "but I don't know who he was." And before she knew it she had told him about the one, two, three, four, five young man.

"Don't you like the country?" he asked her finally.

"Oh, the country's even worse," Angela moaned. "You have to take people all over great acres of gardens! Oh, I hate the country! There are so many rooms in the country—rooms and rooms full of strange people! And trains to be met—and motor cars, foreverlasting motor cars! And if it isn't motor cars, it's hunting, and if it isn't that, it's a yacht where you can't get away from people. And if it isn't that, it's a huge hotel!"

"Nothing," the doctor told Mrs. Armstrong, "is the matter with Miss Creighton. The only thing she needs is a change out of her class. It isn't climate I mean, but a change in the way she lives—new points of view. Now I know a nice woman who lives in an old-fashioned farmhouse. It isn't far out. Why don't you drop Miss Creighton there for a week-end and see if she likes it?"

The suggestion pleased Angela. "They're people who won't mind how stupid I am?" she inquired, raising her splendid eyes to the doctor.

He smiled at her. This confiding quality of her, which was so at variance with the large sweep of her beauty, was piquant. It was as though the spirit of a little girl had strayed into the body of a splendid young woman who did not quite know what to make of all this magnificence; and in a world of young women who rated their physical charms at such high value, and who were such adepts at displaying each point to good advantage, to find a young woman who actually did not know what to do with her riches, so to speak, was a pleasant novelty.

IT WAS after the farmhouse supper when they drove up to the old-fashioned dwelling in a forgotten little corner of Long Island; late twilight lingered about the house, and the air was sweet. Angela kissed her aunt and cousin good-by, and entered the abode of peace where a girl could be as stupid as she liked and where one could look forward to a tangleless to-morrow.

A little girl of twelve, and another slim, coltish-legged, adolescent thing of fourteen stared at her with awe. Angela would have adored kissing them. "Sweet things!" she thought, "they're more afraid of people than I am!"

She went to bed with less apprehension for the morrow, and with a feeling of security that she had not had since early childhood.

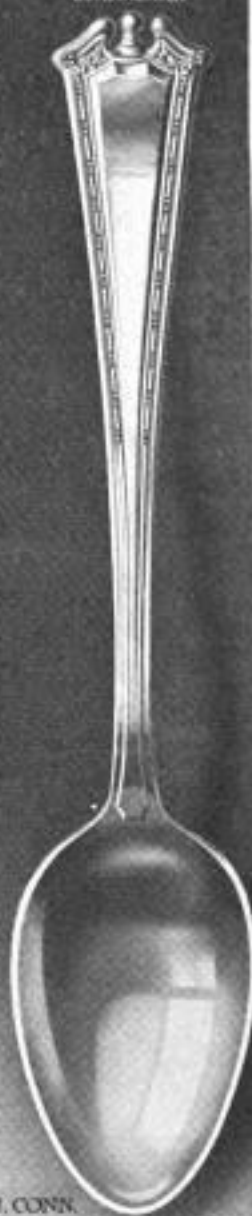
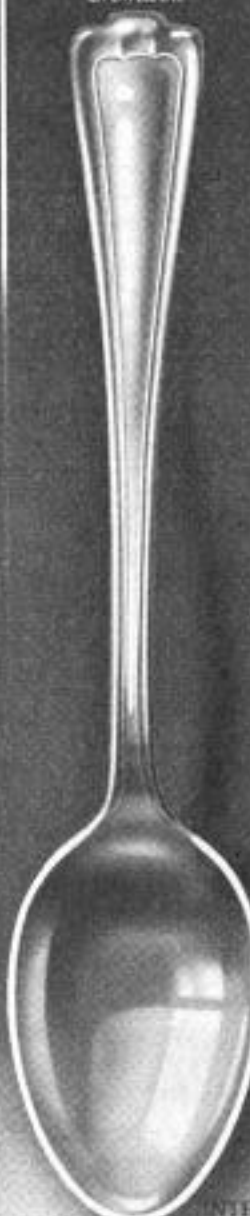
Angela was awakened by the most delectable of noises, a noise more liquid than the running of water, more sweet than the sound of birds, more eloquent in its articulation of little wordless sounds than all the eloquence of the world, a sound [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

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"What Shall We Do With Angela!"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75)

that was a lyric of happiness and youth and spring—the most marvelous, indeed, of all sounds, the sound of a baby below the age of speech, talking to itself. The little syllables dripped out, golden, liquid, happy with the sort of happiness that sounded as though it were the interpretation of the beating of its own happy heart.

For a long time Angela, with her face pillowed upon her palm, lay in bed watching the baby silently, a delight in life altogether new growing in her as she watched. Presently the baby's eyes met hers. He smiled and waved a hand at Angela.

"Lovely, lovely baby!" cried Angela, "come here!"

Angela watched his slow if undignified uprising and subsequent rush, and as he hurried himself forward she gathered him to her with a bountiful gesture. It was a moment of rapture for both. He buried his head in her bosom, and then in a moment they began to talk together. Angela had never communicated more closely with any other human soul, she felt.

Suddenly she sat up straight. "You," she said, addressing her friend, "you! Do you know what you are? You're the very, very first baby I've ever talked to! Where I come from babies don't sit talking in the sunlight on the floor; they sit in perambulators with nurses and governesses and all sorts of things about them. And now I come to think of it, I don't know well a soul who has a baby! Babies have been kept from me, my dear! Could I know that you talked like this? Could I know you were so delightful and friendly?"

Angela dressed, ate a breakfast of unpoetic proportions, and went out into the early spring morning with Mrs. Winters.

The farm was, indeed, old-fashioned, not the kind where, as far as the eye can reach, there grows a series of mathematically-planted vegetables. An irregular apple orchard was threatening to burst into bloom. Cherry trees were blooming valiantly already, and behind the house was a kitchen garden where all the vegetables of the earth for home use reared up their tiny green heads.

"In the barn," said Mrs. Winters, "is place for five cows. They're in pasture already."

"And there's two calves," explained one of the little girls. "You can see them when I drive the cows home."

"Oh," cried Angela, "may I drive the cows home? You know," she confided, "I thought it was just done in books, and you may think it foolish, but it's something I've always longed to do ever since I can remember. They have cows at my uncle's," she explained further. "They live in a place that makes me think of a hall for the exposition of electric lights that I saw once somewhere abroad; and they milk them by machinery. They're not private cows—they're institutional cows."

When they had made the round of the place and had seen where the white currants grew and where the red currants, and where there were going to be strawberries and raspberries, and had heard how last year's jelly had turned out, Angela turned to Mrs. Winters.

"Do you know," she said, "how I feel? I feel just as if I had got home. And it isn't because I'm ungrateful to my aunt, who's an angel, if I say I never before in my life felt like I'd got home anywhere."

Before Angela knew what she was doing she was helping to churn butter.

The first day Angela was there she was duly called Miss Creighton; the second day they called her Miss Angela; but by the third day, when the doctor motored out to see how his patient was doing, Angela was without any handle at all, and the family had an air of having called her Angela all their lives.

"How do you like it?" the doctor asked her.

"Like it?" echoed Angela. "I adore it! Come!" she cried, "come! I want to show you! There are puppies in the barn, and little young bits of garden things of every kind from tiny salads to little calves. Do you know, I've never seen things grow?"

"Have you been sleeping all you want to?" asked the doctor.

"For once!" cried Angela. "And, better still, I've found out why I'm different. The reason is that I'm just folks, plain, ordinary folks. And I know now what I want to do! I like to make things grow and I like to cook. And I hate to make believe I amuse myself knocking little golf balls round little golf courses. And the grand, useful things, like suffrage and civic usefulness, I hate them, too! I know it's not the way one ought to feel. But you can't help being the way you're made, can you?"

"Miss Creighton," the doctor told Mrs. Armstrong, "has been suffering from a malady that has darkened the lives of many a man and woman in this country. After all, it's only a minute ago we were a pioneer race. We most of us come from strong grandmothers and grandfathers who worked with their hands, and suddenly many of the descendants of these people have found themselves without one humble useful thing to do. All of life is handed to them ready-made. Miss Creighton is an acute case of this; her ability lies in her hands. This town is full of girls growing up to make discontented, restless women. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]

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CAP



"What Shall We Do With Angela!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

their splendid ability wasted. Nothing short of actually doing things will make their minds as whole as their bodies."

During the next few weeks the doctor came out with Mrs. Armstrong to see her niece. Also he came out alone, and one day he found Angela under the blooming apple trees with the baby in her arms.

"Angela!" he cried out, "you are too lovely! You are the loveliest thing in all the world, I believe!"

"I'm happy," Angela conceded, "and I've been meaning to tell you that I'm far too healthy to have doctors calling upon me. I needed simply what everyone always told me I needed—congenial occupations—"

"Why, Angela!" cried Doctor Ellington, "I've not been coming out here to take care of your health! It's because I love you, Angela, and want to marry you. That's why I've been coming out, though I didn't know how much till this very second when I saw you with the baby in your arms."

For a moment she stared at him, and then she said very gently:

"You know you don't really want to marry me—you've just got the idea in your head, perhaps because it's spring and everything is in bloom so. You need what they call intellectual companionship. You'd like me a little while, perhaps, and then afterward you'd be—oh, so dull! And so would I!"

There was something in the back of his mind that told the doctor that Angela was right. At the moment, when everything bloomed, including Angela herself, he loved her with more passion than he cared to contemplate; yet Angela at thirty-five, and shy and unresponsive, would be another thing. But the emotion of the moment was too great for him to reason this way.

"If you hate all other men, Angela, you might give me a chance," he pleaded.

"Oh, but I don't!" cried Angela. "There was one man—" And at that moment a most amazing change came over her face. Without a word of explanation, she handed the baby to the doctor and dashed through the orchard to the fence at the edge of the road, shouting, "One, two, three, four, five! One, two, three, four, five!" at an automobile that was driving cautiously down a road not suitable for motors. She returned triumphant.

"This," she proclaimed, presenting a personable young man, "is the one I told you about."

"I might have known," said the doctor, "of course there is only just one other person who hates society the way you do, and that's my cousin Jack Longmire! It's time I was going along, and you two will have a chance to count up to a million if you want."

So he went away and Angela threw herself into the excitement of the adventure of having recovered her friend.

"Do you know what I've been doing ever since I met you?" he said. "I've been trying to find you again. First, I found out who you were, and then I spent time going around here I thought I'd meet you. Yes, I went to one beastly old party after another. Night after night I tracked around, and then I found out who your cousin Juliette was and saw she was alone, and then I learned you had gone out of town. And then, just as I was going to find out from her where you were, they left town, and since then I've been sleuthing around, getting acquainted with your aunt's friends until Sherlock Holmes has nothing on me. Did you ever think about me again?"

"I never thought about anybody else," replied Angela shamelessly.

"Well," said her friend, "I may as well tell you now what I was going to wait until next time to say, and that is, that I'm never going to marry anybody else but you, because I've never seen any other woman I've wanted to marry. And if you don't like me, it don't make any difference, because I'm just going to stay and stay until you do like me."

"Oh, but I do!" said Angela. About three weeks after this Mrs. Armstrong rudely broke in on Angela's idyl.

"My dear," she said, "the time has come for you to take your place in society. You must meet Jack's family and become acquainted with his friends."

Angela looked like a child who has been robbed of all it holds dearest.

"But why can't I stay here?" she inquired.

"On account of Jack's position," her aunt explained patiently. "A man as rich as he is has duties."

"Do you mean," Angela went on, her lip quivering, "that I've got to learn to be a hostess for big parties, and be public-spirited, and all that sort of thing? For I can't—I can't."

"When you're a little older, my dear, you'll feel very differently."

"I'll never feel differently!" Angela cried mutinously. "I'm folks, I tell you! Just plain people, and fit for nothing but to work with my hands. I love work—garden work, and taking care of a baby, and cooking, not imitation work!"

"Well, darling," soothed her aunt, "later on you can talk up with Jack what you wish to do. But come home now and conform just a little bit. I'll give you three days' grace."

Angela spent her three days in deep thought, thought that led to tears, and tears that led [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



Look for these cards in your dealer's window



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It is a necessity in every household—it is not only valuable as a time and work saving appliance but also in the great economy which its use promotes. Left over material such as cold meat, potatoes, chicken, etc., is quickly made into the most delicious dishes with the aid of the Universal Chopper. By simply changing the cutters any foods, raw or cooked, can be chopped to any degree of fineness desired. A few turns of the handle and the work is done.

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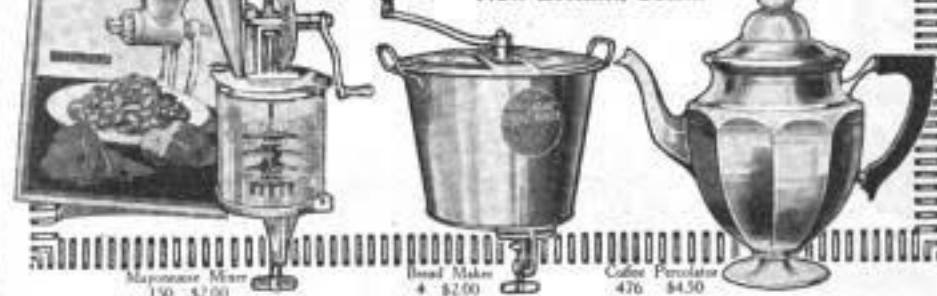
The Universal Chopper is made of the highest grade materials and is warranted to give thoroughly satisfactory service, it is bright and attractive in appearance, all parts being heavily tinned. Made in four sizes at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$2.00.

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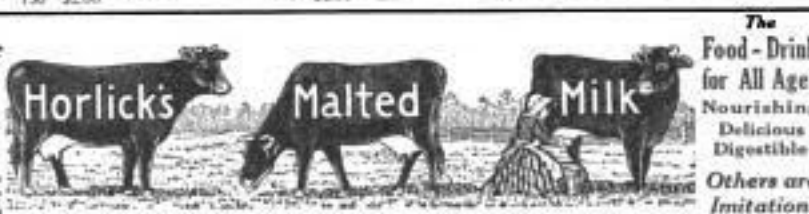
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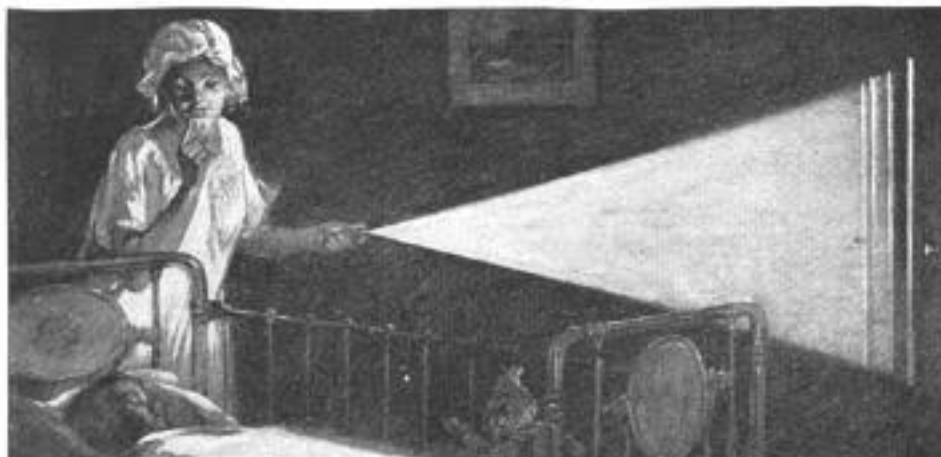
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The Trap which Sani-Flush reaches, cleans, and keeps clean.

"What Shall We Do With Angela!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

to the writing of letters. The effect of her letter was to bring Jack Longacres to her in the briefest possible time.

"It's no use," cried Angela. "I told you in my letter it's no use! It breaks my heart, but I've made up my mind just like iron. I'd rather have my heart broken now than have it broken bit by bit. I can't keep up anybody's position, and, besides, it isn't fair to you with the position you've got. No man like that really wants a wife who can't think of a thing to say to her guests except one, two, three, four, five, and who never could learn. But, oh, Jack, if you only needed the kind of things I can do! As it is, I can't go and live like that away from everything I really want to do—and—have you ashamed of me!"

"Hush, Angela!" said Jack. "Lots of people aren't fit to live like that. That's the matter with us, and that's the matter with half the poor rich men's sons you see. They were meant for honest work, as you and I are, Angela. And I do need the things you can do, really need them, I mean. I'm not fit to live 'like that,' and now, thank God! I won't have to. I mean, dear, that everything's gone to smash with me, and I was just coming to tell you you'd better give me up when I got your letter."

"You don't mean you're poor?" cried Angela, with the look of one who sees Paradise.

"I mean just that," said Jack. "I've got a farm, and the intelligence that will make a decent living on it; but I've not got the intelligence that will ever make me rich again."

"You're perfectly sure?"
"Absolutely—cross my heart!"
"Oh, it seems too good to be true!" Angela said. Then her face clouded again, and she murmured, "There's the wedding to be gone through!"

"The wedding?" he asked.
"Aunt Marion will be perfectly sure to think we owe it to our families to have a real wedding, an awful, horrible wedding, and she'll be here in a few minutes. There's no way out of it!"

"There is a way out," said Jack, "my car's waiting. We'll just elope, Angela! That road leads to freedom, and to the place where folks live—where you and I belong!"

Alderbrook Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

New Englanders (I call myself one now) are getting very cocky over our corn-growing. We have demonstrated in many hard-fought contests that we can grow just as many pounds to the acre as anybody and just as good corn. In this case we had the local variety of 8-rowed flint corn.

Corn was worth seventy-five cents a bushel at this time in our market, making the crop figure up to forty-five dollars an acre without the fodder. The fodder was worth ten dollars more.

We also dug and sold a few potatoes this month. The bulk of the crop wasn't ready, or at least we weren't ready, till November; by which we learned that potatoes ought to be earlier. That is, either earlier or later. Late potatoes for winter delivery pay well enough under some circumstances, but the first digging brings the best price.

Our primary business, however, is fruit growing, not corn growing.

Now we have had some reason to suspect that fall planting might be better for our fruit trees than the usual spring planting. We wrote to one of the experts nationally famous in this line and asked him. Here is what he said: "If all conditions are favorable then fall planting is undoubtedly best. The land must be in prime condition the trees must be sound and dormant, the planting must be thoroughly well done. Failing any of these requirements fall planting is risky and delay till the following spring is advisable."

Of course all conditions ought to be favorable everywhere every time. This first year, however, we were unable to try out the plan on any commercial scale. But we did get two dozen currant bushes and two cherry trees and two apricots and some other odds and ends, which we planted in the garden.

October 10th will be birthday anniversary in this family hereafter. Next October 10th Sarah will be a year old. Her full name is Sarah Bernhardt, but just short Sarah is not too familiar a name for a calf. Our children made the most of Sarah.

On inquiry among the neighbors we found that a large number of farmers continue to make their ready money largely from the sale of milk. At the same time they have wholly given up the raising of beef. Every calf not needed to make good some vacancy in the cow inventory is immediately sold for veal.

But we do not intend to sell milk and we are not convinced that we shouldn't raise some beef. We need the live stock on the farm for several practical reasons; and now that we know we can grow corn as profitably as they can in the corn states we may fairly guess that we can grow meat, too. Our conclusions to date are to keep Sarah and see what she will amount to when she grows up. Further than that our discussion decided us to have some pigs; but the pigs are another story.



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The bran is unground, which makes it efficient. It is tender. In this combination it is very inviting. This is a luxury made to foster bran habits. See how well it does that.

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Read about the "movie" contest and write us your opinion.

FIFTY DOLLARS in prizes for the best short articles.

Write something—the subject is really a vital one—its grip on our social life is growing every day.

These are two of the characteristic features of *The Designer* for October. There's also a character sketch—"Anne Morgan-American," a story about the vivid, humanitarian daughter of the great financier, and—

Household helps—recipes and suggestions and pages full of advance, authentic fashions straight from the famous designers of Paris and New York.

10 Cents the Copy 75 Cents the Year
THE DESIGNER
NEW YORK

Spare-Ribs and Hoecake

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

wide and went in, conscious of a curious pleasure in the odd errand. She had expected that he would stay behind in the hall. But he followed her. He came into the middle of the room. Mandy rose from her kneeling position before the oven; turning, she faced him between the little stove and the wee press full of shining dishes. Raising one hand to adjust his glasses, he bent over the plate of hoecake.

"And what do you do with them?" he asked.

"Why, you slice them . . . and butter them," Mandy said, feeling a little helpless.

She held the plate a long minute for his be-glassed inspection.

"I'm really grateful to you," He raised his eyes. His gaze traveled about the kitchen.

"And that over there—what is that?"

"That's spare-ribs," Mandy explained. "You eat them with the hoecake."

They stood in silent contemplation of the viands.

"Not scientific," Doctor Rathbun said simply, "but it looks like a very appetizing luncheon."

Mandy was red-haired and she came from the South. And hospitality was as much a part of her make-up as the three wee freckles on her nose.

"Won't you stay and have luncheon with me?" she said flushing to the roots of her lovely red hair. "You—you might be interested in tasting the hoecake."

"Oh, may I?" he responded promptly. "The fact is, I was hoping all along you'd ask me."

"WON'T you have a spare-rib?"

The primroses in the dining-room window smiled cheerily in the sun; the narcissus on the table was sweet and demure. Their talk had been as easy as the disappearing of the viands.

Suddenly he looked up at her abruptly. And Mandy, who could not have told why, knew it was coming.

"Are you one of my pupils?"

"No," Mandy shook her head.

"I thought you couldn't be; but yet, I wonder where you are studying."

The minutes Miss Watts's clock on the mantel had ticked away had en-cradled all the joy New York had brought her. She had shared her bread and—no, her spare-ribs and—

"The food chart made you think I was studying domestic science," she said, hesitating. "Miss—Miss Watts made it for me, because I cooked things that didn't stoke—I mean that—weren't nourishing. I—I couldn't remember anything. So I had to—to—to carry it with me. Won't you have a hoecake?"

"Thank you," "I—I know," suddenly she raised brown, confessing eyes to his, "how, to a man who lectures to ambitious girls, this—this would have to sound. When—when Miss Watts first told me about you, I knew how you would feel—about me."

Flushing a little, she met his surprised look.

"You see, I'm—I'm old-fashioned," she stated. "Last summer, Eleanor, my sister, came back from New York different. She heard one man lecture about woman and work. Afterward, she told him how Oldport is the sort of little place where even the roses are asleep. And what he said to her made her want to study domestic science. He said, 'And so you spend your life picking roses.' Mandy's eyes shone. 'I—I suppose I'm just a plain old-fashioned girl. It couldn't have made me want to come, and study. That, of course, will make you see how old-fashioned I am.' She ended her whole confession breathlessly.

"If—I understand you," said Doctor Rathbun after a moment, his eyes through his odd glasses on her face, "you suggest that—er—that—this lecturer, for instance, feels interest only in the woman who—has a career?"

He said 'this lecturer.' But to Mandy, feminine and understanding, it seemed reasonably plain that he was dealing with that topic dear to every man—himself.

"You imagine when a man lectures to women," he went on, "he feels that all women should be lectured to? In short, that his personal taste would always be for this sort of women?"

"Why—I suppose so," Mandy faltered, feeling suddenly confused.

He leaned toward her, the scientific Doctor Rathbun, speaking with a flattering positiveness.

"You're quite wrong," he replied.

AT FIVE minutes of three, Miss Watts, her actions showing signs of hurry, returned. In spite of Mandy's efforts she seemed hardly able to grasp things.

"What did you have for luncheon?" she demanded.

Mandy had leaped many chasms to-day. Now, while in her excitement the leaping was good, she answered quite frankly.

"Eleanor,"—five days later Miss Watts made this remark—"this is the second time in four days Doctor Rathbun has taken Mandy out, once to dine and once to the theatre. Do you know what I think? I think what he and all other men, since Adam, really like, what they—well, fall in love with at all, is femininity! Sheer, untaught, unlearned femininity."



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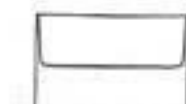


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"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does; the tenth is a reader of VOGUE."

The Woman in the Case

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

let's get down to business." There was a confused murmur, a scuffling as if chairs were being pushed back, a sound of whispered warning. Then Huxler spoke again:

"This is business, Mr. Frazier," he said.

"All right," answered his voice again; and they took a formal vote.

Perhaps they suspected that they might be spied upon. Or perhaps it was only the shrewd cunning of the practiced criminal that makes him want to dissemble, even when there seems no reason for it. At any rate we sat for a long hour in that darkness, hearing not one word of counterfeiting. All that floated through the panel to us were the dry, formal proceedings of a real estate deal. Every word might have been written into the record of a court without furnishing the slightest clue to the real purpose of the half dozen men behind the wall, so crafty are criminals of the Huxler type.

I could feel confidence flowing back into her heart as the evening wore away without any evidence of crime. She breathed easier; she relaxed and slipped back into her chair. And when the dull meeting at last adjourned, when the lights in the other room were extinguished and we heard the heavy tramp of feet in the corridors, I could scarcely restrain her from a shout of joy.

"You see!" she cried, when the footsteps had at last died away. "I told you that I knew him! It is a real estate business, just as he told me. Oh, you may be very smart, Mr. Burns, but you ought to know that a man can't deceive the woman he loves."

"Very well, Miss Sampson," I answered quietly. "But why did he tell you he was going to Louisville to-night? And why do they call him Frazier, instead of Fielder? Answer me that, if you can."

"Oh, oh!" she moaned, and I thought she would fall. But she steadied herself. I could feel her fighting down the sudden weakness that assailed her. She had forgotten the Louisville lies, she had been so eager to have him vindicate himself. Now the assurance that she had nursed so carefully through the evening left her in an instant. And with it went all her power to resist. She sank back weakly into her chair.

"You are right," she said; "I've known from the first you must be right, but I would not believe it. Oh, I couldn't!" And then, more quietly, "We must save him, Mr. Burns. Tell me, what can I do?"

"You can meet him in your home to-morrow evening just as you always do," I said. "You can ask him why he has never told you about the real estate deal. You can tell him that a friend passed him on the street last night, the night when he told you he was to be in Louisville, and heard him addressed as Frazier. You can ask him about that. And by that time I will call, and we'll talk with him together."

She nodded dumbly. I felt sure that I had said enough, and yet—it was a very ticklish moment from my standpoint—I could take no chances.

"Of course there are twenty-four hours between now and to-morrow night," I said quietly, "plenty of time for you to warn him if you should want to. Time enough for him to run away, for a little while at least. Time enough for you to save him, if you think that is the way."

She rose steadily and walked over to the door, standing with her hand on the knob. It was still dark, but I could almost feel the light in her eyes.

"I've thought of that," she said. "I thought it all out yesterday after you left. Henry has done wrong. I do not love him any less—I love him more—he needs me more. But he must make right the wrong. He must take his punishment like a man. I couldn't live with him afterward, if I thought he had run away from his wrong. He mustn't do that. For my sake he must—" She threw the door open. "You needn't take me home," she cried suddenly. "I prefer to walk—alone."

And before I could say anything she was gone.

A light shone in the parlor when I reached the old-fashioned house next evening; she herself answered my ring. There was a suspicious redness about her eyes, but her lips were firm and the hand that clasped mine did not tremble. She ushered me silently into the parlor, where Fielder stood, planted in the middle of the floor. It was plain enough from the appearance of the room that he had been pacing up and down; but my ring at the doorbell had apparently caught him in the middle of his path and fastened him there.

"Henry, this is Mr. Burns," said the girl.

I stepped forward and held out my hand. Instead of taking it the young man drew back, folding his arms in theatrical fashion across his chest.

"You sneak!" he hissed, "you back-door fighter! You come around behind a man and turn his women-folks against him. You think it's smart and brave, don't you? Do you want to know what I think? I think it's the work of a coward. Cowardly, that's what it is! I don't shake hands with cowards."

"Just a minute, Mr. Fielder," I said. I was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]



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The Woman in the Case

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

thoroughly sore. The first instinct of every man who gets caught, of course, is to vilify his captor. We get used to that. If every epithet hurled at me were a bullet I would be shot as full of holes as a sieve. But here was a young fellow whom I had gone out of my way to help. To have him so playing the part of outraged virtue made me sore clear through.

"You won't gain anything by vilifying me," I said. "I have evidence enough to put you in the penitentiary to-morrow, and you know it. It wasn't necessary for me to come to this young lady."

"Then what made you do it?" he fumed.

"I'll tell you what made me do it. I did it because you aren't a criminal; you're a fool. You're such a big fool," I said, "that it's going to take all the strength of Miss Sampson and me together to bring you back to your senses."

At that he spluttered; but I gave him no chance to interrupt.

"You don't belong with that gang," I said, "and you know it. Who are they, anyway? Huxler, with a record of half a dozen prison terms; Johnson, the fellow you call Smith—he's got a score of names; and the rest are just as bad. I know them all. It ought to have made you sick every time you met them. And what did they want you for? Do you know? Well, I'll tell you, then. They wanted you because you are respectable, because you've got a great, big, boyish face. They wanted you for a dupe, a tool—and they've used you. That's why they've wanted you."

"Do you suppose, if they could save their skins, that any one of them would hesitate a minute to send you over the road? Do you?"

He made no answer.

"I'll answer that for you," I said, "they wouldn't bat an eye. Talk about honor among thieves; there's no such thing. If they knew that I was talking with you to-night, they'd be sitting on my doorstep to-morrow morning waiting to turn state's evidence against you. They're gone; nothing can save them. I know everything I want to know, except one thing—I haven't found the plates from which the money was printed—"

"And you never will," he said bitterly.

"That's for you to decide. You've been party to a crime against your Government, Mr. Fielder. I'm offering you a chance to right that wrong in a measure by giving me the information that I need. Whether you do it or not will make no difference to your accomplices. They will be arrested within twenty-four hours anyway. And I can't promise you anything for yourself. You'll have to take your chance. I'm not talking to you about saving yourself; I'm giving you a chance to make good."

He glowered at me.

"And you call that making good," he retorted, "to betray the men who have trusted me! Is that a detective's idea of making good? If it is, Mr. Burns, let me tell you that I have nothing but contempt for you and your whole crowd. I won't squeal—you needn't stay here with any hope that I will."

"And I'll tell you another thing, too. You don't know any more about women than you do about men. I'm going to stick, and Miss Sampson is going to stick with me." He held out his arms toward her. "Aren't you, Elsie?"

We formed a dramatic triangle, standing there, we two men and the girl. His arms were stretched out to her. I said nothing, but looked her square in the eye. It was her chance to decide, and she knew it. His blundering male logic was holding him fast to what seemed to him the manly thing.

Would she let that false logic blind her? Would his talk about not betraying his friends lead her astray? Or would her woman's instinct cut straight through the tortuous coils of his reasoning and find the truth?

She seemed very small and slender to shoulder such a problem, but there was something in her eyes and in her chin that made me trust her. She seemed not to see his outstretched arms.

"I'm going to stand by you, Henry," she said; "but you have got to stand by me. You don't seem to realize that it

has got to be a choice between those men and me. You can't stand by them, and by me, too. You've been trying to do that all these four months, since—since you began going to Louisville—and what's happened? For the first time in your life you've lied to me, Henry—that's what standing by those men has meant, for one thing.

"But, oh, don't you see what else it means? Haven't you thought how I and Father and Mother, and all of us, will be dragged down when you go down? Haven't you thought of what the papers will say? Think of what it will mean to Father, after his forty years of honest work—oh, Henry, when I think of that it seems so cruel, so pitifully cruel—How could you—"

I thought she was going to break, but she recovered herself superbly.

"And that isn't the final thing, either. You say you love me, Henry. You do love me, don't you?"

He nodded dumbly.

"I know you love me. Have you thought what it will mean to me to live all my life with a man who had his chance to right a wrong and refused to take it? Have you thought of that, Henry? Of what it will mean to me to wake up every morning and think to myself, 'He's kind and good to me, and strong—but he isn't noble; he had his chance to show me that he was noble, and he failed.' Henry, you must! You must keep my respect, as well as my love. There's no other way. You must choose between us—between Huxler and me."

"You mean you want me to squeal," he demanded slowly.

"I mean I want you to do whatever Mr. Burns says."

"You know what may happen," he said. "You'll stand by me? You'll wait?"

For answer she ran across the room and threw her arms about his neck. And now, at last, she cried.

I stepped out in the hall and left them together. A moment later he joined me, and we went out. As the door closed behind us I could hear her in the parlor, still sobbing as though her heart would break. But she could afford to cry then; she had won.

WE VERY soon found the plates buried in a cellar down-town. Six weeks later Huxler and his whole gang were started on their way to long term imprisonment. The State took special cognizance of the service which young Fielder performed, and he was not placed on trial. Indeed, his name hardly appeared in the proceedings at all; most of his friends in Cincinnati to-day have never heard of the celebrated Huxler counterfeiting case.

They had a family dinner at the Sampson home after the whole case was settled, and Miss Sampson insisted that I attend. It was a jolly home affair: Father Sampson beamed down on us from one end of the table; from the other end Mother Sampson dimpled back, while good musty family jokes traveled the beaten path between them. I had to leave while the festivities were at their height, and young Fielder went with me to the door.

He held out his hand to me there. It was easy to understand, when he smiled, why the gang had wanted him with them.

"I can never repay you for your goodness, Mr. Burns," he said, "I shall always remember it, and I want you to know I am grateful. But honestly"—the smile broadened—"I've tried to-night, but somehow I can't seem to warm up to you very much—not very much."

And I told him that as long as he stood straight with the girl I'd forgive him for not falling in love with me.

So, I say, my reader, that if ever I come to you to tell you that your son, or your lover, has done wrong, I know pretty well what you will do. I've seen it happen too many times. It would seem a bitter choice to you; you might hesitate a good while in making up your mind. But in the end there's only one thing you could do. And you'd do it, cost what it might. Just as Elsie Sampson did it—and Henry Fielder, the man she loved.

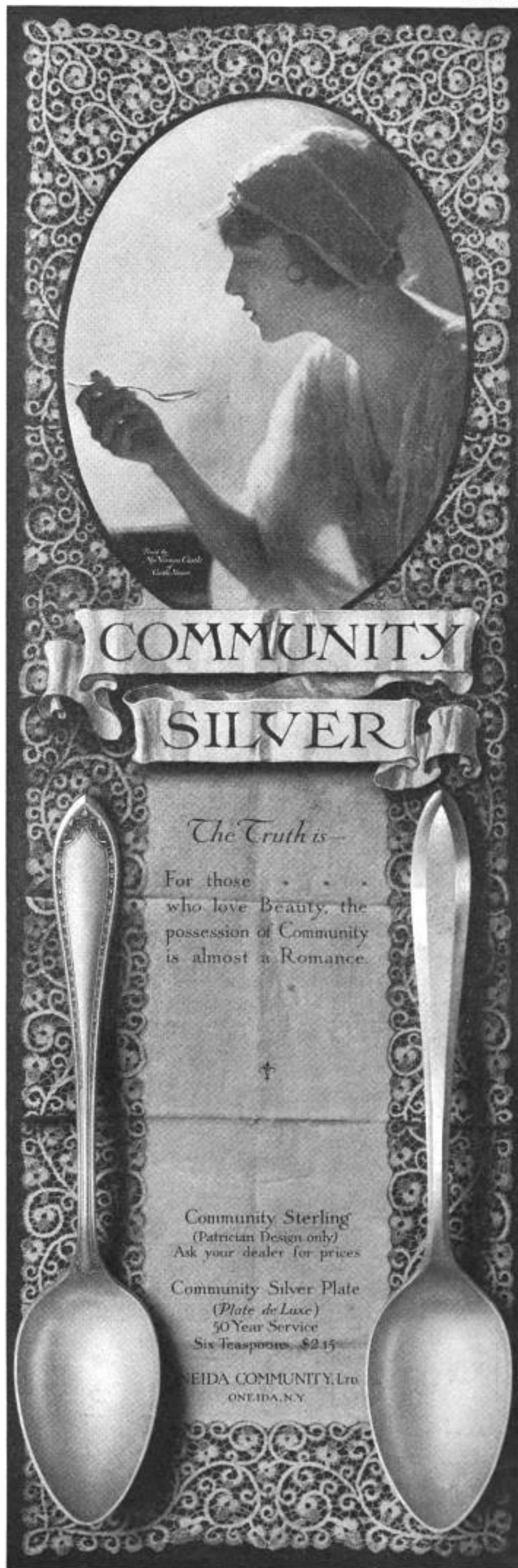
The Pace That Kills

By MIRIAM SHARPLESS

HOW are we to account for the fact that nervous breakdowns have ceased to be exceptional in both sexes? Almost as frequently men are the victims of morbidness and melancholy as women, and when seized upon by the fiend whom quaint old John Bunyan called Giant Despair, it is difficult to get his prey out of his clutches. Into the dungeon's gloom they go, and there, perforce, they remain until health is restored. Neurasthenia is treated by specialists in various ways, though all unite in the endeavor to get the victim out of the individual obsession into the freedom and sunshine of the larger world.

The pace of life to-day is so rapid and the demands made upon vitality are so tremendous that overfatigue and overwork go hand in hand. "You do not wish me to become overfired," said a patient to a physician. "You must avoid being tired," was the physician's reply. "You must stop before fatigue so much as touches you." Few women, how-

ever, are able to obey this prescription. Housekeeping is a complicated affair. Joy and grief alike make demands on our resources. Weariness of body and weariness of mind march with us because we have sometimes too little leisure and sometimes too little variety. A decided change of scene is a panacea for many ills. If we may not cross the Atlantic, we may perhaps make a visit and rest a while in a farmhouse twenty miles away. If we have lived too long in one part of the town, it may do us good to remove to another. Few of us sleep so much as we ought to, while we overlook the obvious fact that the quality of sleep is as important as the quantity. Chronic indigestion is the accompaniment and forerunner of nervous breakdown. To eat moderately, bathe daily, drink plenty of pure water, read entertaining books, exercise worry, and spend two hours in outdoor air would transform many a nervous invalid into a specimen of buoyant health.



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"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

Two Friendly Suggestions

Dear Editor: I have filled out the "Chart of my possessions" in the June number and may I make a suggestion? In the June issue five years from now, suppose you print another, with two places for filling out, a sort of balance sheet, as it were. I am sure that everyone who reads this June number will read that one also, for I have been reading the COMPANION nine years myself, and I am only twenty-five.

I. McM., Alabama.

Dear Editor: If your vibrations are attuned to the same pitch as mine you will not need this, for you must have felt my joy when I first saw your Old-Fashioned Patchwork in the May issue. It made me very happy.

When I was a very little girl I had the pleasure of attending with my grandmother four old-fashioned quiltings, and they had wool picking besides. They were mostly old ladies with lace caps, plain on top with quilting on each side of their faces—capes to dresses and long aprons. It was in southern Indiana. I am making a book of quilt patterns. Your May page and your double page of patchwork quilts of one hundred years ago from sometime back are among the most interesting.

I will be very glad if you can ask each subscriber interested in old-fashioned "not on" quilts, to send you the pattern of one block, rather a block completed of some design you have never published. Then you publish them all together in the COMPANION.

Mrs. J. Van B., Indiana.

To "The Man Who Wanted to Die"

Dear Editor: Will you please tell that "Man Who Wanted to Die" that I feel that I owe my life to him? I am in the same shoes he was in when he was so helpless. But I intend to make a new start. If he had been a farmer's wife and had to stick to his post with no let-up, perhaps he might even think my case the worse. But I have that list of directions and the will to follow them, I believe. I do not know his name but thank him for me. I am glad he is out of the pain that I daily experience with my spine. And those doctors are real—they tell you you are bilious or, oh, any old thing! But they don't help you.

E. G. W., Illinois.

Dear Editor: I must express my appreciation of the articles which recently appeared in the COMPANION, "The Man Who Wanted to Die." I am hopeful that they will do for others what they might have done for me had I read them ten or twelve years ago. I have been through the whole bitter experience described by the author, and know how it feels to have the doctors tell you that there is nothing the matter, at the time that death would be a welcome release. I wonder how many there are fighting the same bitter enemy in the dark. Like the author I, too, found comfort in a similar frugal diet, careful attention to details of same living in the open country, and plenty of sleep. The whole description might have been my own case. You have done a real service to such of your readers as are similarly situated.

F. C. P., Iowa.

For Mrs. Larry

Dear Editor: I am not a regular subscriber to the COMPANION, because I stopped my subscription so that I could send it to my sister, who lives on a ranch and needs it more than I do. But it turns out that I do not have to make much of a sacrifice after all, for my neighbor who takes the COMPANION lets me read hers.

I am so glad that, despite the tendency of the times, your fiction is clean and wholesome, though decidedly interesting and refreshing; and the various departments are all practical and helpful and not a bit "freaky." If I am ever tempted to wish that you would discontinue some department that doesn't appeal especially to me, I have only to turn to the "Dear Editor" page to find that that particular department exactly fills the needs of some other woman; in fact I do not see how you could improve the COMPANION in any way, though year after year you continue to do so.

I have been very much interested in Mrs. Larry and her adventures. It might be the story of any one of hundreds of us who are trying to solve the problems that Mrs. Larry is trying to solve. I hope she finds a solution.

Mrs. H. H. P., California.

Size and Other Things

Dear Editor: People complained to you of the size—too large. Bah! The COMPANION is never large enough. And the shape—too hard to handle. Pshaw! I have handled it nicely propped up in bed with the backrest and minus the use of my right arm, thanks to an operation. Do tell those troubled people to rest it on a pillow, and they will have no more inconvenience; or to sit in a low chair and lay it on a table, or just to fold it double and read it like ordinary sensible folks. I would not give up a size that enabled you to give us "The Magic Pipe" for a lot!

The articles on the myths were charming. The sermons are precious. The baby advice I never fail to read, though I have books and doctor and nurse friends ever at hand. You have given us many delightful stories—do give my love to Billy dear and Sicily Ann!

I waited eagerly to hear your dictum on the Twilight Sleep articles and was well pleased with it when it came. It is, my medical friends tell me, a very promising method and a blessing with nervous women; but why all this clamor? I like your attitude of cordial interest, but no undue haste or undignified "demanding." If there can be less pain in the world—and no doubt there can be—good! But let us beware, lest in our haste to claim our relief we rob motherhood of something of its star-crowned dignity. Do I speak in ignorance? No, I think not. I am twice a mother.

And do speak a kind word for our American doctors. They are so wonderful and they are so kind. Won't take up the scopolamin-narcophen method because it takes too much time? What nonsense! When my blessed doctor man sat two nights and part of the day, cheery, patient, unrelenting, all because I refused to let baby take the chances and make my own relief speedy and my safety sure. And he used morphine and chloroform and what else I could not identify—and did not much care at the time—and seemed to understand what he was doing very well; at least he saved us both, and they say such cases are not usually saved. American doctors? How about the Mayos? American use of anesthetics? Why we are the godfathers to anesthetics! Do reassure our little waiting mothers that they are in safe hands.

A. MacR. C., Minnesota.

The Retort Courteous

Dear Editor: I've never felt that I could take your time and attention to read a letter, but when I read the utterly uncalled for letters sent by "Weary Reader," and Mrs. S., I can't resist the temptation.

My subscription expired nearly a year ago and since then my husband and I have been moving about so that my renewal has not been made, but, bless you, I couldn't keep house without the COMPANION! I watch for its appearance every month on the news-stands, and it seems as though each number is better than the last. It is with real joy that I write that my renewal has at last been sent.

For some time I have been using the COMPANION embroidery patterns, in fact my bridal lingerie was from a COMPANION design. Your perforated patterns are the most perfect of any I have used.

The stories are fine, the household articles a constant source of profit, the fashion illustrations and articles most excellent, and as for the Mothers-in-Waiting Club, well, it lies very close to my heart, and I hope to become a member "some day in the future years." Certainly, few greater or nobler projects have been begun than this, to drive terror from the hearts of the ignorant poor, the idle rich, the great middle class, and the little "newlyweds" so far from home and friends, from their own trusted physician, and from friendly nurses who have known them for years.

L. E. P., Illinois.

How does your Kitchen Sink compare with this "Standard" one-piece, white enameled, absolutely sanitary sink?

The sanitary equipment of your kitchen is a matter of great importance. The room in which your food is prepared should be immaculately clean and sanitary.

If your present kitchen sink is not up to the minute from a sanitary standpoint ask your Plumber to quote you his price to install a modern "Standard" Sink. You will not be obligated by doing this and we believe you will find his estimate below your expectations.

"Standard" Sinks are made in a variety of patterns to suit every kitchen. A full line can be seen in all "Standard" Showrooms. Illustrated booklet on request.

See your Plumber about your sink NOW.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Makers of "Standard"
Plumbing Fixtures
Dept. 44 Pittsburgh

"Standard" Showrooms

New York.....35-37 W. 31st St.
Boston.....186-200 Devonshire St.
Philadelphia.....1215 Walnut St.
Washington.....200 Southern Bldg.
Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth St.
Chicago.....900 S. Michigan Blvd.
St. Louis.....100-102 N. Fourth St.
Cleveland.....4499 Euclid Avenue
Cincinnati.....623 Walnut St.
Toledo.....311-321 Erie St.
Erie.....128-130 West Twelfth St.
Louisville.....219-223 W. Main St.
Nashville.....315-317 Tenth Ave., S.
New Orleans.....846-846 Baronne St.
Houston.....Cor. Preston & Smith Sts.
Dallas, Tex.....3023 Main St.
San Antonio.....212-216 Losoya St.
Fort Worth.....Front & Jones Sts.
Toronto, Can.....59 Richmond St., E.
Hamilton, Can.....20 Jackson St., W.
San Francisco (Office).....Rialto Bldg.
Detroit (Office).....Hammond Bldg.
Kansas City (Office).....W. Reserve Bank Bldg.

Important Announcement

The New Catalogue
of
Woman's Home
Companion
Patterns

An Accurate Fashion Guide
for Fall and Winter

Will be ready
September 20th

Sent to any address
on receipt of a
2c stamp

Address PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
Woman's Home Companion,
381 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

"Money Makes the Mare Go"

Two real life stories of what a few extra dollars meant to a girl and a woman



"And I knew the difference between us could be measured by just about thirty dollars' worth of clothes!"

SUCH a homely, old-fashioned phrase,—money makes the mare go,—but I am sure we all very well know what it means, especially when things do not go very well for lack of money!

There are these two girls in the picture—I know them well in real life.

They both have wholesome, sweet faces. Yet there is a difference. Which one would you choose, do you think, if you were a business man engaging a stenographer, or a school board member engaging a teacher, or even if you were a man who wanted a wife?

The two girls really were teachers, applying for a school. Their past records and certificates were equally good, yet the straightforward-looking, well-dressed girl was awarded a class with twenty dollars more salary a month than the timid-looking girl received. Do you know why? Because the confidence her becoming, just right clothes gave her made her look more competent! It was the timid-looking girl herself who told me, and I'd like you to read this part of her letter:

There I sat, and felt all my confidence and poise leave me, on the morning of all mornings when I needed to look and be at my best.

Of course the School Board did not scrutinize my attire, but I knew that the effect of my last summer's turban, light-backed pumps and fussy little skirt and loose jacket made me look ineffectual as a prospective teacher in the face of the well-tailored suit, the pretty velvet hat and the good-looking high shoes my "rival" was wearing. It took the "starch" completely out of me. And I knew the difference between us could be measured by just about thirty dollars' worth of clothes.

Had I had the thirty dollars when I needed it most to make a good appearance, I, too, could be earning twenty dollars more a month now. I have certainly learned my lesson.

It is a leaf from life, that little letter, to illustrate what Anne Bryan McCall told us so wonderfully in the August COMPANION. Do you remember she said (the italics are mine):

What most of us need is to trust ourselves more, and to recognize that whatever will add to a genuine and sincere trust in ourselves is valuable and useful.

And, what will add to it? That depends much on temperament and nature. One friend of mine declares that pretty clothes immensely add to her confidence in herself.

Hasn't that been your own experience, too, COMPANION reader?

And how big a part money plays in the kind of clothes we like and the kind we often have to wear, as well as in a hundred other little pleasures and happinesses!—which brings me to a letter from a dear married woman I know:

Since Will has gone into business for himself I have willingly made every sacrifice to help things along, but it is beginning to tell on my usual good spirits.

Just this past week, for instance: A very good piano teacher from Milford has been getting up a class here and I wanted Helen to take from her so much,—it's time she was starting in music, and all her little friends belong to the class,—but I can't spare the money.

Junior is crazy about the Boy Scouts, and a dozen of the youngsters under Mr. Hardy are off camping this week. Junior couldn't go because I could not spare the little cash for his expenses.

To cap this, the Ladies' Aid are raising a charity fund, and I couldn't give even half my usual share and I was president last year.

Then, while the children have been playing around like little Indians all summer they must look respectable to start school.

I wonder if you can help me to make a little extra money in some way.

"Yes," I answered back just as quickly as the mails could take my letter! That's exactly what I'm here for, as Secretary of the Pin-Money Club, the COMPANION's department for earning money—to help all readers of the COMPANION to earn extra money whenever they want it or need it.

That very same little teacher (and many other teachers and business girls like her) came to me for help, and has found in the Pin-Money Club a way to earn extra money so that she will never again miss a good position for lack of "thirty dollars' worth of clothes."

I wish every COMPANION reader who looks over Miss Gould's beautiful, sensible fashions in this month's COMPANION and says, "If I could look like that!" would remember that Margaret Clarke can show her, too, how to earn the money so that she can.

And you other readers who wish for extra dollars for music lessons or new things for the home, and for the hundred and one "gentle pleasures," as Miss McCall says, that money will buy, will you remember, too, that there is this department of the COMPANION, the Pin-Money Club, for all our readers, married or single, who want to earn money?

There is an exceptional opportunity for money-earning in the Club right now. I'll be very glad to tell you all about it, and make you a present of our interesting Club Book, which gives the whole story of the Pin-Money Club, if you will write me a note or a postal card just saying you are interested.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



A Supper Story For the Boy

Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

Prof. Anderson's Discovery

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15¢

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

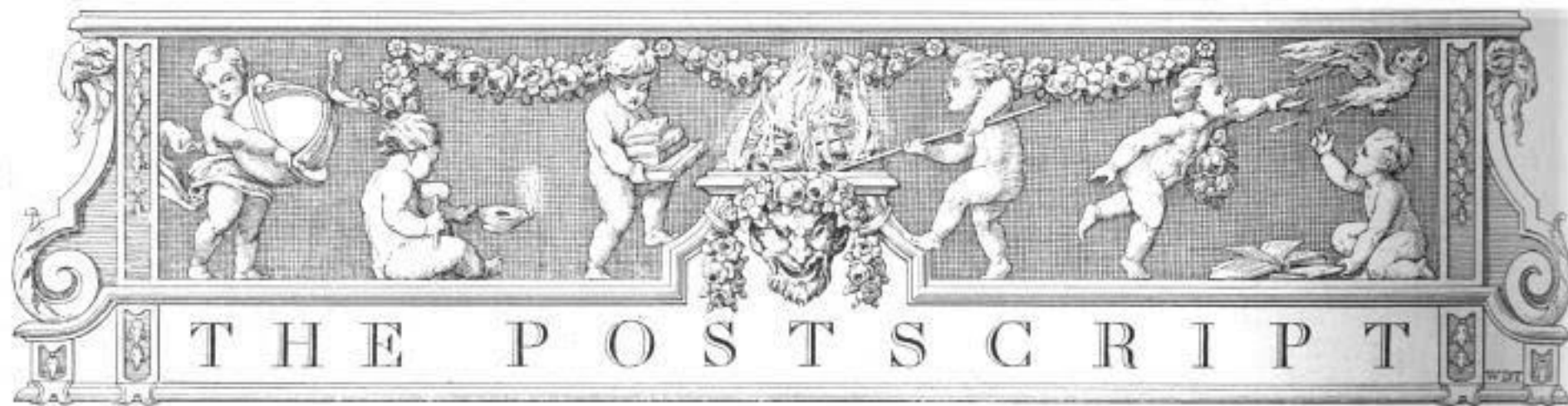
Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

These delightful morsels are scientific foods. They seem like bonbons—flaky, toasted, almond-flavored bubbles. But there's vaster reason for them than enticing taste.

Not all grains can be puffed. But those that can be should be largely served in this hygienic form.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1004)



GARDEN DANGERS

Bobby was enjoying the roses in Grandmother's garden. All went well until he chanced to poke his wee freckled nose deep into the heart of a blossom which sheltered a great buzzing bee. With a howl of terror, Bobby fled to his grandmother's skirts. When his sobs were quieted, he explained: "Those are very wild roses in your garden, Grandmother. One of them gr-r-rowled at me dreadfully."

NELL V. K. MORGAN.

DESIRE FOR ORNAMENT

Little Don had been going to school for several weeks when one day he came home and said: "Mother, I do wish I had some warts or freckles on my face like the other boys. I hate to look so plain and smooth."

R. S. M.

THE EXPLANATION

Little three-year-old Glenn started to go out a door that was locked. He worked at it manfully for a moment, then walked with dignity to another door, saying, "I dess I'll do out dis door; dat one's in a hard knot!"

ETHEL STEELE.

DESCENT

"Clatter boasts that he sprang from a fine old family."

"That is a fact. I saw him do it. As a matter of fact, if he hadn't, the fine old



Social Usage

"Mother, what's the correct thing to do when a lady comes to tea with you and sneaks off with all the sugar?"

TOM P. MORGAN.

FOLLOWING

Happiness, according to the Declaration of Independence, is that which every man is entitled to the pursuit of. A. G.

NATURAL DEDUCTION

Little Violet had been carefully coached as to the necessity for quietness upon the occasion of her first church attendance. She remembered admirably. Feeling that

her behavior was worthy of some audible recognition, she said to her mother at the close of the service:

"Say, Mother, I didn't wake anybody up, did I?"

McCLARY TODD.



Joys of Neutrality

"What are you sitting out in the rain for, little boy?"

"Oh! Pa an' Ma are talkin' about a milliner's ball an' I'm neutral."

STORAGE

The day after the Jankuses had returned from a summer on the farm Mrs. J. heard animated conversation in the nursery. As she stepped to the door to see what the children were so interested in, Sammy was saying to his little neighbor: "We didn't have any ice box on the farm. We kept our milk in a cow."

M. S. VAN P.

MINUS ZERO

TEACHER: Wait a moment, Johnny. What do you understand by that word "deficit"?

JOHNNY: It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'.

H. E. Z.

LO! THE POOR HEATHEN

"You may spell 'heathen', Phyllis," said the teacher to the youngest member of the class in spelling.

"He-a-t-h-e-n," slowly spelled little Phyllis.

"Correct," replied the teacher.

"And now, Phyllis, can you tell me what a heathen is?"

"A heathen is anyone not born in Massachusetts," was the prompt reply.

NETTIE RAND MILLER.

DEFINITIONS

MISER: A man who kills two birds with one stone and then wants the stone back.

TACT: The art of saying nothing when there is nothing to be said.

EPIGRAM: An artistic way of saying something that is not true.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

MALINDA OF THE MOVIES

ARGUMENT: She is sitting behind you accompanied by a He. President Wilson's request for no applause has just been flashed, and now "Actual Scenes from the Firing Line" are under way.

SHE (pointing to a group of turbaned gents who have just been flashed as "Indian Troops Assisting the Allies in Northern France"): Are those Belgians?

HE (patiently): No, those are the Indian troops.

SHE (high protesting voice): Indian troops! I didn't know any of the Indians were fighting in the war.

HE: Oh, they're not our Indians. They're soldiers from India.

SHE: Oh! (Silence.) And who are those soldiers talking to them? Austrians?

HE (politely): N-n-no. Very likely Englishmen. I don't think you'd find any Austrians there because, you see, the Austrians are fighting with the Germans against Russia and the rest of the Allies.

SHE (grieved at his ignorance but trying to let him down gently): Why, just yesterday Papa told me that the Austrians and the Russians were fighting together.

HE: Well, what he meant was that they were fighting together against each other. See?

SHE (sorry for him and not at all convinced): Oh! (Change.) An airship gun! You mean they fire that thing at the airships!

HE: Yes.

SHE (indignantly): All I've got to say is they'd better be careful. Why, if they should hit one of those little airships just as like as not the man in it would fall right to the ground and be killed!

HE (suffering in silence): I suppose so.

SHE (Change.) Why do you suppose King George is inspecting those Canadians? Is he suspicious of them?

HE: No, it's just a military term.

SHE (unconvinced, and loyally): I've known some awfully nice Canadian boys. I don't see why they should be inspected any more than anybody else. (Change.) My goodness! Look at all those wrecked automobiles! (Feelingly) I think that's a shame! Think of all the poor people who'd be grateful for just one of those lovely automobiles!

(But she's such a sweet girl and so good to her mother, you know.)

HORATIO WINSTON.

STANDING BY MOTHER

When arguing the respective merits of mothers, Benny never allowed his mother to be surpassed. This attitude on Benny's part delighted Mother, aged thirty-six, until one day he ran in flushed of face and belligerent of eye.

"Mother," he shouted, "that guy, Ed, said his mother was forty-three years old and I couldn't stand for that, so I said you were forty-five if you were a day!"

T. M. L.

CAREFUL

"Frederick," said his careful mama, "are you sure the new little boy down the street is a nice boy? Does he ever use any bad words?"

"Well," admitted Frederick, anxious but truthful, "he does use one,—but then



Real Strictlies

"Oh, yes, ma'am, the eggs is new laid! If you'll hold the vitt I'll open the window, and you can hear the hens cacklin'."

his mother uses that one, too, you see. "She does? Why, Frederick, what's it?" Then, as Frederick hesitates, "To Mother, dear."

"Oh, Mother, it is, 'ain't' it!"

WINIFRED ARNOLD.



At the Summer Hotel

Guest (reading headline): That reminds me I haven't paid my hotel bill yet.



RUTH VARS—"The Fifth Wheel"

A New Novel

by the author of the "BOBBIE STORIES"

OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

THE FIFTH WHEEL

THE heroine of this new romance of society introduces herself:

"I am the kind of a girl who goes away to a fashionable boarding school when she is sixteen,

"—has an elaborate coming out party two years later, and

"—then proves she is a success or failure by the number of invitations she receives, the frequency with which her dances are cut into at balls, and

"—by the kind of a marriage she makes."

Breckenridge Sewall is the big catch. He is a fast, elusive, rich youth whose mother is a powerful society leader. How Ruth lures him into proposing is a revelation of the man-hunting methods as taught by American society.

Then comes Ruth's revolt against being a fifth wheel and her dramatic experiences in the world of loving and of working.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.

Mrs. Prouty's first novel begins in

The October

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SCARED into Ten Years' Growth

"But I am not fond of walking,"

I objected.

"You're less fond of dying, aren't you?" chided my physician.

WALKING was one of the factors that accomplished the "miracle" of making a man of fifty ten years younger than he was at forty-five, in appearance and in capacity.

He had lived too swiftly but he was frightened in time to save himself.

He tells of marvels resulting from the things he did not do and the simple things he did do. The first of a series of health stories authoritative as they are entertaining, in

The October

AMERICAN MAGAZINE



She Canned Everything in Utah

NINETY-NINE varieties is her record. And Helen Durham is only twelve years old. She is one of the thousands of girls in the United States whom the Government is training to can everything that can be preserved.

Stanley Johnson tells about them in "Uncle Sam's Domestic Science School," one of the series in "Youth Leads the Way." Wonder stories of boys and girls, in

The October

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE OCTOBER

American Magazine

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does six things—and does them well.

- 1 Corrects an acid condition of the mouth.
- 2 Checks the growth of decay germs.
- 3 Delights by its delicious flavor.
- 4 Cleans thoroughly without injurious chemicals.
- 5 Polishes the teeth to natural whiteness without harmful grit.
- 6 Leaves the mouth clean and wholesome.

GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900



Colgate and Company
(Established 1806)

Tooth Makers & Perfumers
New York

FOREIGN DEPOTS
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA,
ST. PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, CAIRO,
HONGKONG, SHANGHAI, CALCUTTA,
BOMBAY, RANGOON, SINGAPORE.

CABLE ADDRESS
"CASHMERE" New York
ALL CODES

Attached to this letter is a clipping from one of our advertisements.

This is the platform of Ribbon Dental Cream, and its importance to your dental safety warrants the emphasis we give it.

Ribbon Dental Cream cleans thoroughly without injury to the tissues. No dentifrice can sterilize the mouth. An attempt to do so would require such strong chemicals as to injure the tissues. A normal mouth needs only to be thoroughly cleaned; any other continued treatment is harmful.

No other dentifrice is more widely endorsed and prescribed by dentists than Ribbon Dental Cream and no other dentifrice is more generally liked by their patients.

Children care for their teeth willingly and faithfully with Colgate's because its delicious flavor appeals to the normal taste. With both children and adults it makes cleaning the teeth a pleasure which a "druggy" tasting dentifrice can never do. It is the family dentifrice just as it is the dentist's dentifrice.

Yours very truly,

Dictated S. M. C.

September 20, 1915.

Colgate Co.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII November, 1915 NUMBER 11

Published by The Crowell Publishing Company, at Springfield, Ohio. George H. Hazen, President. Executive Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE WOMAN MAKES THE HOME

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ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

A subscription blank attached to this page means that your subscription is expiring. Three weeks are needed to make changes of address on the subscription records. Please send all correspondence to Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York.

Next Month: The Big Christmas Number



One of the pictures for "Thanks," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

THE Christmas number, begun fully a year ago, is at last completed—all except printing and putting it into your hands. All through the year stories, pictures, ideas for Christmas gifts and Christmas gayeties have been gathered in for the big climax of the biggest year the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has ever had. There are over a million of you now, over a million homes to which the COMPANION may send its message of cheerfulness, over a million families to whom we may say "Merry Christmas."

In the small space of a single page it is impossible to describe it, but these few paragraphs will perhaps give our readers some idea of its special features:

Mrs. Deland's Novel

FIRST in importance, of course, is the new novel by Margaret Deland, "The Rising Tide." The long instalment with which the story begins in December will take you well into the heart of this absorbing tale. What will you think of "Freddie," the exasperating, restless, impatient young heroine, with her warped ideas of life, her daring defiance of conventions, her cruel judgments of the older generation? You may not love her, but you will find her vivid and interesting.

Readers of the COMPANION already know Mrs. Deland's stories. Nearly half a million people have read "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman." Her short story, "The Hands of Esau," appeared in this magazine and brought forth wide response. On page 5 of this November issue is an account of a visit to Mrs. Deland's summer home by

Kathleen Norris, the author of "Mother" and "Uneducating Mary." This will serve as a delightful introduction to Mrs. Deland herself.

Stories by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Zona Gale, and Others

A LOVE story quite out of the ordinary, and a Christmas story as well, is "Thanks," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Helena, the too generous, too warm-hearted, is worth knowing, and Mrs. Tompkins's short story makes her very real and lovable.

As for "Tony" in Zona Gale's story, he is as appealing a little child as Miss Gale has ever given us, and where is the writer who can muster such an array of adorable little folks? At first it looked as though Tony wouldn't have much of a Christmas except what he could see from his window to the Window Across the Court. But things began to happen very fast, and all these happenings have been made into a charming story, which Miss Gale calls "A Christmas for Tony."

"Parcel Post, Insured," a Christmas story by Sophie Kerr; the second adventure of "Chloe Malone," the girl who determined to marry a millionaire, by Fannie Heaslip Lea; and another instalment of "The Geranium Lady," by Sylvia Chatfield Bates, are among other fiction features planned for the Christmas number.

A Picture to Frame

THIS is a gift from the COMPANION to you—a full-page picture, an accurate reproduction of one of Jessie



An illustration for "Parcel Post, Insured," by Sophie Kerr

Willcox Smith's loveliest paintings, "The Christmas Fairy." It has all the brilliant and exquisite color of the original painting, and will be a treasured addition to your collection of favorite pictures.

Another Burns Story

THE second in the series of True Detective Stories by William J. Burns will appear in the December number. It is called "The Disappearance of Edna Kent," and while names and places are changed and certain minor details altered, the events as described, startling though they are, actually happened. Edna Kent seemed to drop out of life entirely. She disappeared, leaving no trace or clue. Was she a victim of amnesia? Was she kidnaped? Was she murdered? This baffling mystery Mr. Burns, the greatest detective in the world, was called upon to unravel. Four other exciting detective stories by Mr. Burns will appear during 1916.

Children—Merry Christmas!

WHAT do you say to Christmas surprises? Four of them—lovely ones—Jack and Betty have hidden away for you in their jolly little December magazine!

There Santa Claus himself has offered to give the prizes next month for the very, very best work in the children's contests, so you must all try as hard as you can.

Of course you want to help out Santa Claus when it comes to presents for your family, so there's going to be a page of gifts that you can make all by yourself, without even Mother's help.

You older boys and girls will hear about that good joke on the twins, and some more about the secret room, in the December instalment of "Mr. Barker and the Twins."

And soon after December a whole page of pussy-cat stories and pictures and a wonderful new set of toys.

Special News Items

A Community Christmas Tree

THE story of a tree that was set up in a small town, and how with masquerading and music a beautiful outdoor Christmas festival was held. Other small towns will want to borrow this neighborly idea.

My Little Seventh Son

"I HAD six children, my husband was out of work, we were so poor and I was always tired, so very tired—" Do you wonder that she did not welcome the thought of the seventh—this over-worked mother? Yet when he came this Christmas baby brought his own welcome. The story is a page of human life, simple and sweet.

Christmas Bags

A COLOR page of original bags designed by Josephine W. How. They include a party bag, a laundry bag, bags for knitting and other fancywork, a shopping bag for an elderly woman, and a number of bags in odd new shapes.

Little Gifts

ANOTHER color page is of little gifts easily made and inexpensive, little trifles for the tree and the Christmas bazaar, presents that are "less than a gift, but more than a card."

Toys for the Children

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Contents for November

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	23
"Dear Editor," Letters from COMPANION READERS	82
FICTION	
Chloe Malone, FANNIE HEASLIP LEA: Illustrated by F. Graham Cootes	3
The Peaceful Day, MARY HEATON VOSE: Illustrated by Maginel Wright Earlight	6
Robin Hood and His Barn, GRACE S. RICHMOND: Illustrated by H. C. Wall	9
The Geranium Lady, Part III, SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES: Illustrated by R. M. Crosby	12
The Smoke-Swish, SOPHIE KERR: Illustrated by John Rae	17
In Different Worlds, MARY HASTING BRADLEY: Illustrated by George Brehm	20
ART AND MUSIC	
Cover Design: Her First Party, Pastel by HAMILTON KING	
Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs, Painted by JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH	14
O Come, Let Us Sing, A Glee by LOTINE AYRES GARNETT	24
PHOTOGRAPHIC FEATURES	
The Autobiography of a Better Baby, in Twelve Chapters	13
Stars and Successful Plays of the Season	19
The Individual Den: Photographs selected by CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD	20
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
A Visit to Margaret Deland, KATHLEEN NORRIS	5
My Conversion to Suffrage, ALICE WOODS EMERY	8
Marketing by Mail, ALBERT S. BURLINGTON	11
The German People, LAURA SPENCER PORTER	15
A Sermon to Mothers, REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.	16
The Winter Baby, S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M. D.	28
New Chairs for Old, Explained by MARY FRANCES HACKLEY	29
The Goldfish Bowl, ELIZABETH VAINE	30
Fifty Do's and Don'ts, GABRIELLE ROSIERE	31
Photographic Silhouettes, C. H. CLAUDY	33
A House for Four, Designed by ELWOOD WILLIAMS	37
An Appetizer for the Children, G. S. C.	59
The Patent Heax, C. H. CLAUDY	81
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
Better Babies Bureau	13
Better Fibers, Conducted by HELEN DEERY	18
About People, Conducted by ARTHUR GUTERMAN	22
Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	25
The Tower Room, ANNE BRYAN McCALL	27
Entertainment	32
Women's Clubs, CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON	36
The Exchange	50
The Pin-Money Club	55
The Puzzle Page, Conducted by SAM LOYD, JR.	75
The Postscript	84
COOKING	
Planning the November Meals, CORA FARMER PERRINS	34
Good Old-Fashioned Dishes, FANNIE MERRITT FARMER	48
The Sweet Course, FANNIE MERRITT FARMER	54
FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Mr. Barker and the Twins, Part III, WINIFRED ANOLD: Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	70
Jack and Betty's Magazine, CLARA ANDREW WILLIAMS and GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS	71
Grandpa's First School Day, FRANCES MARGARET FOX	73
The Three Pink Badges, EMILY ROSE BURT	75
Mathematical Fairies, A School Play by ANNA M. LUTRESHAUS	77
Magic Tricks, CHARLES FULTON OURSLEY	74
A Girl's Coin Purse, HELEN MARVIN	74
CHRISTMAS GIFT SECTION	
Old Bits of China, Decorated by ELIZABETH ROTH	38
Three Baskets, Described by CARRIE MCCOMBER	38
Gifts in China, Designed by ELIZABETH ROTH	39
Simple Basketry, Described by CARRIE MCCOMBER	39
The Newest Pilet Crochet	40
The Welcome Gift	41
The Dolls' Dining-Room, Furniture designed by JOSEPHINE HOW	41
Embroidered Gifts, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	44
Handicraft Christmas Gifts	45
Useful Embroidered Gifts, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	46
Gift Bags and Boxes, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	47
FASHIONS	
The Fashion Department, Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	63-69
Fashion Gathers at the Football Game	63
Two Smart Costumes for the Winter	64
Costumes for Stout Women	65
"Button-Ups," GABRIELLE ROSIERE	66
Two Designs from One Pattern: Dressmaking Lesson	67
Crocheted Autumn Wraps, Designed by HELEN MARVIN	68
The Season's Furs	69



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*A new serial
love story
by the
author of the
"Sicily Ann"
stories*



"Chloe's mother, in carefully preserved black lace and jet, regarded her daughter from the doorway, and Chloe, the white and silver of her diaphanous gown shimmering at each eager movement, stood poised in the middle of the room"

Chloe Malone

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

THE story of Chloe Malone properly begins upon a wet and shiny night in mid-November, and before a mirror. The mirror was old, although Chloe was young. Its long French beveled glass was set in tarnished gilt and topped off with a true lover's knot embedded in delightfully inaccurate roses. In another and stormier day the mirror had been the property of Chloe's great-great-grandmother, Madame de Jumonville. It had reflected patches and powder and the exquisite dignity of a dancer of the minuet. From the south wall of Madame's drawing-room it had reflected, also, upon a certain June twilight, a kiss, a black-browed observer, and the blow of a glove upon a cheek that flamed to feel it. Later, it had reflected widow's weeds and a little lad looking for his father. Those were the days of the Duelling Oaks in old New Orleans, and Madame de Jumonville, who saw her husband go forth at five o'clock of a flawless morning, saw him brought back at seven with a little hole above his heart, and an inscrutable silence stiffening upon his lips.

After all, the kiss may not have been the lady's fault. She refused ever again to see the man who had kissed her, and went down to her grave attended by all the *beaux-monde*; meantime the mirror had seen what it had seen.

As for Chloe, when it came her time to be a woman the mirror adorned her bedroom, and upon that wet and shiny night it gave back the snow white and rose red of a debutante. Chloe was making her bow to the world.

On the little white bed lay a coat of sapphire velvet with a collar of fur, long white gloves, an ivory-sticked fan, and a little lace handkerchief. On the table beside Chloe's prayer book, a volume of Kents

and a new magazine, were flowers,—valley lilies, tied with silver gauze into a sheaf fit for the slimmest, whitest arm that ever reached for the moon and drew down a green cheese.

Chloe's mother, in carefully preserved black lace and jet, regarded her daughter from the doorway. On her knees at Chloe's feet, Celestine, the small black woman who had grown old in the Malones' service, fussed with two pretty slippers.

"Seems like yo' gwine catch a terrible cold; wuss'n no stockin's at all," she grumbled to herself.

Chloe, the white and silver of her diaphanous gown shimmering at every eager movement, stood poised in the middle of the room and lifted soft bare arms above her head.

"I'm sleepy," she said, the merest thread of laughter running through her soft slow voice. "I give you my word, I'm sleepy—before we start."

She went to the mirror and stood there looking at herself, one hand resting a little below her hip in a gesture faintly foreign, her head thrown back, her eyes narrowed.

Red lips, black eyes, and soft, thick blue-black hair the mirror showed her in the glare of the gaslight at its side; further than that, white shoulders still immaturely slender, and the lift of a rounded chin.

"Not bad, my dear!" said Chloe to the girl in the mirror. "Joy go with you!"

Then she threw herself a kiss from the tips of her fingers and picked up her coat. When she had put on the

coat, though, she still lingered before the glass. "Will I do—perfectly?" she demanded, with a flicker of nervousness.

"I think," said the mother, coming into the room, her pretty gray head critically tipped. "that you will do, very nicely."

Chloe began to pull on her gloves. "It makes me ill," she said distinctly, "to think what all this costs, and we haven't got it to spend."

"Unless you wish to retire from the world," Mrs. Malone reminded her with gentle dignity, "it is necessary that you make your debut. We owe something to ourselves, my child."

"Also," said Chloe, "to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Overlooking the grocer completely."

"They can wait."

"Yes," said Chloe. "Poor ducks! Likely they'll have to."

She smoothed her gloves and frowned. Suddenly she went to her mother and took the soft, unwrinkled face between her hands with a passionate little gesture that might well have come down to her from Madame her great-great-grandmother.

"Do you know what I'm going into the world for, to-night?" she demanded. "I'm going to look for a millionaire, a nice, gentle, bald-headed millionaire with bags and bags of money. And when I find him I'm going to marry him, so that I can give you a limousine, and accounts at all the shops you'd like, but can't afford now, and a maid to bring you your coffee in bed every morning—eh? That's what I'm going to do. I'm sick of being poor; I'm sick of seeing you drudge to keep up appearances; I'm sick of knowing that my clothes and my hats and all I have, come from the sacrifice of the things you love most in the

world. Where's your diamond cross? Where's Grandmother's rosewood sewing-table? Where's your—"

"Chloe!" cried her mother sharply. "You thought I had no eyes," said Chloe. "Didn't you? Kiss your child, you darling mole!"

She stifled her mother in a fierce little hug. "Foolish baby!" said Mrs. Malone, uncertainly stern. "Do you want to ruin your dress?"

"I do not," Chloe retorted. "It's got to charm my millionaire, this frock. It must make him look twice at me. The rest will be easy."

She picked up her valley lilies, tucked the little lace handkerchief inside her girdle, and saluted with the fan.

"Sir," she said dramatically, "I report the youngest private! Ready to attack!"

"*Maeque!*" chided her mother softly.

They paused at the threshold, small proud mother and slim gallant girl, and eyes that had seen a fairish number of years go by looked wistfully into eyes that had not.

"Chloe," said Mrs. Malone hesitantly. She fingered a spray of the valley lilies. "Chloe—it is not a thing for jest—marriage without love."

"And marriage without money?" retorted Chloe, patting her mother's fingers. "Not my idea of it, I assure you."

"I could not bear," said the mother slowly, "to see you live the life that I have lived. You are—too soft—too young."

"Father!" said Chloe suddenly, "my father—was he poor at first? You needn't tell me unless you like."

Mrs. Malone smiled curiously.

"HE HAD plenty," she said. "And so had I. We—how do you say?—ran through it. We were both young, both fond of pleasure, both foolish. It melted in our fingers. Then, when you had only three years, he died,"—she crossed herself perfunctorily—"and the rest was for me to do."

"It's an abominable world," said Chloe slowly. Her soft red lips looked ill-fitted to the words they framed. "And poverty's the cruellest thing in it. A little wisp of a thing like you with a big, hulking baby to take care of—all by yourself!"

"You were never a big, hulking baby," Mrs. Malone corrected jealously. "And I was able, I had merely to learn. Only,"—she stopped, then went on again in desperation—"it was bad enough for me; I could not bear to see a life like that begin again for you, bare, cold, cruel, always a struggle, never the softness and the warmth! Chloe! If you love a poor man, you will break my heart. I am not a hard woman, but I, your mother, tell you that." She put her finger tips to her eyes.

"And if you cry you will spoil your pretty face, and people will say you have a bad daughter," said Chloe severely. She added, with her arm around her mother's still slender waist, her lips against her mother's cheek, "I'm not going to love a poor man. I made up my mind to that when I was only a little girl. I am going to make a wonderful marriage, just as one would make a wonderful picture, or a wonderful book. I shan't let myself love—until it is wise."

Some hidden spring of laughter bubbled to the surface of Mrs. Malone's sad eyes.

"Let love!" she echoed. "If one only could."

"You will see," said Chloe coolly.

From the top of the stairs she turned to fix a reproachful gaze on her mother.

"There is a machine at the door, a limousine."

"Did you think," Mrs. Malone returned, superbly calm, "that you would ride to your first night of the Opera in a street car—or perhaps a milk-wagon?"

"I know what they cost," said Chloe grimly. "What went to pay for that? Oh, very well—there is one more reason for my millionaire. I am taking my last ride on your jewels, and Grandmother's mahogany." She settled her mother's coat with a jealously tender hand. "No need to go into battle, top-sided. Come on, sweetest."

The limousine opened its door to receive them, and bore them smoothly away down the long wet street where are lights trailed clouds of glory through the silent mist, and in the mud of the crossings golden reflections lay like fallen dreams.

"When I am happy," said Chloe at the end of the fourth block only, "I purr like a cat. Listen!"

She drew her sapphire velvet coat closer about her and leaned back upon the cushions luxuriously. "I'm playing it's mine, really. The chauffeur's name is Boggs. Isn't that a perfect name for a chauffeur? And how do you like his new livery?"

"I see a hole in his sleeve," stated her mother.

CHLOE stared through an imaginary lorgnette. "There are no holes in the sleeves of dreams," she said coldly. "He is an excellent young man, I assure you. Neither smokes, drinks, nor eats. He is a Frenchman—"

"*Mais c'est ça!*" murmured Mrs. Malone softly, "name Boggs?"

"Aren't I French—and Irish and English—name Malone?" Chloe mocked lightly. "Yes, he is French. Very temperamental, my dear. I am always paying him fines for speeding. Rather a nuisance, but I like to look at the back of his neck, so I pay the fines and keep him."

"Chloe!" scolded her mother, on the edge of a laugh. "Do you think anyone will notice me to-night?" said Chloe suddenly. "I think it's a silly custom, making your debut at the first night of the Opera, instead of a party. Though it is lucky for us. Wherever would we have got the party? Suppose no one should come to talk to me between the acts? Mother, I tell you, quite solemnly, if no one comes to talk to me I shall get under your chair and cry. It would kill me, it would positively kill me to be a wallflower."

"I do not know what is a wallflower," her mother told her calmly. "But I do wish that I had given you some orange-flower water to drink before we started. You are nervous, Chloe."

"I am as nervous as a witch," Chloe admitted gravely. "For a fast limousine I think this is the slowest I ever rode in. Why are we going down St. Charles Street? And did I tell you that— Oh, do you suppose he has his chains on? We're skidding

frightfully. Isn't that Second, now?"

"This is Third Street," said Mrs. Malone.

"Boggs is so reckless," Chloe began loftily. "He never—"

A crash and a rending jar took her breath. Alongside the limousine lights flashed and stopped. The world seemed for a moment to spin like a pin-wheel. There were loud voices and the rumble of profanity.

"My child!" cried Mrs. Malone in horror. Her hands, groping, found Chloe's firm clasp.

"It's all right, *chère petite!*" said a cool young voice. "I think we've just done something to another machine. It tried to crowd us. Don't be frightened. You're not hurt?"

"And you?" shrieked the mother-note.

"I'm going to see what's wrong," Chloe announced, with one hand on the door. "Sit still now."

SHE opened the door of the limousine and called clearly to the chauffeur:

"What is the trouble? Be good enough to come here."

The chauffeur stumbled hurriedly to her call.

"It's a taxi," he explained soothingly. "Tried to pass us, and we took off a wheel—nothin' to be frightened about, miss. Man's got a little scratch on his hand, that's all. Hope you wasn't jolted bad."

"What man?" asked Chloe imperiously.

"Man in the taxi."

"Tell him to come here. Can you go on at once?" The chauffeur grinned. "Soon as the cop'll let us."

"Tell him it is important. And tell the man from the taxi I wish to speak to him."

"Yes'm," said the false Boggs respectfully. He withdrew into the murk.

"Chloe!" Mrs. Malone protested from the depths of the limousine.

"I'm only going to ask if he's hurt. Mother, and tell him he should have been more careful."

"I beg your pardon," said a curt, half-amused voice at the door. "Your chauffeur says you wish to see me?"

Chloe turned swiftly, with a haughty little lift of her chin, the dark fur of her collar soft against her vivid face.

"You were in that taxi?" she inquired.

"I was," said the man in the doorway, "and I'm in rather a hurry, if you'll pardon my mentioning it. I'm supposed to catch a train at seven-fifty, and it's seven thirty-five now."

He looked at Chloe with a species of humorous detachment. His eyes were gray and cool, but his mouth had a likable width and his teeth when he smiled were very white. He spoke with the clipped inflection of a well-bred Easterner, and he spoke briefly.

"Oh—I'm terribly sorry!" said Chloe impulsively. The young man smiled.

"Thanks," he said, and put a hand, the left, to his hat. "I won't keep you."

"How are you going to make your train?" Chloe demanded.

"Not at all, apparently."

"Is it—important?"

"To me, extremely."

Chloe bit her lip for the space of a second.

"WE WILL take you down," she said definitely. "If you will get in with us. No—it isn't any trouble—we shall be glad to. Don't waste any more time talking about it. It isn't very much out of our way. Please get in."

"Chloe!" came in a hushed and horrified whisper from the maternal background.

The young man hesitated, his foot on the running board of the machine.

"You are quite sure—" he began.

"I am absolutely sure," said Chloe impatiently. "that we shall never be able to make it if you don't get in at once."

"Then thank you very much," said the stranger with an amused meekness, and got in, carrying a much-traveled pigskin bag.

Chloe beckoned the chauffeur, who in the rôle of *doux ex machina* was by this time leaning disinterestedly against a dripping tree and observing the play of events.

"Take us to the station," she ordered (a murmur behind her prompted specifically), "the Union Station, and get us there in time for the seven-fifty train. You understand, Boggs?"

Boggs looked at his watch.

"I don't know can it be done," he objected.

"Suppose you try," said Chloe, and added with a deliciously deliberate appeal—"if you please!"

"I'll sure try," said Boggs on the impetus of who knows what waft of fragrance from the valley lilies in Chloe's arm. "We're off, miss!"

He was into his seat and deep among levers before Chloe had fairly closed the door. The car started with a groan and a snort. Behind it, the taxi, lamentably minus a wheel, crouched on one haunch and glared through its lamps at an unfeeling universe.

Between her mother and the strange young man, Chloe settled herself with all the sweet composure of a woman of experience.

"If you will tell me your name," she suggested delicately, "I will present you to my mother."

"MY NAME," stated the guest, with a touch of formality, "is Wheeler—Courtenay Wheeler."

"My mother is Mrs. Dennis Malone," said Chloe in dignified return. "Mother, may I present Mr. Wheeler?"

Mrs. Malone murmured something softly appropriate. A little more light in the limousine might have revealed a conflict of emotions on her face.

"I," said the mistress of ceremonies, enjoying herself extremely, "am Chloe Malone." She added primly, "The chauffeur's name is Boggs."

"Good old name," said the young man gravely. "I'm very much afraid, though, that you're going out of your way to do me this kindness. I know it's the first night of the Opera, and I should, personally, cherish a strong dislike for anyone who did me out of 'Celeste Aida' on a first-night."

"To-night," said Chloe, condescending delightfully, "Aida plays second fiddle. I am making my debut."

"Aida plays second fiddle. I am making my debut."

A little winged sentence hurled itself from Mrs. Malone's corner of the limousine.

"Mr. Wheeler may not speak French, darling," Chloe reproved gently. She translated, her soft words tipped with a witch-fire of deviltry.

"My mother says, am I mad?—and that you are a total stranger."

Mrs. Malone gasped.

"Your mother is quite right," said Mr. Wheeler. "I do speak French, however,—rather badly." He added in that language that he should like, even though unhappily a stranger, to make Miss Malone his compliments and wish her every joy in the great world into which she was going.

The limousine skidded beneath a great silver flower of an arc light, and showed a relenting smile upon the mother's face. The stranger, speaking French, and it was, in spite of his disclaimer, good French, could not be other than a gentleman.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Malone sincerely.

"Personally," said Chloe, on a murmur of unnecessary laughter, "I prefer my compliments in English, or Irish." Then before his answer could take form she melted to a young and eager sympathy: "I forgot, oh, I quite forgot! He said your hand was hurt."

"It's nothing. I'd forgotten it myself."

"Let me see."

"I assure you it's nothing to speak of."

"I should prefer to see," said Miss Malone regally, "since it was I, in my car, with my chauffeur Boggs, who did the damage."

"In that case, of course," said Mr. Wheeler submissively, and held out the injured member for inspection. "Broken glass did it," he added briefly. "Perfectly clean cut."

IT WAS a clean cut, and neither so deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door, but extending, for all that, nearly across the back of a very capable-looking hand, and Chloe caught her breath when she looked at it. An instant later she set her lips and felt for a handkerchief, the little lace one.

"Not exactly!" cried Mr. Wheeler, with a movement of horror. "I shouldn't think of letting you. Here!"

He produced a square of linen modestly initialed in one corner.

"Tear it in half," said Chloe.

He tore it in half.

"Now give it to me."

He did as he was told.

"Keep your hand steady," she commanded.

Mrs. Malone, in a helpless but uneasy silence, watched the evolution of a highly workmanlike bandage, for the swifter completion of which Chloe had thrust her sheaf of valley lilies calmly into her mother's arms.

"*Mais c'est ça, mon enfant!*" began the lady, remembered that to the stranger French was no disguise, and dropped back in her corner somewhat fluttered.

"I think," said Chloe after a moment, "that this will about do, for the time being. When you get on the train, Mr. Wheeler, have the porter bring you some very hot water, and wash the cut. You must have some sort of antiseptic in your bag, haven't you?"

"Alcohol," said Mr. Wheeler, his eyes respectful, but his mouth twitching slightly at the corners.

Chloe tightened her bandage with a scientific thoroughness.

"That's very good. Use lots of it—Where are we now, Mother?"

Startled by the sudden question, Mrs. Malone admitted that they were just passing Lee Circle.

Mr. Wheeler drew out his watch with his free hand, and murmured an apology. "Thanks to your kindness I shall just about make my train."

"Don't thank me," said Chloe demurely. "You have been an Adventure. It is very interesting to find an Adventure on the way to one's debut. I consider you a lucky omen, like a pin pointing away from one on the floor, or a horseshoe upside down. There, that will do, won't it?"

She surveyed his hand with critical satisfaction, her head a little on one side.

"Thank you, thank you very much," said Mr. Wheeler earnestly, then his look caught a small gold shimmer against the white of the bandage, and he touched the shimmer with one finger. It was a pin of the sort commonly used to fasten babies' frocks, a very little thing, and of no considerable value, but Mr. Wheeler regarded it with reverence.

"Really!" he begged. "You mustn't do that."

"It's the merest little thing," said Chloe sweetly. "Why not?"

"But you must have had it pinning something on your frock?"

"Just an end of lace."

IN HER corner of the limousine, Mrs. Malone, who had acquired a slight headache from the jar of the collision, closed her eyes and leaned back with a suggestion of weariness. The perfume of the valley lilies was heavy, and she held them away from her face. Inwardly she reflected, not without relief, that five minutes more would bring the Union Station and the dispatch of Mr. Courtenay Wheeler into the great outside.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wheeler, looking into Chloe's dark eyes, and seeing Chloe's flushed, radiant face against the soft dimness of the cushions, suffered an impulse. It may be that the sweetness of the valley lilies went to his head, or the rhythmic splash of the rain on the limousine windows. In any case he was a young man not accustomed to impulses, so took this one, head-on.

"If I'm going to be an Adventure," he offered quietly, "I want to be remembered. Please pin the end of lace or whatever it was with this."

He detached from his waistcoat a small square pin of gold and black enamel, and put it in Chloe's reluctant fingers.

"Shall I?" said Chloe, for once startled into a sort of little-girl frankness. It lent an appealing shyness to her red-rose pride.

"If you please," said Mr. Courtenay Wheeler, altogether deferentially.

Chloe looked at the pin, and said aloud the three Greek letters it stood for. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]



A Visit to Margaret Deland

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

IT WAS to me rather like being Alice in Wonderland—having tea with Margaret Deland in her lovely little garden that is somehow growing right on the very coast of Maine—rather like that part of Alice's history where at last the key fits, and the door fits, and Alice finds that the one opens the other, and that she may really enter the enchanted garden!

BUT TO explain just why it seemed so, I have to go back nearly ten years, when "Helena Richle" first made her bow to the appreciative public. I was a desk clerk in a big library then, and I did not have time to read Helena, because there were so many people listed as waiting for her. The library bought more Helenas, and more Helenas, but it was many weeks before my chance came, and meanwhile I speculated about the story and about the woman who had written it. And finally, in sheer aching longing somehow to mean something to the writer, I composed her a long letter,—and dissatisfied with it, I wrote another, and another. But they never went, although from that time on the name of Margaret Deland always stood apart for me from that of other writers; she was one of my own people; her career was a matter of great moment to me.

And then five years later, when she was reading to three or four hundred persons at the Plaza Hotel in New York for some charity, I sat within ten feet of her, and had an opportunity, with hundreds of others, to go up and be introduced when the reading was over.

But even then the key didn't fit the door for me. I declined to be one of the hundreds, and walked home busily saving Margaret Deland from drowning—from motor-wreck—from a mob—anything that should suddenly cause her to feel the same interest in me that I did in her.

And so another five years went by, and she added the amazing "Iron Woman" to the gallery of her men and women, and wrote "The Rising Tide." And then—on quite an ordinary Wednesday afternoon—I was asked to go to see her and have a little talk about "The Rising Tide," to give the readers of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION some idea of the big story that is to begin in the next issue of this magazine.

So the door opened, and there we were, Margaret Deland and I, sipping tea in her garden and talking as comfortably as if we were old friends, a miracle so pleasant that I almost momentarily expected it to vanish into the soft fog that was blowing in from the Atlantic, and prove to be only another one of the visions I had had so often about her.

Mrs. Deland is very proud of her tiny garden, and well she may be, for it is a quaint tangle of shrubs and bloom,—wallflowers and roses, and stock and verbenas, and even the dear blue-and-green love-in-a-mist. Every tree and bush has its history, and the mistress of the garden loves to talk about them.

And Mrs. Deland is proud of her cook, too, a cook who gave us two very delicious meals; proud of "Rough," the big English sheep dog who wanders at large over the domain, and proud of the big camp, where Mr. Deland entertains scores of little working girls—or, as the case is just now, little girls who are not able to find work—all summer long. When Mrs. Deland can take a day off from "The Rising Tide," she lends a hand to the camp work; but it is Mr. Deland who plans the arrangements and the entertainments for the guests, studies temperaments and

constitutions, and very unobtrusively renders his city and his nation a service that will bear fruit for many years to come. It was with pride, too, that Mrs. Deland showed me the curious lily pond in the garden, a pond made of an immense old bronze fire-bell, turned upside down, and steadied by being set in a stone mill wheel. Mrs. Deland observes that Mr. Deland was able to help the local fire company "just a little," and this was presented to her by the men themselves.

But there her pride suddenly stops. The first of America's women novelists will not talk about herself. Almost any other opinion in the world seems to her of more value than her own. Deeply interested in all the writers of the day, it is only when one speaks of Margaret Deland that she falls silent, driven to monosyllables. The rapturous gush of self-analysis that usually meets the questioner of a writer is conspicuous by its absence here. Her deep-seated, humorous eyes twinkle; she shakes her head.

"No, don't quote me, don't quote me. Say anything about my stories; say I split my infinitives, and use too many adjectives; but don't quote my opinion. Or,"—she catches the beloved sheep dog by his fringed ears—"or quote Rough," she suggests; "his opinions are worth listening to!"

This is a sad restriction, for Margaret Deland is a woman who illuminates every subject upon which she touches with some clear and penetrating quality that is not unlike the light which she can so deftly throw upon the figures she paints for us in black and white. From her quiet garden she watches the world go by, and the tinsel does not deceive her, nor the rags. There are some very eminent summer visitors at the big hotels and cottages who will tell you that nobody knows Mrs. Deland, she doesn't want to be disturbed. And there are natives in the tiny coast village who are affectionately sure of her interest and friendship.

Of "The Rising Tide" she told me that, watching the last generation of girls bud and blossom and bloom, their mistakes and their successes, their new faults and their new virtues, it had come to her that the old word for growing womanhood was "Duty" and the new word is "Truth." A generation ago, girls were dutiful and blind; nowadays they are seeing with wide open eyes the Truth—and they do not know the meaning of the word Duty! Where their mothers accepted, they rebel; where their mothers never dreamed of questioning, they cheerfully tear what they think are lying injustices out of the structure of life, regardless of the fact that they may bring the whole edifice of Society down about their heads.

Farther back than either of these girls came the blushing, clinging, hoop-skirted girl, to whom any man's word was law, who trembled and fainted and wept, and was altogether delicious in her tears and her laughter. This was Helena Richle's day. But Helena could not steer her little bark of life successfully and so came to wreck. And the woman who followed her, the stern, dutiful, grim heroine of "The Iron Woman," a woman so different from Helena that

only the hand of a genius could have painted the two, was hardly more successful. Dealing rigidly with her home, her business, and her own flesh and blood, she managed effectively to ruin the lives of those nearest and dearest to her, and so came restless and yearning to her death, unsatisfied and bitter.

In "The Rising Tide" we have another woman's figure, a third in the great trio. Frederica Payton is in every sense a girl of to-day, contemptuous of the conventions, impatient of the established order, simply because it is the established order, and hating everything unreal. She rides rough-shod over the protests of her mother and grandmother, she establishes herself far away from the influence of her own family, and, in turn, she finds the ready pitfalls in the new creed, and has many a humiliating fall before we leave her disciplined and at peace. And as a foil for Frederica—whose friends call her "Freddy"—is the gay, sweet-hearted, good-humored, but very much up-to-date personality of Laura Childs, Freddy's cousin, who, intelligent and well educated, is still, in spite of herself, anchored to the old idea of Duty. And for one of the men we have that very Howard Maitland who was the grandson of the Iron Woman, and the son of the lovely Elizabeth. So that it is with the sense of meeting old friends that we began to read "The Rising Tide."

"It is a big novel," said I to Mrs. Deland.

She admitted that it was a big theme and that she had worked hard to express through the story something of the hardship Youth always suffers at the hands of the older generation, and some of the difficulties the older group experience as the crude new codes are flung at them, and all they held good and helpful is cast aside casually for the half-developed theories of persons considerably younger than themselves.

"We were brought up by a rigid standard of duty, when I was a girl," smiled Mrs. Deland. "One was industrious and respectful because one was told to be. And I will not say," she added quickly, "that I think duty a higher ideal than truth—indeed in the last analysis it is apt to prove less so. But I will confess,"—and here her eyes began to twinkle again,— "I must confess that I think that our elders found our generation pleasanter to live with, than we—panting and breathless with an effort to keep up with the procession—find the young people of to-day. Still," she amended soberly, "I think in their straightforwardness they are a finer set than we were. But—" My hostess interrupted herself and gave me a reproachful look. "Here I am talking," she protested, "and nobody on earth cares what I think about these things!"

So then we had to have more tea, and talk about other writers, and dogs, and cooking, and what the girls at the camp liked to eat, and what was the way to give them amusement. And after a while Margaret Deland gave me just a glimpse of her childhood, which, by the way, was spent [CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

"Mother has got to write a paper. Will you help her?"

Indeed they would, the darlings! They were only too delighted to help Mother. What were they to do?

"Just be perfectly still."

Now, can you imagine what happened in that house when those three active youngsters began to be "perfectly still"?



MAGNEL : WRIGHT ENRIGHT

WHAT Alice Marcey wanted was a peaceful day, though if one pinned her down to it she would have had to confess that her notions of peace were very high. In fact, they were so high that it meant for one whole day the children should cease disturbing her. None of the sudden reprisal between Sarah and Robert, no loud-voiced squawking from Sarah, for, when all was said and done, charming as Sarah was, charming enough, indeed, to make her spend her life—or most of it—in trying to please, one had still to admit that Sarah was an awful squawker, so much so that it was one of those things that made both parents wonder secretly "where she got it from."

A peaceful day meant freedom from squawks, from too-loud noises, from insistently monotonous and nerve-racking noises, which meant that somehow or other you must be out of earshot of Jamie's eternal tom-tommings, and the raids of Sarah on Robert, and Robert on Sarah, and Jamie on Sarah, and so on throughout the six possible combinations. This all somehow or other had to be avoided.

It was not at all, Alice reflected, as though she wanted this for herself. Heaven knows she didn't! She wanted a peaceful day because she had to write a paper for the club on "Woman in Civic Life To-day," and to write, Alice discovered, a paper on even so fruitful a topic as this required freedom from interruption. It required freedom from all those little casual and beloved runnings in and out of the children, freedom from even the various—"Mother, where is—?" "Mother, may I get—?" "Mother, I want—" "Mother, will you read—?"

Indeed, after three or four days of trying, Alice felt that these little runnings in and out, instead of being as joyful as a little babbling brook through the dusty spaces of life, were like the painful peckings of innocent, harmless little birds on some especially raw spot. She felt her patience and her nerves and all her inner quiet being slowly and remorselessly pecked away from her by each successive innocent query.

After several fruitless days a light came to Alice Marcey.

She realized what the matter was,—she had not taken her children into her confidence, but had imposed upon them from without an arbitrary command which they did not understand. She could not, of course, expect the three little Marceys to change their method of life without knowing exactly why.

After breakfast on that bright summer morning Alice performed this act, she took them into her confidence. It was a rather bothersome and difficult task.

"Darlings," she told them, "do you want to help Mother about something?"

It was easy to see the darlings did.

"Well, Mother has got to write a paper. Will you help her?"

Indeed they would! Only too delighted they would be to help Mother at any time and any hour.

There was sometimes nothing so sweet in life as Sarah's helpfulness, and again there was nothing could be half so irritating. Some days one had to confess that Sarah was so helpful that the archangels themselves would have to suppress regret that the old-time ear-boxings were no longer in vogue.

"Well," went on Alice, "the way you can help Mother is by being perfectly still."

"Just being still?" said Sarah in her shrillest staccato. "Just sitting? Sitting still will help you?"

Alice replied that indeed just sitting still would help her immensely.

"What's the paper about?" Robert wanted to know. Alice told him.

"What's that?" he inquired further. The morning



Sarah was being so careful not to disturb her dear mother

The Peaceful Day

An Adventure in Childhood

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGNEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

was flying, but Alice still took him into her confidence. When she had finished, his disappointing comment was merely, "Shucks!"

To this Alice replied, "Well, Robert, shucks or not, it interests me. I want to write this paper, and I can't write it unless you children stop interrupting me every five minutes. Just don't come near my room—that's all. And, Sarah, don't take Jamie's things away from him. And, Robert, don't tease Sarah."

Alice realized herself the moral tone of the interview had lowered itself perceptibly, and that she was speaking with a decided briskness.

Jamie was gently beating a tattoo upon the floor; the whole thing floated over his placid head. He was intent on his own imaginings. He had understood only one thing, and that was that Sarah was not to take away his things as was sometimes her custom.

SARAH STRIVES TO PLEASE: Alice went to work. Quiet, not too tense to be disturbing, reigned below. This was the way it should have been done in the first place, Alice reflected, writing busily.

Suddenly her mind was diverted by a little noise—such an ambiguous little noise that it had the effect on one's nerves of being more disturbing than thunder. This little rustle continued, hesitated, continued again. Alice waited, tense. When you analyzed it, it was only the squeaking of a board or a little faint rustle that you could hardly call a footfall, but it cried in the loudest tones to Alice, "This means you!"

The little noise continued, halted, and then its cause came into view. It was Sarah, who, with the greatest consideration in the world, had spent five nerve-racking minutes in her progress down the hall to Alice's room. She now progressed across the floor to her mother in the same careful way. She might have been walking over the thinnest of ice, she might have been progressing on the tips of her toes across egg shells, so deliberate was she and so careful not to disturb her dear mother.

Finally she arrived before Alice. Her large eyes were swimming with affection, her lips with a cruel inaudibility formed the words:

"Sweet Mother!"

Her whole soul was a little swimming pool of sunshine, reflecting on its sparkling surface only love. In this little heavenly pool Alice flung the rough stone of an audible:

"Well, Sarah?"

Doubt now was reflected in the pool. She looked at her mother's face and saw there only a certain suppressed irritation. Her radiant smile wilted.

"Well, Sarah, what is it?" said Alice, gently and calmly, but still showing no pleasure at the sight of her daughter. "Why did you interrupt me?"

"I didn't mean to interrupt," quavered Sarah, "I only came to tell you I love you!" The sentence ended in the whisper of a little sob. She bowed her head, and as slowly as any funeral procession, and as sadly, started, heartbroken, for the door.

Sarah with head down and heartbroken was a spectacle no human mother could have witnessed without being smitten to the heart. Alice called her back—they were in each other's arms. It was an emotional and disturbing moment.

Again she took Sarah into her confidence. Again Sarah went away. Again Alice applied

herself to writing.

From below came the noise of conflict. Alice dashed down the stairs. Sarah pointed a tragic finger at Robert.

"He threw a book at me," she announced.

"It didn't hit you," said Robert.

"It hit my feelings," said Sarah, "and it hurt 'em awful. It hurts feelings to have books thrown at 'em, Robert Marcey! Yes, and why did he throw a book at me, Mother? Because I tried to kiss him—that's all. Just because I tried to kiss him, he throws books at me." Here Sarah's wrongs overwhelmed her, and she wept.

"And why—why do I have to throw books?" said Robert, standing before his mother. "I told her I didn't want to be kissed. I told her to leave me alone. I told her I wanted to read. She came in and kissed me, and I told her not to. She came in and kissed me a third time, and I told her I'd throw a book at her if she kissed me again, and she came right on top of that and kissed me some more. So I threw the book. I could have hit her, if I'd wanted to, but I just threw it to warn her. Next time, though, I'll hit her," he asserted. "I was being quiet, wasn't I? Why can't she let me be?"

Why, indeed? Why women can't let man be has been one of the questions that neither sage nor philosopher has ever solved.

It was here that Alice again took her children into her confidence, and went back to work.

Again she heard the little rustle. Again it floated to her room. At her door it paused. By the reflection in a mirror Alice could see Sarah had seated herself just at the threshold, seated herself with love and



"I only came to tell you I love you!"

smiling patience. By straining her ears—for what Sarah was saying was just below the point where one could comfortably hear it, but loud enough to make all writing impossible—she could hear Sarah cooling to herself:

"I won't disturb my darling mother. I won't go into her room and tell her how I love her. I'll let her write. I'll help my mother, my sweet, darling mother."

Alice arose. Just at this moment a lively rough-house broke out between the two boys down-stairs. One could hear Jamie's clear little treble laughing happily. One could hear Robert thump-thumping around in that slap-stick humor that has proved so irresistible to babies of Jamie's age. It was a perfectly lovely sound if one were not doing anything, but also a noise perfectly impossible to enjoy if one were trying to write. In a brief recess of it Sarah was heard to whisper virtuously:

"I don't disturb my sweet mother like the boys."

Alice was through for the day. She was also through taking her children into her confidence. She knew, moreover, that Sarah being naughty might perhaps be reckoned with, but that Sarah striving to please was more implacable than the Judgment Day.

THE IMMORAL BRIBE: Alice had always felt that if it had not been for the rain, the devil could never have got close enough to tempt her; but the insistent pattering of three days' rain brought it into Alice's mind that indeed, indeed, time was flying, and in consequence of this something had to be done.

That something presented itself in a more and more definite form all the time. The thing that the devil tempted Alice Marcey to do, in fact, was to corrupt her children's minds by bribing them. More subtly vicious than authoritarianism, rewards and punishment for conduct seemed to the enlightened parents of the young Marceys. Of course Alice had trifled with this temptation before. It would be a heart of stone that would not give an unexpected reward sometimes, but she tried to make it clear to their minds that these things were not bribes for goodness. All modern parents know that nothing constructive is happening in a young brain which is merely doing a certain sort of work or following a certain line of conduct because the child is going to be paid for it or punished for it. Children should learn their lessons of life from deeper and higher motives than those of gain or pain.

As the days dripped themselves lugubriously to an end Alice felt that peace had to be attained, even if it were attained by so nefarious a means as bribery and corruption. Peace she must have.

It smote her heart when she realized how much more popular a measure bribery was than the sacred rite of taking the children into her confidence had been. That measure had not only been ineffective but had left them lukewarm. The idea of a box of candy—Alice went to that length—to whichever of the two older children kept the stillest, with a special extra bribe to Jamie to stop making what Alice in her moments of enlightenment called his "experiments in rhythm" and in her moments of darkness called "that unbearable racket," made an instant atmosphere of cheer in the house. She explained to them again in words of one syllable what she wanted. She



"I won't disturb my darling mother"

shamelessly described the box of candy in the most mouth-watering fashion, and then repaired to her writing.

This scheme, Alice thought afterward, might have worked perfectly, but it just didn't. The only reason that it didn't was that it just happened not to. And it happened not to right under her window.

It was one of Sarah's squawks that sent Alice to the window. Sarah was on the

ground. Robert was saying:

"There, now you've disturbed Mother! Now I get the candy!"

You see, to the horrors of bribery had been added the indecency of competition.

"You don't get it! It's your fault that I made a noise. You stuck your foot out sideways and tripped me. If he sticks a foot out and I fall and hit my funny bone and cry, it's Robert that's made the first noise, isn't it, Mother?"

"I just didn't think. I didn't mean to trip you up."

"He's got tripping feet; he trips all the time."

"My foot just went out of itself. I didn't put it. I didn't make any noise."

"Neither of you gets the candy," cried their exasperated mother. "Both of you go right in the house and reflect."

"Am I going to reflect, too?" asked Sarah. There were both interest and curiosity in her tone.

"That's not fair," Robert insisted. "It just did it itself. Sarah made the noise," he repeated with obstinacy. "No matter how long you make me reflect, Mother, that's all I'll reflect on."

Reflection had often brought light to Robert's mind. His was a logical and reasonable mind, and in moments of stress Alice had asked him to sit quietly (Oh, no, this was not a punishment!) and think over the events that had occurred and reflect as to his share in them. She had not tried reflection on Sarah heretofore. Some way, Sarah did not seem to have arrived at the age of reflection, although reflection seemed specially adapted to Robert's temperament from a very early age.

When Alice got down-stairs Sarah was already seated in a chair which she had turned face to the wall, in an attitude of deep thought. Alice explained to her daughter the theme for reflection, so to speak. She had a talk with the reasonable Robert, and asked him to consider how they both had forfeited their right to candy.

When she got back to her room all thoughts she had had on Woman and Civics were wilted like uprooted plants which have lain in the sun. She, also, gave herself up to reflection.

From down-stairs came Sarah's cheerful little chirp. "Mother," it went, "Mother, may I stop 'flecting? I've got it all finished."

Alice looked at her watch. Reflection was never prolonged to the line of punishment.

"Why, yes," she called back, "you can stop now. Come and tell Mother what you've reflected."

"I've 'flected," said Sarah, beaming. "I 'flected everything. I 'flected that Robert is good and"—here her voice sailed up in a little note of triumph—"that we *cock* ought to have some candy because nobody meant anything."

Alice sighed. She didn't answer. In her humor was dead as well as her thoughts. Sarah looked sympathetically at her mother.

"Are you 'flecting too?" she inquired tenderly.

Alice was. She was reflecting how the mother of three children can come by a Peaceful Day.

She could not see any way out. She had come to the end of her string what reflection had told her, so she put it up to Tom Marcey. He rested a contemplative and somewhat menacing eye upon his children.

"If you want peace," he said, "any time after twelve to-morrow you can have it, and all Sunday too. I'll look after them."

THE ETERNAL NEGATIVE: As Alice repaired to her work sounds came to her ears that left her no doubt that Tom Marcey had reverted to type. From being a modern and enlightened parent he had gone back to that which Alice often thought he was by temperament meant to be, that is, the old-fashioned and dictatorial type of parent. Tom was a simple-minded and uncompromising type of man from whose lips the simple orders "Do" and

"Don't" fell more easily than the careful setting to work forces which later might mold the childish character. Temperamentally he wanted results, and wanted them right away.

By the tone of voice in which he was saying, "Now, hear, you kids, Sarah and Robert, listen to me. I'm here, and there isn't going to be a sound in this house this afternoon. You hear me?"

At this statement Alice smiled. Somehow her heart was lightened. She felt there were more unworthy parents than herself. If Tom's only solution was the eternal and unfruitful negative, the antiquated "Thou shalt not," then her little experiment in bribery—tried, after everything else had failed—did not convict her of being the only peccable parent in that household.

Presently from below came a bellow which would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan.

"Stop that!" said the Voice.

Alice jumped. Never had she heard this formidable note in her husband's voice before. She had heard nothing besides the ordinary runnings to and fro, the chirp of a pleasant voice.

There was silence, the sort of disheartening well of silence in which one might imagine discouraged children roaming about in preternatural quiet. Then presently into the silence broke the Awful Voice.

"I-told-you-I-didn't-even-want-to-hear-you, not one of you!"

It was a terrible voice, the voice of the outraged Superman who has seen the weaklings disobey his dread command.

Again the Voice; this time not raised in commanding anger, but offended and dignified.

"Don't be foolish," said the Voice. "Of course you can move. But"—here it rose grave and menacing like a slowly rising tempest—"if I hear any noise!"

Again the Silence.

Again the Voice, this time

blaring out the

menace of a trump-

peting elephant.

"Be still!"

Silence of the

grave. Into this

silence came

Sarah's little pipping

treble. Alice's

strained ears

could not hear

what it said, but

she could infer by

the trumpeting an-

swer:

"Because I say

so!"

Her first thought

was, brave little

Sarah, to dare to

face the formid-

able creature that

was doubtless

glommering at

her. Then into

Alice's mind shot

a thought men-

durable, a mad-

dening thought,

and that thought was,

"He likes to do this. He's en-

joying his authority."

Alice had long been a suffragist; it was at this

moment she became a feminist. Those potent words

"a Man-Made World" she had passed over almost

with flippancy. Now she realized what women and

children, poor dears, had had to bear all these years;

now she realized what at rock bottom was the charac-

ter of her husband, Tom Marcey. Brutal authori-

itarianism, enjoyment of just sheer force! And as the

Voice came up again, grave with its own self-import-

ance, menacing with all the weight of his superior

physical strength behind it, "He's wallowing in it,"

thought Alice in anger, "just wallowing in the bully-

ing of women and little children." At this moment

she felt herself one with her offspring. "Nothing but

an accident in time has kept him from bullying me."

Her fists clenched themselves involuntarily at this

thought. "Let us both have been born a few years

ago and he would have bullied me, and I—What

could I have done? I'd have done anything to prevent

my ears being split by noises like that."

She listened to him in amazement; she listened to

him with wrath, with indignation, with ever-growing

rebellion. That was what all his fine phrases about

modern means of education and the responsibility of

parenthood amounted to! Just give him a chance,

and that's what he was really like, and that's what he

would be like to his wife. Tom Marcey was not far

removed from a wife-beater in his wife's eyes at that

moment. She reflected that if her parents had ever

spoken to her like that, just once—just once—she could

never have had the same feeling toward them again.

Even now the thought of the superior tone her father

used when she was supposed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 69]



"Just sitting still will help Mother"



"Mother, may I stop 'flecting?"



"I cannot believe your mother let you do anything of the kind!"

My Conversion to Suffrage

The story of a woman who found out by experience what her vote meant to herself and her community

By ALICE WOODS EMERY

MY BIRTHPLACE and childhood home was in one of the Middle-Western states. Both my father and mother were public-spirited and interested in matters of city and state welfare, but I do not recollect any discussion of woman suffrage between them. So I have no inherited predilection toward votes for women.

When I was ten years old my father and mother died within a week of each other. Plenty of property was left to support me handsomely, but that did not concern me then. The chief matter of importance to me, after the stunning shock and the heart-breaking loneliness, was that I was taken to stay with people I did not care for, until the arrival from the East of the uncle and aunt who were my legal guardians, and who hurried to wind up business affairs that they might get back with me to their home in New York.

I speak of New York as their home, but they were on the other side of the Atlantic about as much as they were in the United States. I adapted myself easily to the French and German *pensionnats* where I stayed while my guardians were traveling. In New York I attended a fashionable school and made superficial intimacies with the girls there.



My husband had no sympathy with my views

Perhaps it was only to be expected that I should not take love and marriage as seriously as do girls who have led a normal home life. At any rate, it seemed agreeable but not at all solemn when I accepted the man I afterward married. I had had other offers, but none of them had been alluring. My future husband was charming, and if he was rather of the flower-of-the-field variety that did not make him less attractive. My guardian did not altogether approve of him—chiefly because of the slenderness of his resources; but I insisted that I had plenty of money, that this was the man I wanted. For a little while I was entirely satisfied, but before long it dawned upon me that the snug fortune which my father had left had been the chief factor in winning for me the addresses of the man I had married.

Of course he did not tell me this in so many words; but these were not necessary. He had the handling of my money and he spent it freely and picturesquely. Our home was in a state where the husband had control of the wife's finances; but even if this had not been the case I daresay I would have put my fortune in his hands. That is, I would have done so at first. After my little girls were born it was different. Before they were very old I began to comprehend that we were living in a way which cost a great deal. One of the first things my husband had done after our marriage was to buy a fine estate in the country (with my money), and present it to me. The deeds were made out in my name, and I had the privilege of paying for repairs and improvements. The bills for taxes came to me, the assessments were sent to me. If one of them fell into my husband's hands he would toss it over to me with some jest about his being too poor a man to keep up such an establishment, and that the expenses must come out of the pocket of the moneyed member of the firm. The fact that the only income I had for myself was from the investments that were in my native state and so beyond his control, and that they were insignificant compared with those which he managed to suit himself apparently did not influence him at all.

My husband combined a love for the worst features of life about town with a devotion to country sports of a costly character. After a while I ceased inquiring what he had done or where he had been during the days and weeks he spent in the city. He came back from them shaky and worn and cross and full of talk about the necessity of cutting down household bills. But as soon as he was a little rested he would plunge into fresh extravagances. He rode to hounds, and this obliged him to keep good horses and a corps of grooms and stable men. He owned a motor boat and two motor cars and subscribed heavily to the fund for good roads. Besides this, he was always keen for village and country improvements and voted for them, no matter what the cost would be to the taxpayers.

I THINK my first craving for a vote came with a desire to do something to reduce those taxes and bonds on property owners for putting in water and gas and electric-light mains, and laying sidewalks and building fine roads and erecting a big showy school-

house, and doing many other things which swelled the cost of our country place far beyond the sum my common sense told me my income could stand.

I shall never forget how I used to gird against the law which obliged me to pay debts I had never contracted. I didn't care for motoring, and would have been perfectly satisfied to jog about the country behind a pair of easy-going horses on soft dirt roads. The hard dusty macadam which had taken the place of shady lanes and "ribbon roads" with stretches of grass down the center of the driveway had no charms for me. The pavements that had superseded the roadside pathway, the big brick barracks that had arisen on the site of the picturesque old schoolhouse, the electric lights that blinded one to moon rays and star beams were so many offenses to me. And I was taxed to pay for them!

My husband had no sympathy with my attitude. Sometimes he laughed,—that was when he happened to be good-natured,—sometimes he sneered, oftenest he growled or swore. By and by I learned to hold my peace, since speech did no good; but I thought the more I knew we were plunging deep into debt.

I cannot fix the time when it came to me plainly that for the sake of my children if not for myself I must get away from my husband. I didn't want a divorce, although I knew well enough by now that I had grounds for it. All I wanted was to be free from his presence, at liberty to make a home for the children, authority to handle my own money and spend it as seemed best to me, instead of seeing it thrown to the winds for outlay with which I had no sympathy.

SUFFRAGE had never appealed to me in the least. My wandering life as a girl had given me no stake in any special community and the people I knew best had little interest in such matters. I had heard the pioneers in suffrage jeered at, jests made of the women who wished to put on trousers and go to the polls, and the cheap jokes which everyone has heard *ad nauseam* were a commonplace in my set.

The first thing that turned my thoughts seriously toward woman suffrage as an issue that touched me was a copy of a newspaper from my old home. As I glanced over the columns to see if I could find any familiar names I was impressed with the activities in which women were taking part, the places they held in public life. I knew the state had "gone suffrage" some years before, but the news had not held my thoughts for more than a minute. Now it was different, and like a flash it came to me that there, in my native state, might be a solution of my problem.

I lost no time in securing an interview with my uncle and former guardian. I put the matter to him plainly.

"I am willing to let my husband have everything but enough to keep the children and me," I said. "Can't I take them away with me and leave him?"

I don't like to dwell upon the discussions, the accusations, the recriminations that followed the suggestion of this course to my husband. My uncle urged me to fight for some of my property in the state in which I lived, but I refused absolutely. Back home I owned enough to keep the girls and myself in comfort, and by the laws of that state my husband could not touch my income or my investments. He was welcome to all the rest.

THE home in which we finally established ourselves in a retired corner of the town in which I was born had little in common with the luxury of the dwelling we had left; but we loved it from the first and in settling it and myself I became almost happy. My father's and mother's old friends gathered around us and made us welcome. It was all very sweet.

Rather to my surprise I did not hear much talk of suffrage. It was taken for granted, and there were no signs of the de-feminized, shrieking sisterhood of whom I had heard from the "antis" and the indif-

ferent. The women accepted their part in the community as men accepted theirs, and apparently were neither elated nor depressed by the possession of a vote. Yet now and then something would happen to show me that their eyes were open to the public needs and that they stood ready to do their share when occasion arose.

One afternoon at a tea I heard a lively young matron telling enthusiastically of a victory women had won in an outlying town.

"The liquor interests had had it all their own way," she said. "The school board was absolutely incompetent; the schools were in wretched condition, and everything was about as bad as it could be. We women got together and did a little planning, and on election day we voted that miserable school board out and put in one that will make things hum! The kiddies will have proper teaching now, and the sanitary conditions of the schoolhouses will be improved!"

Somehow, up to that time I had never thought of the duty toward others involved in the equal franchise.



I lost no time in securing an interview with my guardian

I began to ask questions. I had expected to be antagonized by many things connected with voting women, but I was agreeably disappointed. Of course there were fools among them, as there were fools among men, but the women who had become accustomed to the ballot regarded it as a trust and not as a plaything.

FORTUNATELY for my civic education one of the best examples of the value of the women's vote occurred at about this period. As in every other city in America, or in any other country, I suppose, there was a strong element among us who went into politics and office for the loaves and fishes and made municipal graft their profession. The better portion of the community regretted conditions, but did nothing.

But among the many venal officials there was one honest man who had set his mind to the cleaning up of the city and had fought his way almost unaided to a position where his integrity commanded the respect of the decent and the hatred of the worst part of the population. When the end of his term drew near it was evident that he would not be renominated if the rascals among the politicians could have their way.

Whatever the men might have done, certain it is that the women came to the front and stayed there. Nothing daunted them or checked them.

They succeeded! They elected him triumphantly! I don't know to what means they did not resort, but I know they called upon every influence they possessed. And when they had won their victory they were not weary in well-doing but supported their man by all means in their power.

Brilliant and impressive as were such victories—as the reflection to which I have referred—they carried less weight with me than the educational value of the suffrage. This I saw exemplified every day, and it is to me the chief benefit won for women by their acquisition of the vote.

Perhaps this came home to me more closely than to others because I was the mother of daughters. Day by day I had the opportunity to see how their standards varied from what mine had been at their age. True, I had been brought up in a different environment, but my development could not have failed to progress along finer and higher lines if from childhood I had known that the franchise was waiting for me when I reached legal age. If I had been aware that I was to have a voice in fixing taxes, in deciding upon public improvements, in putting into office men who would carry out the changes to which they had pledged themselves, and that would be for my profit as the holder of real estate, I would have made myself ready to meet the responsibility.

Yet there was much beyond that: If I had held a vote that would do even the least little thing toward regulating industrial conditions, toward giving women a fair working day and wages on which they could live decently, if it had lain in my power to render their surroundings safer or more sanitary, to help to check child labor and to improve tenements, to regulate the liquor traffic and to diminish white slavery, would I not have looked upon life with changed and wiser eyes?



"We voted that miserable school board out"

Robin Hood and His Barn

*Being the story of a campaign, a candidate, and Robin Hood himself,—
also of a little old two-cylinder car*

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL



"I KNEW it," said the Candidate for the Governorship of the State, triumphant irritation in his big bass voice, now more than a little husky with much campaign speaking. "I told you we've been going round Robin Hood's Barn. Here's the barn. Don't you remember that stag's head over the door?"

There was no disputing it. The whole party, including the Candidate's son, his private secretary, his campaign manager, and his chauffeur, more or less distinctly recalled the stag's head.

"Hi, there!" shouted the Candidate's son, first to catch sight of a blue-overall-clad leg kneeling upon the floor of the barn. "Is this the road to Centreville?"

The leg moved, straightened; a figure came into view, appeared in the barn door, approached to within speaking distance.

"This is the road," a crisp voice replied, "if you make the right turns farther on. But it's rather a difficult course to describe. I'll make a diagram for you."

The young man came on to the big car, withdrawing, as he came, from the pocket in the overalls a blue-and-white bandanna handkerchief and rubbing his grease-and-grime-covered hands that he might receive the pencil and envelope immediately proffered by the Candidate's secretary. He stood by the Candidate's elbow and rapidly sketched a somewhat complicated outline of the turns and cross-roads to be passed. As he worked, the eyes of the party were all upon him for, in spite of the overalls and the stained hands, he was plainly a young man worth noting. His face was a lean, clean face, his blue-gray eyes looked as if they seldom missed seeing anything which came within their range, his mouth and chin suggested a character in which was no lack of will.

"Much obliged to you," said the Candidate, leaning back with a sigh. "I hope we'll be able to get away now from that barn of yours."

"You've come by it before?" asked the young man, smiling. "I'm not surprised. Strangers in this part of the country often make the wrong turn back there a mile, and come on around the flatiron instead of going ahead on the cross-cut to the turnpike. But I think you'll make it now."

The engine speeded, the gears meshed, the car moved on in a cloud of dust. The Candidate's son held the diagrammed envelope in his hand and directed the chauffeur, by whom he sat. He followed the directions as accurately as he could, the car dashed along over good roads and bad, and in precisely one-half hour he looked up at the cry from the Campaign Manager:

"Eat me, if there isn't that stag's-head barn again!"

The chauffeur, with an exasperated jerk of the head, glanced toward the barn, muttering something under his breath as he slowed down with a grinding of brakes. He had been at the steering-wheel for many days, and he was tired. It was dusk of a cloudy day, his lights were not yet on, and he missed seeing a treacherous combination of big stone, small ditch and stout, short post which awaited him close beside the road. The car jolted into the combination with heavy impact, and at that instant a strange, ominous-sounding crack gave warning that something more than a bad jar to the machine and its occupants was the result of the blow.

Every man leaped out of the car to see what had happened. The chauffeur, looking very unhappy, pointed at a place on the frame of the car, just in

front of the right headlight.

"Couldn't be anything worse'n that. Frame's cracked."

Inside the barn a young man in overalls arose from a stooping posture by a small runabout car of the type of many years back and ran to the door of the barn, a tool in his hand. He saw the same great expensive touring-car which had passed half an hour before, its occupants grouped about it in attitudes indicating despair. He hurried to join them.

The Campaign Manager, first to turn away from staring at the car, was looking fixedly at his watch. "We're three quarters of an hour late now," he was crying, "and I wouldn't have you miss Centreville for any money. You've got to get there. We've got to go on!"

"Not with that crack," said the young man in the blue overalls, coming up and fixing his eye upon the trouble, which that eye, experienced, saw to be trouble indeed. "Unless you want to see your finish within a mile."

The chauffeur confirmed this prediction, and the Candidate stared at his Manager. The Manager turned upon the young man in overalls.

"How far to Centreville?"

"Eighteen miles."

"Anything on earth here we can hire?"

"Nothing you can hire. I'll gladly take one of you in my car."

"Your car! Good heavens, rush it out!"

The entire party followed the young man back to the barn. There they paused in a body, looking at the car which was to take the Candidate for the governorship on to Centreville, the place known to the Campaign Manager as the key of this mountain county, and which accordingly must not be passed by. It was a small runabout of the old type in which the two-cylinder, horizontal, double-opposed engine is mounted under the body of the car, a type now utterly obsolete, so that the oncoming generation already fails to recognize it and looks in vain under the hood, to find there only the small tank carrying the gasoline. The whole car, though old and worn with service, was in the very pink of venerable condition.

The Candidate eyed it, however, with doubt. He was weary with his much speaking, and would have welcomed a reasonable excuse for passing the meeting at Centreville, or for at least telephoning on to postpone it. But the Campaign Manager would have none of that.

"Off you go!" he said.

The young man in overalls ran up to the house. In less time than could have been expected he was back, the overalls removed, his hands as clean as a hasty but energetic scrubbing could make them, his blue serge suit making a complete and attractive change in his appearance. And in no time at all the Candidate found himself rushing on down the road, clinging to the side of the "tub" seat, as the car, which knew not the modern spring, threw him about in its plunges over the various uneven places. There was no talking on that trip.

An hour later, the candidate faced his audience at Centreville, for the most part a big country crowd, an outdoor gathering, lighted by campaign torches stuck in the ground. It was a large crowd and an eager one. On the outskirts of it were to be seen vehicles of all types, including a goodly number of automobiles, for the district was by no means a poor one. Among these stood the car which had brought the Candidate, its driver remaining in his seat. His car attracted

considerable attention. Even for a country town its antiquated appearance was notable. Small boys clustered round it. Occupants of nearby cars eyed it with amused toleration.

But Robin Hood paid scant heed to these attentions. (If the barn was Robin Hood's, then he was Robin Hood himself, for it was certainly his barn.) His mind was concentrated wholly upon the speech whose maker he and his car had had the honor to bring to the appointment.

For the truth was that he had been anxious about this speech for a long time. He had been following the Candidate's campaign as closely as it was possible to do, watching the papers to see where he was to be, reading every word of his speeches, and noting every commenting editorial, every report of mounting public opinion. The Candidate had been, in a way, a hero of his for a good while, though Robin Hood had never known half as much about him as he was getting to know now in the light of the self-revelations of the "whirlwind campaign" the Candidate was making for the governorship of his state.

In a general way the Candidate was living—or speaking—up to the estimate Robin Hood had come to put upon him. But there was one issue, to Robin Hood and many other men the paramount issue of the campaign, upon which the Candidate had not yet declared himself. To be sure, he had said things capable of interpretation to satisfy those who felt in a certain way concerning the issue, yet he had so put these things that those who took the opposing side could not say definitely that he was against them. Perhaps, in the early days of the campaign, it had not been really necessary that the Candidate should take definite ground upon the issue. But as the days had gone on there had come to be a pretty strong and certainly growing conviction among the best element of the party that the Candidate, if he were not to be accused of "hedging," of dodging the issue with a view of keeping everybody his friend, must declare himself openly and straightforwardly, and that without further delay.

Putting the case to himself, Robin Hood was thinking: "To-night's the time. If he doesn't do it to-night—or at least to-morrow night, at Harrington—he's a coward, and we don't want him for governor. I don't want to believe he's a coward—he can't be one. He's shown too much backbone ever since he's been in public life. He mustn't be a coward. Yet, why doesn't he speak out? Why, why?"

As the speech ended, loud applause saluted it. Robin Hood, himself not applauding, glanced sharply about him at various groups of men whom he had noted while the preliminaries had been going on. All were of a rather distinct type, men whom, at first glance, anyone of discernment would select as of more than average intelligence. And of this type Robin Hood observed that very few were heartily applauding the speech.

The Candidate, escorted by an attentive committee, approached Robin Hood's car. As they neared him Robin Hood saw one of them point to a big empty touring-car near by with a gesture as of invitation. The Candidate shook his head, and the party came on to the little old car.

"This young man very kindly helped me out of my difficulty when my car gave out," said the Candidate, standing erect and tall in the flaring illumination; "I'll go back with him, thank you, gentlemen. No, nothing at all, thank you, I find I stand the pull of the campaign better if I keep regular rules. And we

have the problem of the crippled car yet to solve, when we get back. . . . Yes, I understand another will be placed at our disposal, but meanwhile—I have a sort of sentiment about keeping my own machine in commission if possible, through the campaign. . . . Yes. . . . Good night, good night. Thank you for your kindness. I've enjoyed speaking; I shall hope to see many of you farther along the line. Good night."

The spectacle of the imposing Candidate being removed from the scene in what one impudent bystander characterized as a "piece of junk," took the eye of the crowd and brought forth a cheer. The exceeding humanness of it caught the crowd's fancy, and the cheer swelled into an enthusiastic farewell, and part of it was for the Candidate, and part for his driver, and nine tenths for the little old car.

Well out of sight, the car was made slightly to moderate its pace. The night was dark, the road was winding, the car's headlights were not electric searchlights—and, besides, Robin Hood hoped the Candidate would feel like talking a little. The Candidate did feel like talking.

The Candidate, like most normal human beings, having tried to do a good thing, wanted to hear from another human being that he had done it. But in this case he did not hear it. Robin Hood could answer questions, and ask them, too, in a way which proved definitely that he was not only a close student of this particular campaign, but that he had been doing a lot of thinking, and that he was all alive with interest in men and affairs. And after a little the Candidate found himself becoming intensely interested in knowing what Robin Hood (whom he did not as yet know by any name) thought of the speech he had heard that evening.

By and by he found out. When Robin Hood discovered, as he was not long in doing, that the Candidate really cared very much to know what he thought of the speech he made up his mind to speak out.

But at this point it must be admitted that Robin Hood's heart, always beating sturdily in his healthy breast, began to thump pretty heavily. It is not an easy task—and it is pretty generally a thankless one—to tell another man something you think he ought to know, but which you imagine he may be hurt and angry to hear. And if he is a man of years and prominence, and you are only—Robin Hood, the owner of a barn—?

The Candidate helped him by putting a direct question: "From the way you show you have studied the platform of your party in this campaign, I should be interested to know your opinion as to how public sentiment stands in your own community. You get about a good deal with your car, I suppose. How do your neighbors look upon—to be quite frank—my candidacy?"

There was a full minute's silence. Then the young man spoke. He had, as I have said, a crisp way of speaking, but it was decidedly a pleasant way and his voice was also the voice of the educated man.

"My old barn," said he, "stands in such a queer net of cross-roads and twists and turns that lots of strangers, driving through, come around it the second time, and even the third, as you did. It's been called Robin Hood's barn for a good many years, for my grandfather on my mother's side was named Robert Hood. My name is Robert Hood Hudley, and I'm often called Robin Hood myself. So you can see that the phrase has come to be used a good deal around here, even more than other people use it everywhere."

He paused. The Candidate, listening with some surprise to this explanation, may have occupied the brief pause by making a rather startled surmise as to what this young man could mean by beginning an answer to his question in so strange a manner. He was not long left in doubt.

"I was mightily interested in your speech," went on this brave young man. "You covered the ground wonderfully well, I thought—all but about one pretty fair-sized patch. But—on that patch stood Robin Hood's barn. If you'll forgive my saying so, I was sorry you decided to go round it—again."

They had come to a steep hill. After a short spurt up it the little car had to get into her low gear, and she ground up the heavy grade with such a din of machinery that the Candidate could not well have been heard if he had spoken. But he did not speak, nor did he speak when they had reached the top.

That he understood clearly enough what Robin Hood meant could not be doubted. His silence made that certain. That he did not pretend not to understand, that he did not fence with questions as to what this daring young man meant to insinuate, but took the blow without immediate attempt to parry or defend, made it difficult for Robin Hood to proceed. But, now that he had begun, Robin Hood felt that one more thing must be said.

"You know," he said, "we've about worshiped you up here. We've talked you over and discussed your candidacy, in this district, till every feature of it has been gone over a thousand times. We have a notion that your going round Robin Hood's barn may make you governor—because all men don't think as we do, and the majority rules. Just the same—we'd rather see you lose on the straight road, than win—behind the barn. We'd rather see you take the chance on the main highway, because we've always seen you there and it's never once entered our heads, till this campaign, that you wouldn't burn a barn down rather than go round it, if—it sheltered corruption."

The Candidate for the governorship was not sleeping well. He had been given the best room in Robin Hood's house, a room large and airy, the bed linen sweet with lavender, the cool night breeze sweeping in through the four wide-opened windows. The rest of his party had been bestowed comfortably, if not quite so luxuriously, in the best of the house's other resources. The hush of the second hour after midnight brooded over the place, hardly broken by the distant sound of blows upon an anvil. Robin Hood's barn stood so far away from his house that these sounds need have disturbed nobody's slumber, if he had had nothing more annoying to keep him awake.

The Candidate for the governorship had something to keep him awake. He was thinking of the reply he might have made to a young man who had ventured to criticize his course. Not that he had not replied to that young man, and with dignity. Not that he had not carried off a difficult situation in a manner so diplomatic, so quietly good-humored, yet with such apparent conviction of his own unassailable position and his critic's natural but enormous error, that he had succeeded, by the very force of his own personality, in making the criticism seem puerile, its subject negligible.

The Candidate, turning and twisting upon an uneasy pillow, his thoughts as uncomfortable as those of a runner upon a race-course who hears over his shoulder the nearing pound of a runner pursuing, and gaining, put his burning feet out of bed upon the cool, matting-covered floor. He went over to the window, and looked down toward the barn, whose distant open door had become a great square of ruddy light. Above the steady clank of the hammer he could catch the sound of a clear and musical whistle.

As if drawn by some attraction which he could not resist the Candidate got rapidly into his clothes and a few minutes later stood, unperceived, in the doorway of the barn.

The great touring-car, its forward portion more or less dismantled, stood in the center of the floor, its outlines thrown into high relief by the two headlights

that point from a jar no greater than the one she got last night. If she hadn't had that, she might have gone ten thousand miles farther without a scratch. The point is—you never know when she's going to get the jar."

"No," said the Candidate, thoughtfully to himself, looking sharply at the profile outlined for him against the light as the young man bent over his work, "you certainly never know."

He stayed by the rest of the night. He became so interested in the task Robin Hood, single-handed, was accomplishing, and so interested in Robin Hood himself, that he remained watching the work of repair. In spite of several urgent suggestions that he needed rest, it was as the dawn was creeping in at the big door that Robin Hood finished his task and stood up with a long breath of satisfaction.

"There!" he said. "Whatever else gives out this trip, that spot will hold fast."

"You must be tired enough," said the Candidate. "Surely you can get a couple of hours' sleep, now."

"We don't know," said Robin Hood in reply, "how that blow she got may have queerer things inside. Suppose we start the engine and see if all's ready for the road. I'll run up to the house a minute, and be right back."

He disappeared into the cloudy dawn outside the door. The Candidate stepped into his car and attempted to use his electric starter. The device, hitherto untried, but evidently now put out of commission by the accident, refused to work.

He walked around to the front of the car, saw that it had no crank, and remembered that that now useful implement was stowed away somewhere in the car, its place taken by a neat cap which proclaimed the reliability of the starter. Ordinarily, at this stage of examination into affairs existing the Candidate would have stopped work and awaited help, but a vision of Robin Hood working all night while he, the owner of the car, rested, spurred him to action.

The Candidate, searching, found a pipe wrench among Robin Hood's implements and with considerable difficulty removed the cap. He hunted out the hitherto unused crank and fitted it into place—with more difficulty, being no mechanic. Eyeing it then, rather dubiously, he yet felt impelled to make use of it. He had cranked a car before, once or twice, though not this car.

It did not occur to him first to observe the position of the spark and throttle. They had, as it happened, not been left in precisely the right relation for the starting of the engine, which was a powerful one of many horse-power. The Candidate grasped the crank, bent his back, exerted all his strength, being somehow prepared for the undoubted fact that it would all be needed. Once, twice, thrice—it seemed that he could move nothing, hardly the crank itself. A fourth time—

The Candidate sat upon the floor of the barn, his right arm hanging limply at his side. The engine was running violently, the chauffeur was sitting up dazedly on his bench with one hand to his head, and Robin Hood, dashing in at the barn door, his mind working with disciplined swiftness, was pausing on his way to the Candidate's side to shut off the racing engine before he proceeded to the relief of the engine's victim.

Robin Hood's gaze was on that limp arm. "Of all the confounded hard luck!" he cried as he knelt beside the Candidate, giving the unhurt shoulder support against his own. "If I'd come back a minute sooner—Well—we'll have it fixed in short order, before it has a chance to swell."

"Send Duffy for a surgeon," commanded the Candidate weakly. He leaned back dizzily against the sturdy shoulder. "It—hurts—just a little," he explained.

"I'll wager it does," agreed Robin Hood sympathetically. "But we won't have to send for a surgeon, which is lucky, for there isn't any short of Centerville. We can fix up that arm right here—in the house."

The Candidate shook his head. He was gradually turning pretty white, with a tinge of yellow. "I don't want any amateur work," he murmured faintly yet with decision.

"You won't have any," promised Robin Hood. "Here, Duffy, we'd better get him to the house. Take him on this side, I'll look after that arm. . . . All ready? Now—slowly."

He was assisted in at a door in a wing upon the further side of the house, which he had not seen before. He was conscious of being led through a large and airy room into a smaller inner one, and of being gently aided to lie down upon a wide and comfortable couch, his arm being immediately propped in the easiest position possible. His eyes, closing for a moment, but unclosing again, because he was suffering so much pain that he could not keep them shut, rested upon an open doorway. His pallid lips, parting to declare his intention of having summoned without further parley the best surgeon in the county, remained agape with astonishment at that which he saw through the open door.

This third room of the series was of a dazzling whiteness—dazzling in contrast with the early-morning duskliness of the room in which the Candidate lay. As he went into it Robin Hood had touched a button and switched on a brilliant electric light somewhere—and electric light in a farmhouse otherwise lighted by kerosene oil! This strong illumination disclosed such a room as could be used only [CONTINUED ON PAGE 11]



"She looks as if there were a good deal of life in her yet," he observed.

of the little old car. They burned brightly and cast a flood of illumination not only upon the big car but upon a tall and well-built young man in blue overalls, who, with bared arms, was sending mighty blows with a great hammer upon an extemporized forge consisting of a three-foot length of steel rail, evidently cut from a discarded length of railroad track and fastened permanently to a wooden mechanic's bench, well equipped with tools of all sorts.

The Candidate eyed this scene with mounting interest. When he had left the barn shortly before midnight, his son, his secretary, and his chauffeur had also occupied the floor; the latter, at least, present in the position of assistant to Robin Hood himself, who had taken charge of the repair work. Now, all had vanished; even the chauffeur was sound asleep upon an unoccupied bench behind the big car.

"Don't wake the poor chap," said Robin Hood. "He's dead tired—and I don't need him. He stayed by till we had straightened the frame—that took a good while. Then I sent him off. I can fit this angle-iron, myself."

"I had no idea you could make a permanent job of it," declared the Candidate. "I thought if you could just fix it so we could finish the tour—"

"You need it as sound to finish the tour," said the young man, turning again to his labor, "as you do for a year's work. I haven't much use for patchwork jobs, myself. Of course, you'll get a new frame for the car when you have time—for looks. But you won't need it for safety."

The Candidate strolled over to the small but sturdy-looking vehicle which had come to his rescue the evening before.

"She looks as if there were a good deal of life in her yet," he observed.

"At the present moment," responded the young man with a sparkling eye, "she has your Pallas Athene there beaten to a finish. That's a pretty true old saying, isn't it?—that a thing is precisely as strong as its weakest part. That car of yours, now, fine as they make 'em, must have had just a bit of an overlooked flaw in her steel, or she wouldn't have given way at

What the Parcel Post can do for the American Housewife

Marketing by Mail

By ALBERT S. BURLERSON

Postmaster General of the United States

THE work of educating the people into taking maximum advantage of postal facilities is being systematized and is bringing substantial results. Just at present, when thrifty housewives are wrestling with the cost of living, postmasters throughout the country have taken steps to popularize the plan inaugurated less than a year ago by the Post-Office Department—that of marketing by mail. The purpose of this plan is, briefly, to bring the farms' choicest products to every kitchen at lower prices than similar goods can be purchased at city markets—if they can be purchased at all—or at the prices quoted for given articles of inferior quality.

Residents of cities throughout the United States have experimented in marketing by mail and, making due allowance for the newness of the scheme and the difficulties encountered at first, a startling growth of this "farm to table by post" service is recorded in reports received by the department. The results are most gratifying in the large centers of population where the need for additional facilities for obtaining fresh country produce is greatest. A pleasing discovery by the postal authorities has been to find that the opposition of city and country retailers to this and other features of the recent development of the parcel post has died out. Merchants are finding that the Government's express facilities are of value to them. "Parcel post selling" is no longer confined to the big mail-order houses.

"Mail-order Farmers"

GROCERIES and even butchers in country towns, and in some cases the farmers themselves through the organization of coöperative selling agencies, are collecting the farm produce of their locality and marketing it in the cities by mail order. This practice is encouraged by the Post-Office Department. Cases are on record where the individual farmer's list of mail-order customers grows so rapidly that his supply is quickly exhausted, compelling him to suspend the service. Country selling agencies, whether coöperative or privately managed, articulate the output of many farms, standardize price and quality, assure a steady supply and a reliable system of exchange.

Last year an attempt was made to place "marketing by mail" exhibits at country fairs and municipal expositions, but these displays were necessarily limited, due to the fact that the plan was inaugurated only last October. This fall, instead, exhibits of this sort will be a feature at such gatherings. Thousands of such fairs are held every year, and they are attended not only by the rural population but also by residents of nearby cities. Thus, farmers in the outlying districts of large cities have now an opportunity to get in close and remunerative touch with the people.

The devising of an inexpensive thermatic container that will keep things hot or cold twenty-four hours is the last obstacle in the way of a perfect marketing by mail system. But meanwhile the postal authorities have made use of the next best thing: ice boxes have been placed in the parcel post sections of the post-office where the service warranted, and so we have the unique situation of keeping "mail on ice." Temperature being the chief element in the case, the advent of cool weather means a partial elimination of some of the difficulties which attend the shipment by mail of certain perishable articles. A pound or five pounds of butter or lard can be safely sent by mail during the winter months simply well wrapped, but in warm weather neither can be sent unless in a thermatic container, or at least a liquid-proof container, so that the liquid formed by melting will not run over.

Substantial advance toward solving the thermatic container question has already been made. Samples of such containers, which promise to retail cheaply, to keep their contents at a sufficiently low temperature for a reasonable time, and to serve during many shipments, have been tested satisfactorily by the department. Eventually, with adequate packing facilities to meet all possible needs, and with the general adoption of the service, both of which will come together, marketing by mail will become no more and no less than striking a bargain between consumer and producer.

Good Packing is Necessary

PATRONS of the parcel post system proper have not yet fully learned the lesson of proper packing; and I would urge every individual to give this special attention, whether it means simply the proper sealing of an envelope or the proper wrapping and tying of heavy packages. Every postmaster will gladly give fullest directions if the post-office patrons will only consult him freely. This will be further supplemented at the country fairs in connection with the exhibits under the auspices of the respective postmasters. The few brief, essential rules of the postal lexicon—how to use and how not to use the postal service—have been reduced to terse, snappy sentences which are conspicuously and attractively posted in placard form. The idea of advertising local merchants as well as government express is frequently introduced. One of the most effective placards, for instance, is worded thus:



"GETTING TOGETHER" is the real secret of success in parcel post service, says Postmaster General Burlerston.

The articles displayed in this booth are samples of some of the merchandise being transported daily by Parcel Post and were loaned for this exhibit by those whose names appear, who constitute but a small proportion of the patrons of Parcel Post in this city.

Postal experts see to it that all articles thus displayed are properly packed. Often, however, a companion exhibit illustrates the consequences of bad packing, with this notice:

Some persons will not pack properly. See what happened to a few that the post-office took in inadvertently. The requirements of packing are for YOUR protection.

Just a faint glow of humor enters into another of the placards and emphasizes the obvious. Thus:

No matter how much care you have taken in addressing mail it will be useless unless the address remains with the article until it reaches its destination.

Eliminating Waste

ECONOMICALLY, this postal departure is excellent, especially from the producers' standpoint. It is, generally, a cash transaction. It eliminates waste at the farm. The farmers hitherto unable to reach the city market have had little or no cash demand for their barnyard, truck and dairy products, and have been compelled to dispose of them "in trade" at the nearest country town. Many such farmers now find the city market available, and are doing a cash business at figures well above those allowed them heretofore in trade. In the cities the effect is, usually, a substantial reduction of prices.

The postal authorities are also using this means to reach the public to develop country competition, through the country stores, with the mail-order houses. One of the placards conspicuously placed at the exhibits says: "Country stores, by carrying a good line of samples and good catalogues may supplement their stock by connecting by Parcel Post with the larger stocks of the cities. Order one day, deliver goods the next."

There are good departmental as well as economic reasons for encouraging a return flow of traffic from the country to the city. The parcel post has already done much, and promises to do much more, toward completing a system of food distribution which will knit the city and country more closely together. With its rural free delivery service, the postal establishment reaches practically all farming territory, and alike expands the selling opportunity of the producer and buying opportunity of the consumer.

A great deal, of course, depends upon initiative and enterprise, if the producer would make a success of this plan. Take the case of the bright Virginia farmer who has sent a six-months-old calf by parcel post. That calf followed in the footsteps of a beef steer which that same farmer sent through the parcel post last December. It marks, truly, a new step in the

development of farm-to-table service by mail.

To Carl Christensen of Burke, Virginia, belongs the distinction of being the first person to send cattle by parcel post. The returns were excellent. Of course, neither the steer nor the calf were shipped through the mails alive, but were reduced to cuts within the parcel post weight limits, which were then distributed in small orders to city consumers as far north and east as Long Island, New York. The steer was all spoken for by a score of consumers before it was slaughtered. The entire edible carcass was sold through the mails and delivered by parcel post, not an ounce was disposed of otherwise.

Beef by Mail

LAST October Mr. Christensen advised the Washington postmaster that he would kill a steer on December the first, and sell the meat by mail at one third less than the Washington retail prices. His offering was published in the Washington post-office farm list and in a parcel post trade paper. A few weeks later he wrote that his steer was all spoken for, and he applied for the necessary meat inspection certificate. The steer was deposited on the appointed date in the mails at Burke, in market baskets and cardboard containers. The carving of the meat was plain, as it is done on the farm, but the meat itself was pronounced excellent by the purchasers.

In telling Postmaster Otto Praeger about it afterward, Mr. Christensen said:

"About the steer I can't tell how much it did weigh on the hoof, but after the feet, entrails, head, etc., were removed, the meat cut up gave two hundred and fifty pounds. I was offered thirty-five dollars on the hoof, but sold two hundred and one-half pounds of meat to different customers for the sum of a little more than thirty-five dollars and I had fifty pounds of meat left for my profit. The hide paid for the help I got to dress and part the steer."

The meat, by the way, cost the consumers, delivered, twenty-one and one-third cents per pound for the very choicest sirloin cuts, down to about half for the cheapest.

I might well remark, too, that not all saving made possible by means of marketing by mail is a matter of dollars and cents. A patron said that she purchased thirty pounds of lard from a producer in the country which, including container and postage, cost about the same as the price quoted in the city market. The lard, however, was of superior quality and lasted almost twice as long as similarly priced lard from local dealers, making the actual cost about half. Another patron reports eggs three days from the nest at less than eggs of doubtful age from regular commercial boxes.

Ten Cities Market by Mail

THE marketing by mail plan was first established in ten cities: Washington, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Atlanta, Birmingham, San Francisco, Rock Island, Illinois; Lynn, Massachusetts; and La Crosse, Wisconsin. In those cities the service is now about a year old. The service has now been extended to other cities, including Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Seattle, Hartford, Denver, Providence, etc.

In these cities the postmasters have compiled and printed lists of farm producers, and have circulated them among the city householders. In some cases, on their own initiative, postmasters have gone a step further and have prepared lists of city consumers for circulation among the farmers.

Postmaster D. A. Campbell of Chicago reported that the service "has taken root and promises to become an important factor in providing Chicago's food supply." Thousands of Chicago families obtained their Christmas turkeys by mail.

Starting in October, when the farmer was least able to supply a new demand, the farm-to-city service proved a success in Brooklyn, according to Postmaster William E. Kelley. At the outset Mr. Kelley addressed the principals of all the schools in Brooklyn, and lists of farmers were given to the school children, finding their way to the homes. At once a large daily exchange of packages and hampers of farm products sprang up, although the limited winter supply of poultry, eggs and butter produced within so short a distance of such a large consuming population as Greater New York contains, commanded very high prices at the farm. Of course the prices quoted were high, plus containers and postage; but many patrons preferred to get their eggs and butter direct from the farmer.

In Philadelphia, Postmaster John A. Thornton not only circularized the rural districts but addressed a "consumer's application blank" to sixty-two thousand Philadelphia householders. This number represents the city people who expressed a desire to try the new way of marketing.

It remained for Boston, however, to devise a price-reducing scheme. A movement was started to organize clubs of city purchasers to buy eggs, poultry, butter and general farm produce in bulk direct from the farmers, to be shipped in fifty-pound lots by parcel post. The plan included, mainly, employees of large business houses, residents of large apartment houses, and among householders [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



She had been kneeling in her garden, trowel in hand

PART THREE

CAPTAIN MADISON dropped, creaking, into the Geranium Lady's willow chair in the oak grove. She had been kneeling in her garden, trowel in hand, when he drove down the road and thumped Sally's iron weight before the Betty Latch cottage.

"It's all over the village that Cap'n Hawthorne's startin' Jim Brant in the herrin' business, and calls himself a partner in it!"

"Herrin' business!" exclaimed the Geranium Lady.

"Jest so. He went to see Bijah Baxter himself, and talked the old man into sellin' the right to net the herrin' when the Pawnd is opened! . . . My dear,"—the old sailor's voice made June turn to him quickly,— "I love that young man. I were the first friend he had on this island."

"You were mine, too."

"I set to work to cal'late what would make him happy. Now he's strikin' out fer himself." The old man chuckled. "I didn't think to suggest the herrin' industry."

"What did you do, to make him happy?"

"Wal,"—the captain grinned,— "I sorter introduced him round to the folks I thought he orter meet."

"Captain Madison," June Carver leaned forward earnestly, "I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if I did. What'll ye her, my dear?"

"I want you to—that is—please keep right on—making him happy."

"I promise ye," Captain Madison said slowly, after a pause. "But I cal'late he don't need my assistance much, arter all. Didn't tell ye, did I, that he's sent fer a horse to ride? Proud as Punch over it—first horse he ever owned. That looks a'mighty like the same animal comin' down the road this minute."

For the second time the old skipper saw them meet, but there was nothing remarkable about this greeting. He freed Sally from the iron weight and climbed into the sagging old buggy, though he had intended to make a call.

"Bear in mind," he called out to Hawthorne as the buggy got under way, "that all weather signs may fall!"

As the days swiftly and wonderfully passed, the memory of what had accompanied their first meeting had faded into an unreality. Miles Hawthorne doubted if it had ever happened at all, in his certainty that her beauty was a wholly new experience. And at every meeting this beauty of hers, which was not the first thing he had noticed about her, seemed to be greater. Her dusky hair, her dark eyes that had a way of softly shining—one never tired of seeing them anew! Her face was a healthy white—she freckled slightly instead of tanning—until, rarely, two deep rose spots dyed her cheeks.

But it was not all this that made her beautiful. There hung about her, in her glance, her smile, her very gesture, something ineffably tender, like a rich overtone. Varied as he found her moods, it entered them all, sometimes—he enjoyed multiplying metaphors—a deep chime heard very near, or again, when she was gay, the echo of a sweet tune, rare, thin, vanishing, but never gone. He could not believe that this was for him, for he heard it also when she talked with Hannah, or Captain Madison, or even Jim Brant. Once when he saw her speak with a Portuguese child it had come swiftly, like a rush of symphonic music. It was a calm song when she was gardening. This June, it seemed, would care for the whole world.

"Come in," she smiled now, with that tone in her voice ringing a little chime.

It was simple and satisfying just to idle in Betty Latch's sitting-room, with its bowl of scarlet flowers. Miles Hawthorne leaned his elbows on the table and talked to the Geranium Lady across the flowers in a way that really caused her request of Captain Madison to seem superfluous. It evidently did not require the good old skipper's endeavors to make this young man happy.

All the afternoon slow clouds had been gathering over the Sound, to the north. But neither of them noticed the weather signs, in spite of Captain Madison's tutelage, until big drops and a roll of thunder caused his horse, the Admiral, to stamp and whinny, and the shower broke over the cottage. Hawthorne went out into it to quiet the frightened animal.

Presently he appeared in the doorway, leading the horse, who trembled at every lightning flash.

The Geranium Lady

A Serial Love Story

By SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE:

JUNE CARVER, the Geranium Lady of Bijah's Cove
LIEUTENANT MILES HAWTHORNE, a retired young naval officer, whose heroism in a battleship explosion nearly cost him his eyesight
CAPTAIN MADISON, an old skipper who introduced the two "off-islanders"

THE MINOR CHARACTERS ARE:

JIM BRANT, an Indian half-breed
WILLIAM BLAKE, Hawthorne's secretary
ROSE, Hawthorne's negro servant
HANNAH, June's faithful servant and only companion

In the first chapters Hawthorne and June have met at the opening of the Beach and at the village post-office, where she read a telegram for him. They are strongly attracted to each other, and Hawthorne vaguely feels that the girl's voice and the red geranium she wears are associated with an important event in his past life. When he calls on June later, he hears of an "adventure" that she gave up because it was "too scientific for her heart." Jim Brant goes to Long Point Farm, where Hawthorne is staying. He has a fiery devotion for the "off-islander," which is increased by Hawthorne's offer to help him in business. He vows to repay this kindness.

"I'll have to beg shelter for him in a barn up the road," he told her, and mounting rode off through the rain.

It was twenty minutes before he returned in a borrowed oilskin, for it had set in for a drenching down-pour. And that is how it happened that Lieutenant Hawthorne was invited to supper at the Betty Latch cottage.

It had grown nearly dark with the storm, so she put candles on the table. And they sat down opposite each other, while the rain made a steady patter on the grass and a dripping off the eaves; and the thunder rolled now farther off. It was a long time since Miles Hawthorne had eaten with a woman. He could not remember that he had sat at a meal in just this way since he had a mother, whose pretty house in a small town was his memory of home. There was, oddly enough, something solemn to him about it all—the dainty table, the sense of sharing shelter, the girl opposite whose beautiful eyes looked into his across the scarlet geraniums. . . .

Hannah almost unbent. But her amiability did not last long. After making her final trip into the dining-room and back she suddenly appeared in the kitchen doorway. She stood with her hands on her hips and fixed June Carver with a stony eye.

"What is it, Hannah?" asked the girl.

"I thought mebbe you didn't remember," said Hannah.

"Remember what?"

"To-day is Tuesday!"

The rose spots came into the Geranium Lady's cheeks.

"Why, yes; so it is," she replied lightly. "It's not quite time for the evening mail."

They sat at the table a long time. It seemed to Hawthorne unreasonable to disturb such an altogether satisfactory arrangement. The candles burned short while the fall of rain grew fainter. She made no move to rise.

"Do you like to hear rain on the roof?" she asked him.

He nodded.

"I think I am a different kind of person in different kinds of weather," she went on suddenly. "Not that I have the blues when it is gloomy. I like brilliance and—and grayness, equally well. But when it's sunny I'm quite matter-of-fact. And when it rains, down into slippery streets, or dank gardens, it seems to me—comfortable—to look about in your mind and heart and have an awareness of your individual existence. Do you know what I mean?" she asked shyly.

"Very well." Of course; didn't they know—always!

"And if you have anything to think over, any problem, it helps a lot to have it rain! Everything just stops and waits—while it goes on raining, and you decide."

"Problems are sometimes hard," said Hawthorne gravely. "I hope you haven't any to solve."

"Oh—one or two. You see, rain on the roof makes it—them—easier and at the same time more difficult. Because you have the past and the future with you almost equally real. Why, when it drips off the eaves like that I could perfectly easily believe—that my old doll Araminta had the small-pox! Or I know how I'll feel about something in ten or twenty or fifty years."

"I shall have to call you the Wise Woman of Tarley," he smiled. "And I shall bring my difficulties to you every time we have a shower."

"Oh, I'll let you bring them when the sun shines, too."

"Thanks. I believe it's coming down harder than ever. . . . Did it ever occur to you that rain, and wind, are the only audible forms of the weather? The sun can blaze on you, or the cold freeze you, or the snow fall a foot deep, in dead silence. But rain and wind are companionable. I found that out when—I was once in a hospital, with the top of my head tied up."

"Yes," said June, "I have thought of it."

"You have? That's rather odd."

He pulled the bowl of geraniums toward him, and slowly selecting the largest blossom handed it across the table.

"Why not wear it?" he suggested.

"Was—that—very long ago?" she asked, putting the flower into the front of her gown.

"You mean my weather observations? Not quite a year. It took about five months before they turned me out, pretty well patched up, considering. . . . Do you know, I think if I wanted an idol I should worship Skill!"

The girl laced her fingers on the tablecloth.

"But, after all," she slowly remarked, "it's not everything."

He leaned forward and looked at her eagerly.

"You are always right. You always—know. There are a few other things a man—craves. Perhaps you will think it impossible, but with all the skill that surrounded me then, there was only one little act—of the other sort."

"I—I wish that I could have been there." Her voice was hesitant. "Perhaps [CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]"



"I knew she was like that," the girl repeated. "I knew she was beautiful and brave"



Chapter One: For months Big Sister had interpolated the Lord's Prayer with "Please, dear God, give me two little baby sisters." God evidently thought one was plenty, so here I am.

I find it hard luck to be a baby. My mother is frail, and cannot give me the food that small daughters should have. Nothing agrees with me, so when I am three weeks old I go to the hospital with my nurse. I stay there seven weeks, watched over by doctor and nurses.



Chapter Two: Home again, the whole family devoting themselves to me.

With Grandfather sterilizing the cow, Grandmother sterilizing the pails and strainers, and Mother sterilizing the bottles and nipples, and even trying to sterilize my mouth. I am a pretty well-sterilized baby. With that, and fresh air, fresh milk, fresh baths, and fresh clothes, you see me in my little basket at three months as quite a baby. I now weigh twelve pounds.



Chapter Three: I shall whisper to you a tiny secret—"I am one of the most remarkable babies who ever lived!" My authority? Great-grandmother, aged ninety years, who is holding me in her arms with such loving pride.

If you doubt the truthfulness of such a statement just ask my grandfather or even my mother, and see if they do not corroborate it.



Chapter Four: When Big Sister takes me for an outing my mother is deluged with remonstrances and warnings from anxious friends and relatives, who expect to see me deposited head first on the cement sidewalk.

As for me, I only wear a look of patient resignation; for though I may be bounced and jolted until my head is somewhat muddled, I know Big Sister will not hurt me, and I love her much.

The Autobiography of a Better Baby

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS

Being the pleasant, true story of Miss Eleanor Fern of Idaho, the most youthful author on record



Chapter Five: Graduation day, and you see me in my first short clothes at the age of five months; I weigh fifteen and one-half pounds.

I highly regard the man in the picture; so much so that I have allowed him to tramp many miles in the midnight hours, that being my favorite time for colic, when I was younger. I may remark also that this nocturnal exercise has not dimmed his affection for me, in the least.



Chapter Six: This is Thanksgiving Day and I am smiling so happily because my little chum Dorothy, who lives cross the corner, has come to see me.

We are nearly the same age, and as our mothers are great friends we have had to listen to many learned dissertations upon modified milk, the care and training of babies, and similar thrilling topics. Dorothy does not look very plump in the picture, but wait until you see her when she is older.



Chapter Seven: I have decided upon my life's vocation—I shall be the human ostrich in the circus. Already I am in training, for the new theory of vocational guidance is to start young. Buttons, green grapes, Big Sister's doll beads, seeds, iron, string and paper are only a few of the things I have swallowed as I can crawl about seeking what I may devour. In the above picture it is only pansy-petals, which I find most refreshing.



Chapter Eight: I am now a hostess entertaining my little chum Dorothy at my first birthday party. See how calm and unruffled I appear in the face of impending disaster to my cake, which the company insisted upon having.

However, our first birthday party is a glorious success. The day is disappointing to Big Sister, however, for she hoped, since God was good enough to send me last year, He might send the twin sisters this birthday.

Is Your Baby a Better Baby?

A special service for mothers is offered by

The Better Babies Bureau

THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS' CIRCLE

Every prospective mother who reads the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is cordially invited to register in the Prospective Mothers' Circle. Just send your name, your address, and the date when your baby is expected to the Director of the Better Babies Bureau.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB

Every mother who reads the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is invited to register in the Mothers' Club, sending her name and address, and stating her special problems of health, education, discipline, etc. Her letter will be promptly and fully answered.

BETTER BABIES CAMPAIGNS

Every social worker who is interested in Better Babies Campaigns, either through Contests, or Health Exhibits, or Baby Conferences, is invited to use the helpful literature and other material prepared by the Better Babies Bureau.

INQUIRIES

A stamped and self-addressed envelope must accompany all inquiries. When ordering books and pamphlets not prepared by this Bureau for free distribution, price must be sent with order. Address Better Babies Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.



Chapter Nine: I am a very literary young lady. One of the first words in my vocabulary was book, and I utter it some hundreds of times a day. At first I devoured the books literally as well as figuratively, but now I have learned the better way, and am content to sit down quietly and turn the pages with great enjoyment.



Chapter Ten: Not many little girls are fortunate enough to live next door to their great-grandparents, both of whom are ninety years of age; but that is my privilege, and this is Great-grandpa. I think him very fine, for he is not too old to romp and frolic, trot me on his knee, and sing funny songs.

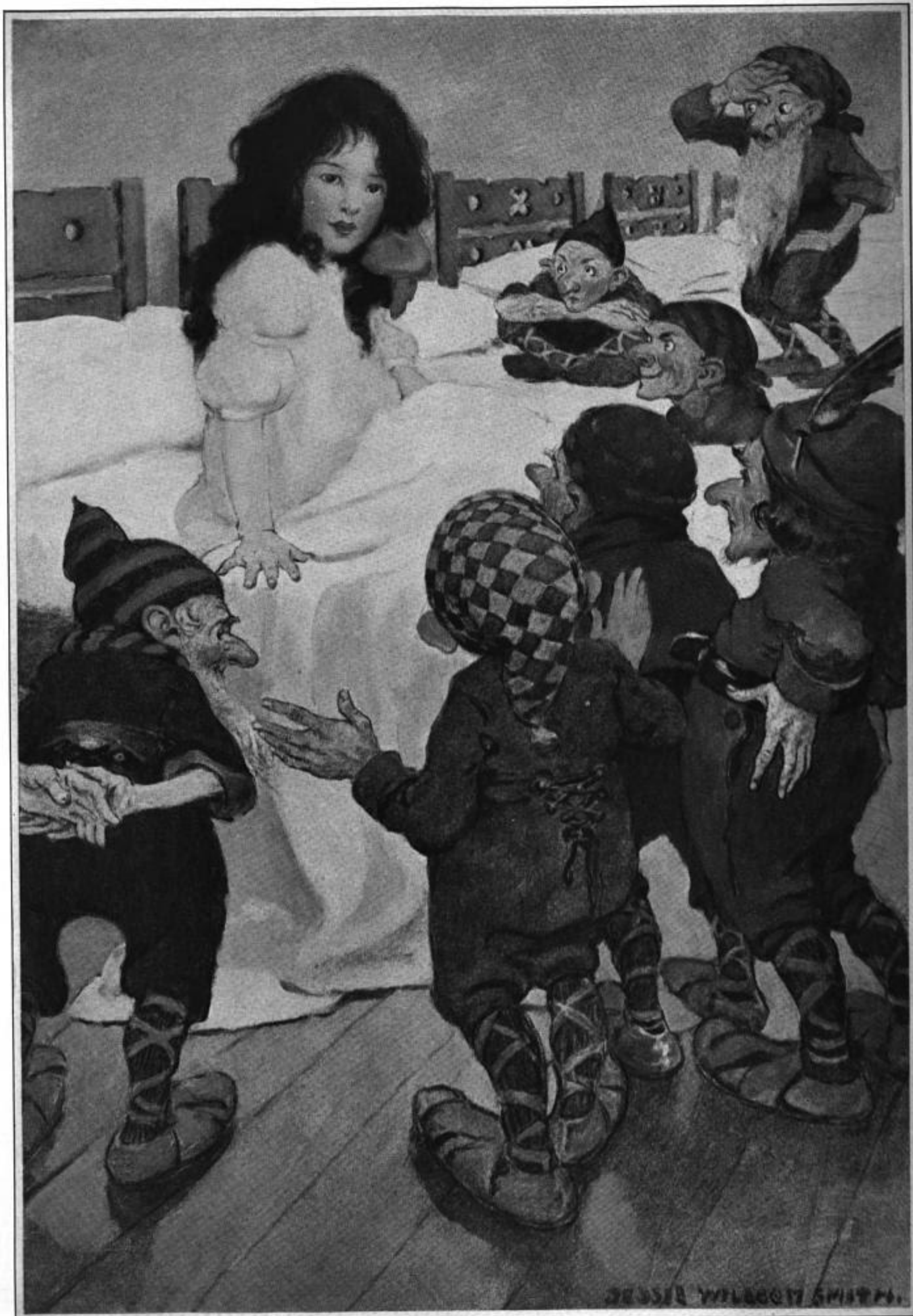


Chapter Eleven: I am trying to appear collected and unconcerned in the picture above. The fact is, my soul is weighed down with a great sense of responsibility, for I am starting for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION Better Baby Contest, and I feel that the honor of the family for four generations rests upon my tiny shoulders. It took the assembled relatives to start me off, and they all agree that if they could be judges I should come home laden with honors. I do hope my nose is not too retrousse. I must feel of it!



Chapter Twelve: I justify my relatives' belief in me and, at sixteen months of age, am pronounced the most perfect baby among the forty-six examined. I weigh twenty-two and three-fourths pounds.

So if you are a tiny baby, and frail, your mother need not despair, for loving, thoughtful care may make of you, too, a Better, or even a Best, Baby.



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Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs

Painted by
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

THE seven little dwarfs stood around her too astonished to speak, wondering how so beautiful and flowerlike a child had come amongst them. Snow White gazed back at them, wondering as much as they.

The German People

Second of a series of Interpretations

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

"He who would travel in other lands must leave his own behind. He who would judge of a country and a people must turn the key on his own prejudices and travel into the very heart of the stranger country."

TO LOVE Germany as one of the really great nations of the world is a matter of tradition with many of us; yet if one speaks of that love now, discussions concerning the present war are sure to arise.

This is not the place to discuss the tragic events of the past year. One may take whichever side one chooses. One may read with an open mind all sides of the question until one is weary; there will still remain much that is inexplicable, even to the wisest. But whatever conclusion one comes to, whether one sides with or against Germany, fortunately a few great and shining facts remain unaltered: back of this one dark year lie all the other bright ones; and there in the quiet sunlight of them stands Germany as of old, beautiful and beloved, cherished by thousands of us as she has so well deserved, remembered with a pride and delight of which she has been so worthy.

It is to this Germany that those who have loved her turn now more than ever, remembering her ideals and attainments, and longing to understand more fully those things which she herself has held dear.

A Nation's Personality

He who would travel in other lands must leave his own behind. He who would judge of a country and a people must leave his own fireside opinions, turn the key on his own prejudices, cross whatever seas of difference may lie between his and another's land, and with eager step, whether upon roads good or difficult, whether upon hidden by-paths or highways known to all, he must travel into the very heart of the stranger country. Thus he may come any day upon that country's great cities in the dawn, or chance upon her noble events spread solemn beneath the stars; so shall he come to know and love her simple village life and humble pleasures, her fertile plains or rugged mountains, her attainments and her difficulties. So, living among this people and sharing the intimate life of their homes, they shall come to have for him a particular meaning, shall stand to him for certain things not elsewhere to be found in this exact kind or measure. So shall an entire nation reveal to him a distinct personality, even as an individual with whom we have lived intimately and understandingly becomes to us dear through the unfolding of that individuality and those characteristics so wholly his own, the like of which we know we shall not look upon elsewhere or again.

Traveling far into the literature of Germany, into her history, into her social life and customs, we are repeatedly impressed by two facts which confront us on all sides and will not be gainsaid: this is a land of homes and contentment; here is a home-loving, peace-loving people.

Perhaps I may be reminded that Germany's history has been one of storm rather than peace, that for three centuries before Germany became united Germany this was more a battle ground than a country, overrun and decimated by perpetual wars made upon it from without its borders, and by strife within them between the rulers of its petty states and principalities.

Yet despite this, or it may be more surely because of it, the ideal of peace which Germany has carried in her heart seems only to have deepened and strengthened. For if you look, you shall see this people in every interval of war laying down their arms to give themselves over to the arts and tasks of peace with a kind of passion of devotion, to the making of home, to the love and rearing of children, the tilling of the fields, the forwarding of commerce, the singing of song, the telling of story and many another cherished and humble task.

Order and Efficiency

IN STUDYING the French we found that their natural characteristic—their responsiveness—lay at the bottom of many of their national traits and attainments; that to it could be traced their excellence in literature, in conversation, in manners, in art; that in it largely is rooted the vivid vitality of their history. In much the same way we shall find traits and characteristics which we think of as peculiarly German founded in, or at least leading back to, the German love of home and family.

Everywhere you go in this land you cannot fail to notice an orderliness, a smooth-running efficiency the extreme opposite of disorder or turmoil.

Have you lived in the typical German home? Have you seen the neat *Hausfrau*? Have you watched her, efficient and capable at her housekeeping? Have you seen the well-kept store closets and the memorable German kitchen with everything burnished and in its place, ready to the careful hands?

And have you seen their cities, too, they, also, kept so neat and beautiful, and clean? Here are no squalor and ugliness, no negligence—nothing distressing to the eye, hardly a beggar or a sign of poverty; the very poor, it seems, having a certain thrift and orderliness of their own.

Go even to so large a city as Munich, for instance, and it has the air of a house dressed for a holiday, a home in its best garb; as we might like to have one of our cities appear were we expectant of some distinguished guest—everything clean, burnished, orderly, ready. Yet this is no holiday humor, no especial behavior, it is an everyday state of affairs, a distinctly German state of affairs. Nowhere else shall you find the exact like of it.

In most of the small towns one finds much the same thing. In Nuremberg the tidiness amounts to an illusion almost. It seems unreal, this little city, too peaceful to be a part of actual life. Away from it one looks back on it as on a dream; and in it one has the sense very nearly of being on a stage. The same may be said of Heidelberg, Rothenberg, Hameln, and many another. But this is Germany. These are her thrift, her competence, her order, visible to the eye. This is Germany's way.

But underlying her love of order lies her fundamental love of home; and here, it seems to me, one comes upon the very heart of Germany, a heart that beats warm with love for the simple human things and that delights in the simple human affections.

There is something peculiarly touching in the home birthdays and anniversaries made so much of with such simplicity and downright love of giving pleasure. In this frank love of the simple joys and pleasures of life they remind one of nothing so much as good and contented children themselves, alternately sober or mirthful, making much of little things.

The German Christmas

THERE is no festival that I know of quite like the German Christmas. There is heartiness at this time in England; there is spirituality in the French Christmas; but there is something different in that of the Germans—an intimacy and wonder and delight which one finds typified in their Christ-child legends and in their ruddy St. Nicholas with his pack of toys.

Here Christmas shines not according to class or wealth; here it blooms, rather, throughout the whole country like a great Christmas tree, on every finest bough of which shines a mellow light. Here gifts are curiously simple—Christmas itself being the great gift for all. Here are not so many imposing Christmas trees to be found here and there, but rather no home so poor but a tiny Christmas tree shines there. A little green branching thing a foot high with two candles on it is enough—and the full heart supplies the rest.

Here in one of our great cities I know a German cobbler who lives quite alone. I happened to go to his little shop one Christmas Eve. There he was cobbling industriously as on other days; but beside him was a tiny Christmas tree not more than a foot high, its three candles burning brightly. When I referred to it appreciatively his face beamed. He wiped his hands on his apron, and put them on his hips and contemplated it, his face shining. "It makes me think of home, Fräulein," he said quite simply, then he went back to work, the warm light of the tiny candles falling on his kindly face and busy hands.

Not alone is the German love of home to be found in their homes, their whole cities have what might be called a family life; order and privileges in which every member of the community may share. You shall not find in any other country a people so universally at home in their cities, entire families habitually going forth on holidays or in the evening when the day's work is done, to enjoy what even the small cities offer—the parks and museums, the theatre, the out-of-door restaurants, above all the music. It is home life on a large scale and they seem very much brothers of one family enjoying it together. This is their home; these are their people; and this entire loved country stretching round about them is their Fatherland. There is nothing quite like it elsewhere.

We have spoken of their love of order as a kind of manifest love of peace. Their almost plodding patience might be traced to the same source. There are few people so patient, so willing to work—day in day out, year in year out—for that which they conceive to be an end desirable to the community or to the world. Little by little through patient years they have gathered and up-built facts and experience, and laid them



by—orderly, serviceable, a storehouse of knowledge and utility for the use of mankind.

Their great men have been not so much men of sudden insight and impulsive daring, seizing brilliant opportunity suddenly, but rather men of tremendous industry, colossal patience, attaining success despite constant difficulty.

It is interesting to note in this relation that Germany's age of great men and golden accomplishment did not follow, as in such circumstances is usually the case, on national victory and pride, as the great age of Greece, for instance, followed the Greek victory over the Persians, or the glory of the Elizabethan era came quick upon the English victory over the Spanish Armada.

The great age in Germany, its age of intellectual attainment, followed, rather, on long years of difficulty and defeat. Wounded and tried by war, again and again humbled and broken, yet this people turned with what commanding patience and fortitude to build up within its razed lands its noblest era. There was plain living in those days, black bread and frugal fare, and at the universities many a student too poor to buy a dinner; but noble thinking there was in plenty; and resolve, and riches of the intellect, and the high and sober attainments of the spirit. So while others turned victory into glory and dominion this land, by some dominion of the heart and mind it must be, turned defeat and difficulty to use and beauty in a hundred ways; used its hardships for better attainment, and out of its poverty, as out of some magic purse of its own fairy tales, bestowed on the world many of the world's most lasting riches.

There is little in the attainments of mind and spirit that can go higher than that. To remember this is to have a glimpse once more into the patient heart of a people, the warm and enduring heart of Germany.

"That is False"

YET despite their warmth of heart, most of us are wont to associate a certain brusqueness with the Germans.

It has been said that when a French reviewer points out a misstatement he says "That is inexact," and that a German, no worse disposed to his author, says "That is false." But exploring this a little we find it to be not self-assertion as it may at first appear, but rather a setting aside of self and one's own opinions for the sake of fact and truth. Theory and opinion may be contradictory, but fact, if one can find it, may be depended on.

This is doubtless one of the main reasons why the Germans have been so eminent in science, the study of facts; here, too, a reason, perhaps, why they are the world's greatest commentators, giving themselves to the work of others with such extraordinary patience and devotion, translating and studying more than any other people the books and authors of other lands, trying to get at the meanings of others and to establish thereupon agreement and understanding; knowing our Shakespeare, it is said, far better than we know him; discovering and studying the sources of the Old Testament more painstakingly than the Hebrews; Greek art more exhaustively than the Greeks; Eastern literature more thoroughly than the Eastern races. So, too, desiring to know the facts and reasons lying back of language, to this people is due practically the entire science of philology. It is not to be forgotten that if our own language has become a precious thing to us, each word a treasury of history and meaning, it is not to ourselves but primarily to the Germans that we owe this. The same may be said of the science of comparative mythology, which has opened up the past history of the human race as almost nothing else has done. These riches have been added to the world chiefly because the Germans love order, love fact, and are faithful to it.

The Land of Fairy Tales

AND yet just beyond this land of fact lies what seems at first strangely incongruous with it—their haunted land of fable and legend, their [CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]

TEXT: "All her household are clothed with scarlet." Proverbs XXXI: 21

A Sermon to Mothers

By REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City

THE man who made the collection of proverbs contained in our Bible included in his volume a sketch of the ideal woman. She is a wife and mother. The Hebrew mind never questioned the fact that married life is the normal life for men and women on this earth, and that a home is incomplete without children. A woman's highest career—so the Hebrew was convinced—lies in the home. She comes to the fullest realization of herself in motherhood. Her supreme work is caring for her family. Her chief jewels are her sons and daughters. The richest contributions she makes to the world are the immortal beings she molds and trains.

This is not only the Hebrew view, it is the human, universal, everlasting view. Whenever this conception is repudiated, the life of society is bound in shallows and in miseries.

The outstanding feature of the woman who looks out on us from the book of Proverbs is her efficiency as a home-maker. It is she by whom the family is nourished. She spreads the table in the presence of her husband and children:

"She giveth food to her household."

She not only feeds her family, she clothes it. She protects it from the weather. She keeps in mind not only its comfort but also its appearance. She makes it brightly beautiful. Her children are a feast to the eyes:

"All her household are clothed with scarlet."

In clothing her children, she does not neglect her own appearance. Having dressed her daughters in scarlet, she does not array herself in drab. She also is beautiful to look at:

"Her clothing is fine linen and purple."

But dress alone does not make a woman. Her adorning must not be "the outward adorning of braiding the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel." She must be adorned with the graces of a lovely heart, and her crowning beauty lies in her disposition:

"Strength and dignity are her clothing."

Weakness is not an essential element of womanhood. To be feminine does not mean to be feeble. A woman's strength must possess charm. It must have in it the suggestion of royalty, the distinctive grace of queenliness. Her soul is calm. She is not agitated by constant fears, nor consumed by petty worries. She faces life with a courageous heart:

"She laugheth at the time to come."

She is neither frivolous nor sarcastic. Her conversation is seasoned with salt. It gives life fresh tone. She does not talk an infinite deal of nothing, nor does she habitually occupy her mind with trifles. She is as gracious as she is sensible. She does not use words which stab and cut. She is gentle in her speech, and genial and generous in her judgments:

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom;

And the law of kindness is on her tongue."

Industriousness is one of her shining virtues. She is never idle. She looks after her home with a fidelity which never fails. Early and late she gives herself to her calling:

"She riseth while it is yet night,

Her lamp goes not out by night."

She has a great work to do, and she does not shirk it. She constantly studies the comfort and happiness of the little kingdom of which she is the anointed queen:

"She looketh well to the ways of her household,

And eateth not the bread of idleness."

But her horizon is not formed by the four walls of her home. She owes a debt to the outside world, and pays it. She is not unmindful of the great poverty which lies beyond her door. Her heart goes out in sympathy to those who need her, and her hands give help to those who cannot help themselves:

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;

Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The result of it all is that she wins and holds the hearts of her husband and children. She sways them by what she does, and still more by what she is. She is a true woman, and does a true woman's work, and great is her reward:

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed;

Her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Nor is her praise confined to those who are nearest to her. Poets and orators, philosophers and sages, unite in eulogizing her. The heart of mankind exclaims,

"Give her of the fruit of her hands;

And let her works praise her in the gates."

The Ideal Portrait

WHAT page of the Bible might a woman more profitably keep before her than this page of the ancient book of Proverbs? Centuries have passed since the portrait was painted, but the colors have not faded, and the world, gazing on it, still exclaims, "This is ideal!"

Fierce is the light which beats upon the modern home. The gaze of the world is fixed upon it. It has been discovered by the scientific students of social problems that nearly all our woes flow from defective homes. Our thorns and thistles are rooted in the family. Our tragedies are largely created by fathers and mothers unequal to their task. It is because family life is what it is that social life is what it is. It is because parents are what they are that children in



thousands of instances fall far short of the world's expectations. Fathers are notoriously delinquent, and mothers are by no means guiltless.

Housekeeping is a fine and difficult art, and demands a large and trained intelligence. Thousands of mothers are distressingly ignorant. They do not know the elementary laws of health. They know nothing whatever of hygiene. No wonder they are semi-invalids and bequeath their infirmities to their children. They do not know how to cook, or sew, or keep house. They can do all these things bunglingly, but not superbly. Their ignorance of things psychological matches their ignorance of things physical. They understand neither the body nor the mind of a growing child. They do not know how to feed children, or how to manage them, or how to train them. Such ignorance is unpardonable. We live in a day of schools and books. Information on every department of a woman's work is abundant and within easy reach. If a home-maker remains ignorant, it is due to intellectual sloth, or lack of ambition to fit herself for the work to which she is called.

Knowledge and Love

But knowledge is not enough. A mother may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, but if she has not love, she is nothing. Strange to say, some mothers seem to be deficient in love. At least their love is not the sort which enables them to lay down their life for others. It is a divine law that only as one loses himself is it possible for him to find himself. Not a few mothers are afraid to lose themselves. They have lofty notions of their social or artistic or literary gifts, and strong ambitions to develop these to the utmost. They begrudge every moment they give to their children. They hand them over to governesses and nurses, and at the earliest possible moment send them off to boarding school. In this way they rob themselves of that enrichment of affection and discipline of spirit which God has provided for mothers who faithfully perform their duties. They lose also the highest raptures which a mother's heart can know.

Mothers who are unwilling to be bothered by their children, cannot expect their children to know or love them. If in the morning a mother refuses to rise up and serve her sons and daughters, she will find in the afternoon that they will not rise up and call her blessed. Many a mother reaches the end of life with a lonely and hungry heart because, when she was young, she was too busy to knit the hearts of her children to her.

It is important that a mother should keep first things first. For instance, the children are first and the house second. The house was built for the children, and not the children created for the house. If the carpets are more precious than the little feet which scamper over them, then later on the children are likely to be in the street. Some women's thoughts seem to revolve everlastingly around a dust pan and a mop.

First the body, and then the raiment. If the dress is put first, then the health is certain to suffer. The joy of living fades out as soon as life becomes a con-

stant struggle with milliners and dressmakers.

First the life, and then the meat. If the serving of victuals is given precedence over the things of the spirit, then life is in danger of becoming a haggard worry over silver spoons and dishes, tablecloths and napkins.

First God, and then man. If man is placed first, then the child forms the fatal habit of listening to men rather than to God. A child's attitude to the Eternal is determined in most cases largely by the attitude of his mother. If God is a real power in her life, the children all know it.

Christian in Name Only

THERE are many mothers who are Christian only in name. Their attitude to life is altogether worldly. Conventionality is their God. They take their standards not from the New Testament, but from society. Their conception of work is pagan, and their idea of marriage is that of a heathen. In the presence of their daughters, they constantly rank men according to their wealth. They speak enthusiastically of "a good match," when the bridegroom is a fop or a rone, and declare that a girl has "done well," when she has bound herself to a man whom it is certain she can never love.

When the secret causes of the innumerable domestic tragedies of our time are laid bare, who knows but that foolish mothers will be found to be the chief culprits? They will stand condemned at the judgment because they never taught their daughters what marriage is. They gave them false ideas of men. They never trained them in the rudiments of household work. Many a woman, amid the heartache of later years, remembers with bitter resentment her mother's inexcusable and tragic neglect.

A mother has a mighty influence in shaping the views not only of her daughters, but also of her sons. One of the reasons why Europe is to-day deluged with blood is because the mothers of Christendom have been recreant to their duty. They have been hoodwinked by the sophistries of men into the notion that war is something inevitable, and even glorious. War is in fact an ancient atrocity which would have been long ago banished from Christendom had Christian women only been true to their finest instincts.

Men will never hate war as it deserves to be hated until mothers breathe into their children an inextinguishable abhorrence of the inhuman abomination of settling disputes by butchering men. The time has come for women to cease to condone or to tolerate such savagery. For ages they have suffered in silence and have been content to bind up the wounds of the poor bodies which cruel war has mangled, but a new day is dawning.

A Great Soul, a Noble Heart

BUT more important than anything that the mother does or says, is what she is. She must be a great soul, alert in intellect, noble of heart. Her outlook must be wide and her sympathies generous and warm. To do her best work in the home, a woman needs to keep her eyes on the world. It is possible to devote one's self too exclusively to household cares. The woman who does this degenerates into a drudge. A drudge is never interesting either to herself or to anyone else. The grinding routine of the days will, unless guarded against, leave the spirit jaded. The endless monotony of commonplace duties is deadening to the higher powers of the soul. Every mother, therefore, needs the influence of the Church. To the Church the field is always the world. No other institution so liberalizes and broadens the mind. The Church stands for service, and it is not service done in a corner, but service carried to the ends of the world. A wise woman is never too busy to take an active interest in movements looking toward the uplift of mankind.

Many a woman is to-day discontented and unhappy for no other reason than that the range of her interests is too contracted. The most vitalizing and charming women in the land are mothers who have taken some great and noble cause into their hearts.

This, then, is essential to the ideal mother; she must be vital, glad and strong. She must clothe her family with scarlet, and to do this she must herself be clothed with scarlet. She must be radiant. She must wage uncompromising war against worry and fear. These are two demons to be rigorously faced and irretrievably overwhelmed. She must not allow herself to become so cumbered with many cares that she becomes peevish. There is nothing so destructive of the happiness of the home as a fretful and complaining woman. A woman is certain to become morbid and petulant unless she breathes the atmosphere of a large and varied world. She needs multiplied interests and a wide horizon to keep her brave and bright and true. When Paul wanted the Corinthians to give money to the needy Christians in Palestine, he got them to thinking first of the resurrection of the Son of God and the life eternal. The Hebrew poet made no mistake when he combined in the ideal woman loyalty to home duties and fidelity to outside obligations. The ideal home-maker is the ideal philanthropist. She dresses her family with scarlet, and she reaches forth both hands to the great world which needs her.

The Smoke-Swish

Another Brinkertown story—this time of a benevolent domestic jar

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RAE

MISS ADDIE and Miss Sarah Graves lived in Brinkertown next door to the Claverings, who moved there from Philadelphia. Of course, being good Philadelphians, the Claverings every now and then traveled back to their native city to enjoy the assemblies, the opera, the big shops, and the whole pleasant fabric of the city's social life, for their kinfolk were many and most of them were rich and prominent.

Mrs. Clavering had become very much attached to Miss Addie Graves, the younger of the sisters, so she asked her to accompany them on one of their Philadelphia pilgrimages. And Miss Addie, in a delightful state of flutter at such frivolity, and after many heart-searching consultations with her sister, Miss Sarah, at last agreed to go.

The upshot of the trip was that Miss Addie Graves, when she returned to Brinkertown, a month later, was accompanied by a suitor—Mr. William Wentworth Marshall, a gentleman of independent means and a fad for fossil corals. It made an enormous sensation, for though everyone loved Miss Addie still she was forty-five and she had long been looked upon as a confirmed spinster, as Miss Sarah certainly was. Naturally, when she appeared with a real-for-true beau people were amazed, though not in an unkind way.

Mrs. Judge Tetherington said that she was glad that some man had at last had the sense to appreciate a lovely character.

The Reverend Abner Holmes said that Miss Addie was certainly like the wife in the Bible whose worth was described as being above rubies.

Old Mr. Cameron said that, by gad, Marshall was a lucky dog.

Miss Henrietta Jamison and her friend, Miss Lutie Tulliver, said that it was all too romantic and beautiful for anything.

As for Miss Sarah Graves, Miss Addie's sister, who had always been the arbiter of the family fortunes, she was at once disconcerted and pleased. It was nice, she owned it, to think that there would be a man in the family to whom one could refer vexed questions concerning taxable bonds and first mortgages. She liked the idea, too, that Mr. William Wentworth Marshall should be well-to-do, and the fact that he wrote books on fossil corals and lectured on fossil corals and was everywhere recognized as positively the last word of authority on fossil corals seemed to her quite delightful and distinctive. But—Ah, there is always a but.

"William does not, I trust, wish to take you away from Brinkertown, Addie?" she asked.

"Certainly not, sister," returned Miss Addie. "I would not hear of such a thing for a moment. With your permission we will reside here with you. William hopes that such an arrangement may be made, for he can go on with his investigations of fossil corals here very comfortably in the morning-room. He wishes also to assume all the expense of the household."

"Rather nice from a brother-in-law, eh?" Miss Sarah smiled.

"As you know, sister," went on Addie, "William is a widower of fifteen years' standing. He has one daughter, a lovely young girl named Rosalie, who is now in a select boarding school. She is only seventeen. She would, of course, stay with us during vacations, or when she is not visiting among the Marshalls, or among her own mother's relations. I hope you will find it pleasant to have her with us, also." She looked rather uncertainly at Miss Sarah. But Miss Sarah had plenty of sporting spirit.

"I think it will be delightful," she declared firmly, "to have a young girl and young company in the old house again. We can entertain for her very nicely, Addie, and give the dear child a real home."

"That is sweet of you, sister," cried Miss Addie, gratefully. "I told William that is just how you would feel, but I am more happy than I can tell you to hear you speak what was in my own thoughts. We can entertain for Rosalie—she shall meet all of Brinkertown's nicest young people—and we can give her a real home, as you say. And now, I wish that you would look over these samples of lavender and silver-gray and assist me to choose something appropriate and becoming for my wedding dress."

But Miss Sarah signaled pause. "One moment, my dear," she said, "before we discuss the serious problem of your wedding dress. Tell me, tell me quite frankly—has William any unpleasant masculine habits? Does he indulge in intoxicating liquors? Does he smoke? I feel that I could not bear the odor of cigar smoke about the house."

"I have never seen him smoke, sister," temporized Miss Addie. "And as for intoxicating liquors, I have it from his own lips that he is a teetotaler and has been since early manhood."

Of course after that it was pleasant and easy to look at the samples of lovely lavender crêpe and soft silvery satin, and then the sisters must go up-stairs to their own sitting-room, where they undid their stores of lace and contrasted the beauties of rose-point and Honiton. Their mother had had beautiful lace, and Miss Addie and Miss Sarah had added wisely and with accurate taste to the filmy treasures they had inherited.

Yet Miss Addie's conscience troubled her a little. True, she had never seen Mr. Marshall doing it, but she had a distinct and painful intuition that Mr. Marshall occasionally smoked a cigar. But how could she tell Miss Sarah this when everything was going so smoothly? She simply couldn't, that was all. It was beyond her power, for she knew how it would worry Miss Sarah and how it would prejudice her against Mr. Marshall. And Miss Sarah prejudiced was a Miss Sarah to tremble before.

So matters stood. Miss Addie in the lavender crêpe, and with a toque of *violettes de Parme* (artificial), and a bouquet of *violettes de Parme* (real), made a flushed and lovely bride, looking quite girlish with happiness. Mr. Marshall was a handsome and dignified bridegroom. Miss Sarah in gray chiffon cloth and Honiton gave her sister away with composure and grace. Mrs. Judge Tetherington, Mr. and Mrs. Clavering, Miss Henrietta Jamison, Miss Lutie Tulliver, old Mr. Cameron, and a few other guests in gala array made an appropriate background for the ceremony, which was sonorously read by the Reverend Abner Holmes.



"What is the matter, Adeline, my dear?"

Oh, yes, and Rosalie Marshall was there, too, looking very shy and extremely pretty in a white dress with a wide pink sash and a fillet of little roses in her sunny hair. It was a charming wedding, and afterward there was a breakfast, six courses, if you please, served by a caterer from Philadelphia. Then the bride slipped upstairs and put on a traveling dress of dark blue, and a dark blue hat with a white wing, and a handsome fur coat and muff and, still carrying her bunch of violets, stepped into a limousine with Mr. Marshall, and in a shower of pink rose petals (no vulgar rice, be sure) they were gone.

During their wedding trip Miss Addie's deception worried her still more, especially as she found out now that Mr. Marshall *did* smoke. Yes, he had a mild cigar every evening after dinner, which, Miss Addie felt, was a very considerable indulgence in the weed which she and her sister had so long held in abhorrence. At least, Miss Sarah had held it in abhorrence. Miss Addie privately had always thought it rather dashing and boldly masculine for a gentleman to smoke an occasional cigar. Her poor dear papa had done it—and it was the one thing which Miss Sarah could not wholly reverence in their parent's memory.

Moreover, concerning Mr. Marshall's daily cigar, Miss Addie soon found out that if he didn't have it he felt strange and rather peevish and very, very unsettled in his mind. So she found herself between two very serious fires—the fire of a very kind and loving husband's daily cigar and the fire of a loved and much respected elder sister's disapproval.

The first evening at home, after dinner, when Mr. Marshall took out his cigar case was a dreadful ordeal for Miss Addie. He held it in his hand a moment and said pleasantly to Miss Sarah: "I hope this will not annoy you, sister," and Miss Addie caught her breath and waited.

It was an ordeal for Miss Sarah too, but her courtesy and her good heart prompted her to reply: "Certainly not, William." Then she made some excuse and left the library where they were cosily seated before the glowing grate.

Mr. Marshall struck a match, lit the cigar and blew a whole row of lovely smoke rings. Then he glanced at his wife.

"What is the matter, Adeline, my dear?" he asked concernedly, "you look quite pale and worried."

Then Miss Addie confessed. "Oh, William," she said, almost sobbing, "I hardly know how to tell you—but Sarah positively hates smoking. Before we were married she asked me if you smoked, and I told her I had never seen you do so—and it was true, though only half the truth, for of course I knew you smoked. But she is so much older than I and has always been so—well, so severe in her nature and so strong in her prejudices that I could not tell her the truth and let her get set against you. Do forgive me, William. I feel that I have been sadly lacking in character and strength of will, but—but—I thought it might come out all r-r-right." And now she fairly broke down and wept into her nice lace handkerchief.

"There, there," consoled Mr. Marshall. "Don't cry, my dear, please don't. I'll straighten matters out. Trust me. I'll just take a little stroll with my cigar, so that Sarah won't be annoyed by it. To-morrow I'll arrange everything." And he gave his troubled little wife an affectionate kiss.

"What will you do, William?" asked his wife, wiping her eyes and trying to appear hopeful.

"I'm not quite sure, my dear," he answered, "but I will not let such a trifle as my daily cigar make you unhappy, or drive your sister from her own hearth." And with these words he put his hat on his head and left the house.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Mr. Marshall approached Miss Sarah with a large parcel. "My dear Sarah," he said, "Adeline has told me of your aversion to smoking, and I am truly sorry to have pained you last evening with my thoughtless cigar. Of course, I am fond of a cigar after dinner and I have evolved a plan whereby each of us may be gratified. Within this parcel I have an East Indian smoke-swish, that marvelous Oriental contrivance which removes all the unpleasant properties of tobacco smoke from the air. I discovered, luckily, that the Armenian rug dealer on the Square had one for sale. I will place it in the library, and when I take my after-dinner cigar, I assure you that you can sit with us in perfect comfort and never be in the least annoyed by the odor or smoke."

He undid the parcel and took out a very beautiful brass vessel, Oriental in workmanship and shaped somewhat like a two-handled vase. In fact, if you had not known it was a smoke-swish you would have thought it *was* a vase.

"Now," went on Mr. Marshall, "I will put a handful of common salt in the smoke-swish, and place it just beneath the window, which I will lower slightly from the top. The salt, in combination with the chemicals used in the preparation of the metal of which the smoke-swish is made, forms a purifying mixture which relieves the air of smoke and destroys its odor."

"The salt must be renewed every week, and remember, the smoke-swish must *always* be placed below a window which is open at the top."

The smoke-swish worked to a marvel. Placed beneath a window directly opposite the open fireplace, the smoke-swish not only made an unusual ornament for the library, but it removed the only cloud upon the affection of Miss Sarah Graves for her new brother-in-law. She herself saw to it that the salt in the smoke-swish was changed each week and she always took care that the window was open just above it, as Mr. Marshall had directed.

The odor and smoke of the cigar disappeared at once, and Miss Sarah sat comfortably in the library after dinner without a single care on her mind.

Many times she remarked on how perfectly the smoke-swish worked, and how strange it was that she had never heard of such a splendid contrivance before. Mr. Marshall told her they were not common, even in the East Indies.

As for Miss Addie—I fear that she had her little doubts. She once said timidly to her husband: "William, dearest, wouldn't the air currents take the smoke and odor out of the library without the use of the smoke-swish?"

But Mr. Marshall answered: "The smoke-swish, my dear, is the most valuable part of the system." Whereupon he went on writing another authoritative monograph on fossil corals, and Miss Addie left him, quite content.

Two or three other exclusive families in Brinkertown have bought smoke-swishes now (the Armenian rug-dealer has found it quite profitable to import them as a side-line), and, when used according to direction, they never fail to work. They are considered very *recherché*.

BETTER FILMS

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY

HELEN DUEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Drama League of Grand Rapids, Michigan, with a membership of seven hundred, is doing important work for motion pictures, and especially in behalf of Better Films for Children. The chairman of the League's inspection committee, Miss Mary Newell Eaton, has at our request written a brief account of this work, and it is here published as a definite, workable plan that may easily be carried out in any community. Miss Eaton will gladly give further information to anyone who will address her in care of the Woman's Home Companion, New York City.*

Miss Eaton's Account of the Work in Grand Rapids

OUR COMMITTEE does not attempt to censor films; it is an inspection committee, an offshoot of the Drama League. We believed that inasmuch as the attendance is larger at motion picture plays than at the spoken drama, the service of the League would benefit more people if the same dignified criticism could be given to the motion picture as to the stage play.

Realizing that the new type of drama required special treatment, the League selected the members of the Inspection Committee with unusual care. There are four high-school teachers, all women, from the various high schools; one minister; the Jewish rabbi; the librarian of the juvenile room; an ex-judge of the juvenile court; one young lawyer; the principal of the trust school; a teacher in the school for defective children; the secretary of the Morals Efficiency Commission; three married women, two of whom are mothers; two young unmarried women interested in such work; three ex-actors, two men and one woman; a young lady who has been a bookkeeper and has studied social work in Chicago. Of this number eleven are college graduates; fourteen follow a vocation; nine are married, and seven are men.

At first the work of the committee was confined to inspection of films for selective purposes. The very good films were "bulletined," i. e., recommended. The pictures are shown first down-town and then appear thirty or more days later in the outlying or residential districts. The committee learns about the pictures coming into Grand Rapids through the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, the "Moving Picture World," the "Motion Picture News," the New York "Morning Telegraph" and the bulletins of the National Board of Censors. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has been in correspondence with the committee and has rendered us

valuable service. The bulletins from the National Board of Censors call attention to the cuts that have been made in the films and to those films which they refused to pass.

We divided this inspection work in such a way that theatres situated closely were assigned to one member instead of asking each to visit every place. Committee members could attend as often as they desired, but the least number asked was once a week. In this way we felt that the general conditions and the general type of amusement would be known.

In order that there should be uniformity and some guidance in deciding the status of pictures, each member was given a copy of the standards for criticism of the National Board of Censors. No other suggestions were given except from discussion arising during committee meetings.

We had complaints from the public as soon as they realized what we were doing. Matters relating to ventilation and lighting were taken up and adjusted. One exhibitor was asked to regulate the movement of the films, as complaint had reached the committee that they were passed too rapidly on the screen. Several of the exhibitors were asked to show that the pictures were passed by the National Board of Censors. One picture, a very objectionable one, that had not been passed by the board had been shown twice.

Any member of the Drama League can learn about any picture in Grand Rapids by calling the chairman by telephone. The newspapers give special headings to the bulletins of recommended pictures issued by the committee and print them in the columns reserved for dramatic criticism.

But the best work we did was the establishment of Children's Matinees. The day of the opening program, May 1st, was

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

to its readers by the Editors of the
Woman's Home Companion

FEATURES

- THE HELENE OF THE NORTH**, Famous Players: A production with Marguerite Clark as the little Canadian half-breed. Artistically portrayed in every detail.
- THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR**, Kleine: A beautiful production featuring Irene Fenwick. Careful settings and detail work.
- THE LITTLE DUTCH GIRL**, World: A pretty picture based on Ouida's novel "Two Little Wooden Shoes." Sentimentally appealing.
- A ROYAL FAMILY**, Metro: The customary pleasant story of the prince incognito and the pretty girl. Ann Murdock in her first film.
- THE HEART OF JENNIFER**, Famous Players: A heart-appeal story featuring Hazel Dawn as the self-sacrificing heroine.
- A YANKEE FROM THE WEST**, Mutual-Masterpicture: Interesting story of the boy who goes wrong, repents and starts over again, influenced by the good little Swedish girl.
- UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES**, Universal: This familiar but still entertaining rural drama has Mary Fuller as the attractive young Southern girl.
- 'T WAS EVER THUS**, Bosworth, Inc.: A romantic comedy picturing four stages of life beginning with cave-dwelling times. Elsie Janis plays the leading part.
- THE MAN FROM OREGON**, Mutual-Masterpicture: A well-constructed political story of the usual type. The mother is unusually appealing.
- THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW**, Bosworth Inc.: An entertaining old-fashioned melodrama featuring George Fawcett as the gruff, heartbroken, but relentless judge.
- MORTMAIN**, Vitaphone-V. L. S. E.: A weird, most striking plot artistically developed. Photography excellent.
- THE MONEY MASTER**, George Kleine: An admirable production based on Cleveland Moffett's play "The Battle." Well staged and well interpreted.

OTHER FEATURE FILMS which are specially recommended
will be found on page 52.

cold though fair. Before eight o'clock the stream of children began to form the line that grew until it stretched from the Columbia Theatre around the entire block. It was one of the most orderly and patient lines ever seen, and attracted a great deal of attention by its length and variety of ages—from four to fourteen years. It was unfortunate that those in charge had no way of anticipating the rush, as many children were unable to get in. In order not to disappoint any, the management gave two performances, even though the employees went without their lunches. Since then two performances, one at nine thirty and another at eleven thirty, have been given every Saturday in order to accommodate all the children. The attendance the first day was 1,690 and the average has been 1,000.

Many high-school students are beginning to attend to see the science films, as an aid to their work in botany, etc. We have already made arrangements with the teachers of science in the high schools to give credit this coming year for seeing the science films we show. When a pupil

attends a performance to see a certain picture he hands his name to one of the young ladies in attendance, and she in turn gives his name to the teacher, thus avoiding any trouble. The teacher is then sure that the pupil was there and should be given credit.

To complaints that came in to us about the ordinary pictures, we said: "If you do not wish your children to see that type of picture, keep them at home and permit them to attend those that are specially prepared for them."

There is no reason for censorship here, we emphasized, for most of the exhibitors are anxious to have good, clean attractions. Where they show pictures that are not adapted for the young, as they often do, parents should not allow their children to attend.

The policy of our committee has always been, as the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has advocated, constructive rather than destructive. We sought first of all to establish a feeling of cooperation and mutual understanding with the motion picture exhibitors. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]

Questions and Answers About Better Films

I have been assisting my husband in operating a large motion picture theatre. We have the best photoplays on the market. I have heard so much about the success of the children's matinees that I want to open a small theatre near by for children's after-school and Saturday matinees. Will you tell me how to go about it? Mrs. R. L. G., Ohio.

TWO things you must have: coöperation and publicity. Consult the librarian of the children's department of your public library, the presidents of the women's clubs, the president of the civic club; the chairman of the juvenile court committee, and the superintendent of schools. Tell them what you propose to do and ask their coöperation, for the benefit of the boys and girls. Ask them to help you in the selection of the programs, and let their judgment guide you. They know better than you what the boys and girls should have. The plan followed in Grand Rapids and described in this issue of the COMPANION will suggest many ideas that will be useful to you.

The program should consist of a three- or four-reel children's feature, or two shorter story films; an educational, such as growing plants, silk weaving, or a scenic of some country or people studied in geography, and a comedy—either a story, a cartoon, or an animal picture. Some of these latter are very amusing, although not intended as comedies, as, for example, the antics of a kingfisher trying to swallow a fish larger than himself.

After the publicity campaign you will probably have a large crowd for the opening, attracted by curiosity as much as anything. Later will come the test of your ingenuity and that of your coöperators. Seek as much variety in your programs as possible. Do not relax your efforts for the right kind of publicity, for this is half the secret of success. Finally do not expect to make us large profits as your husband makes. This must be a nickel and dime affair, or it will fail.

Our women's club has selected as one of its vital subjects for discussion this winter, the motion pic-

ture problem in its various phases, particularly censorship. Will you suggest an outline for a program? Mrs. J. K. W., Pennsylvania.

THE two most important phases of the motion picture "problem," as you call it, are the motion picture for children and the question of censorship. When you have thoroughly discussed the first of these the second dwells into insignificance. When proper provision has been

Some Questions for Readers to Answer

WE ARE especially anxious to have some definite expression of opinion from readers who have followed the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION campaign for Better Films and who have found it helpful or otherwise. Comments and suggestions from our readers are welcome at all times, but just at this time we want particularly to get answers to certain questions from certain people.

If you are a Patron of motion pictures we should be interested to have your answer to the following questions:

1. Are you getting satisfactory programs from your exhibitor?
2. If not, is there any movement on foot in your community to bring about improved conditions?
3. Have you noticed any improvement in the character of the films exhibited during the last six months?

If you are a Child we hope you will write us your answers to these questions:

1. How often do you go to the motion pictures?
2. What kind of pictures do you like best—fairy stories, funny pictures, pictures of animals, or anything else?
3. Have you seen any of the films that

made for children because they have not yet attained moral responsibility, there remains no question of censorship of motion pictures, for the reason that the so-called vulgarity of films, so far as adults are concerned, cannot be controlled by didactic or dictatorial persons. Public opinion alone controls this, and that opinion reflects many minds and not a few self-inspired ones.

the COMPANION recommends especially for children?

4. If so, did you like them well enough to want more?

If you cannot spare the time to write a real letter, a few words on a post card may contain the germ of an interesting and helpful suggestion. Do not hesitate to condemn if you disapprove of anything in this department. It is a department intended primarily to serve you, and we shall be grateful for any suggestion that will help us to make it of more service and interest to you.

If you are an Exhibitor we should like to ask you for replies to these questions:

1. Do you feel that there is need of such a department as this?
2. Have you found this department interesting and helpful to you as it is conducted?
3. If not, how can we make it interesting and helpful to you?
4. If so, how can we make it more interesting and helpful?
5. Is it any easier now to secure the class of films you want to exhibit than it was when this campaign started nine months ago?

Keeping these fundamental principles in mind, your club is ready to study the following comprehensive program.

- I. Motion Pictures for Children:
 1. The value of motion pictures as a necessary form of entertainment.
 2. Visual instruction in the school by means of motion pictures.
 3. Standards for criticizing and selecting.
- II. The motion picture as an art.
 1. Progress of the new art from the "movie" to the feature photoplay.
 2. Comparison with modern fiction in plot and visualization.
- III. Censorship:
 1. What is the National Board of Censorship?
 2. State and local censorship?

Material to assist in the preparation of these topical studies can be obtained from recent magazines, a list of which will be sent upon request with postage; and from the National Board of Censors, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Why have you never recommended Dickens's "The Chimes"? It is excellent and seems to be worthy of your recommendation. Mrs. H. J., Kansas.

THERE are many excellent films on the market that have not been included in our lists because they have been released for some time; as it would be impossible for us to cover the entire product of the film companies up to date, we plan to confine our lists pretty closely to current releases.

Would it be possible for me to get your lists of recommended films prior to September? R. I. O., New York.

YES. A request addressed to the motion picture editor and accompanied by a two-cent stamp will bring you the list for any month as far back as the March issue—when this department was started.

STARS

And Successful Plays of the Season

SPLENDID revivals of favorites such as "The Little Minister," "Trilby," and "The New Henrietta"—which is just the old "Henrietta" made funnier than ever—will contest for favor this season with many well cast new plays.



GRACE GEORGE
who is managing a New York theatre
all by herself this winter



MAUDE ADAMS
as her best-beloved character, winsome
"Babbie," in "The Little Minister"



"POLLYANNA THE GLAD"
has found a fitting interpreter in
Patricia Collinge



"EMMA MCCHESENEY"
leading part in "Roast Beef Medium"
is our own Ethel Barrymore



"TRILBY"
with Phyllis Neilson
Terry in the name part



"THE LAST LAUGH"
is a truly mirthful new comedy



"THE NEW HENRIETTA"
has a fine cast to support William H. Crane



"THE BOOMERANG"
a Belasco comedy with Wallace Eddinger

In Different Worlds

There was:

JULIET ST. JOHN, leading lady of the film company

JIMMIE NESBIT, the "Millionaire Kid"

A dinner invitation, politely declined

Another girl,—a real society girl

A strong lariat

And an untrustworthy tree

Mix in the right proportion and—there's the story

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

"I TOLD you," said Jimmie Nesbit triumphantly, "that I would rise up and up until at last I faced the camera with you!"

"If you face the camera at all," returned the young lady tartly, "you'll rise, as by a bomb, from all part in this company!"

"I shall face nothing but you," Jimmie assured her.

The leading lady sniffed.

They sat upon the roof of a small, intensely combustible, frame house. Presently, when the camera man was through with the conference of the wicked "Secret Seven" in the basement, and the police had begun hammering at the doors to learn the whereabouts of the kidnapped heiress, and the Secret Seven had stolen, panic-stricken, from their basement egress, the heiress's pearls in their pockets, leaving a trail of fire to hide their nefarious work and consume the captive heiress, that house would go up in flame and smoke, and the heiress, struggling from her bonds in an attic room, would reach the roof only to find no means of escape from it.

Thereupon, Jimmie Nesbit, arriving upon a higher roof—in whose shade they now sat awaiting the call to action—would swing his trusty lariat, encircling her with the noose as she sank down insensible, and thus lift her to a place of safety.

It was an active piece. It was entitled "The Cowboy Lover," and Jimmie, owing to his recently discovered skill in riding and rope work, was the cowboy bold whose love for the heiress was forbidden by the proud father until he proved his worth—at adventurous length—in rescuing her from a gang of robbers. This choice melodrama had sprung, full-fledged, from the director's fertile brain one night, and was being used to fill a gap in the production of a more serious piece.

It was the leading lady, Miss St. John, who had insisted that Tracey, the director, should see what wonders Jimmie could perform with his rope, recounting vividly his spectacular stopping of her runaway steed. It was not gratitude that prompted her, for Miss St. John's exciting existence had not much time for any long-drawn-out emotion over a timely rescue or two. She owed that

young life of hers to nearly every male member of the company, and while her gratefulness was cordial it left no sting of obligation to the memory. She accepted it casually as all in the day's work, and was ready to return the favor when chance offered.

So it was no sense of burdensome indebtedness that prompted her to make Jimmie's prowess known, but a keen appreciation of his skill, and a sudden respect for it that was balm and honey after his previously badgered insignificance. He found himself pleased out of all proportion. For the first time in his life he had won a tribute from his fellows free from the slightest suspicion of self-interest. Perhaps it was only for riding and roping, but for the moment this was enough.

It was also enough, or nearly enough, to be chatting there with Miss St. John—even if she did sniff.

It was an engaging sniff anyway, for Miss St. John was a most engaging young person, and particularly fetching at the present in the shimmery ball gown in which the ruffians had abducted her from her debutante dance. She bore the marks of violent struggle, for her lace ruffles were sadly torn, her bright curls were tumbling about her shoulders, and on one delicately rounded arm was the grease paint bruise of the cruel kidnappers.

With his twinkling eyes upon her, Jimmie continued to expound his braggart theme. "You see that I made good!"

The girl frowned. "Well, what of it?" Her tone was ungracious.

"This," he rejoined, "having made good, having become an honored and distinguished member of your happy band, it now behooves you to come to dinner with me to-night at some fair spot nearer the cooling ocean—"

"I don't dine out with young men."

"I know you don't. I know that you maintain an exquisite but maddening aloofness even to members of the company most closely associated with your career. I know you are considered 'awful exclusive-acting' but no snob—I quote Mrs. McCracken—and that our attentions, beyond the demands of the film, are rigorously discouraged. But there are exceptions to all rules of conduct. Even a lovely leading lady may have friends. Even a popular actress may eat dinner with her friends. If you insist upon a chaperon, say Mrs. McCracken or the amiable Cummings—"

Cummings was a crabbed and acidulated old lady, a superannuated wardrobe mistress, who was duenna and dragon for Juliet St. John.

Jimmie paused, looking at the girl with ill-disguised eagerness beneath his banter.

"You might—just to be nice," he coaxed. "You

would—if it were old Bevis."

Bevis was the garrulous old bore of the "decayed gentleman part," who had known Miss St. John's father.

The little smile which Jimmie's nonsense brought to the girl's face vanished.

"But you're not old Bevis," she pointed tartly, "and you're not a regular member of the company. You're just playing a silly game with us."

"Since I've made good with it," said Jimmie, "shouldn't I have a prize for my playing?"

"Your prize is your own part in this—congratulations!"

"Oh, no, it isn't! My prize is the privilege of your friendship."

"What do you want with my friendship? I prove that you can have your own way, after all the use of all this?" The girl faced him with darkening intensity of her strange hazel eyes, lashes, weighted with heavy beads of black paint dramatically like black interrogations about the quizzical set of his mouth, made her stiffening obstinacy.

"That hasn't one thing to do with it," she said.

"My future is behind the footlights. And I—Wild-West riding. Jimmie Nesbit, your future! Not if the footlights can help themselves!"

laughed mischievously.

"I might build my own theatre," said Jimmie.

"And hire your audiences," she gave back.

"The jealousy of the profession—"

"The professions of the jealous—"

"Oh, I may not be a facial contortionist, as

ments of theatrical emotion I may incline to the—

"Pump-handleish," she supplied.

"But just the same, as I remarked some time

have made good. I am—for the purposes of the

masterpiece, a leading man. And so—I win."

"What?" she defiantly demanded.

"Your society at dinner. The pleasure of

about with you."

"Go and play with your own kind of play!"

"I'm so exclusive. There's only one of them."

She jumped to her feet, shaking out her hair

and tossing back her bright hair. "Time to go,"

she reminded him.

Their intercourse was always like that—from moments of almost intimacy she was off in some flight, leaving him with a sense of things much opportunities ungrasped.

"But to-night," he urged, "you are surely aren't you—just to be nice to me?"

It took a hard heart to withstand that ingenueness. Or perhaps it took a hard heart like the two elder sisters in a fury.

At any rate the leading lady shook her head with an air of gay mockery.

"On your salary? Oh, Jimmie, you can't afford to take me to dinner!"

"Bother my salary! Don't pretend!"

"And as for wandering young millionaires dine with them at all, at all!"

"You may tempt the upper classes

With your villain

tresses,

But Heaven will

working girls

"Besides, I've a

ment for dinner.

remembered it."

"Or just mentally"

"As you like." With

she was off, and Jimmie

more till she emerged

smoke to stagger about

sink upon her knees within

his rope.

But when he had hauled her

tion from which he was working

renew his invitation. He

tangled the rope, while she

spluttered, "Mercy, Jimmie, you

neck!" And his only speech was

"You sank down too much. I can't

on the floor."

It was not gallant. It was not polite. He

was angry through and through.

It was all very well for her to tease him

him at arm's length as long as that was

understanding; but now, now when she

him, when they had been together for days

this ridiculous refusal of hers was going a little

What was the matter with the girl? Wasn't

enough for her? It wasn't as if he were

movie actor, Jimmie could not help but feel

like him at all? Couldn't she just naturally

dine with him? Or was she so fond of her

ence, her airs of indifference—perhaps she

was something permanently on the map, yet

walked over!

That is not the way a nice young man

about a nice young girl, even if she has been

unreceptive of his friendly suggestions. But

a very human sort. And he was very young.

So it was a very stiff-backed young man

in solitary state into the dining-room of the

hotel which he had chosen for his evening

into the smiling greeting of two dark-eyed





They were Mrs. High and her daughter, Gwendolin.

"So you were the man on horseback!" This triumphantly from Gwen while Jimmie accepted the place that her mother hastened to offer. "I told Mother you were!"

Jimmie tried to look unremembering, but he remembered very well that day, two weeks before, when he had followed Miss St. John's skittish mount past the motor where the Highs sat staring.

Needlessly Mrs. High explained, "You didn't recognize us," she said, "and you looked so very—Western, and there were so many motion picture people about—"

"I was riding with them," Jimmie mentioned. "I—I have an interest in a company, and I thought it would be jolly to be in a Western picture. You know I was brought up in the mountains." He drew a breath of relief at the loophole through which he had pulled himself, and mentally surveyed the next. "But you won't say anything about my being here?" he went on to ask. "You know I like to dodge those newspaper chaps."

"But don't they know—?"

"Not yet."

"But if you've been with a motion picture company—"

Jimmie grinned, remembering his reply when Brett Granger, the patronizing leading man, had asked if he were any relative of that Nesbit Millionaire Kid, who also came from a stock in Montana. "I'm a relative of the same name," he confessed, and was tickled by Granger's characterization of the remark: "Must be a distant relative, e'd 'a' heard about it before."

to the Highs Jimmie used the same explanation. "I'm the official Nesbit to them. Just a relative. It's—its easier to get around that way."

Mrs. High interpreted according to her astuteness, and looked at him out of eyes of admiration. "How r of you to be your own deputy! Of course you can after things better." She laughed. "We won't give away."

Indeed she would not—not then. To betray him would share him.

Mrs. High was laughing also. "Was that one of your r's ways? He was a very wily and astute old gentleman."

He had to be," Jimmie smiled back, vastly enjoying his astuteness in a tight place. "Are you staying here?"

Until Mr. High had finished with some tiresome oil & it appeared. They had been for some time at the and Jimmie found Gwendolin's account of their exercises most diverting. Also the place of esteem in which he found himself, the sense of being himself again, greenable somebody with whom it was a pleasure to was most enjoyable. They were very deft and ming ladies, and he was still smarting from Miss John's outrageous indifference. . . . She had told him & play with his own kind. He wished, very boy, that she could see him now!

and just at the second prompting of that thought, ding Fate in the person of a French head waiter, netted a party of four to a nearby table. There was mistaking the professional quality of the young lady headed the party; she had the shortest skirt, the dearest hat, the fluffiest ruff, and the whitest powder of me in the room. Also she wore the dangling black lugs in which she played so many adventuresses in Players' Company. It was Theta Baine, an exotically young lady of great good nature and kindliness, followed by her husband, who was just exactly what dissipated air proclaimed him. After them came t Granger, professionally handsome, his splendid profited to the beholders, and by his side was Juliet St. L. the golden-haired; and in that conspicuous group young girl's apple-blossom freshness held a vividness bright for credence.

so this was Miss St. John's engagement? Jimmie bowed. Of all the group Miss St. John's greet- was the most reserved. Theta Baine was profuse, Baine himself considered a stare at Jimmie's com- ons as nothing but what the circumstances allowed, in their side the Highs, beneath discreet lashes, took ough inventory of the arrivals.

"Are you in your company?" Gwen murmured. "Not my company—I've just an interest in it," Jimmie ceted, and Gwendolin hit hard upon truth when she cored with her lazy smile, "I hope it isn't an interest he little peroxide beauty looking this way."

Jimmie reddened in disgustingly boyish betrayal, but

he achieved a coolly detached tone in response: "That's not peroxide, you know. She's the real thing."

Both ladies looked at the young actress with the impersonal examination one might accord an exhibit from the Fiji Islands. "Some of them are lovely, aren't they?" Mrs. High murmured. "I don't wonder that so many, even without much talent, achieve such success of personality."

"I think this girl will go far," Jimmie vouchsafed.

"What is her name?"

"Miss St. John—Juliet St. John."

"Yes, but her real name? Murphy?" the lady laugh- ingly suggested.

"Hanson, more likely, with that hair," said Gwen.

"St. John's her real name. Her father was an English actor, a Shakespearean actor," Jimmie thought to improve his friend's status by mentioning, "hence the Juliet."

If Mrs. High thought the young millionaire knew a little too much of that actress's life history she did not betray her thoughts. Nor did she let her attention dwell further upon the party. Her manner had made its impression even against Jimmie's loyalty, and she was content to let it expand. Also, she was content to let the party speak for itself—which it did to conspicuousness. Baine was a noisy talker, and did not confine himself to a rigorous attitude at his meal but favored positions of negligent ease in which he could lean back and survey the dining-room or clasp a hand upon the shoulder of the person he addressed, while Theta was shrill in laughter and Brett Granger obviously posed. It was an environment that cheapened Miss St. John and degraded her profession. Two spots of color were flaming on the girl's cheeks. She held her head high and talked, with an overdone absorption though in a carefully quiet tone, to her companions, preferably to Granger.

And Jimmie, perceptive of her perceptions, was grimly glad. She had told him to go and play with his own kind. . . . Evidently she preferred to play with her own kind. . . . He was glad to let her see that they were not his. The two ladies with him had made him feel a little ashamed of his past weeks' performances. He felt that it was he, now, who had condescended to Juliet St. John, and his anger, unappeased against her, added a crackling fuel to his pride. He became very cordial to Gwendolin High.

Nor was he softened when the next day the little leading lady took occasion to offer an oddly hesitant speech that might have been an apology. She prefaced it with the laughing remark, "So you didn't dine alone, after all?" to which Jimmie responded with youthful nonchalance, "No, I didn't—nor you."

"I—I wouldn't have preferred just that engagement, Jimmie," she said then; "but Theta—she's so good-hearted, one hates to refuse her. And she wanted to get up a party to keep Baine from some other party in town. You know how irresponsible he is. So I went with them."

She waited a moment. Common sense and pride, those two hectoring elder sisters, were saying things, but for the moment something had happened to their authority. She spoke quickly, with a self-defiant impulsiveness. "Theta has asked me to motor out to Venice with them to-night. She hasn't spoken to Brett Granger yet, and I wondered—would you care to come?"

"I've an engagement," said Jimmie politely.

A day ago and what engagement would have restrained him! There was a soft stare of wonder in the girl's eyes before the instant flash of pride quenched it.

"Sorry," she mentioned indifferently, turning away. Basely, Jimmie exulted. She had disdained him, and now it was too late! Just like a girl, all over! She hadn't valued him until she'd seen him with Gwendolin High.

Miss St. John, defying her brutal captors,—for the scene with the Secret Seven had to be made over again that day—felt the hot scarlet burning through the chalky powder of her cheeks.

"So he's like that?" she was saying furiously while she struggled with her bonds. "He's like that! I don't care! Let him dine with her!"

He continued to do so.

It was a very lovely night. A night of light breeze and softly hurrying tide and playful waves that dissolved in gentle foam.

Mrs. High was chatting in the motor with some friends, while Jimmie and Gwendolin, wandering about the moonlit beach of Santa Monica, ran childish races with those waves that had a stealthy way of overtaking them, for

all their gentle- ness.

"My feet are drenched—see!" Gwen cried, lifting light skirts to display wet little buckskin-shod feet and silken ankles.

"You'll take cold," said Jimmie, with masculine solicitude.

The night was as mild as a tropic zephyr. Gwendolin laughed. She was not a girl who talked much, but she had a charming laugh and dainty teeth; she had also a pretty way of tilting her head and looking up out of her big dark eyes that made a young man, especially an inexperienced and susceptible and impulsive young man, feel the stars dance a little in their courses.

The light airs ruffled the filmy scarf that for some feminine reason she had cast over her dark hair, and one end blew out.

Jimmie caught at it. "Will you tie it?" said Gwen. She was still holding her skirt from the contamination of wet ankles and the sand.

Jimmie tied it, leisurely, not unflattered by her own little coquetry of enjoyment in the intimate play. Their eyes met. . . . And then a horrible thing happened.

Jimmie kissed her. He hadn't known, for at least two seconds before, that he was going to do it—but there it was. Or rather, there she was, swaying slightly against him. . . . Perhaps Gwendolin had known. Or perhaps that is swinging the pendulum a little too far and laying upon frail womanly shoulders the responsibility that belongs to the Old Nick of temptation. . . . And perhaps Jimmie thought a little more lightly of kisses since he had seen so many given and received in nonchalant abstraction before the film.

At any rate the kiss occurred. And the next moment he felt, to his shocked recoil, that the kiss was but a symbol, a prelude, a promissory note. . . . There was a pause, in which he tried to think of something to say except, "I beg your pardon," which was too banal, a pause in which Gwen did not stir from him, in which something more was clearly expected to happen.

Then a wave came rolling in at their feet and Gwen gave a sudden start and a recalling laugh, which Jimmie echoed nervously, and catching at his hand she fled back up the sands with him. But they were not the happy children of ten minutes ago.

For Jimmie had felt the tightening of premonition. He had done it now, he told himself grimly; he had done an awkward, a presumptuous thing, and let himself in for a graceless time.

"We are geese!" Gwen was still laughing, and Jimmie felt a throb of great relief. Clearly she was going to be sensible and pass it off for what it was, the boyish folly of a moment's impulse.

But Gwen's remark had other bearings. "Playing with the waves," she finished merrily, and then she said clearly and with an accent of happy confidence, "Now let's run back and tell Mother. She'll be so surprised!"

"At what?" Jimmie's voice came out of the darkness with a rasp.

"At—us. At our—our—" she tilted her head on one side and looked at him out of too-trustful eyes—"our—suddenness."

A cold chill broke out upon Jimmie's brow and icy fingers played ghoulishly up and down his spine. He felt as if he were sinking in quicksands—that in a moment more would engulf him utterly. Yes, men have been married for less. But not often men with lean angular jaws and cynical young eyes. A stiffening of masculine rebellion sent him floundering to shore.

"It wouldn't be nice for you to tell on me," he said with a strangely steady voice over his beating apprehension, a voice that even held its implication of shared humorous understanding. "Your mother wouldn't like it, and she'd be right—I owe you an apology—but you looked so sweet I—I quite forgot myself. But I apologize. And I'll never do it again."

"Why—Jimmie?" said Gwendolin High faintly. In her voice was a shocked reproach. In her eyes was the wide inquiry of the innocent novice. But it was too steadily maintained. It was thick as molasses, molasses spread for the venturesome fly. . . . Then for just a moment her lashes lowered, then swept up again. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



REUNITING SEVENTEEN FAMILIES in twelve hours is the record of Mrs. Josephine H. Lawrence, Superintendent of the Social Service Department of Chicago

About People

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

CONDUCTED BY
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A social service worker—A Carnegie medal heroine—Two specialists in large-size poultry—The distinguished mayor of a friendly Southern city



THE YOUNGEST WINNER of a Carnegie medal for heroism, at the age of nine, Miss Marie Young Trevor, at seventeen, is one of this year's high school graduates

MRS. JOSEPHINE H. LAWRENCE, *Home-saver*: Seventeen divided families reunited in twelve hours was Mrs. Lawrence's record a year ago, and it is quite possible that by this time she has bettered even that remarkable showing. Her official title has been, for five years, Superintendent of the Social Service Department of Cook County, and her job, as an irreverent reporter once defined it, is "doing Chicago's family mending." Not only is she a tactful and persuasive adjuster of domestic quarrels, but, especially in cases of non-support, she is also practically a judge, with the Cook County Court behind her to enforce her decrees and to imprison those who disregard them. Each month Mrs. Lawrence has had to pass upon at least two hundred cases, in which, because of drunkenness, idleness, selfishness or family dissensions, husbands had neglected to support their wives, fathers had abandoned their children, and children or other relatives had failed to recognize obligations to care for the old and infirm dependent upon them. In eighty per cent of such cases she has been able to secure an adjustment by means of which homes have been preserved and children have been kept out of charitable institutions. More than five thousand dollars a month is collected by her department for the support of those under its protection, and it is estimated that the department, besides amply paying for itself, saves the county at least twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In a hopefully large number of cases, members of families that apparently were estranged beyond reconciliation and who were almost forcibly brought together have decided to adjust their differences and have subsequently called to thank Mrs. Lawrence for her services as peacemaker. Her department has been of great practical help to many charity organizations that continually find cases in which they must appeal to the law, and has been recognized as an efficient aid in checking the increase of pauperism.

J. H. PRESTON, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE

MATERIAL, political, sanitary and moral improvements are not all that our cities require—they also greatly need more of the joy of life. So thinks Mayor Preston of Baltimore, and that is why, early last spring, he urged upon the leaders in the city's recreation work the advisability of holding public dances several times a week in various parts of the city. On a pleasant evening a few weeks later, the newly formed municipal band, enthroned on a bandstand that had been built right beneath the stern face of Lord Baltimore, at the St. Paul Street entrance to the Baltimore Courthouse, struck up a lively waltz, and Mayor Preston with his daughter, Miss Alice Wilks Preston, glided gracefully into the wide square, followed by nearly a hundred couples of young dancers, while thousands of on-lookers cheered and applauded enthusiastically. The innovation which was so auspiciously started proved highly popular among all classes and ages of Baltimore citizens—though the young folks liked it best—and the dances were subsequently held four or five times a week in different parts of the city. The dance program was customarily preceded by a concert, generally with a solo by some popular local musician. Mayor Preston's interest in the development of a city spirit was further emphasized a little later by his announcement of an offer of a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best poem on Baltimore suitable for a municipal song.

MARGARET MAHANEY, TURKEY DOCTOR

BECAUSE a threatened physical breakdown a few years ago cut short her career as a trained nurse and sent her to a farm near Concord, Massachusetts, to recuperate, Miss Margaret Mahaney became interested in that delicate fowl, the turkey. She bought a fine setting of eggs from a breeder in Vermont and succeeded in raising just one turkey. The next year, out of a large setting of the best Kentucky eggs, she hatched fifty chicks, of which four grew to maturity. Neighbors warned her that their own ex-

periences had demonstrated the uselessness of trying to contend with the dreaded black-head pest which had killed her brood, and that she had better give up and return to harder fowls. But she didn't. And now she has sixty birds that are said by experts to be the finest specimens of the bronze turkey in the world, and her advice on treating and rearing turkeys is sought by breeders all over the United States. First, she realized that it was a mistake to let turkeys run wild and to allow them to eat indiscriminately. Discovering that black-head is a form of influenza fostered by damp, unsanitary conditions, she moved her small flock to higher, sunny ground; she fed them with green stuffs in hot weather when the plague is most threatening; she experimented with remedies used in treating domestic fowls; she saw to it that the birds were always comfortable, with scrupulously clean roosts, plenty of sand to dust themselves in, enough food suited to the season, and good, fresh water. She owns a large flock, and in two years she has lost less than two per cent of her birds. Her neighbors continually call upon her to cure their ailing birds, her daily mail is heavy with requests for information and advice, and she is constantly besieged with pressing invitations to "talk turkey" at grange meetings.



MAYOR PRESTON inaugurated Baltimore's open air dances by waltzing with his daughter in the Courthouse Square



MARIE YOUNG TREVOR, LIFE-SAVER

YESTERDAY'S heroes and heroines are usually forgotten; but it is a pleasure sometimes to note what becomes of them as the years pass on. When she was a little girl of nine, Miss Marie Young Trevor of Marion, Illinois, leaped into a deep and swift current of water and rescued a boy a year her junior, thereby winning a Carnegie medal for bravery; and she still retains the distinction of having won a decoration of this description at an age earlier than that of any other holder. Now we see her again as one of this year's high school graduates, a happy, athletic, outdoor girl as well as a first-class student, perfect physically and mentally. She passed in all her studies with high honors.

MRS. WILLIAM TRACY, OSTRICH FARMER

SQUAB OSTRICH, roasted, has already been served as a substitute for the Thanksgiving turkey. Should this extravagant exception become a rule, there would be a still more rapid increase in the income of Mrs. William Tracy. For she is said to be the only woman in the United States who raises ostriches instead of minor poultry. She keeps about a hundred of the long-legged birds on an alfalfa ranch at Buttonwillow, California, not only taking care of them herself but also supervising the preparation of their plumes for the market. It was in 1907 that Mrs. Tracy, reading that only four per cent of the ostrich feathers used in this country were of domestic production, decided to lay the foundations of her ranch by importing a pair of well-grown chicks from Arizona. They cost her five hundred dollars, though a similar pair could now be bought for from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars, and as they weighed three hundred pounds apiece the express bill added fifty-five dollars to the initial expense. But she found little difficulty in rearing them in the favorable climate of Kern County, the young birds requiring about the same care as young chickens; and as the flock increased, the venture became decidedly profitable. Mrs. Tracy says that an acre of alfalfa will keep four birds at an expense of ten dollars a year each, while the return for feathers alone is from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars per bird. If, as has recently been reported, the South African ostrich industry is being neglected, the American ostrich is likely to become a still more important member of society. Mrs. Tracy says that she has found her work both profitable and pleasant, as the ostrich is not a too-exacting bird and is as entertaining as he is tall, and that there is lots of fun in watching a brood of the queer-looking, two-toed ostrich chicks.



THOUGH RAISING TURKEYS has always been considered especially difficult, Miss Margaret Mahaney has become the owner of a prize flock and a recognized authority on turkey problems



THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES who has an ostrich farm, Mrs. William Tracy, finds ostriches such profitable fun that she wonders why other women stick to smaller poultry

OUR OWN PAGE



"I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier"



I AM AN old woman, and I live in a little country town away from any city. Perhaps no one will be very much interested in the thoughts of a plain woman of seventy-three. But there is one subject that I know more about than my children, and more than any of the brilliant young men who are running the world to-day. That subject is war.

Allow me just a little space, dear Editor, and I will tell your readers something about war. I married a soldier who came back from the Civil War. He died only ten years ago, forty years and more after the close of the war—but it was the war that killed him. The war took forty years to kill him, and I lived with him those forty years. In his last years he used to tell the same stories over and over again, so that after a while I didn't need to listen any more. I just used to sit quiet and think.

And what I thought was this: Isn't there some way that this country can be sure it will never, never have another war?

There are only a few thousand of us old women and men in the country now whose lives were ruined by the last war. Mine was ruined; that is what gives me courage to write this. But we do not count.

What counts is this: In 1940, say, will there be several hundred thousand women in America like me, whose lives were blasted by war? Or, will we few old women be the last war widows this country will ever have?

I think we may be, if the men of this country do what they ought to do. That's why I am writing this. It's a letter from one old woman to a million young women. Don't let war ruin your life and your daughters'. Don't be content, either, just to pray for peace. My mother prayed for peace: I prayed for peace. It wasn't enough. If we had had as much influence as women have to-day, I think we could have prevented war. Perhaps I am wrong. But at least let me write down in my own way the reasons that make me think I am right.

FIRST I will tell you something about myself and John:

We met in New York. My father and mother had lived in a little town in Connecticut where they make straw hats. I went into the factory at fourteen, and at nineteen I was making my twenty-five dollars a week—big pay for a woman in those days. It was at this time that my father decided to make a desperate effort to get ahead before old age was on him. He and Mother came out here to Kansas and filed on this homestead. I did not go. Instead, I went to New York to work in a shop. And there, in Mr. Beecher's church, I met John.

He started in at the bottom in a great machine shop and worked his way straight up. He was master mechanic when I met him, and earning forty-five dollars a week. If you will multiply that by two you will have a fairer comparison with the money values of to-day. Ninety dollars a week, and only twenty-four years old.

If ever a man had a genius for mechanical things, John had. I remember the day he took me over to his shop to see a new machine he had helped to perfect. It was for making envelopes. While we were looking at it the owner of the company came out and spoke to us. John introduced me. He laid his arm on John's shoulder and said, "This is a pretty fine young man you have, Miss Middleton. He's going to make you rich before he is many years older. You ought to be very happy."

Only a few weeks after this incident the war came and John told me he must go. Of course I did not want him to go, but when he said, "Dear, I must," I did not say anything more.

EVERY Sunday for four years I went down and stood for hours before the bulletin boards watching the names of those who were killed and wounded. At first it seemed as though my heart would stop beating every time a new list was posted up. But toward the end the confidence grew in me that somehow God would spare John, that he was not to be killed. He had a sunstroke in the Wilderness and was in the hospital for six weeks. But when the war was over, he came back home to me with the rank of major. And so we were married.

His old boss had held the position open for him all the four years. We were a pretty happy couple. Thank God for those few weeks of happiness; they went fast enough.

It was perhaps three months later that John first began to complain about his eyes. Much of his work was measuring as fine as a hundredth of an inch: he complained that the marks seemed to blur and run together. He thought at first it was just the change from the four years of sunlight to the artificial light inside, but before long we could not deceive ourselves any longer. John was going blind. The sun that had struck him down in the Wilderness had baked the sensitive nerves of his eyes. He would not lose his eyesight immediately. In fact, it was thirty years before the last light went entirely out. But he knew only one kind of work, and he could not see any more to do that. . . .

But he tried to make himself believe that he could get other positions, after the kind old boss finally had to let him go. For a long, bitter year he went from place to place. I watched his heart break.

Then, a year and three months after our marriage, my mother and

father died, leaving us this little place out here in Kansas. We had just money enough to get out here. Here my son and daughter were born. Here John for thirty years cultivated his little garden and did menial work for the neighbors, until in the last years he could not see even the rows of cucumbers and peas, and stamped on more than he hoed.

YOUR husbands are strong men, my readers. Suppose that all their strength should remain, and all their mental keenness, but they were struck blind, so that the world blurred before them. Suppose that they must spend their lives on their knees, tugging at other men's gardens, with no hope. That is what my John went through for thirty years.

That is what I mean when I say that I know what war is.

I have now got around, at last, to the thought I started with, which is this: that there may be another war in America; that we poor old women, wrecks of the last war, may, when we die, take all remembrance of war out of this nation with us; and that the remembrance may never be renewed.

I have a book beside me now that is new in our library. It is by Professor Johnson of Harvard University. It says:

The Civil War was quite unnecessary and preventable. The slavery question had to be solved. England had solved it as an economic proposition. Opinion in the United States, highly inflamed on the surface, was visibly tending toward a solution. But unfortunately every hot-head in the country knew that there was no power in our institutions to enforce law and order. With 60,000 men, however widely dispersed, we could presumably have collected two or three brigades with which to occupy Richmond, Charleston and New Orleans, when symptoms of rebellion appeared, and long before local militia could have been assembled by the Secession leaders. The fact that the Government could police the country would have been so obvious that the Southern leaders would probably never have considered secession. . . .

Professor Johnson says that every war we have ever had has been ten times as costly in the lives of our boys as it would have been had we been prepared. Three hundred and ninety-five thousand men enrolled in the Revolution, he says, and Washington could never marshal more than twenty thousand at one time, because they were all so poorly equipped and trained. Nearly four hundred thousand untrained men had to risk their lives during the seven years to do what fifty thousand trained men could have done in one.

I HEAR people say that when all women can vote then there will be no wars because women will vote to sink all the battleships and destroy all the guns. I do not think so. The motto of your magazine is, "The woman makes the home." Every woman governs in one spot now: she governs her own home. I do not see any women taking the locks off their front doors, or leaving their children alone with the windows wide open. Defenses, I think, are the window locks and door locks of a country—harmless when they are not needed, but ready to keep any enemy out.

I do not ask that the locks be doubled, that all the windows be barred over, and that we spend all our money on armed guards. I do not want to see a big army in this country. I hate armies. I have reason to.

But what I would like to see is plenty of bars on our front doors—forts and submarines, and a fine, strong fleet. And then I would like to see every boy "raised to be a soldier."

The president of our bank was in Switzerland when the war, this war, broke out. He wrote a letter to our paper telling how the men of Switzerland mobilized to defend their country and their women. Switzerland has no army to speak of, and no heavy military expense. But every boy is given sixty or ninety days' training and then provided with arms and equipment. When the threat of war came every woman in Switzerland packed a lunch for her man, handed him his rifle, and he went to his place on the frontier. In no time there were five hundred thousand trained citizens ready to defend Switzerland. Because they were ready, they did defend her.

You remember the visitor to Sparta, don't you? The visitor said to the king, "Do you mean to tell me that there is no wall around Sparta?"

The king took him outside the city where the young men were undergoing their military training, and said, "There is Sparta's wall: and every man is a brick."

THAT is what I would like to see in this country. Every man a brick—built into some factory or business in peace times, but always ready to form a wall if the call came. I would include the girls, too. Suppose all the girls in the country were to spend three months of their lives together in open camp, learning to nurse, learning scout duty, but most of all learning the rules of health—wouldn't it be a grand thing for the development of the race?

And the boys: if they were to give three months or six months of their lives to their country, and after that five days a year in keeping themselves physically fit and ready to defend the country, wouldn't that develop the finest sense of patriotism?

I do not like this song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." I did raise my boy to be a soldier. He's captain of his company in the State Guard. If a million other mothers, if every mother in the country would do the same, then we would be safe forever.



Won't scratch aluminum—

SEE them shine! Some of those pieces are really quite old, but they take as good a polish as when they were new because I have never scratched them up with coarse scouring soaps.

I adopted aluminum in my kitchen long ago. It can't rust and it is easier to cook with—you are less likely to burn the food.

It's the easiest kind of kitchen ware to keep nice if you are wise enough to clean it with nothing coarser than Bon Ami.

Bon Ami

Bon Ami is the one cleaner that won't scratch it.

The best manufacturers of aluminum ware all advise using Bon Ami. Some of them mention scouring soaps and powders, too, but only for the harder and duller inside surfaces, which are made to withstand scouring; not for the smooth, polished, outside surfaces, where Bon Ami is required.

Either the cake or powder form of Bon Ami will do this work. One way is to use Bon Ami Powder dry—you can polish with it wonderfully.

Bon Ami is recommended on the cleaning directions found with the best brands of aluminum ware; for instance:

WEAR-EVER	GRISWOLD
"1892"	PURITAN
EVERLASTING	KALUMEN
VIKO	HERO
WARE DELUXE	SALUCO
BLUE GRASS	SWINEY-WARE
"REAL SOLID"	IDEAL COOKERS
STERLING	WAGNER-WARE
	LIFE-TIME

The Bon Ami Company does not pay any aluminum manufacturers for recommending Bon Ami. They recommend it because Bon Ami is the only cleaner in general use in America which will not scratch polished aluminum.

Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



"O Come, Let Us Sing"

A GLEE

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

AUTHOR OF "GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE" AND OTHER SONGS

1. O come, let us sing Till the raft - ers ring, Of . . .
2. O come, let us sing Of . . . ev - er - y - thing That

Gaily

jour - ney - ings far and wide! . . . We laugh at the wea - ther And
helps keep the heart in tune! . . . Let's play that the hours . . . Are

nev - er know wheth - er It rains or it shines out - side. . . . The
freight - ed with flow'rs, And all of the year is June. . . . A -

world is our friend And cares have an end When - ev - er they're where we are; . . . And
vaunt, Mel-an - chol - y! It pays to be jol - ly, And trav - el from star to star; . . . So

that's why we're sing - ing Till raft - ers are ring - ing, And send - ing the ech - oes a - far. . . .

Alderbrook Farm

By

ROBERT LANE WELLS

FINANCIALLY speaking this is the harvest month of the year. If every month could be November our farm would pay dividends from the start. The outgo is less than in April and May when all the heavy preparing and planting has to be done, while the income is really substantial for a modest little enterprise like ours. The bulk of our apples went to market this month and brought in cash, of course. That is one good point, at any rate, about the farmer's rather troublesome business, *videlicet*, he nearly always gets hard cash for what he sells.

Besides the apples we had some corn to sell, though most of it we kept for use on the farm, many odds and ends such as turnips, and a little hay, and such a lot of pumpkins and fresh eggs that I shall have to tell about them more particularly.

The Pumpkin Counter

ANOTHER fine example of the strategies of marketing was supplied by our pumpkin counter. We had planted about two acres of pumpkins in the corn without any well-reasoned plan, perhaps just because the neighbors did it. A good deal of farming is done that way. But when the corn was cut there were the pumpkins.

So we hauled them up to the barnyard and began to discuss plans for their utilization. We had some grand pumpkin pies of course, but we could hardly use ourselves the twelve tons of yellow, juicy, luscious pie timber harvested from our two acres. We gave some to friends in town; but that did not dispose of many and we yearned for a more profitable market. It appeared to us rather suddenly and quite unexpectedly.

Our big pile of pumpkins was visible from the highroad, and one day a passing automobile stopped and inquired if we would sell one or two. Certainly we would, and after some parley we decided on ten cents per pumpkin as a fair price. The same afternoon another automobile called on the same errand. This led to Margaret's suggestion to Janet that she put up a "fruit" stand at the roadside and offer pumpkins generally to the public. Twelve-year-old Janet, much assisted by seven-year-old Jimmy, rigged up a counter and a famous display window and a huge sign advertising their wares. It was surprising how rapidly they sold the stuff. Almost every automobile that went by stopped and took a few, and some took many. Whether they wanted pumpkins or not they simply could not resist those children there by the roadside taking their little store-keeping so seriously.

As Hallowe'en drew on the demand for round yellow pumpkins increased, until it began to look as though we should be sold out. Still the twelve tons lasted well. The Saturday before Hallowe'en we decided to take a load to town and see what could be done with them. We tried hawking them about, which though undignified is perfectly good business, and we found a pretty free sale. The sales at the roadside counter continued well after Hallowe'en and in fact until our stock was practically exhausted. Every really sound and round and yellow pumpkin was sold, and the price hardly varied from ten cents each. Thus we struck a good, profitable crop wholly by chance. The small and waste pumpkins were eaten by the cows and pigs without complaint.

Selling Eggs

By the first week in November all our leghorn pullets had begun laying. There were only thirty of them left by this time, which, however, is not a bad proportion of the sixty-two chicks actually brought out of the brooders in May. We had left also thirty-eight of the hens which we bought in March. According to the accepted rules we should have sold them in midsummer or earlier, when they were worth something for meat, but we hadn't done it. I find that while this rule about selling yearling hens for meat, especially leghorn hens, is widely accepted as a rule, it is most commonly honored in the breach.

Well, there were the thirty pullets busy laying and cackling and flitting about as only leghorn pullets can, and there were also the thirty-eight hens, practically all laying, too. By the first week in November we were getting an average production of sixty per cent. I believe that is the professional way to count it, by which we mean that our daily harvest numbered sixty per cent of the flock; and as sixty per cent of sixty-eight birds is at least forty eggs we were getting something over three dozen daily.

Now—to continue the arithmetic—three dozen eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen is only seventy-five cents; and seventy-five cents a day is not a plutocratic income, especially as it does not represent net profit by any means. Still it is something and it can be increased. The birds themselves can do somewhat better, and we on our part can do considerably better. For while twenty-five cents a dozen is the price paid to farmers for common eggs it is by no means the top price, even in our rural market.

There are good private customers right here in our neighboring town. One of our nearby chicken farmers has a profitable egg route and delivers about one hundred dozen weekly. That sounds good. But with our twenty dozen a week it is hardly possible to cultivate such a route. What we actually did was to agree with a certain first-class boarding house to take our entire output, we to make two

The Month of NOVEMBER

We count our profits—
a pleasant farm pastime

Our pumpkins go motoring—
at ten cents apiece

The chickens are reviewed—
eggs and foodstuffs estimated

And we get everything shipshape
for the long New England winter

deliveries a week and they to pay us forty cents a dozen from November 1st to April 1st. Through November we managed to hold to our estimate of twenty dozen a week, but I confess that this fell off badly before the end of the winter.

Chicken Feed

Of course we did not get all those eggs for nothing. I have already noted the fact that our twenty dozen eggs a week at forty cents a dozen did not represent net returns. There was the labor of caring for the fowls, and real labor it was, too, regular and exacting, even though not very heavy. Margaret took the responsibility, and got a good deal of the actual work done by the children. The food, however, was mostly clean expense. The chickens had some table scraps and some general farm waste, those "unconsidered trifles" which on many farms constitute the entire support of the poultry department. But we, in our ambition for scientific farming, fed our hens systematically with real food—

and real food, let me say, always costs real money.

Our feeding plans were worked out with great care and with the help of much expert advice, and our methods have proved entirely successful under test.

Aside from water and grit, a practical chicken ration consists of three parts: (1) Some sort of green food; (2) A grain ration or "scratch food"; (3) A dry mash. Throughout the fall and early part of the winter we had a fair supply of green food. For a time we gave small potatoes culled from our potato fields, which we found were acceptable only after being cooked. This is not a very satisfactory type of green food, however. The turnips which we had were very much more acceptable to the poultry and doubtless served their purpose in every way much better. We had a few cabbages, and these were greatly relished by the laying hens. The customary way of serving this food is to tie the cabbage by a string and suspend it from the roof of the coop, letting it hang just far enough from the floor so that the fowls, must fly up or jump to pick at the cabbage as it sways to and fro. In this way they get a fine line of exercise and not too much cabbage.

Scratch Food and Dry Mash

PERHAPS the principal part of the main ration is the scratch food. This is the regular grain ration fed by all amateur poultry keepers who feed anything. In our case, after some study, we adopted a ration consisting of equal parts by weight of cracked corn, wheat and oats. These are mixed together and thrown into the straw or other bedding of the coops night and morning. Each laying hen will eat from two to three ounces, say an average of two and one-half ounces of this food each day. Throwing the grain into the litter requires the biddies to do a lot of scratching, thus getting still more exercise, which is good for their figures, and also good for the bookkeeper's figures.

The dry mash feature of chicken feeding seems to be the great modern improvement. It would be too much to say that it is a revolutionary improvement, but it is really a substantial addition to practical methods of handling poultry, and especially laying hens. Our dry mash, as made up for our leghorn layers, consists of equal parts by weight of corn meal, ground oats, bran, wheat middlings, meat scrap and linseed meal. These of course are thoroughly mixed. The mixture is then put into a patent feeder and placed where chickens have access to it at all times. This is very rich feed and they will not consume a great quantity of it, a little over one ounce for each laying hen daily.

This kind of feeding proved very satisfactory, kept the hens in good condition, and continued the output of eggs as long and as regularly as we could reasonably have expected.

Cleaning Up

NOVEMBER is the evening of the year. The farm has to be tidied up, and the crops put to bed. Rose bushes ought to be bent down and covered over, asparagus beds cleaned and covered, dead rubbish and weeds raked off the garden and burned instead of being left as a hibernating place for noxious insects.

Along with this sort of work the mulching of the strawberry bed forms a large, important, and typical incident. Strawberries will live through the winter without mulching, but the plants are apt to be more or less injured and weakened, and this is always at the expense of the crop. Strawberries should start the year vigorously.

It is something of a problem in our part of the country to secure material for this purpose. Every kind of fodder has a practical use and a substantial cash value. Poor rowen hay is usually the most available, and that, in fact, is what we had to use in this case. In some instances in this neighborhood birch brush even has been used, and in my judgment is of considerable value, though of course not so good as hay or straw. At any rate birch brush (and still better, fine clippings of evergreen trees) will hold the snow on the ground and supply a considerable protection for the strawberry plants.

Thus we closed our first summer of absorbing and interesting work on Alderbrook Farm and felt ourselves prepared for the long New England winter.

Like Summer day for children's play



Are your children regular boys and girls? Do they fill you with anxiety by forgetfully going into chilly rooms, drafty halls and corners or sitting on cold floors while you fret to keep them near a cranky stove or hot air register? But if your house is radiator heated, you need not worry about them, for they can romp and play *all over* the house—just as they do on the lawn in Summer. High winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset the ample flow of warmth from

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

Thousands of houses that merely sheltered anxious parents, fearful of the health risks of their floor-dweller children, have been transformed into happy, livable, genial homes from which drafts and chill spots have been forever banished by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

IDEAL Boilers are easily run by a child—no need to rekindle the fire in a whole heating season—the same water in them is used over and over again for years—their automatic damper regulator controls the fire to fit every caprice of the weather, and *no fuel waste*. The simple, easy-to-run features of IDEAL Boilers, embracing every known improvement and many exclusive ideas, make them unequalled in the world.

The immense annual output enables us to offer these outfits at price within reach of all. *From prices still rule the lowest in ten years. Investigate now. Accept no substitute.*

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are put in without any tearing up or disturbance to occupants of building or taking away old heating devices till ready to start fire in the new. To coarsely warm your store, shop, school, church, etc., to labor in, or else to make your farm or city cottage rooms "like a Summer day for children's play," write us for full information and book (free): "Ideal Heating." Don't run another winter's risk and stand the bills of old-time heating. Phone your nearest dealer and get his estimate. Put us under no obligation to buy.



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Recently, among 9,000 Minnesota school children, it was found that 75% made their breakfast largely of starchy foods; also that a large proportion of these children suffered from headache, tooth troubles and other ills—

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Made of whole wheat and barley, Grape-Nuts retains all the nutriment of these grains, including the vital mineral elements on which depend physical and mental vigor and the warding off of disease.

Switch the children's diet from demineralized foods to those rich in Nature's own provision for health and efficiency, and watch results.

Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason"
for

Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.



The simplicity of furniture, the absence of ornament, and the abundance of light make this room ideal for the student.



Tucked away under the roof, this little den is unusually cozy. The combination built-in bookcase and cupboard is interesting.

The Individual Den

Well-planned and tastefully furnished rooms that offer many suggestions for other homes

Selected by CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

A GOLDEN-BROWN oatmeal paper covers the walls of the den above; the ceiling and woodwork are of old-ivory. The rug has all the colorings evident in the other furnishings, light and dark brown, rose and ivory.

The walls and ceiling of the den above at the right are coated with ecru sand-float plaster, the timbers are stained brown, the standing woodwork is enameled ivory-white, the doors, walnut-stained birch. Rag rugs are used on the brown-stained floors.

A comfortable inglenook is shown just below. With the walls paneled ceiling-high in oak, the den has a heavily-beamed ceiling, which is, between the beams, plastered in old-ivory, and the same finish is used for a panel above the mantel shelf of the red brick fireplace. The odd and attractive floor of the inglenook is of local stone.



On each side of the fireplace there is a high-backed, built-in seat, above which is a small bookcase.



The walls of this den are hung in subdued greens, and in the tapestry chair coverings the same greens appear.

THE greens blend with faded old reds, blues and soft ivory in the velvet rug on the floor of the den above. To accord with the Colonial architectural character of the room, the woodwork is enameled ivory-white; the doors are of mahogany.

The fireplace in the room below has a facing of rough stone, whitewashed, and in every detail, even in the swinging crane, recalls the Colonial era. The ceiling is formed by white-painted boards, supported by rough oak "beams," the latter stained dark brown, as is also the cornice.



The placing of the windows, whitewashed fireplace and the tiled floor are of interest here.

IN THE den just below, a high, paneled wainscoting of brown-stained chestnut, surmounted by a frieze of golden-brown parchment-effect paper, extends around the room. The panels of the beamed ceiling are of light brown sand-float plaster. The fireplace of brownish-red brick is paneled and inlaid with tile in deep browns, reds, and blues harmoniously combined.

In the den sitting-room below at the right the walls are hung with an unpatterned silk fiber paper in grayish-tan, and the ceiling and the wide chimney-breast of stucco exactly match. Headroom was needed for stairs leading to the first floor, and was secured by raising the divan considerably above the floor level of the den. The rest of the space above the stairs is utilized for built-in bookcases and cupboards. All the woodwork, except the mahogany tread of the step leading to the divan, is ivory-white. —A really-old brass kettle holds the wood supply.



This "brown study" is restful in effect, with high chestnut wainscoting and fireplace of reddish-brown brick.



The raised built-in divan shows how space over the stairs may be used in the informal den shown above.



The Benefits of Life

A Tower Room talk

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

By ANNE BRYAN McCALL

"THE truly grateful life is always the active, the one which not only gives thanks, but thanks *by* giving."

WE ARE all pretty well agreed on the fitness of giving thanks for favors received, well agreed that he must have a poor "bringing-up" who accepts a proffered courtesy without some manner of acknowledgment. A certain sense of obligation rests with nearly all of us; the fine and honorable nature is as uncomfortable to owe thanks and to withhold them as to owe bills of a more substantial currency.

That this sense of obligation is widespread is sufficiently attested by history, and not alone by the history of our own times. In all ages men have made ceremony of thanksgiving, and wherever man has received benefits—even though it be far back in what we are pleased to call pagan times—he has conceived thanks to be their proper acknowledgment. Rich harvest, the return of spring, disaster averted, deliverance from sickness or calamity, or abundance of benefits, these have in all ages called forth thanksgiving of some kind.

Yet there is a notable difference between the giving of thanks in pagan times and in the present age. The former gratitude was too often well mixed with fear. The gods were to be flattered and propitiated. It was supposed they would be pleased, even as human beings are, by receiving for their gifts a warm and flattering appreciation. So, propitiated, they would be more likely to continue to bestow favors upon the "faithful"—the faithful being those who most devoutly rendered thanks.

Thanksgiving To-day

It is interesting to note how, as superstition slips away from us, this old form of thanksgiving, which was in most cases nine parts fear, has given place to that very different form of thanksgiving practiced by the thoughtful and intelligent of our own day.

Generally speaking, fear plays no part in it at all. We no longer thank Providence because we fear Providence; nor even, altogether, because we feel that a benefit is a debt which must be paid with an appropriate amount of gratitude. Rather we give thanks generally because there is a sense of pleasure in so doing, and because by "returning" thanks, as we say, we put ourselves on some footing of equality with the gift and the giver.

That is, at bottom, I believe, the satisfaction we find in thanks and in the giving of them—they put us on a higher level, establish us in our self-respect. They seem to open a way of gracious communication between us and beneficent powers, and give us a kind of dignity very far indeed from the propitiatory thanks of earlier times.

As the race has developed it has grown more grateful, more given to thanks and gratitude, just as it is given socially to better manners.

In the same way, I am convinced, our own lives as they develop become more gracious also. In childhood we give thanks only because we are taught so to do—and we learn manners chiefly by a realization that without them we shall receive few benefits. But as we grow older we realize that we are no longer children who only accept and have no means of giving; we, too, have risen to the dignity of bestowal—so that thanks are indeed no duty but a pleasure—no exaction but a privilege, and a dignified return for benefits received.

I was reading the other day Lamb's gracious essay which he calls "Grace before Meat."

You remember his conviction that this giving of thanks before meals is a limited and inadequate thing; for his part, he says, he is in need of a hundred other "graces."

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?

This is wittily put, to be sure, with that light grace so characteristic of Lamb, but the truth of it is sufficiently profound. For when one examines into the causes for gratitude and the occasions for thanksgiving one is soon so overwhelmed by their number and variety that to give thanks for any one benefit seems a trifling thing.

Let Petty Obligations Go

To give thanks for the more particular benefits, valuable in a small way in our own lives, would seem to me dispensable, and of proportionately little value; but to show gratitude and appreciation for the vaster blessings with which the life of each one of us is enriched, this, it would seem to me, is indispensable.

We are usually down on our knees, thankful if some project of our own succeeds, if something we desire for ourselves or for our friends comes to pass; but high noons and sunsets, stars and great rivers, cities glittering in the night, plains and valleys silent under the moon, dawn

across the sea, the mantle of the storm and fringes of the rain, and a world made new each day, and that large companionship of joy and sorrow and hope shared with men and women whose lives merely brush ours in passing, and in whose faces we may perhaps not look again,—for these, these royal gifts, what gratitude of high and noble living do we offer?

"I Am Much Obligated"

IN GIVING thanks to our fellow men we often use a phrase which holds a deeper meaning than many of us apprehend. We say "I am much obliged." So, indeed, we are. One might wish the phrase were more from our hearts, less of our lips. For to oblige in the old meaning is to tie, to bind. To be obliged, therefore, is to be bound. The gift given does not leave us free, no matter how generously it is given, it binds and obliges us. We are bound by it, or, as we say, we are under obligation—*much obliged*. Take this meaning a little deeper and you will see that no one of us having received the gifts of life but are bound thereby to noble behaviors. It were a gracious thing, indeed, and warrant of gracious living if we could all realize how much we are obliged to life; and how much bound to live worthy of its incomparable gifts.

For no day goes by without infinite bestowal of benefits, of mercies, of opportunities. Let our personal disappointments be what they may, life still wraps them round ampler than any need of ours, however great.

And even if it came to us, as it is little likely to do, to be robbed of all the physical comforts of life, there is still ample obligation left. One has only to look into the lives of the great and the good to be sure of it.

There is hardly one of us who did not read with a high-beating heart of the death of Scott at the South Pole. Here, surely, if anywhere, was a life stripped at the last of all benefits, freed, one would say, of all obligation. Here was a man not only not blest with physical comfort, but tormented by physical discomfort, tortured by acute suffering. Little to be thankful for, one would suppose, in those bleak and awful fields of ice, in that beating snow and wind which trapped him and his companions within only some eleven miles of certain relief. Little obligation for gratitude there, face to face with the certainty he could never more see those he loved, face to face with the realization that the object and glory of his long search was not for him but for another: face to face, moreover, with the finality of all the dreams of his life, and Death itself looking straight into his eyes.

There are few of us, indeed, likely to meet life on any such terms, and under any such fearful conditions as these, and yet, even this man was bound still, it seems, by an obligation which a soul as noble as his could not disregard. Life still gave him gifts and he knew it.

Nobility Meeting Nobility

ONE feels, in reading that account, written painfully at the last, that his own nobility, even at the very end, rose to salute the nobility of life and the gifts that life had given him. The supreme gift in his eyes would seem to have been the nobility of his companions. It is of them he thinks at the last; of them that he is proud; for them he is thankful.

When I myself am ungrateful, so far forgetful of the benefits of life that I become discouraged, I like to read over those lines of his, penned while Death stood looking on. To me they must remain very nearly the highest evidence we yet have of courtesy—that larger courtesy of the spirit which knows life to be noble, and so gives graciously its own nobility in return. "Had we lived," he writes, "I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman."

No word about himself; no bitterness of complaint. Only that beautiful realization and acknowledgment at the last of this gift life has given him—this precious and incomparable gift of knowing and sharing the "hardihood, the endurance, the courage" of those men whom his own soul knew for fit and noble companions.

Here is a life, it would seem, which had indeed paid the larger part of its obligations and gone into the unknown less bankrupt, less laden with debt than most of us. It is good to remember him when our own appreciations run low, when the gifts of life seem questionable or few.

The windows of the Tower Room face every way and look over far countries. Here, when we talk of thanksgiving then, there will be that broader view of gratitude apart from all personal thanks for personal and individual benefits, gratitude a part of all lives—not the passive gratitude of mind and intellect which recognizes obligations, but the active obligation of spirit which discharges them, as far as possible, in noble living. The truly grateful life is always the active, the one which not only gives thanks but thanks *by* giving. This is the really thankful life, and because it is thankful it is good and noble.

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In the Oriental land of its nativity the date is an indispensable article of food. The inhabitants depend on it as a necessary part of their daily diet. Likewise the ideal Occidental menu should more frequently include nourishing and easily digested Dromedary Dates.



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Besides being an ideal food, Dromedary Dates permit the preparation of so many dainty and appetizing dishes. The demand for our Prize Cook Book indicates an increasing interest in Dromedary Dates and how to use them.

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BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

How Much Does Your Baby Weigh?

As long as your baby gains steadily every week he is well. His weight tells you all about his health. Keep a careful record of baby's weight during his first year. It is important that he should gain steadily during his first twelve months, for it is then that he is building the foundation for his life's health and strength. Weigh your baby before his morning bath. Keep to the same hour and the same conditions on each occasion, and use only a thoroughly accurate scale.

During his first year a normal baby should gain in weight as follows:

1 to 3 months—gain 6 to 8 ounces a week
3 to 6 " " gain 4 to 6 " "
6 to 9 " " gain 3 to 4 " "
9 to 12 " " gain 2 to 3 " "

He should double his weight in six months and triple it in a year.

If your baby has plenty of sleep—plenty of fresh air—plenty of exercise and still does not gain as he should, there is something wrong with his food. Don't experiment with his delicate little stomach. Follow the wisdom of thousands of mothers who for the past fifty-eight years have proved that

Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

is a safe, body-building food for babies.

Use "Eagle Brand" in all your cooking wherever milk and sugar are required. Always use less sugar than the recipe calls for. "Eagle Brand" is sweetened with the finest sugar. You save on your sugar bill. With "Eagle Brand" you can make rich, smooth ice cream, delicious cake, pies and desserts and dozens of appetite-tempting dishes. Properly diluted "Eagle Brand" is a rich, creamy milk for your breakfast fruit or cereal—and of course you use it now in coffee, tea, cocoa and chocolate.

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Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to keep my baby well—and send also "Borden's Recipes," your book of original recipes which shows me how to save money on my cooking.

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The Winter Baby

How to keep him healthy when cold weather comes

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M. D.

Director Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

THE greater part of the educational efforts that have been put forth in the campaigns to save the babies has been directed toward the prevention of the stomach and bowel disorders that are so fatal when they occur in early life. The months of June, July, August, and September always show a sudden and sharp increase in the number of baby deaths and the amount of illness from the causes which are usually associated with hot weather, mistakes in feeding, and neglect of proper baby care. It is common knowledge that the summer is a dangerous time for babies and even yet many people believe that if a baby can be safely carried over its first and second summers, there is very little to be feared for it for the remainder of the year.

The summer baby needs careful attention and wise care, and the fact that deaths from intestinal diseases in infancy, occurring during the summer months, are being reduced by thousands annually shows that the summer baby is coming into his rightful heritage of health; but the winter baby has not fared so well. During eight months of the year, the deaths from the respiratory diseases, such as bronchitis and pneumonia, are much greater than those from the intestinal diseases; it is only during the four summer months that the latter are in excess. Taking the year as a whole, the winter diseases cause more deaths than the summer diseases do.

The Secret of the Open Window

THE Chicago Department of Health has called attention to this need of all-year-round baby care by the use of a very striking diagram which they describe as showing how the baby receives the "double cross." The lines in this diagram are drawn to indicate the rise in the death rate from diarrhoeal diseases, from its lowest rate in January, gradually increasing until it reaches its height with the greatest number of deaths in July and August, then decreasing again as cooler weather approaches. The respiratory and contagious diseases occurring during the first year of life show just the opposite curve—at their height in January they decrease in number until in the summer very few cases occur; but when winter begins the numbers increase with startling rapidity. The secret of this curve of lung and contagious diseases is the open window. Over and over again it has been demonstrated to those of us who are studying the best way to save babies, that as soon as babies and children cease to spend the greater part of their time out of doors and, instead, remain indoors, with windows closed, the cases of bronchitis, croup, pneumonia, whooping cough and measles increase in number, and continue to occur with alarming frequency until the advent of spring, when the windows are again opened, the children taken out of doors and Nature allowed to reassert herself.

Unnatural living is at the root of all this unnecessary sickness. The winter diseases are most fatal at the extremes of life; the very young and the very old suffer most from the lack of fresh air and sunshine, and even in families able to provide the best care for their babies, the winter baby has been neglected, unwittingly and carelessly but none the less denied the right to be well.

Cold weather does not cause these so-called "winter diseases;" the lack of fresh air does. The germs of contagious diseases find the best medium for growth in rooms where the fresh air and direct rays of the sun are shut out. The chances of contracting a contagious disease in the open air, even if exposed to direct infection, are very small, but the chances of contracting contagion in a close living-room if a person ill from the disease is present are almost certain, and babies are the easiest victims. The lack of plenty of fresh air to breathe lowers the vitality of babies and young children much more rapidly and certainly than it does in the case of adults. This weakened vitality means lessened resistance and the easy contraction and transmission of the infection of colds, bronchitis and pneumonia.

It is little less than a crime to keep a baby in a room with many other people; closed windows are only part of the evil. The burning of gas or lamps and the use of stoves use up the oxygen or life-giving element of the air, and when to this is added overcrowding of people in an unventilated room the baby's chance of surviving in such an atmosphere is reduced to the vanishing point.

It is interesting to know that the Eskimos who were brought to this country by Rear-Admiral Peary some fifteen years ago nearly all had pneumonia soon after their arrival. These were people coming from the coldest climate we know that supports human life. In their native land colds and pneumonia are practically unknown, but our milder climate and more civilized (?) way of living proved fatal to them in many instances.

The Gospel of Fresh Air

THE gospel of fresh air for babies needs to be preached abroad in the land. It is of equal importance with good milk and the other vital necessities of baby life. The summer baby usually does not suffer in this regard, but the winter baby does, and our unjustifiable annual toll of preventable baby deaths from the respiratory diseases is the result.

Except in the most severe weather, the baby may be safely taken out of doors every day in winter after it is a month old. When the temperature goes below the freezing point and on cloudy or stormy days the baby should be dressed in its coat and hood, with hands and feet protected from the cold, then placed in its carriage in a room with an open window, care being taken to see that there is no direct draft. Fresh air is a great sleep inducer and

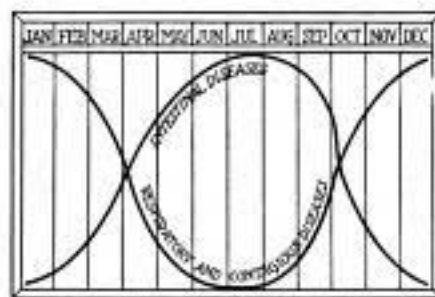


Diagram of the Baby's "Double Cross"

Of all the deaths that occur in the first year of life, approximately 38 per cent are from low vitality at birth, 24 per cent from diarrhoeal diseases, 23 per cent from respiratory diseases, and 4 per cent from contagious diseases. The latter two causes constitute the problem of the winter baby.

has a sedative and soothing effect. The restless, irritable baby is often simply a victim of bad air, and the quickest, surest remedy in such cases is the open-air treatment.

Except in very cold weather, the baby should sleep out of doors at least an hour each day. The roof, or a high porch well exposed to the sunshine, is the best place, care being taken to have the baby's eyes protected from the strong light. In one of the largest hospitals in New York City there is an open-air pavilion on the roof where all the babies ill with pneumonia are placed, to remain almost continuously out of doors during the entire time of the illness, whether it be winter or summer. This treatment alone has shortened the course of the disease and has resulted in a

greatly increased number of cures. It must always be remembered that the baby's body, hands and feet must be kept warm. Woolen socks and mittens, and warm, light-weight outer clothing and hood, are necessary, and hot-water bottles, properly wrapped to prevent any overheating or burns, are valuable.

The Baby's "Air-bath"

THE baby's clothing is often a contributing cause in the frequent winter colds and even in the more serious lung diseases. The mistake most often made is in having too much clothing, rather than too little. The temperature of the nursery should be kept as near sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit as possible, except when the baby is having his "air-bath;" then, with the open windows, the lack of warmth may be compensated for by additional clothing and wraps. During the regular indoor hours, however, care should be taken to see that the temperature neither rises nor falls far from the proper limit. It is at this time that the danger from over-clothing is most manifest. In the early months, when long clothes are worn, a light flannel or stockinette binder, shirt, flannel petticoat, diaper, muslin slip and knitted socks are enough, with possibly a loose knitted sacque. When the dresses are shortened, stockings should be used in addition to the knitted or soft kid booties. At this time the binder may be omitted, unless the doctor directs otherwise, for in some instances the abdominal walls need the continued support. For out of doors and for the indoor airing or "air-bath," a warm coat, long enough to cover the feet, a soft knitted hood, mittens, and leggings with feet attached, are needed with the proper carriage blankets. The mother should remember that heavy clothing for the baby is not only a burden but actually harmful, and that warmth without weight is the object to be gained.

The daily bath should never be omitted in winter, but it should always be given in a warm, airy room, and fortunate is the baby who can have his bath in front of an open fire. The clothing should be well aired and warmed before it is put on, and the bed clothing, including the sheets and blankets, need this same airing and warming before the baby is placed in his bed or crib.

Never before in the history of this country have the babies had so good an opportunity to be well-born and to be well cared for as they have to-day. Ellen Key has called this "The Century of the Child," and our babies are coming into their rightful heritage; but we must remember that there is no part of the baby's life that may safely be neglected. Far too many of the little lives entrusted to our care are still needlessly sacrificed. The Better Babies Contests are doing a work of tremendous importance in showing the mothers the needs of the individual babies and the simple methods that are the sure and safe way to baby health; but the contests will fail in their highest purpose if the mothers do not learn that winter is the best time to store up health and vigor for the baby, so that it may avoid not only the diseases that come with the heat of the summer, but the winter ones as well.

Shall We "Harden" Our Children?

THERE has been a tendency in recent years to carry out what is termed a method of "hardening" young children, that is, exposing them to extremes of cold weather and subjecting them to cold baths. A form of this idea is having children wear short socks out of doors, as well as indoors, during the winter, leaving the legs exposed from just above the ankle to the knee. All good methods are likely to be abused, and these are instances where the pendulum has swung too far in the wrong direction. Centuries ago, when Sparta was in its glory, the State assumed control over all babies and children, and subjected them to the most extreme methods, even plunging the tiny babies into the open streams when the water was icy cold.

These rigid methods were followed with the purpose of putting an early end to the weak children and allowing to survive only those of the most robust constitution. Sparta aimed at physical perfection, but in attaining this desired end permitted a hideous waste of human life. As a nation it did not survive very long, and other nations have since learned the lesson that allowing babies and children to suffer or to die, when they might be saved, is the direct road to ultimate national weakness and even extinction. One of the best known baby specialists in this country recently said: "It is not the unfit but the unfortunate babies that die." The fortunate baby is the one with the wise mother, and the wise mother gives her baby fresh air in winter as well as in summer, recognizes that its feeding is as important in winter as in summer, and takes care that its clothing is not a burden but that it is sufficient to protect the delicate little body from the extremes of cold. The winter diseases of infancy may surely be prevented if the simple rules I have given are followed.

New Chairs for Old

Simple upholstery that can be done at home with moderate cost

By MARY FRANCES HACKLEY

HAVING decided to try her luck at this interesting handicraft, the would-be artisan provides herself with the following:

An upholstery tack hammer...\$.50
An upholstery tack puller... .50
A small screw driver... .20
A four-inch packing needle... .03
No. 8 large-head carpet tacks (to fasten webbing and strings)... .05
No. 4 upholstery tacks... .05
No. 4 blue gimp tacks, or medium gilt upholstery nails (to fasten the gimp)... .05
A piece of webbing, 3½ inches wide (72 yds. in piece), or .05 per yd... 3.25
Curled hair if extra is required, per lb. (and upward to \$1.50)... .60
Burlaps.
Bed ticking or unbleached muslin for under covers.
Material for outside covering.
Gimp (to tack round edges).
Cambric to match outside covering (to tack under seats with springs when other work is done).



This very comfortable chair had grown so shabby that it was dismal to behold. A cover of rich-colored cretonne neatly put on, brought the old chair back to the fireside quite rejuvenated.



The first step in the simplest kind of upholstery—no springs and only a seat to cover. The webbing strips are woven over and under each other, and the ends are folded once and tacked flat to the frame.



The fourth step is to cover the hair stuffing with a piece of ticking or unbleached muslin, which extends over the sides of the seat frame. Turn the edges under before tacking, and use large tacks, partly driven in to hold goods in place while stretching it and tacking with smaller tacks, then remove large tacks.



The second step in upholstering a chair seat is to put on a cover of ticking, or unbleached muslin, tacking that also firmly in place. This keeps the hair or hair-and-wadding stuffing from sifting through.

IT IS very helpful, when removing all old covers and padding, to watch carefully to see how each is put on, and to ascertain if the method could be improved upon or simplified. When the springs and framework are reached they should be thoroughly cleaned and, moreover, if signs of moths are visible, they should be entirely eradicated before anything further is done. Then it is as important to plan economically the patterns on the new material as if cutting out a dress. It is also absolutely necessary to "center" the design of the goods on the seat or back or arms of the article to be covered. It is advisable not to pad out with excelsior as it will soon mat down; it is better to use curled hair with an under layer of wadding, if it is necessary to save expense.



This shows how chairs with springs are upholstered. First the webbing, then the springs, sewed into place with good twine, then hair, and inner and outer coverings.

THE chair at the left has springs, so upholster the seat as in the chair at the bottom of the page. Then cover what might be called the "front back" and arms with burlaps, pulling it through to the outside back at the seat and leaving it loose. Then pad this foundation to a good shape with hair, and cover with muslin or ticking, in three pieces (the front back and two arms), stretching and fitting, and pulling through to the outside back at the seat, leaving it loose like the burlaps. Finally, tack on the upholstery material, also in three pieces, and pulling it also through to the outside back at the seat. Then tack to the seat frame: (1) upholstery goods; (2) muslin or ticking; (3) the burlaps. Pad outside with enough hair to bring it flush with framing. Then tack on muslin or ticking and later the outside covering. Finish with a row of gimp and gilt upholstery nails.



The third step is to put the curled hair stuffing in place, arranging it high in the middle and letting it cover the edges well. If expense is an item, use an under layer of wadding beneath the hair.



The fifth step is putting on the outer cover and finishing with gimp and gilt upholstery nails. Note how your favorite chair is finished before you go to work, and if you take off any old upholstery, mark the method.

IT IS more difficult, of course, to upholster a chair with springs, but it is nevertheless possible to do it successfully. In this case, we tack the webbing to the under edge of the chair seat, and to this sew the springs, with two stitches in four different places each, using the packing needle threaded with good twine. Then tie and knot the tops of the springs with lines of heavier twine, knotting the ends, and tacking these knots to the top of the frame. Over this fasten a cover of burlaps; then place on this a thick layer of hair which has been sewed underneath a second covering of burlaps. Next put on another layer of hair, nicely molding it over the edges. Now comes a covering of muslin or ticking, and the chair is complete except for the upholstery material.



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

for
Ladies' High Heel
Footwear

—for any size French heel shoe.

A boon of safety and ease.

Cat's Paw Rubber Heels will make your smart footwear wondrously comfortable.

They give safety to walking. With the patent Foster Friction Plug in them you cannot slip.

They prevent fatigue in the dance. They add grace, poise and lightness to every movement.

They are noiseless. They are indispensable.

Cat's Paw Heels are made in all sizes for High Heel Shoes. Try them. Then you will know what foot comfort means.

At all dealers. 50 cents attached. Black, Tan or White.

Foster Tred-Air Heel Cushions



Wear these "cushions of air" inside your shoes. They protect the stocking and heel from nails—improve the fit of the shoe—add to your height and prevent fatigue. Get them at your dealer or repair shop or send us 25 cents and your dealer's name. Mention your shoe size. We will send you a pair.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
117 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



A Delicious Sea-Food of the Finest Quality

Do you know the delicious taste and delicate flavor of fresh, healthy codfish? You are familiar, perhaps, with dried or salted cod, but have you ever tasted codfish a few hours out of the sea?

In our sanitary kitchens on Portland Harbor, we prepare and cook—then seal the freshly caught codfish or haddock, by improved methods which bring the fish to you without the loss of a particle of their ocean freshness, flavor or delicacy. So firm, nice and white is the meat of these fish, that we call them "Fish Flakes." A sea-food of the finest quality which you may enjoy in its full perfection, no matter how far from the ocean you live. Extreme care is constantly exercised to insure and maintain the flavor and quality of

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c—size—15c

(Except in Far West)

A real New England quality-delicacy, that shows how delicious fresh codfish really is. The deep-sea cod have a meatiness and flavor that other fish lack. These are the kinds of fish that are brought direct from the fishing grounds to our kitchens, where they are at once prepared for the table. Only the choicest parts are used. Skin and bones are removed—the firm, white, tender meat perfectly cooked—then sealed in parchment lined tins—the whole cooking process completed without touching the fish by hands. Every ounce—every tin of B & M Fish Flakes is white, solid fish—no bones, no waste, no preservative—guaranteed to reach you pure and sweet—fresh and tender—ready to use without picking, soaking or boiling—and as tasty as the hour the fish were caught.

B & M Fish Flakes are sold at an economical price. A dainty delicacy, costing less than most necessities. A ten-cent tin contains enough for four people. Try one tin, and you will use many, because of the quality of the fish, and the ease with which you may quickly prepare delicious **Creamed Fish, Codfish Balls, Fish Chowder, Fish Hash** and other dainty and appetizing dishes.

Just try for Breakfast to-morrow—

Creamed Fish with a Baked Potato

A delicious, wholesome meal that starts you and the day "Just right."

When you want the finest fish—order B & M Fish Flakes from your grocer and make sure of a product of the highest quality at little cost, no waste, and slight, if any, labor.

Introductory Offer

If you cannot get Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes from your grocer, mail us one dollar, and we will send you ten of the 10c tins, express prepaid, anywhere east of the Missouri River.

Our new booklet "Good Eating" free for the asking

Burnham & Morrill Co.

3 Water St., Portland, Me.

The Goldfish Bowl

How to care for its gay tenants

By ELIZABETH VAINÉ



is perhaps the most common question that people ask me, with "What do you feed them?" a close second. And when, in answer to the first, I assure them that in the several years in which I have raised goldfish I have lost but three fish they immediately conclude that I have a different variety of fish or some secret method of caring for them, for, they assure me, theirs *always* die after they have had them a while.

The facts are that my fish all come from just the same kind of department store fish which they have probably bought. I do not know how many hundred fish I have raised from the original three, but it is a good many. From these hundreds I have, each year, saved the most perfectly marked and colored for breeding. Given natural conditions in open ponds during summer and proper care indoors in winter they make remarkable growth, which, of course, fish confined in small globes and aquariums in the house will not do; but the latter can and should be just as healthy.

Safeguards Against Cats and Sunshine

One of the most common faults of indoor care of fish is found in too small a receptacle or globe and too many fish. If you use a globe, then select as large a one as possible, not less than fifteen inches certainly. A good fifteen-inch globe may be purchased for one dollar and twenty-five cents and larger sizes accordingly.

It is better to provide a special stand or pedestal for the globe rather than have it stand on the table. The pedestal should be small enough to afford no foothold for cats but solid enough to be safe.

The best location for the globe is near a north window, especially in summer. Do not place it in the direct rays of the sun and near the glass as the temperature in the globe rises very fast sometimes and much injury is caused before you are aware of it.

The equipment of the globe is important as the health of the fish will depend upon it. Everything should be scrupulously clean to begin with, and this cleanliness maintained by certain practical means, the first of which will be the presence of at least an inch, and two inches is better, of course, of sand and gravel in the bottom of the globe. This answers several purposes. In the first place, it obviates much of the danger of the globe's splitting. In the second place it holds in check the dirt which accumulates so rapidly in an aquarium.

Buy a Castle for Your Pets

Sufficient plant life must be supplied to absorb the carbonic acid gas exhaled by the fish and to produce sufficient oxygen for their use. In a large aquarium my rule is—one whole plant or one bunch of the Cabomba Caroliniana for each fish in the tank. This properly balances the aquarium and renders it wholesome. Snails when procurable are excellent little servants of all work in the aquarium as they remove the slime which accumulates on the glass, stones, and fixtures, and when they are present the need of changing the water frequently is less urgent.

Large stones piled in a rockery—or an artificial rockery or castle with many openings—are much appreciated by the fish, which love to lie hidden in them and to dart in and out. Very pretty ones may be made at home by the aid of a few pretty stones and a little white sand and cement.

In the large aquarium the pebbles should be an inch or more in size, as it will be desirable to empty and clean the tank often by means of a hose used as a syphon, and there should be nothing small enough to enter the mouth of the hose.

The Best Fish Foods

When the ordinary glass globe is used it should be emptied and thoroughly cleaned at least once a week. In doing this the fish may be transferred to

another dish of fresh water while the globe and its contents are being cleaned. This means that the stones should be taken out and washed, the inside of the globe, and also the moss.

The safest way to handle a fish is to catch it between the palms of the hands, head at the tips of the fingers and palms flat together. Held in this way, it will not struggle and no damage will result to fins, tail, or scales.

Next to cleanliness, feeding is of importance. The prepared fish food is largely used in the fish stores and generally adopted by the customer, and is a satisfactory but not necessary food. I seldom use it though it is generally on hand. My regular food for fish for the past two years has been nothing more nor less than rolled oats, uncooked of course. This they seem to relish and thrive on, and just what they will eat up clean during the forenoon is fed once a day, scattered on the surface of the water. If any remains uneaten the next morning a meal is skipped.

Curing Sick Goldfish

Fish in well cared for aquariums or globes are seldom ill; when they are it is quite certain that insufficient oxygen, foul water, crowding, or bad management is the cause, and it will be easy to determine just what form the trouble takes and to remedy it. The most common trouble is the fungous disease in its various forms, a white mold which attacks the head, fins, or tail, sometimes a black mold instead of white. Or the trouble which is caused by crowding or unsanitary conditions may appear as a blood spot on the head.

The remedy for these troubles is thorough cleanliness and a salt bath: Take a quart or more of water, add sufficient salt to make it strongly salt and place the fish in this while the globe is being changed and cleaned. Usually one treatment at the beginning of the trouble will suffice, but if the case is advanced it may be necessary to change the fish back and forth from fresh, clean water to salt water several times, leaving the fish in the salt water from fifteen minutes to half an hour. There are other ailments which fish are heir to but nearly all are the result of unsanitary conditions, and most of them will yield to the salt bath. This really is the only medicine which is quite safe in the hands of the amateur.

Bad odors, as those from varnish, paint, or turpentine, or drugs, may have serious effects upon the fish, and when they are unavoidable it will be well to remove the fish to an untainted atmosphere.

In Cold Weather

ON THE other hand, fish will stand an astonishing amount of accidental mishaps—freezing, injuries, and the like, create but temporary inconvenience. If the fish are found frozen up some morning after a cold wave has lowered the temperature unexpectedly, no serious alarm need be felt; it is only necessary to allow them to thaw out *very* gradually and not attempt to handle them in any way as this would be apt to result in broken fins and tails. Although these will grow again, the disfigured fish is not in condition to swim successfully and should be put in a dish of shallow water until able to handle himself properly.

The early days of spring are always trying to the little denizens of globes and a cool place should be given them.

You must watch the moss and remove all dead parts. See that the stems are relieved of all decayed particles and weighted with the little bands of lead which hold them upright in the water. Do not take the moss apart and scatter it in the water but weight it and fix it firmly between the stones in the bottom, so that the motions of the fish may not loosen it and disturb the dirt which collects about its base.

In the Nursery

Just one last word about the aquarium in the nursery: it is always a pleasure to the children and it is not at all hard for a child of eight or ten years to take entire care of the fish, and the globe too, provided help is given in lifting and cleaning it. But, in the interests of kindness, don't let the children handle the fish, or remove them at will, and insist that the fish have the right kind of attention, given regularly. A little responsibility of this kind is good for children, but it always needs the careful oversight of some older person.

Fifty Do's and Don'ts

In the world of courtesy and good form

By GABRIELLE ROSIERE

DO SEND cards to be received the day of the tea if you cannot be present, or leave cards if you attend.

Do return all first calls within ten days; also call within that time after an entertainment, whether you attend or not.

Do, as residents, call first on strangers, and also, as members of the congregation, promptly call on the wife of the new minister.

Do leave two cards of the husband and one of the wife when calling on a married couple.

Don't leave an additional card of the husband's, but add one of the wife's if there is an unmarried daughter in the family.

Don't, when calling, leave cards of your brothers or sons. Leaving the card of a married man is equivalent to a call, but single men are expected to call personally.

Do have, on a man's visiting card, the prefix of "Mr." But do not use it on a business card.

Do leave cards of inquiry after illness, death, trouble or disgrace. They may also be left after a birth.

Do, as members of the bridal party, call on the mother of the bride within ten days after the wedding.

Do send cards to the bride's parents within ten days after receiving a wedding announcement, and also send cards to the bride on her At Home day if you cannot call. If no card is enclosed giving the new address of the bride, send the cards in care of the bride's parents.

Do send all presents addressed to the bride, even if a friend of the bridegroom.

Do, as the bride, thank the friends for the presents, conveying also the thanks of the bridegroom.

Do acknowledge all wedding presents promptly.

Do send out the wedding invitations at least three weeks or a month before the date of the ceremony. Announcement cards should be sent out on the first mail after the wedding.

Do use double envelopes, with only the name on the interior one, which is not sealed, when sending wedding invitations. Only one envelope is necessary when sending announcements.

Do issue engraved wedding invitations in the name of the bride's parents; or in her mother's name should the mother be a widow; if the bride be an orphan, in the name of her brother, guardian or nearest male relative. Should the brother, or others mentioned, be married, the wife's name should also be used.

Do send the wedding announcement in the name of the bride's parents. The bridegroom and bride may make the announcement in their respective names.

Do arrange to send engraved announcements of the small home wedding to friends, inviting by note only those desired at the ceremony. The note of invitation should be written and signed by the mother, asking the guests in the name of herself and that of her husband.

Don't have the name of the bridal pair on the card announcing their new address and their date of receiving when enclosing with a wedding invitation. The name is used only on cards enclosed with announcements of the marriage.

Don't expect the bridegroom to pay for anything except the fees to the minister, the sexton and the organist, and also the carriage to convey the minister to and from the church or house, and the carriage to take the bridal couple to the train. Of course he provides the ring and is expected to send the bouquets to the bride and attendants.



Do call first on strangers

Don't congratulate the bride, but wish her joy. You may, however, congratulate the bridegroom.

Do remember that the bride's health is proposed by some other than a member of the bride's family.

Do send a cordial note of greeting to the fiancée who has just become engaged to some member of your immediate family.

Do address invitations written in the first person to the wife when writing to married persons; also when acknowledging wedding presents, but the husband's name should be incorporated in the note.

Do address all formal invitations to Mr. and Mrs. —, even if only one is known to you. This includes business friends of the family.

Don't address Mr. and Mrs. — and family. Send a separate invitation to the other members of the family. If the children are very young a second invitation may be placed in an envelope inscribed with their names and enclosed with the one to the parents in the outside envelope, which also bears the address.

Do address a separate invitation to a father or mother living with married children.

Do address formal invitations to sisters as "The Misses —"; but informal invitations should be addressed to the eldest sister and through her the younger sisters are invited.

Do send individual invitations to all bachelors. Brothers cannot be included in one invitation.

Don't address to, or speak of, Mrs. Judge White, or Mrs. Doctor Brown or Mrs. General Smythe.

Do answer all formal, engraved invitations in the third person; also those for musicals and all evening invitations.

Do accept or decline an invitation from two hostesses by using both names, addressing to the one who is your friend.

Do accept or decline at once by note an afternoon tea invitation given by note.

Don't seal any social note or letter of introduction given to deliver.

Don't invite people without consulting your hostess.

Don't invite a friend visiting in town without her hostess.

Do leave a card for the hostess when calling on a friend who is a guest.

Don't accept any invitation, however informal, without consulting your hostess.

Do await a confirmation of an invitation by the hostess before accepting one given by a male member of the family.

Do, as host, see that a conveyance is provided to and from the station.

Do, as guest, supply your own postage and pay for your laundry.

Do send a "bread and butter letter" after your departure.

Do ask permission to introduce a gentleman to a lady, unless in your own home or at an informal dance.

Do, when introducing a gentleman to a lady, say: "May I present Mr. —, to you, Miss —?"

Don't scold your servants before others.

Don't refer to your husband as "Mr. Smith" when speaking to friends, but as "my husband," or by his first name.

Don't, as a married woman, sign your name as "Mrs. John Smith." Drop prefix and write "Harriet Smith."

Don't register at a hotel "Mr. John Smith and wife," but "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith."

Don't write personal affairs on a postal.

Don't use "affectionately, sincerely," and other adverbs without the pronoun "yours" when closing a letter.



Don't congratulate the bride



Do ask permission to introduce a gentleman to a lady

IT GOES WITH THE TURKEY



Just "fits in" as smoothly as if it was intended specially for your turkey-dinner.

Yet in fact *Campbell's Tomato Soup* goes just right with almost any meal. And it makes that meal more palatable and more inviting.

Use it for the children's luncheon or your own, or for the family supper any time. You can prepare it in many different ways. You can make it as light or as hearty as you choose.

It is always appetizing, always wholesome and nourishing. There is no labor nor fuss about it; no delay, no uncertainty. And you cannot serve it too often for your family's enjoyment and health. Have it again today. Why not?

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

10c a can

Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail

Pea
Pepper Pot
Puritaner
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



No More Bread and Milk

You don't want the boy to eat white flour foods if he really prefers whole wheat.

The phosphates, lime, salts and cellulose are nearly all in the outer wheat.

We promise you this: He'll prefer the whole wheat if you serve it in Puffed Wheat form. For these are bubbles of wheat, thin, crisp and flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Try serving Puffed Wheat—or Puffed Rice—in place of bread in milk. See how he revels in it.

Really a Double-Wheat

Puffed Wheat may be said to be double-wheat, because every atom feeds. The best ways of cooking don't break half the food cells. This way breaks them all.

Every granule in a Puffed Wheat grain is fitted for digestion. Each has been steam-exploded. So the boy gets all that's in the wheat when he eats it in this form.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS
15c

More and more these cereals are now being served in Puffed Form. If you could see what puffing means you'd be a convert too.

By Prof. Anderson's process a hundred million explosions are caused in every grain. Each food cell is blasted to atoms.

The toasting gives enticing flavor. The puffing creates airy globules, fragile and flaky.

They are not for breakfast only. Serve in bowls of milk. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts. Use them both as foods and confections. Try all three and see which one you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1098)

Entertainment

For the Thanksgiving Holidays

Table Decorations, Parlor Movies and Social Games

THREE IDEAS FOR THE THANKSGIVING TABLE:

I

ON THE white tablecloth form a flat irregular centerpiece of wheat ears, with a big pumpkin in the middle, hollowed out and filled to brimming over with all kinds of nuts. On one edge of the pumpkin a little toy squirrel should be fastened so that he appears to be sitting up, considering the feast before him. Cunning plush squirrels can be bought at toy stores.



behind the gauze and invisible to the audience. The best plan is to have them at the sides and, if they can be so arranged, across the top of the frame forming the proscenium. When the white cloth is shown on which there is writing, this should be lighted from the front. Otherwise the space in front of the stage where the spectators are seated should be in darkness.

Any pantomime may be given in this way,

and a practical imitation of a moving picture will be obtained. In order to give reality and to help with the acting, here and there parts of a dialogue may be learned by the performers and spoken in whispers unheard by the audience.

Of course all properties used must be black and white. **GEORGE HIBBARD.**

Games for Thanksgiving Afternoon

GREEK WRITING: The leader of the game takes a chair in full view of all the guests present. In his hand he holds a wand or cane. He asks one of the guests whom he has designated as his co-worker to leave the room. Now he tells the group of players to decide upon a word for him to write upon the floor with his wand. After a word is chosen, the one who has left the room is called in, and the Greek-writer proceeds to make fantastic scrawls and weird taps with his wand upon the floor. Now and then during the writing process he addresses remarks to the group or his co-worker. Suddenly to the surprise of all, the co-worker announces the name of the word written by this wonderful system of Greek writing.

The secret is that the initial letter of the first word of each sentence which the writer utters during his scrawling, represents a consonant in the word he is writing. In like manner, the taps on the floor designate the vowels. One tap indicates the letter a; two taps, e; three taps, i; four taps, o; five taps, u. Both the consonants and vowels are disclosed in the sequence in which they occur in the word.

Let us suppose the group has chosen the word bread. The leader, making flourishes upon the floor with his wand, may remark, "Be careful and watch every movement I make." Next, the leader, writing very intently, with the attention of all riveted upon his wand, may say, "Really, this is a most extraordinary game." The writer now taps upon the floor twice with the wand signifying that the next letter of the word is e. He scrawls for a while saying nothing, and then taps once which shows that the next letter is a. Now he may look up and say, "Don't you think that you can decipher my Greek writing?" which indicates to his co-worker that the last letter is d. The reader may reply, "Certainly I can, the word is bread."

ECHO: The leader asks one of the members of the party, to whom he has disclosed the secret of the game, to stand in a position where he cannot see anybody present, but where he can hear all that is said. The leader now calls to his fellow-conspirator, "Ready," or, "Are you ready?" As soon as he receives the response, "Yes," or, "All right," or some such phrase, he holds his hand over the head of one of the group and calls, "Echo." His partner answers, "Echo." This is repeated a number of times by the leader, holding his hand over the heads of different ones and calling, "Echo," to which his partner each time replies, "Echo." Finally, instead of saying, "Echo," as he holds his hand over someone's head, he asks, "Who is it?" His partner immediately, to the amazement of everyone, calls by name the person over whose head the hand is held.

The key is that the one of the group of players who speaks just previous to the leader's saying, "Ready," or, "Are you ready?" is the one over whose head he holds his hand when he says, "Who is it?" **LEONA AND HELEN FETTE.**



Photographic Silhouettes

Whether you have a camera or not

By C. H. CLAUDY

ANYONE who owns a camera can make silhouettes; indeed, even without the camera, photographic silhouettes can easily be made. There are several different methods, each offering peculiar advantages. To make a silhouette from life by using the camera, it is necessary to have (1) a strong direct light, (2) a white screen big enough to go behind the sitter, and (3) a sitter with a strongly marked profile.

The strong light may be either a window, facing open sky, a door to the outside, or a flash lamp. The screen may be a sheet tacked over window or door or, if used with the flash light, hung between the folding doors of communicating rooms. Seat the subject so that the profile is directly opposite the camera, and at least three feet from the white screen. In the case of the window or door exclude all light from the other windows or doors by drawing the curtains. The relation of camera, subject and light is shown in the diagram at the bottom of the page. An exposure of one second with the ordinary



It is hard to keep reflected light from the shadow side of the face

silhouettes on pieces of velox paper, which can then be cut in long narrow strips, making very effective and unusual place cards. If photograph is small, so that cutting it out would be a difficult job, take a fine camel's hair brush and some white drawing ink and very carefully outline the face and bust in white, covering up the background. "Wash in" the rest of the background in white, leaving the face untouched. Now, with black drawing ink, and after the white ink is dry, go over the face and bust, thus making a silhouette. This is then to be copied with the camera, setting it

on a table near a window so that it gets a good light, and focusing carefully to get a sharp outline. With stop No. 16, fifteen seconds should be ample time.

To save time in making such a silhouette, take the original negative of your friend, and outline the face and bust, working on the background only, using what is known as "opaque" for the purpose. Opaque is obtainable at any photographic supply store—it is a reddish water paint. Having the background thoroughly opaque, all that is necessary to make a silhouette from what was once a portrait negative, is to put a piece of contrast or regular velox in a printing frame beneath this negative and give a long exposure to daylight or gaslight—half a minute to daylight or five minutes to gaslight. This strong light will print right through shadows and high lights of the face together, but will not penetrate the opaque. Developing brings the silhouette.

Cut-out photographs can be used to make silhouettes with no other apparatus than a printing frame. The silhouette, cut out and blackened as described, is placed on a piece of glass in the printing frame. In the dark or by light of a red lamp, lay a sensitive plate face down on the paper. Expose two seconds three feet from a gas flame and develop. The result will be a negative from which silhouettes can be printed in quantities, and which has been produced from a photograph with no other materials than scissors, ink, a printing frame, and some plates.

As a diversion, it is perfectly possible to put the silhouette of a friend's head upon a body not properly belonging to her, or even to mount her on horseback or a wheel. Pictures of horses and bicycles, cut from magazines, can be blacked and used to make a negative, the cut-out silhouette of any head pasted on the print, and the whole picture thus made up copied in the camera.

As the charm of a silhouette depends upon the brilliancy of its blacks and whites and the crispness of its outline, care is urged in the preparation of the negatives. Plates used to make silhouettes should be of the slow contrast variety. Velox paper should be of the regular grade, and ample exposure and full, even development, with a fresh, strong developer, the rule for both.



A cunning silhouette made by painting a portrait white and black

deeply and developed strongly, a velox print will make an excellent silhouette. In using flash light, flash is made on the far side of sheet and directly in line with the sitter and the camera. The main source of difficulty with negatives made by door, window, or flash is to get the shadow side of the sitter's face completely dark. Reflected and refracted light will creep about the outline and prevent that sharpness and crispness which can be better secured in the process about to be described.

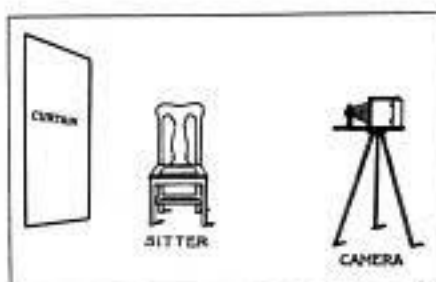
Should you wish to give a dinner or luncheon in honor of some friend, and want silhouettes of that friend as decorations for place cards, you could hardly go through the above described processes without letting her know what you were trying to do. But if you can get hold of any profile photograph of her, or can make a profile photograph of the ordinary kind, with any background, a capital silhouette can be obtained from it. The methods are several in number. If the photograph is of good size and unmounted, the profile can be cut out with a steady hand and a pair of sharp scissors. This cut-out profile should be blackened by laying it in ink for a few minutes and then on blotters to dry. It is now to be put between two pieces



Made with ink and brush

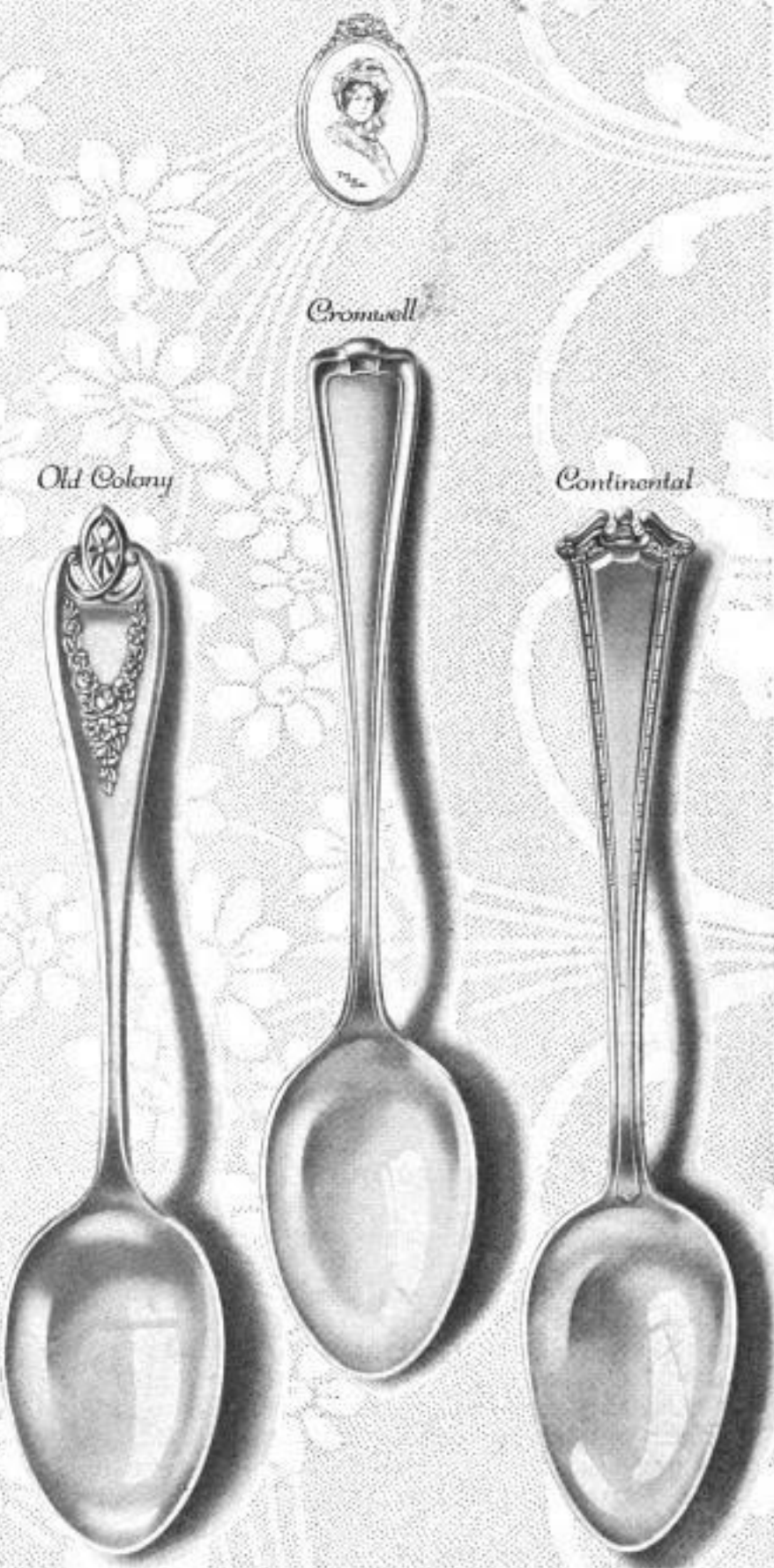


From this profile photograph the silhouette above was made



Properties arranged in the right relative positions for making a silhouette from life

1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears"



Fine linen and beautiful silverware—the most effective decoration for any table.

Every piece of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate is backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

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Look Into The Box

You Can See Why Folks Want Quaker

See how big are the flakes. You can see that each is a queen grain rolled.

Note what that means. Every puny grain, deficient in flavor, is discarded in this brand.

We cast out all but the richest oats—all but ten pounds per bushel.

You would surely pick out such flakes if you saw the open box. But we promise you will always get them when you ask for Quaker Oats. And they'll cost no extra price.

Quaker Oats

The Fascinating Vim-Food

These things are all done with one object—to multiply oat lovers. To make this dish, as it should be, the welcome daily staple.

Oats are the vim-food. Their spirit-giving power is proverbial. They are rich in rare elements. And

like energy value derived from meat may cost twenty times as much.

For all these reasons you want your folks to like oats. Then supply these luscious flakes cooked in this perfect way.

It calls for no extra effort and no extra cost.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

(1030)

For Quaker Oats Users Only This Ideal Cooker

We are supplying this Cooker to Quaker Oats users, to increase their delight in this dish. It is made to our order to bring out in full the flavor and aroma. Also to make every energy unit available.

It is a double Cooker of pure aluminum, extra large and heavy. The cereal capacity is 2½ quarts.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the front of five Quaker Oats packages. Send \$1 with these trademarks and we will send the Cooker by parcel post. Or send us 15 of these trademarks and only 75 cents. This present Cooker offer applies to the United States only.



Pure
Aluminum
Large and
Heavy

If you use Quaker Oats get this Cooker for them. Serve this fine dish at its best. Address:

The Quaker Oats Company
Railway Exchange, Chicago

Planning The November Meals

Some recipes and menus

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

IN CHARGE OF MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

MENUS FOR NOVEMBER

NOTE: The menus on this page are planned to meet the needs of the average family and are given merely as suggestions. The recipes for starred dishes are printed below.

<p>1</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; bacon curls; German fries; oatmeal muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Split pea soup, imperial sticks; unsweetened wafer crackers; cream cheese; currant jelly; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner Cream of corn soup; pan-broiled lamb chops; Turkish pilaf; Waldorf salad; dinner rolls; orange jelly; caraway seed cookies.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Breakfast Apple sauce; cereal; French toast; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Creamed eggs; bread and butter fold; assorted cake; luncheon cocoa.</p> <p>Dinner Appledore soup, croûtons; cold sliced roast beef; scrub potatoes; beet relish; dinner rolls; Harvard pudding, foamy sauce.</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; calf's liver with bacon; potato cakes; popovers; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Grapefruit coupe; roast pork, brown gravy; stuffed apples; rice potatoes; turnip cones; dressed let- tuce, chiffonade; demi-tasse.</p> <p>Supper Welsh rarebit; unsweet- ened wafer crackers; cream puffs; hot-chocolate.</p>
<p>2</p> <p>Breakfast Halves of grapefruit; cereal; raised waffles with maple syrup; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Macaroni with oysters; Graham toast; ginger- bread; Russian tea.</p> <p>Dinner Tomato soup, croûtons; codfish balls; cole slaw; Boston brown bread; apple tapioca with cream.</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Breakfast Stewed prunes; cereal; fried bread, maple syrup; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Cheese fondue; buttered toast; canned peaches; wafers; tea.</p> <p>Dinner Vegetable soup; baked macaroni with cheese; corn fritters; molded spinach; squash pie.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal with dates; salt codfish hash; corn gems; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Creamed chipped beef; buttered toast; orange marmalade; luncheon cocoa; apple pie.</p> <p>Dinner Tomato soup (without stock); corned beef; boiled potatoes; smothered cab- bage; buttered beets; snow pudding, custard sauce.</p>
<p>3</p> <p>Breakfast Sliced oranges; buttered eggs; dry toast; crullers; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Escalloped fish; paprika potato cubes; curled celery; dinner rolls; cottage pudding; chocolate sauce.</p> <p>Supper *Finnan haddie, country style; Parker House rolls; caramel custard; Winchester cake.</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Breakfast Halves of grapefruit; French omelet; eggless muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Thanksgiving Dinner *Celery with caviare; chicken consommé with oysters; roast stuffed turkey, giblet gravy; mashed potatoes; turnip croquettes; onions in cream; *cranberry punch; pear salad; crisp crackers; Thanksgiving pudding; mince pie; nuts and raisins; demi-tasse.</p> <p>Evening Spread Chicken salad; finger rolls; pickles; vanilla ice cream; fruit loaf; maca- rons; coffee.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Breakfast Oranges; chipped beef; hashed brown potatoes; rye gems; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Split pea soup, toasted triangles; baked apples with cream; molasses cookies; tea.</p> <p>Dinner Creole halibut; mashed potatoes; buttered null- flower; dressed lettuce; Irish moss blanchmange with stewed figs.</p>
<p>4</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal with baked bananas; eggs on toast; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Escalloped scallops; bak- ing powder biscuits; pickles; marshmallow fudge; cake; tea.</p> <p>Dinner Turkey soup; *German loaf; baked potatoes; fruit salad; steamed Graham pudding, vanilla sauce; demi-tasse.</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Breakfast Cereal; bacon curls; Gra- ham gems; coffee.</p> <p>Luncheon Turkey réchauffé; potato cakes; toast; tea.</p> <p>Dinner St. Germain soup; cold turkey; baked potatoes; mince pie; demi-tasse.</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Breakfast Fish hash; raised muffins; coffee.</p> <p>Dinner Broiled ham; potatoes au gratin; radishes; dinner rolls; molded snow, chocolate sauce.</p> <p>Supper Creamed oysters; curled celery; finger rolls; fruit loaf; canned peaches.</p>

RECIPES

NOTE: In these recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

OATMEAL MUFFINS: Put two cupfuls of uncooked oatmeal in bowl, pour over one and one-half cupfuls sour milk, cover and let stand overnight. In the morning add one-third cupful sugar, one-fourth cupful melted butter, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful salt and one cupful flour. Beat thoroughly, place in buttered hot iron gem pans; bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

FINNAN HADDIE, COUNTRY STYLE: (If you wish to economize the eggs may be omitted in this recipe.) Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork in small dice and fry out; then drain. Put two tablespoonfuls of the pork fat in saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful rich milk. Bring to the boiling point and add one cupful flaked cooked finnan haddie, the pork scraps, yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten, and one and one-half cupfuls one-half-inch potato cubes which have been cooked in boiling salted water until soft, then drained. Season with salt and pepper, and heat.

BET RELISH (a new and delicious accompaniment to cold sliced meat): Chop cold cooked beets; there should be one cupful. Add three tablespoonfuls bottled horseradish, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls powdered sugar and one teaspoonful salt.

GERMAN LOAF (to be eaten cold): Finely chop or force through a meat chopper one pound of lean ham, one pound of fresh pork and one small onion, peeled. Add one tablespoonful

salt, one teaspoonful pepper, two tea-
spoonfuls curry powder, one and one-
half tablespoonfuls sage, and again force
through a meat chopper; then add one-
third cupful cream and white of one
egg, and mix thoroughly. Put four
strips of ham fat on center of square of
cheesecloth, press mixture into shape,
and place over fat. Roll in cheesecloth
and tie. Place on trivet in kettle, and
add three quarts boiling water, one-
fourth cupful vinegar, and one tea-
spoonful salt. Cover and let simmer
two and one-half hours. Drain, cool
and put under weight.

CELERY WITH CAVIARE: Cut
celery in three-inch pieces crosswise
and curl. Spread inside of the uncured
portion with caviare. Arrange for in-
dividual service on a small crisp lettuce
leaf and garnish with a radish cut to
represent a tulip.

CURLED CELERY: Cut and scrape
thick stalks of celery and cut in
three-inch pieces crosswise. With a
sharp knife, beginning at outside of
stalks, make five cuts parallel with each
other, extending one third the length of
pieces. Make six cuts at right angles
to these cuts. Repeat on other end. Let
stand several hours in ice water.

CRANBERRY PUNCH: Seed one-
fourth cupful raisins; cover with two
cupfuls boiling water and simmer one-
half hour. Wash three cupfuls cranber-
ries and add to drained liquor; boil ten
minutes; force through a sieve. Add one
and one-half cupfuls sugar, three table-
spoonfuls lemon juice, and a pinch of
salt. Freeze to a mush.



A House for Four

Built with a
LOGGIA IN ITALIAN STYLE

Designed by ELWOOD WILLIAMS

THE lot was about ninety feet by ninety feet on the northwest corner, the street to the east being level and that to the south falling about five feet in the length of the lot. The first floor is placed a foot above the highest point of the lot, and the lawn runs to just below the loggia floor on the west. The grade then follows the natural fall toward the east.

The cost determined that the construction above the foundations should be of the usual frame type, and the roof shingles were stained yellowish-red.

Instead of the purely utilitarian narrow outside door and window trim, boards six inches wide are used to get the effect of Italian work, the roof rafters are exposed, and as a protection to the front door a hood is used.

The living-room is placed on the south-west corner to get the sun and the prevailing wind. No partition is used between it and the dining-room, which is on the south-east corner on account of the morning sun. Two bookcases five feet high give a sense of division on the floor. A six-inch board is carried around the walls of these two rooms at the level of the top of the doors and windows. This forms beams over the stairs, angle, and across the front of the bookcases at the west end. The ceilings of the bay and angle are furred down to the top of this beam, and on the room side there is a continuous plaster frieze around the rooms above it. Across the west end of

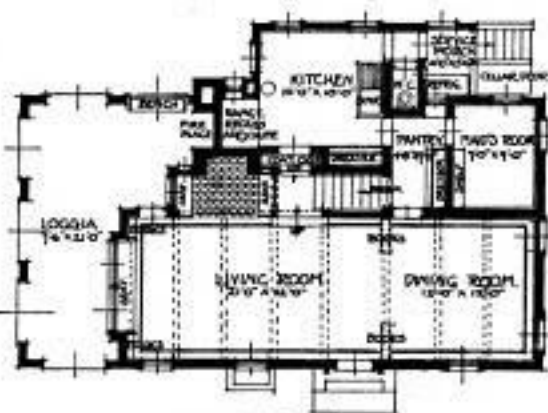
the room is a bay with seat and casement windows. A door leads to the loggia with its stucco walls, plaster ceiling and cement floor. The outside fireplace is the same as the one in the living-room, except it has a cement hearth and the brick runs to the ceiling.

In the pantry is the cellar entrance and dressers for the dining-room china, glass and linen. In the cellar under the kitchen is the heater-room, with the coal bins under the maid's room; under the living- and dining-rooms is the store cellar.

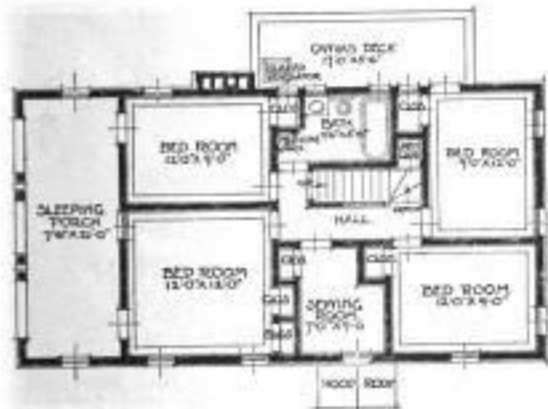
The linen closet at the head of the stairs in the center of the house has ten sliding shelves.

There is a glazed scuttle in the hall ceiling under another in the roof, which lights the hall and attic. The attic has only five feet under the ridge of the roof, but it is enough for the storage of trunks.

The finished floors in the living- and



The first-floor plan



The second-floor plan

dining-rooms are of oak parquet with a ten-inch strip border of three different woods, the trim being chestnut. The rest of the floors are North Carolina pine, and the trim is cypress, of four and one-half-inch boards.

Stock five-panel doors are used, and the bathroom door has obscure glass. The exterior wood and metal work are painted white, the interior trim and floors stained and waxed. Gutters and square leaders are galvanized iron.

All exposed plumbing and heating pipes run to the walls, and the radiators are hung to the walls.



Mother Says
Pyrene

SAVED my LIFE

I was in my beddie-by, dreaming about a white horsie. I woke up and found the room was awful smoky.

"Daddie, come and get me," I cried. "Daddie, the house is on fire."

Daddie was asleep, but Mother heard me.

She woke up Daddie and they both ran into my room.

Daddie took me in his arms and Mother got the Pyrene that hung in the bedroom.

Daddie couldn't take me downstairs because the smoke was terrible down there.

Besides, we could see the flames downstairs.

But Mother took the Pyrene and began squirting it on the fire and pretty soon there was less smoke and we could see better and in almost no time at all the fire was out.

Then we all went downstairs and pretty soon the fire engines came—a long time after the fire was out—and then a big crowd of grown-ups gathered in front of our house.

It must have been midnight, too, I guess.

Mother said the Pyrene saved my life. I think so, too. My Daddie says he wants it on every floor of our house.

When I grow up big I am going to have a Pyrene in my house, too.

A Pyrene put on your automobile saves 15% on your car insurance.

There are thousands of Pyrenes used in factories, schools, churches, theatres.

Write for booklet "The Vital Five Minutes"

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One application shows it*

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and 25c tubes.

Christmas Suggestions

Odd Bits of China

Decorated by
ELIZABETH ROTH

Three Baskets

Described by
CARRIE MCCOMBER



An afternoon tea basket for rolls or sandwiches



A bright spot on a dull November morning

THE ever popular basket is even more of a favorite this fall; on the breakfast or tea table it is much used for fruit, rolls, or flowers. The baskets on this page have been particularly selected for their simplicity and durability and they will therefore serve as desirable Christmas gifts—easily made and enjoyed for both use and beauty.

FULL directions for making all three of the baskets illustrated on this page—the roll basket, the fruit basket and the flower basket—will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps. No directions for separate baskets will be sent. Order H-288, Christmas Baskets, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



This is the fruit basket just above, but without the fruit



A flower basket to be used for a table centerpiece—graceful and practical

THE china painter need not be at a loss this year in choosing a gift for an invalid friend or one who likes to breakfast in her room; this useful cereal set illustrated solves the difficulty. The covered bowl is topped by the cream pitcher, that, in turn, by a sugar dish, and the advantages are plain: the contents of the bowl keep hot and the whole thing takes little space on a tray.



Ready for the invalid's tray



Here the four-story cereal set is spread out for use. Broth could be served in the bowl

FULL-size patterns in black and white and color directions for the china on this page will gladly be sent for five two-cent stamps. Please order H-289, Christmas China, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



On the Colonial chocolate cup a rose design fills alternate panels



The after-dinner coffee cup has a border of maidenhair fern

Christmas Suggestions

Gifts in China

Designed by
ELIZABETH ROTH

Simple Basketry

Described by
CARRIE McCOMBER



A covered knitting basket that is convenient and practical



The tall, graceful handle is a feature of this basket



A wee wicker chair for the ten-inch doll



Filled with fruit and nuts, this low, shallow basket makes a delightful Thanksgiving centerpiece

DIRECTIONS for making the baskets and doll's chair will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps. Order H-292 and address Handicraft Department, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

NOTE that all these baskets have a firm, plain weave, strong, practical handles, and simple shapes. They are meant for everyday household use, and will appeal to all basket lovers.



Pink and violet fuchsias decorate this milk pitcher



The covered hot-water pitcher has a bold poppy pattern

PATTERNS and directions for decorating the china illustrated on this page may be obtained for five two-cent stamps. Order H-293; and address Handicraft Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

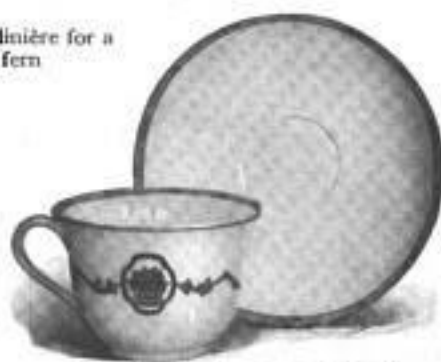


A small jardiniere for a tiny fern

THE medallion on the coffee cup is painted in orange and green with a hand of black; the bud pattern on the bouillon cup is in pink, blue and green; the carnation on the fern jar is in light red and green, but might be done in other color combinations.



Buds in an all-over design appear on this bouillon cup



A breakfast coffee cup with fruit medallion and garland

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for a sample of
this exquisite
Bouquet Laurece



One and one-quarter ounce bottle, \$1.25
One-half actual size

Let Laurece send you a dainty bottle containing a generous sample of Extract Bouquet Laurece, the concentrated fragrance of myriad flowers.

Bouquet Laurece is a truly Parisian odor made from the flowers of France. It is subtle and delicate, yet so rich and lasting that a single drop will give a lingering fragrance for days. It is a distinctive bouquet odor — a perfume that you will want to make your very own.

Please send 10 cents to help pay the cost of distribution, and your sample bottle from Laurece will go to you by return mail.

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There's no need of making your Christmas a burden this year. Beautiful home furnishings become yours by buying your foods, soaps, toilet preparations and other household supplies—there are over 600 to select from—direct from the great Larkin Factories and save the Middleman's Expense. This big saving is given to you in your choice of valuable Premiums of your own selection.

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The Big Book sent to you at once. It will show you how to make the money that stocks your pantry also furnish your Christmas Presents. Mail Coupon.

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McKAY Ventilated Table Pad

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This filet crochet basket holds a dozen little mint bonbons

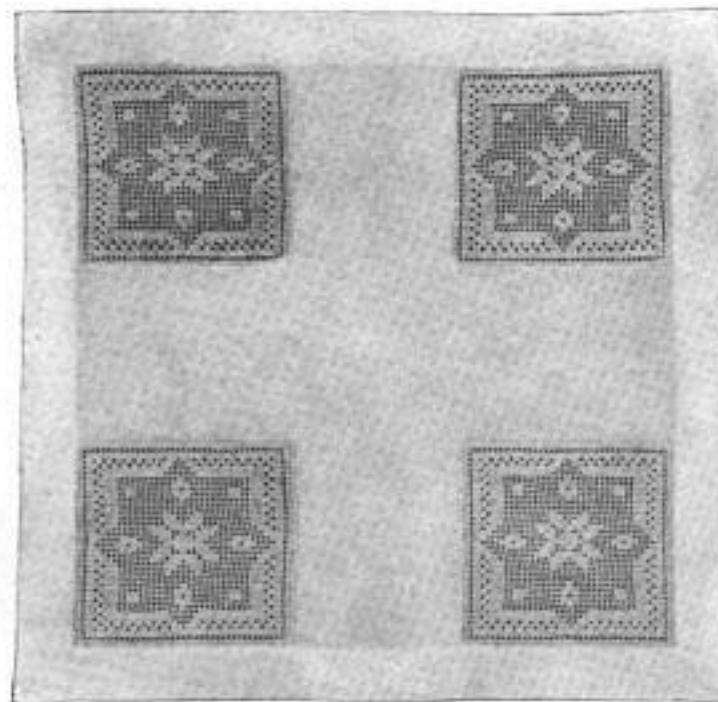


This basket, which is a twin to the bonbon basket, holds salted nuts



The American Beauty rose centerpiece and a set of doilies to match

Patterns and working directions for all the articles on this page will be sent for five two-cent stamps. Order CK-105 from the Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



There is an elegant simplicity about this centerpiece with its inset squares



The same square as in the centerpiece, with a crochet edge added, forms the doilies

The Welcome Gift

Things to make that cost little but time. They may be used for birthday or Christmas gifts or sold at church fairs



The flower-basket pincushion

FILL five and one-half inch foundation flower-basket pincushion with batting. Embroider in outline stitch and sew artificial flowers in place. Make handle of wire bound with linen and floss. Make pointed butterfly cushion six inches long. Cut wings in oblong shape of double thickness of linen and outline with wire.



A butterfly pincushion for a little girl



All of the Florentine work on the articles in this page was designed by Josephine How.

A Zeppelin pillow for the couch has wide trimming bands of Florentine embroidery.

CANVAS with single mesh squares is used for Florentine work, which is done with filling silk (that comes in skeins) and a blunt-pointed needle. The skeins are numbered, and when you have chosen your darkest shade select the next shades by number. Great care must be taken that this shading is exact. The easiest way is to begin with black, making a row across as a guide for the others. Keep the stitches as flat as possible, for the silk has a tendency to twist. In cutting out the canvas allow sufficient margin.



For chair seat or cushion top



Collar Bag or Workbag



Cardcase, needlebook or scarf pin case

CLEAR working patterns in black and white showing just how to start the four Florentine designs on this page will gladly be sent on receipt of five two-cent stamps. Please order H-286, Florentine work, and address all communications to the Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



EACH side of the portfolio is of two pieces of cardboard twenty by fourteen inches, covered with chintz (pasted on) and put face to face with rounded corners, and an opening for a handle at one end. Join sides with binding three by fourteen inches, made of three thicknesses of chintz. Finish with a pocket and a blotter. Paste braid on all edges.

The Dolls' Dining-Room

Furnished handsomely in cretonne and cardboard



There should be three of these plain chairs

PATTERNS for the dolls' furniture will be sent for five two-cent stamps. Please order H-287, Dolls' Dining-Room Furniture, Handicraft Department, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Serving Table

This set of furniture was designed and made by
JOSEPHINE HOW



Arm Chair



MOTHER Doll, you see, has set the round eight-inch table with cunning little dishes from the china cupboard at the left.



THIS furniture is just right in size for a ten-inch mother and father doll and family.



The commodious sideboard



No Wonder This Model Has Outsold

TRULY this car gives woman a freedom she has never before enjoyed.

She uses it in a hundred ways.

Is there someone to see or something to be attended to in town?

A pleasant spin over the road and the errand has been accomplished in less time than it once took just to get ready.

Or does fancy take her the other way—where Autumn has given the leaves a ruddier glow—for one more outing with the children in the woods before the leaves are gone?

No need now to wait until mere man can find time to go.

The car is ready—the starting button is waiting to be pressed—there is the open road—and here are the hills and woods almost too soon.

The errands of necessity and of mercy;

The errands of giving pleasure and of taking pleasure;

All are accomplished quickly and with perfect ease.

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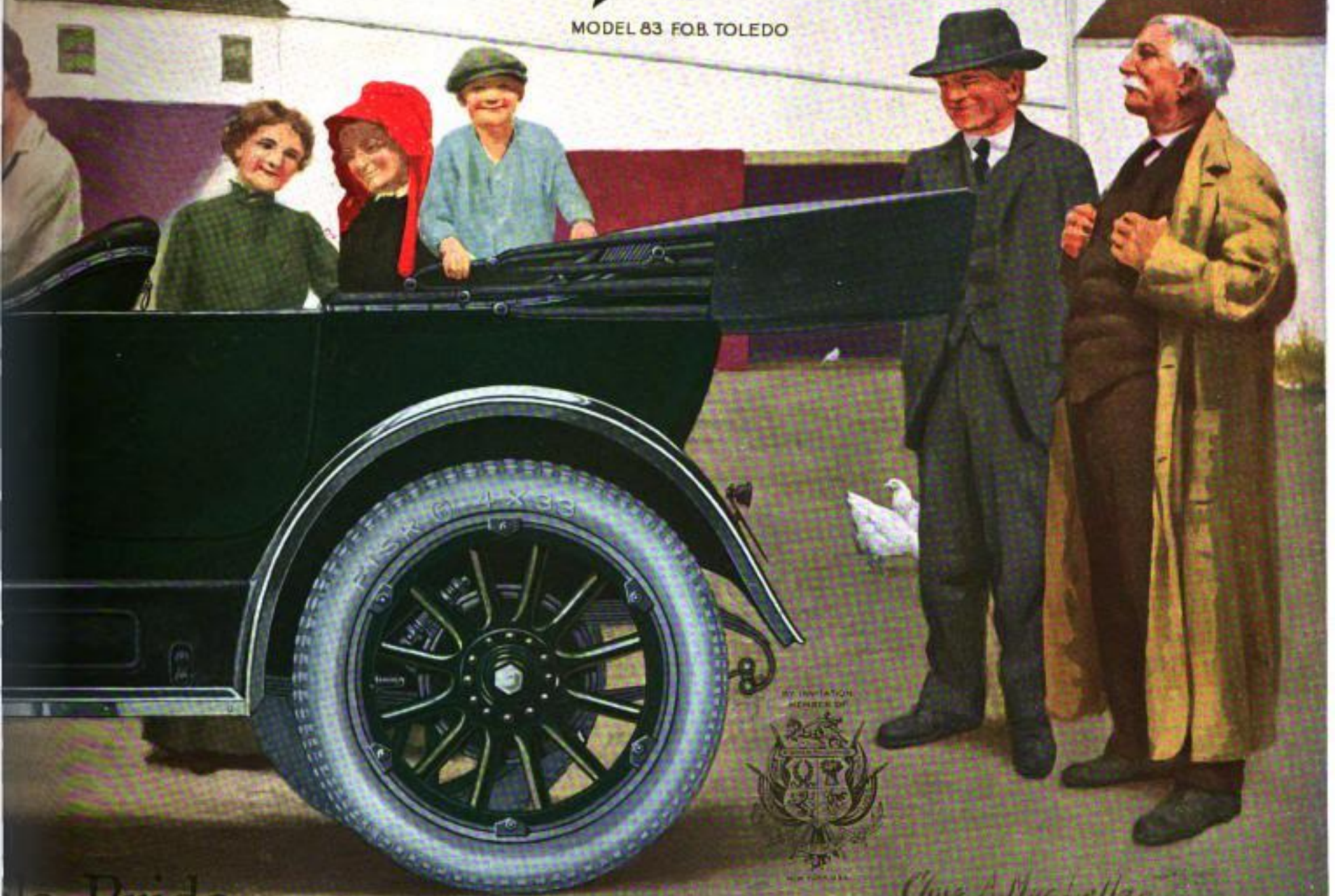
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It has long underslung rear springs to make it the easiest riding car imaginable.

There is roomy comfort for its full quota of five adult passengers.

The lines of its streamline body are pleasing from every angle.

It has a beautiful, lustrous finish.

In its performance—its convenience—its comfort—its roominess—its beauty, you will take justifiable pride.

And the price is only \$750.

This is the model which has outsold any car of its size ever designed.

See the Overland dealer now and have him show you how easy it will be for you to drive this car.

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Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

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1443-A—An amusing parrot to hold the teapot handle

1443-A—A unique holder for a teapot is this gay green felt parrot embroidered with blue, red, orange and black, with beak of yellow felt. For the eye use a bit of yellow felt surrounded by white French knots, and a black bead. Directions for making with order.

Stamped felt 30 Cents
Embroidery cotton and black beads 25 Cents



1444-A—Little powder bag of pongee



1444-A—Cunning powder bag to carry in your handbag, made of a six-inch square of silk, chamois lined.

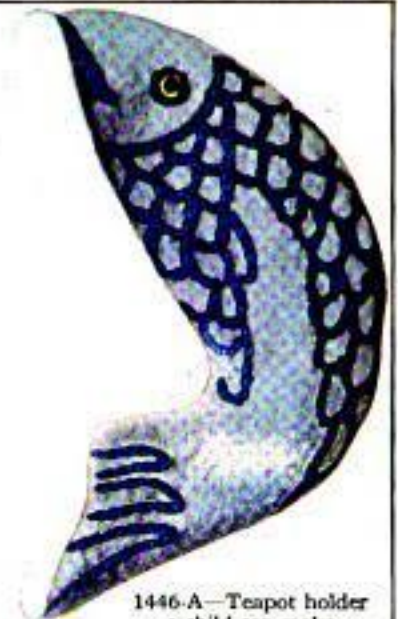
Stamped pongee 20 Cents
Embroidery cotton, cord and chamois lining 15 Cents



1445-A—Wild-rose sachet

1445-A—Rose sachet made of pink taffeta. Both sides are embroidered, then sewed together with wool wadding between.

Stamped taffeta 20 Cents
Embroidery silk 15 Cents



1446-A—Teapot holder a child can make

1446-A—The little blue fish serves as another attractive teapot holder. Light gray felt is embroidered with chain-stitch in two shades of blue. A piece of elder-down, a black bead, and an outline of black form the eye. Full directions for making are sent with each order.

Stamped felt 30 Cents
Embroidery cotton and black beads 12 Cents



The needlebook for workbasket 1447-A



1447-A—Six-sided workbasket with French knot garlands

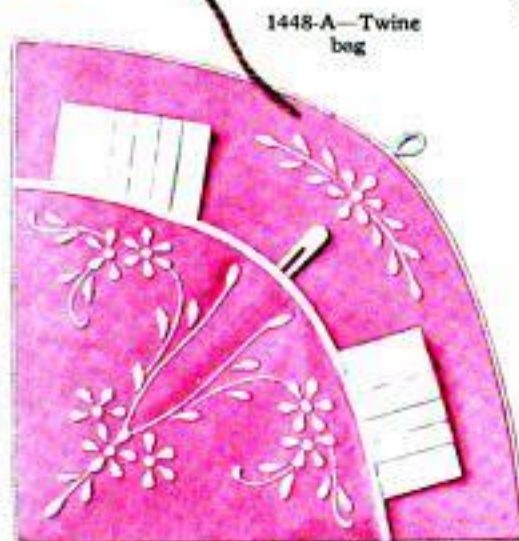
1447-A—Six-Sided workbasket (10 inches in diameter) of ecru linen embroidered in French knots. The cardboard foundations are covered with embroidered linen for the outside, silk for the inside. Sew together; finish with cord.

Stamped linen for basket, needlebook and cushion 70 Cents
(Pattern for cardboard foundation included)
Embroidery cotton and cord 25 Cents

The pincushion for workbasket 1447-A



1449-A—Bag for collar buttons



1448-A—Twine bag

1448-A—Twine bag of pongee silk with odd block design in color; base gathered over wire ring.

Stamped silk 25 Cents
Embroidery cotton, ring and cord 15 Cents

1449-A—Collar button bag. The leather bag is machine-stitched and turned; lining made separately, slipped in and machine-stitched to leather.

Stamped leather 50 Cents
Embroidery cotton and cord 10 Cents

A large illustrated leaflet of Christmas Present Suggestions, selected from Miss Parsons's most popular designs will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp to cover mailing.



1450-A—Lingerie ribbon case

1450-A—Fan-shaped ribbon holder of pink linen over cardboard. The embroidery is worked, except the two stems in the center, then pocket and front piece hasted together and stems worked through both, forming pockets for ribbon runner and ribbon.

Stamped linen (lavender, blue or pink) and paper pattern 30 Cents
Embroidery cotton and silk cord 10 Cents



1451-A—Folding sewing bag

1451-A—Folding sewing bag of ecru linen lined with rose-colored taffeta that matches the embroidery cotton. The design may be worked in two shades of blue and lined with blue silk instead of the rose.

Stamped linen (5 x 4 1/2 ins. base) 30 Cents
Embroidery cotton and cord 15 Cents

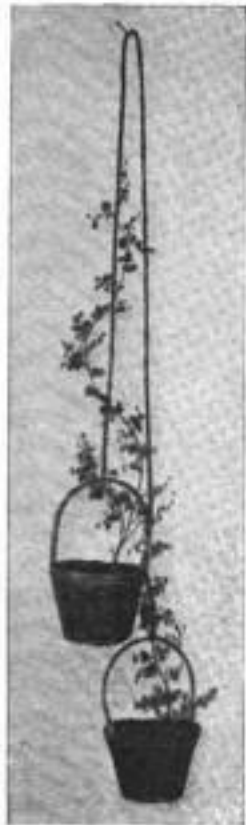
A paper pattern of the cardboard foundation is sent with each order.



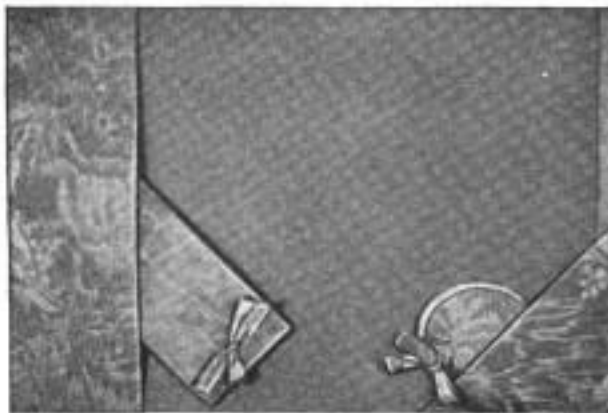
1452-A—Hot-dish band with motto, of heavy white linen embroidered in blue: Stamped linen, 35 cents; embroidery cotton, 15 cents

Handicraft Christmas Gifts

A blotting pad, holder for goldfish bowl, hanging basket, a stenciled runner, a set of chair cushions, two fancy bags, and three crocheted slippers



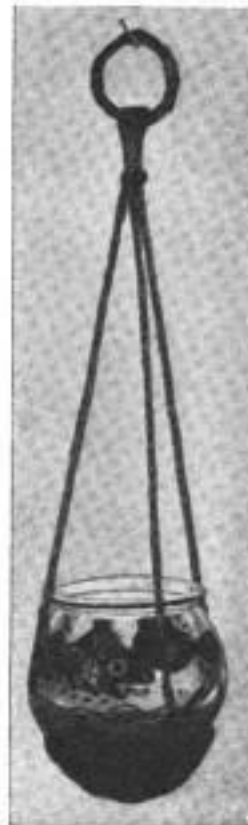
Twin hanging baskets for climbing vines



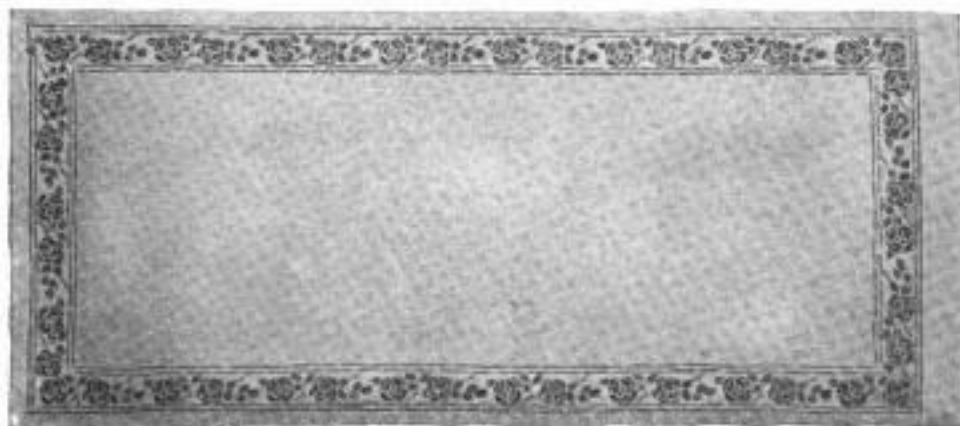
A homemade blotting pad with memorandum and penwiper mounted in moire silk

THE blotting pad illustrated above is made of heavy cardboard with pockets of moire silk glued on. The memorandum cover and the penwiper are backed with pieces of cardboard cut in desired sizes and then covered with silk.

DIRECTIONS for hanging basket and goldfish globe holder will be sent for three two-cent stamps. Order H-200. Address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



A woven holder for the goldfish bowl



This linen sideboard runner has a stenciled border of roses

QUERIES in regard to making either of the bags shown will gladly be answered if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Address Handicraft Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A PATTERN of the rose border printed on stencil board, ready to cut out, will be sent for five two-cent stamps. Order H-201 and address Handicraft Department, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

NO PATTERN can be given for the set of chair cushions, as they must be made to fit the chair they will be used on. The sideboard runner pictured on this page should be made of round-thread linen or fine crash in the natural color.



The new bag for knitting



This chair-back crescent cushion goes with the seat cushion below



Grandmother will like a set of chair cushions for her comfortable old-fashioned rocker



Flowered crepe bag made on embroidery hoops

DIRECTIONS for slippers below will be sent for three two-cent stamps. Order CK-104, Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



Boudoir mule crocheted in silk: Slipper in mercerized cotton with cross-stitch: Sandal of silk with embroidered flowers



In Milady's Dressing Room

Enjoy supreme lighting luxury with a

VANITIE

Portable Electric Lamp

It serves every lighting purpose. Particularly adaptable for use in the dressing-room.

Fixed in a moment to the dressing-table, mirror, washbasin, or shelf—and instantly adjusted to ensure a clear unobstructed light free from glare.

Its light weight, simple design and practical construction make it delightfully easy to handle. Its moderate price, five dollars, repays itself a hundred-fold in added comfort and convenience.

See a VANITIE today! At all good stores. Look carefully for the trade-marked name on base.

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ALADDIN LAMP CORPORATION
Suite 1850, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York
Dealers—send today for attractive proposition

This exquisite picture "Touch" is one of the beautiful "Five Senses" by Champney. Reproduced in the famous



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which for twenty years have been recognized even by artists as a hall-mark of good taste in pictures.

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of the Vose family have made the art of manufacturing the Vose Piano their life work. For 63 years they have developed their instruments with such honesty of construction and materials, and with such skill, that the Vose Piano of today is the ideal Home Piano.

Delivered to your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment, in exchange. Time payments accepted. If interested send for catalogue today.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
134 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

VOSE

Useful Embroidered Gifts

Designed by
EVELYN PARSONS

THE Christmas Gift Leaflet, an illustrated collection of Miss Parsons's best gift designs, will solve your Christmas problems. Sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



1453-A—Boudoir cap

1453-A—Boudoir Cap made of a circle of embroidered net gathered into a band to fit the head. A straight gathered piece of net forms a puff finished at top and bottom with a satin ribbon. There are frills of net footing around the face. It is very dainty and quite simple to make, and an extremely becoming style.

Embroidery pattern 10 Cents
(The pattern is stamped on paper, and the net is basted over it)
Embroidery cotton 5 Cents
Net for cap 25 Cents
3 yards net footing 15 Cents



1454-A—Embroidered collar and cuff set

1454-A—Collar and set of new marquisette; it does not lose its freshness when washed.

Stamped collar 30 Cents
Stamped cuffs for long sleeves 15 Cents
Stamped cuffs for short sleeves 20 Cents
Em. cotton 15 Cents



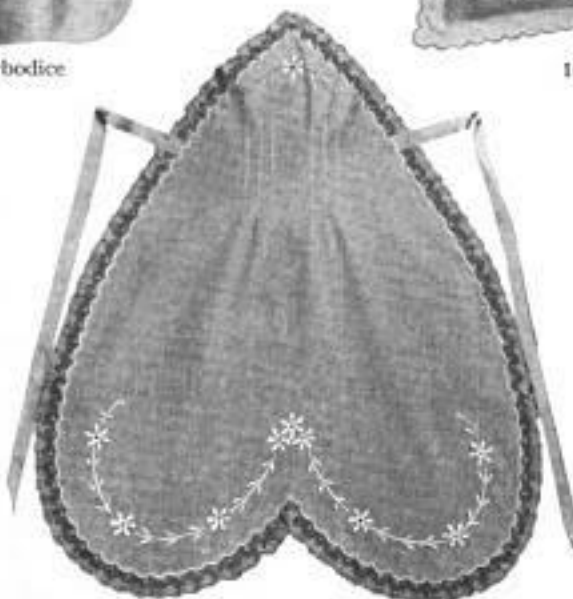
1457-A—Embroidered underbodice

1457-A—Underbodice with embroidered points back and front under which the ribbon bands are caught. It slips over the head and is drawn up at the waist line by a ribbon casing.

Stamped on lawn (34, 36 and 38 bust) 50 Cents
Embroidery cotton 10 Cents
Perforated pattern 25 Cents

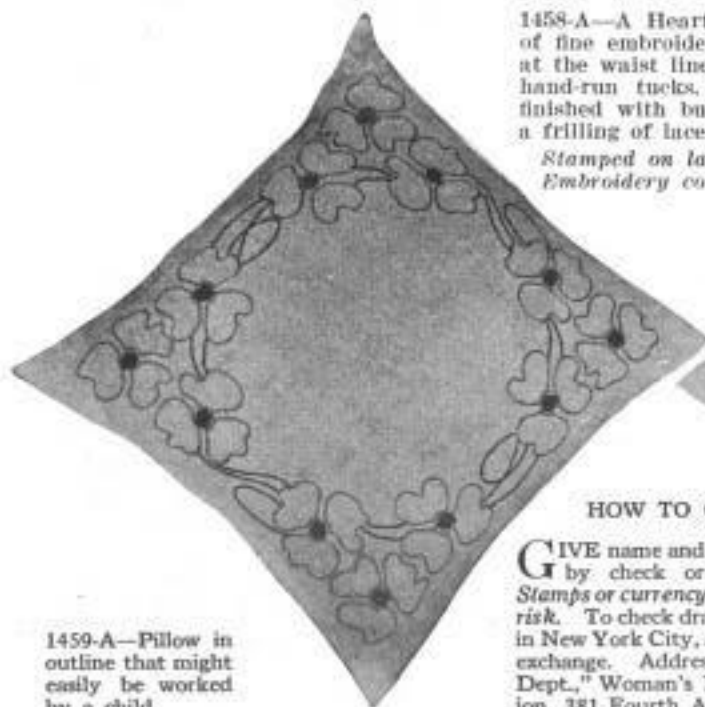
1459—Cushion of gray Russian crash for a man's room. The design is done in outline stitch and French knots, and the coloring is deep peacock blue, golden-brown and green.

Stamped cushion 75 Cents
Embroidery cotton 15 Cents
Perforated pattern 25 Cents

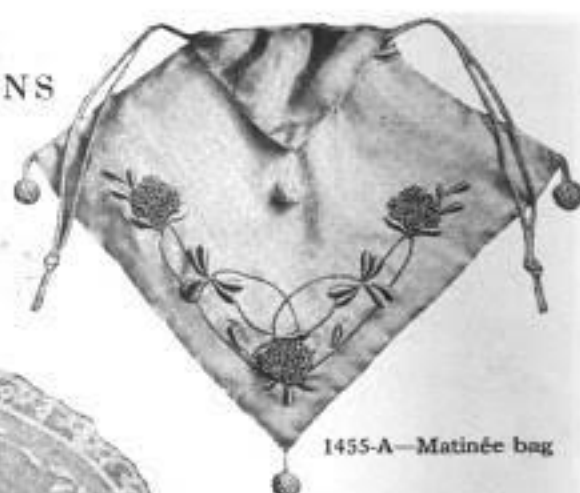


1458-A—A Heart-shaped Apron of fine embroidery lawn, fitted at the waist line with six tiny hand-run tucks. The edge is finished with buttonholing and a frilling of lace.

Stamped on lawn 35 Cents
Embroidery cotton 5 Cents



1459-A—Pillow in outline that might easily be worked by a child.



1455-A—Matinée bag

1455-A—Matinée Bag made of two six- and one-fourth-inch squares of natural-colored pongee silk, lined with colored taffeta. At the top the points are turned over and caught down. The bag is drawn up with cord run through buttonholed bars under the points. Design is worked in green and pink, flowers with French knots.

Stamped pongee 25 Cents
Embroidery cotton and silk cord 15 Cents
Crocheted Balls 25 Cents
1460-A—Tan linen Pillow.
Stamped linen \$1.10
Green silk; em. silk 55 Cents
Perforated pattern 25 Cents



1456-A—Slumber pillow

1456-A—Slumber Pillow (16 by 12 ins.) Made of fine white linen opened at back and buttonholed through center. The flower design is worked, then back and front buttonholed together, and a row of fine feather-stitching is worked three-fourths inch from edge.

Stamped cover 65 Cents
Embroidery cotton 10 Cents
Perforated pattern 25 Cents

1460-A—Tan linen Pillow; parrot in green silk appliqué with yellow beak. Tall feathers and head show red and wings blue, green and orange. The silk is sewed down with turned-in edges outlined in bright blue.



1460-A—Parrot Pillow, green silk appliqué in heavy chainstitch ring.

HOW TO ORDER

GIVE name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address "Embroidery Dept.," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

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A Complete Line of American Crochet and Embroidery Cottons

Art Needleworkers everywhere welcome BUCILLA cottons. They are highly mercerized, made only of the choicest Sea Island quality, wash fast, and are supplied for every form of art needlework—Crochet, Tatting, Embroidery, etc.

The superiority of BUCILLA cottons lies not only in their brilliant lustre, but in the variety of beautiful shadings and styles—a thread for every purpose.

Full instructions for crocheting the beautiful loop shade No. 200 pictured above may be found in BUCILLA BLUE BOOK, Vol. 2, which also contains many other exceptionally novel ideas for crochet, fastening flat crochet, etc., etc., with complete directions for making; price 10c. at your dealer's or by mail direct.

Also send 10c for a complete color card of Bucilla Crochet and Embroidery Cottons; valuable reference card when undertaking any form of art needlework.

Ask for BUCILLA cottons, stamped goods and package outfits; BUCILLA products are of the highest quality obtainable.

Remember the name BUCILLA

Address correspondence to Dept. X,
Bernhard Ulmann Co., Inc.
109 Grand Street
New York

Snug Comfort for Tired Feet

Parker's Arctic Socks

Warm, restful, beautiful, for foot, ankle, heel, toe, and heel, both sides, and heel. Easier than all-wool slippers. Worn in rubber boots a superb protection. Made of knitted fabric with soft white wool fibers. Washable, unshrinkable. Parker's name in every pair. In all sizes at dealers or sent postpaid for 50c a pair. J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. J, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

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Mallach Knitting Mills
Dept. 2008 Grand Rapids Mich.

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Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering including two sets of envelopes, \$2.50. Write for samples. 100 Wedding Cards, 50c.

W. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1025 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Out Goes the Spot

You know what wonders French Chalk works with a spot on a delicate gown! Well, here's French chalk, a tiny brush and a dainty hand-colored card. A gift full of helpfulness to the recipient. Sent postpaid for 50c to introduce our 72-page Year Book of 1916 thoughtful gifts, for everybody, everywhere, and for all occasions. Unusual, original gifts, all in good taste and of value far above our price. Book alone sent for 6c in stamps. It will solve your Christmas problems.

50c

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CROCHET BOOK GIVEN

Contains 127 new designs with illustrated lessons by Virginia Snow. To introduce JAPSILK Corded Crochet, we will mail postpaid Coleridge's Encyclopedia of Art Needlework to our truly deserving only 25c. in silver or stamps, for sample book.

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comes in White and Ivory—sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Book contains more original ideas and patterns. Tatting, Embroidery and Handwork. Also list of 26 Perforated. Send today.

COLERIDGE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART NEEDLEWORK Dept. 33 ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Gift Bags and Cases

Designed by
EVELYN PARSONS



1462-A—Party bag of pongee

1462-A—Party Bag of natural-colored pongee silk-embroidered in two shades of soft rose and green with rose-colored taffeta lining. In place of the rose shades, blue may be used. It is drawn up with pongee-colored silk cord.

Stamped bag (size nine by fourteen inches) 70 Cents
Embroidery cotton and cord 20 Cents



1461-A—A linen Powder Bag for the dresser. It is silk-lined and there is an inner bag of chambray.

Stamped linen 25 Cents
Embroidery cotton 5 Cents
Cord and chambray 10 Cents



1464-A—Linen manicure bag open

1464-A—Manicure Bag: cut square, with a stiffened base holding scissors, etc. A bag for the buffer is sewed to the bottom.

Stamped on pink or blue poplin 45 Cents
Embroidery cotton 10 Cents
White silk cord 15 Cents



1465-A—Opera bag of pongee

1465-A—Opera Glass Bag of natural pongee silk, flowers blue with rose centers, leaves green. Bag is lined with blue satin and drawn up with cord matching pongee.
Bag stamped on pongee 45 Cents
Embroidery silk 15 Cents
Silk cord 10 Cents

1466-A—A Man's Handkerchief Case of heavy gray linen. The crescent-shaped figures are blue outlined around outer edge with black, inner with orange; circles green outlined with black; lines are green. Use two threads of cotton and pad work slightly.

Case stamped on linen (when folded 11 x 6 1/2 ins.) 45 Cents
Embroidery cotton 20 Cents



1466-A—Man's handkerchief case



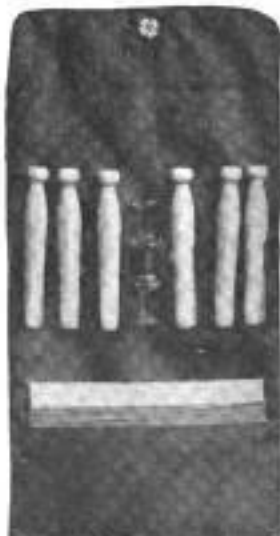
1469-A—Kit closed

1467-A—Brush and Comb Bag of colored linen. The bag has a pocket for holding hair nets and pins.

Brush and comb bag stamped on pink, blue or lavender linen (size 8 1/2 x 14 ins. finished) 40 Cents
Cord, rings, emb. cotton 20 Cents



1467-A—Brush and comb case



1469-A—College girl's washing kit

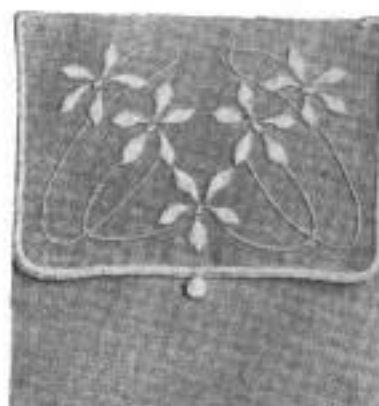
BEFORE ordering, be sure to read carefully the note on the opposite page, which gives clear directions how to order embroideries.



1463-A—Shoe case of poplin

1463-A—Shoe Case of colored poplin. It is very practical for packing as it holds only one shoe. The shoe fits in a pocket and the top is folded over and tied. When unpacked, the two may be tied together and hung up.

Cases (for one pair of shoes) stamped on pink or blue poplin 35 Cents
Embroidery cotton 3 Cents



1468-A—Sponge case of linen

1468-A—Sponge Case of embroidered linen to match 1467-A, brush and comb case below. It is, of course, lined with rubber and could be used for a face cloth or a small towel.

Sponge case stamped on pink, blue or lavender linen 25 Cents
Rubber lining and embroidery cotton 15 Cents

1469-A—The College Girl's Washing Kit: it contains a roll of strong twine (fish line is good), two glass thumb tacks for fastening the twine across the window and some small clothespins. It is made of gray linen.

Stamped linen 20 Cents
Embroidery cotton 5 Cents

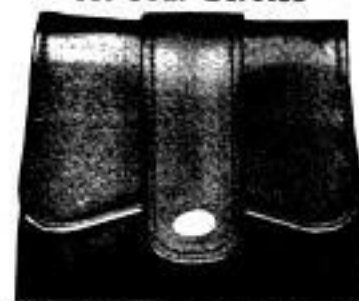
1470-A—A serviceable Laundry Bag, appropriate for a man, and made of gray Russian crash matching cushion 1459-A on opposite page.

Stamped laundry bag 75 Cents
Embroidery cotton 15 Cents
Cord 15 Cents
Perforated pattern 25 Cents



1470-A—Father's laundry bag

"At Your Service"



No. 402. A purse of genuine pin seal, silk moire lined, made after an imported model. Has metal frame change pocket and two deep pockets, besides a small ticket compartment. Fastens with a strap and has strap handle on back. Price, \$1.50.

No. 509. Child's sterling silver set including best handled spoon and half holder. Attractively boxed with a decorated card with verse. An exceptional value at this price, and a gift which is always appropriate for every baby. Price, \$1.00.

No. 519. A beautiful pink silk rose and forget-me-not shoulder bouquet. Attractively boxed, with a dainty hand-colored card and verse, reading as follows:

A Rosy Posy
Eyes as bright as jewels are,
Cheeks as red as roses,
What pleasure to be near by her,
Lucky little posies.
Price, 45 cents.

"Gift Headquarters for the United States"

That is what one of our friends called the great Baird-North Shops in Providence, the greatest gift-distributing shops in the country. From here we are sending hundreds of thousands of gifts to our customers everywhere. Every one represents a substantial saving in money; every one is guaranteed to be satisfactory or money will be refunded. Why don't you get acquainted with this great mail order house for jewelry and gifts. Write today for our big 230-page Catalog of Gold and Silver Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware, Leather Goods, Toilet Articles, and General Merchandise. Mailed wholly FREE on receipt of your name and address. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery wherever you live.

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Please send me FREE, without obligation, your great 230-page Catalog of Jewelry and Gifts, also your Catalog of General Merchandise.
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FASHIONED HOSE

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COLUMBIA
MERCERIZED
CROCHET

The cotton noted for its lasting lustre, smoothness, and durability. Made by the makers of the famous Columbia Yarns—that is sufficient guarantee of its high quality.

White and color in all sizes. Colors in four course sizes.

ONE PRICE 10c

The Columbia Cottons Manual of Crocheting (Third Series) shows beautiful articles and tells how to make them. 10c at dealers or by mail.

COLUMBIA COTTONS Philadelphia



For the Children



"Sugar in some form is necessary for children, as their universal craving for it shows. Sugar is best taken when combined with food, so candy should be restricted."

Elizabeth Robinson Scoville.

To every mother the candy question is perplexing. Its proper answer—indicated in the quotation given above—is wholesome cakes and cookies.

The objection that such foods may tax the digestion of the child can be overcome by making them with

CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening—For Cake Making

Crisco contains no animal fats. It is entirely vegetable—and melts at less than body temperature, leaving no solids to delay digestion.

Crisco is packed in a great sun-lit, spotless building, finished throughout in glass and tile. No hand touches the product, all machinery is nicked or enameled and the very air is washed before it enters.

Crisco Brownies

- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 1/2 cupful Crisco
- 1/2 cupful molasses
- 2 eggs
- 1 cupful flour
- 1 cupful chopped nut meats
- 1/2 teaspoonful salt
- 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla extract

(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Add eggs well beaten, molasses, extract, flour, salt and nuts. Divide into small fancy Criscoed tins, or bake in Criscoed sheet tin and cut in squares. Bake in moderate oven half hour. Crisco Brownies are a cross between cake and candy. Sufficient for twelve squares.

If you want to know more about Crisco and the conditions under which it is prepared, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes gathered and carefully tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address Dept. E-11, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O., enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes is free.



Good Old-Fashioned Dishes

That are popular just about Thanksgiving time

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

ON THE tables of the young housekeepers of to-day are seldom found the old-fashioned dishes that were so popular a generation ago. Perhaps the reason for their having fallen into disrepute lies in the fact that there are very seldom found carefully written rules for their preparation. Here are a few of them:

SCOTCH BROTH: Order three pounds of mutton, cut from the fore quarter. Wipe with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of cold water, and cut lean meat in one-inch cubes. Put in kettle, add three pints of cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point, skim and add one-half cupful of barley which has been soaked overnight in cold water to cover, then drained. Simmer one and three-fourths hours, or until meat is tender. Put bones in a second kettle, cover with cold water, heat slowly to the boiling point, skim, and boil one and one-half hours. Strain and add stock to meat. Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter with carrot and turnip cut in one-half-inch cubes, and one-fourth cupful each of celery and onion cut in thin slices. Add vegetables to soup, with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and cook until vegetables are soft. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of stock from soup. Bring to the boiling point and add gradually to broth. Just before serving add one-half tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS: Pick over three cupfuls of pea beans, cover with cold water, and soak for several hours. Drain, put in stewpan, cover with fresh water, heat gradually to the boiling point, and let simmer until skins will burst, which is best determined by taking a few beans on the tip of a spoon and blowing on them, when skins will burst if sufficiently cooked. Beans thus tested will of course be thrown away. Drain beans. Scrape a three-fourths-pound piece of fat salt pork, remove a one-fourth-inch slice, and put in bottom of bean pot. Cut through rind of remaining pork at one-half-inch distances. Put beans in pot and bury pork in beans, leaving the rind exposed. Mix one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Add one cupful of boiling water and pour mixture over beans; then add enough boiling water to cover beans. Bake in a slow oven eight hours, uncovering the last hour of the cooking that the rind may become brown. Add more boiling water as needed.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD: Mix and sift one cupful of rye meal, one cupful of granulated corn meal, one cupful of Graham flour, three-fourths tablespoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add three-fourths cupful of molasses and one and three-fourths cupfuls of water. When well mixed, turn into a well-buttered mold, adjust buttered cover and tie down with a soft string; place mold on a trivet in kettle containing boiling water (allowing water to come half way up around mold), cover closely and steam three and one-half hours, adding more boiling water as needed. Use a perforated tin cover as a trivet.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES: Pour two cupfuls of hot scalded milk over one-third cupful of fine bread crumbs and soak thirty minutes. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth yeast cake, broken in pieces and dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm water, and buckwheat flour to make a batter thin enough to pour, the amount required being

NOTE: In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.



Steamed brown bread combined with chopped peanuts and American cheese makes good sandwiches

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING: Scald one quart of milk in a double boiler. Add five tablespoonfuls of granulated Indian meal gradually, while stirring constantly, and cook fifteen minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, and two eggs, well beaten. Turn into a buttered dish, add one cupful of cold milk; bake one hour.

EGG SAUCE: Melt one-third cupful of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of hot water. Bring to the boiling point and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Just before serving add one egg, slightly beaten, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

HARD SAUCE: Work one-half cupful butter until creamy and add one and one-fourth cupfuls brown sugar gradually, while beating constantly. When mixture is very creamy add very gradually two tablespoonfuls cream; then add, drop by drop (to prevent a separation), one tablespoonful of vanilla, one half tablespoonful of lemon extract and two teaspoonfuls of salt.

PEANUT BROWN BREAD SANDWICHES: Steam brown bread mixture in one-pound baking powder boxes (being sure that the boxes do not leak) for about two hours. Cut in thin slices crosswise, spread sparingly with creamed butter and sprinkle with finely chopped peanuts seasoned with salt. Put together in parts and garnish top of each with one-half nut meat. Arrange around cheese wafers made of American cheese cut in thin slices, shaped with a small round cutter and then sprinkled with paprika.

SALT CODFISH BALLS (much more delicate than fish cakes): Wash salt codfish in cold water and pick in very small pieces; there should be one cupful. Wash, pare, and cut potatoes in pieces of uniform size; there should be two heaping cupfuls. Put fish and potatoes in stewpan, cover with boiling water, and let boil until potatoes are soft. Drain through strainer, return to hot stewpan in which they were cooked, and mash thoroughly. Add one-half tablespoonful of butter, one egg, well beaten, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat with a fork two minutes. Add more salt if necessary. Take up by spoonfuls, put in skimmer and fry one minute in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Reheat the fat between the fryings.

RAISIN FRITTERS: Scald two cupfuls of milk in double boiler with one-inch piece of stick cinnamon. Mix one half of a cupful of sugar, one fourth of a cupful of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, one fourth of a cupful of cold milk, then add mixture gradually to scalded milk and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one third of a cupful of raisins, cooked until plump in boiling water to cover, drained, seeded, and chopped. Place in pan, spread evenly, and cool. Remove, cut in two-inch squares, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs; fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Serve hot with vanilla or lemon sauce.



Serve codfish balls of fish and potatoes for breakfast Thanksgiving morning

What makes Caruso the greatest of all tenors?

His wonderful voice and
his superb interpretations.

What makes the Victrola the greatest of all musical instruments?

Its wonderful lifelike tone and its ability to adapt the renditions of all artists to the acoustic conditions of any room **without interfering in any way with the artists' interpretations.**



Caruso listening to himself
on the Victrola

The Victor Record by Caruso, Farrar, Gluck, McCormack, Schumann-Heink, or any other artist is true to the very life—with all the beauty of shading and individuality of expression as sung or played by the artists themselves.

It is perfect musically **but**—it must be adapted to the acoustic limitations of any room, and that is accomplished by the Victor system of changeable needles and the modifying doors of the Victrola.

And what is extremely important, it is done **without interfering in any way with the artists' interpretations.**

You have your choice of the full-tone needle, the half-tone needle, or the fibre needle, to suit the individuality of each record to its particular acoustic surroundings. With the modifying doors of the Victrola you still further control the volume of tone, and get the utmost enjoyment from every record.

Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate the advantages of these important Victrola features and play any music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$300.



Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victrola

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Does Housework Roughen Your Hands? Try Hinds Cream

Wash the hands well with pure soap and hot water—rinse with cold and apply a very little

Hinds Cream

Rub it gently into the pores—then dry thoroughly. You will be delighted to find how easy it is to keep your skin soft and smooth even through the daily round of household duties.

When the skin is rough, red and sore a little Hinds Cream quickly restores a healthy normal condition—prevents chapping and windburn in any climate. It keeps the skin soft and clear.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

A. S. HINDS 273 West Street Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.



Go now to California

After December it will be too late to see "two fairs for one fare"

The San Francisco Exposition ends December 4
The San Diego Exposition ends December 31

This is the opportunity of a lifetime!

Round-trip railroad ticket from Chicago (for example) only costs \$62.50, via direct lines, on sale up to Nov. 30. Sleeper berth, \$7 to \$13 each way. Meals enroute, \$2 to \$3 a day. Side trip to Grand Canyon \$7.50 extra. Allow \$4 to \$7 a day for one week at the Expositions. Add enough for incidentals. Return until December 31. On your Santa Fe way to California visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona, sleeper on California limited to the rim.

Ask for Exposition folder, Grand Canyon Outlines, and California limited book
W. J. Black Pass, Traffic Manager, A.T. & P.F.
Department of Commerce, Chicago



The Exchange

A department of household news contributed by

COMPANION READERS

PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to \$15.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows: \$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems.

\$5.00 for the second best.
\$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch.

\$5.00 for the second best.
All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less).

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS—The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month.

Contributions received between October 8th and November 8th are eligible for the February prizes.

All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the February number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the February number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted.

Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts sent to this department, as positively no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Thanksgiving centerpieces

FOR an effective Horn of Plenty obtain a large crook-necked squash, cut the widest end off square and scoop out the inside, leaving the shell. Place the squash with the neck up on a bed of autumn or fern leaves. Fill the open end full, to a generous overflowing on the table, with grapes, nuts, small apples, oranges or yellow tomatoes, to give the Horn of Plenty effect.

A long Hubbard squash may be rigged up with mast and sails to represent the "Mayflower." Cut it half away to the shape of a boat, removing seeds and pith. Adjust the sails, surmounting the mast with a Mayflower flag. Give it a cargo of fruit, and place it on a looking-glass sea surrounded by a border of green moss to simulate land. A large cobblesstone to represent Plymouth Rock can be the table-center attraction, in a wreath of cut flowers that harmonize with the dinner color scheme. E. H., Ohio.



A short-cut for shortening

ONE day I used a woven-wire egg beater to cut shortening into flour for biscuits. I was out camping at the time and I found it much better than using my hands for the purpose and much easier than using a knife. Try this: Put the lard in the bowl with the flour, press the egg beater through it repeatedly, and it will be well cut in by the wires. Mrs. H. K., California.

Four from one



FOUR little bibs can easily be made from a lady's handkerchief. One with a hem is best and wears well, though it may have a small border inside the hem. Cut the handkerchief in four equal squares; hem the two cut edges of each square. Then make a square pad a trifle smaller from two squares of white outing flannel sewed together, and place them under the handkerchief square. Cut one corner to fit the baby's neck. Fasten with ties of wash ribbon or tape. Mrs. C. A. B., Wisconsin.

Children's Christmas bundles

IN HELPING my children to wrap up their many little Christmas presents I have found red sealing wax just as satisfactory as ribbon and far cheaper. It looks very festive on either white or green wrapping paper, and the children enjoy putting it on and stamping it while hot with coins or fancy buttons. We have also found that last year's Christmas cards can often be used again very effectively as labels, by pasting the side that has been written upon on the paper wrapped around a Christmas bundle. It adds to its festiveness. M. L. C., Mass.

Homemade ground glass shades

shade or electric bulb

TWIST a handful of putty in a coarse muslin bag and pat the glass with it. This will deposit an opaque white coating or stain. When thoroughly dry varnish with perfectly clear varnish. The effect may be varied by using a decorative stencil pattern. Mrs. M. C. T., Tex.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S REMINDER

NOVEMBER is the month—

To prepare for a Thanksgiving reunion.

To make the Christmas fruit cake, and bake several small ones for gifts.

To begin some course of reading or study for the winter.

To plan a holiday party for the children.

To put up jars of orange and grapefruit marmalade for Christmas presents.

An up-stairs dust bag

The necessity of always carrying the contents of the dust pan down-stairs my mother made a "dust bag" of table oilcloth twenty-seven inches long by eighteen inches wide. To make it, round off two corners, then cut another piece the same size and shape. Cut this down the center of the straight end for about one foot so that the points turn back. Line both pieces about half way down with the oilcloth, then lay together and bind all around with dress braid of a contrasting color. Put a loop of braid by which to hang it on each upper corner. Wet flowers or any rubbish can be placed in this bag and no dust blows out when it is being carried down-stairs to the dust bin. I. F. F., England.



A Christmas present scrap book

I CUT from the holiday magazines all the pictures of things which take my fancy, and paste them in a book. Then when I want to make some little gift I turn the pages of my little book till I find a suitable idea, and then go to work. E. O. L., Nebraska.

A prick and a trick

TO REMOVE a blood stain made by a pricked finger on any silk material, place about four inches of white sewing silk in the mouth and moisten. Then roll into a ball and rub the spot gently, and the stain will disappear as if by magic. Just try it and see. Mrs. A. A., Missouri.

as you would a tatting shuttle and make four stitches, then a picot; four stitches, picot; four stitches, draw up. This is fast work and when put on a rag rug makes a pleasing border. Mrs. D. M. McP., California.

Brownies and Fairies

USE oyster crackers or tiny square unsalted soup crackers. Run them in the oven a moment to make fresh, then decorate with daubs of different colored and flavored frosting made from melted fondant, or the French kind made of powdered sugar and a little hot water. Fruit juice may be used to moisten the sugar, and it gives a delightful flavor. The chocolate ones are Brownies and all the others are Fairies. Bonbon boxes of these candies may be acceptable gifts to the children's playmates. M. N., Kansas.



A hint for next year's camp

THREE eight-inch hinges make a convenient camp stove. The hinges are fastened together with a stove bolt through the center holes. This forms the top of the stove and the remaining leaves when turned back form the legs. The joints of the hinges keep the kettle in place. The stove when not in use is folded flat. No tools are required to put the stove together as the bolt can be tightened sufficiently with the fingers to stay in place. Mrs. M. E. G., Arizona.



CHARACTER *in a* MOTOR CAR *for the* FIRST TIME *at a* \$1000 PRICE

CHARACTER in line, in finish, in quality of materials and workmanship, and in engineering design and mechanical excellence—the same character for which discriminating motor car owners but a short time ago paid \$2000 to \$5000—can now be possessed at the moderate cost of \$1000.

The man or woman who paid a high price for automobile satisfaction three years ago—and was then taxed a heavy toll for gasoline, oil and tires—now turns to the light weight, efficient, modern type of motor car. And among those who distinguish between ostentation and good taste a vast number have already recognized, in this class, the pre-eminence of the Jeffery Four.

Now the Jeffery Company wishes to announce the new Jeffery Four—with a new standard seven passenger Chesterfield body, divided front seats, adjustable driver's seat, extra long springs, two hundred pounds lighter than last year—at a \$1000 price—a finer car in every respect than the original Jeffery Four which has given thousands of owners a new conception of motor car quality, dependability, style and efficiency.

The new Jeffery Four appeals to women because it is a true "style carriage"; its grace of line and "smartness" set it apart from ordinary automobiles. The upholstery and springs have been designed for the comfort and ease of women on long tours. The operation of the car is so extremely simple that women have found it *particularly* easy to drive—the adjustable driver's seat being a distinct advantage in itself. The seven passenger capacity makes for family *camaraderie*—and permits motor car hospitality.

An inspection of the car and a ride in it will bring home to you the many reasons why the Jeffery Four has been so popular among women—especially among those who drive their own cars.

Motor—4 cylinder, high speed, high efficiency type Wheel base—116 inches
Tires—Goodyear Fortified, All-weather tread rear, 34 x 4
Starting and lighting system—Bijur, two unit Carburetor—Stromberg, K-2 Model
Shipping weight—2750 pounds 93% Jeffery built

"America's Standard Automobile at a \$1000 Price"

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Jeffery Six—same specifications as the famous Chesterfield Six—refined to an even smoother and quieter operation—\$1350 F.O.B. Kenosha, Wisconsin

*Illustrated booklet
sent on request*



The Jeffery
Four
*Standard Seven
Passenger \$1035
Without Auxiliary
Seats — \$1000*

F. O. B. Kenosha, Wisconsin



Steero Cubes were Awarded the Medal of Honor at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

The Secret of French Cooking is in the Stock Pot

Many Americans have never realized the value of a concentrated flavor as a stimulant to appetite and an aid to good cooking.

Steero Cubes in the kitchen mean appetite in the dining room.

The concentrated flavor of beef and vegetables is in Steero Cubes ready to dissolve and spread through gravy, soup or sauce.

Flavor is not all you get from Steero—it gives fragrance to the food. Use Steero Cubes to "snap up" your dishes and see how heartily they will be relished.

As a delicious beverage a cup of hot Steero, quickly made by pouring boiling water on a Steero Cube, will give you an appetite when you want it.

Steero Cubes are sold by Druggists, Grocers and Delicatessen Dealers in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Look for the word "Steero" on the box and accept no other. If your dealer can't supply you, a box of 12 Cubes will be sent you postpaid for 30c.

Schiffelin & Co.
226 William St. New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co.

"STEERO"
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Cubes

"A Cube
Makes a Cup"
Simply add
Boiling Water



A New Product **OYSTERO** (Oyster Broth Powder)

Made from fresh, whole oysters with only the moisture evaporated by vacuum. Delicious Oyster Broth instantly prepared simply by adding Oystero to milk and heating it.

Send 10c for a sample sufficient to make four cups
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With Every
IMPERIAL RANGE

Simply send name and address. This service is yours absolutely free. Learn the facts of Imperial Ranges. Read our new book "Imperial Ranges" (free). Ask for it. All exclusive features. Save 50c to \$10. Direct from factory. 30 days Free Trial. Cash-refund. Write for our catalog and facts about V.I.P. Ranges.

THE IMPERIAL STEEL RANGE COMPANY
249 Detroit Street Cleveland, Ohio



A Real Treat



DOESN'T it make your mouth water to think of waffles? Crisp, delicious, golden-brown dainties covered with powdered sugar, honey or maple syrup. They cost so little and are so easy to make at home, with a

GRISWOLD WAFFLE IRON

The handiest waffle iron made—unique in its deep pattern, its even thickness that prevents warping, its air cooled handle, and protecting ring that catches grease and batter and keeps a clean stove.

Waffles are easy to make—send for FREE Recipe Book. All good dealers sell Griswold Waffle Irons—if yours does not, write for name of nearest dealer who does.

The Griswold Mfg. Co.
1063 W. 12th St., Erie, Pa.
Makers also of the famous BOLO OVEN, Griswold Quickly Cleaned Food Choppers, Tempered Aluminum and Old Fashioned Iron Hollow Ware.



Chloe Malone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

"That's Northern," she added. "Pennsylvania," said Mr. Wheeler. "Please put it on before I go."

Chloe put it on with a dignified recklessness. She looked out of the window, and saw that the Union Station was now only two blocks away.

"I'm an entomologist," Mr. Wheeler on the full tide of impulse swept the salient facts of his existence to her feet. "I've been doing some work on the boll weevil at one of your experiment stations down here, and I'm getting back to Boston now. I'm a fairly desirable citizen. No reason why you need be nervous about wearing that pin, and it may remind you between dances, of an Adventure—wasn't that what you called me?"

"Anyhow, I didn't call you an adventurer," said Chloe, with lashes deceptively lowered.

"Thanks for that," Mr. Wheeler told her gravely.

He turned to Mrs. Malone, to whom her daughter's by-play had been fortunately, or unfortunately, inaudible, and made his adieux in the mother tongue.

"It is nothing," said Mrs. Malone graciously, "a small thing to do."

"Be careful of that cut," Chloe put in judiciously, retrieving her flowers from her mother's arms. "It is so easy to infect a wound. Use lots of hot water and alcohol."

Mr. Wheeler listened with enormous respect.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said obediently. Then he picked up his bag as the limousine came to a stop before the station, and smiled down at Chloe with an uncommonly likable blend of humor and something warmer in his look.

"Exit the Adventure," he said. "I wish you a wonderful debut, and a world full of slaves."

Chloe touched her flowers to her cheek.

"I am almost sorry," she said softly, "that you are only an Adventure, and that I am never to see you again—you seem rather nice."

Mr. Wheeler gave his bag to a porter, and paused a deliberative moment on the curbing, his hat in his hand.

"That," he observed, "is the very kindest and most gracious thing that anybody ever said to me. Thank you, and—good night!"

Then he really went. On the way down Bourbon Street, Mrs. Malone observed that the curtain would probably have risen.

"But we have done a good deed, haven't we?" observed Chloe virtuously. "Fancy, if that poor young man had missed his train!"

"Me," said Mrs. Malone somewhat pathetically, "I have no feeling for poor young men."

"Only as adventures," Chloe protested earnestly, "only as adventures, dearest! Did you think I had forgotten my millionaire? You little know your child!"

She fingered the small square pin as she spoke, then caught her fingers away and folded them tightly around the stems of her flowers.

Down the narrow street an orange glare, flooding the mist, proclaimed the old French Opera House. The faithful Boggs drew into place between a motor which crept too fast, and a pair of portly bays who followed too slowly, and, for Chloe, the Comedy began.

Better Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

The first manager we approached did not care to try a children's matinee, but we finally succeeded in persuading a manager to give it a trial, although he was skeptical.

Grand Rapids is not a distributing center. The only pictures that come here come on circuits. We were not able to go to exchanges and select what we wished, but had to trust to a man in Detroit or Chicago that we would get a suitable program. We compiled a list of pictures from various sources and had our programs made from that list as nearly as possible. Whenever it has been necessary to put on an unknown film the committee has seen it first, so that no picture has been shown without the approval of the committee. As every age of child has to be considered, the programs are varied. We aim to give a science film, travel or animal picture, a comedy and one or two stories. From the expressions of the children themselves we are giving them what they want.

In March, through the kindness of the teachers in the city, the committee was able to make an investigation of the number of children who attend the motion picture theatres and the type of films preferred, for the purpose of guiding the committee. From the high school figures we learned that more boys go down-town to attend the moving pictures than girls, but both sexes, if they attend often, go near home. Girls that attend only once in a while go down-town. Girls of fourteen seem to prefer romance or adventure, but later develop a taste for mystery stories. Boys from eight to sixteen prefer comedies of the slapstick variety and adventure such as the Wild West stories. From sixteen to eighteen comedy and adventure decline and dramatized stories lead.

College girls in caps and gowns are in attendance to care for children left at the theatre while the mothers go shopping, or to explain inserts or pictures that were hard to understand. This winter we shall have a number of reliable girls living in the outlying districts, who will chaperone groups of small children to these performances.

We undertook our publicity campaign with a good deal of zest.

First we announced a prize contest: The best essay on "The Picture I Like Best and Why," written by a child under ten, received a prize of three dollars. Printed programs containing announcement of the competition were placed in many picture houses, and we were permitted to distribute through the public schools of the city twelve thousand copies of the announcement.

Then we wrote to the City Federation of Women's Clubs, the trades unions, the Catholic Federation, the Masonic orders, the Grand Rapids Equal Franchise Club, the parents' organizations connected with the public schools, the Women's University Club, the Moral Efficiency Commission, the Association of Commerce, and the Teachers' Club.

The daily papers gave us their unanimous support.

The managers of the picture-houses deserve great credit for assuming the entire responsibility of financing the experiment, and it is gratifying to know that they have more than paid expenses.

Our committee made a general survey of the situation before beginning work, and found it better than the average. We found nearly all of the buildings either new or remodeled and fitted with adequate fan systems. The ventilation should be excellent, but frequently the

fans are not used, and the air becomes vitiated and foul. All but one of the twenty-six theatres are lighted so that every person is distinguishable. I want to say right here that the danger that used to surround girls and boys through darkened theatres has chiefly been done away with.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

HELLO BILL, Kleine Edison: A most amusing and well-directed comedy with attractive settings and good acting.

POOR SCHMALTZ, Famous Players: A good comedy with Sam Bernard as the outlandish German wig-maker who makes trouble for everyone, including himself.

MONSIEUR LECOQ, Thanhouser-Mutual Masterpiece: A very clever adaptation and production of Emile Gaboriau's detective story, with an interesting reversal of sequence. The plot built around a murder is artistically and interestingly developed. For mature minds. Photography good.

PEER GYNT, Morosco: Cyril Maude is the inimitable Peer of many love affairs and adventures. A picture study for adult minds. Based on Ibsen's drama.

THE RINGTAILED RHINOCEROS, Lubin-V. L. S. E.: A past real and a past dream farce comedy, the real part showing the inconveniences of the habit of drunkenness, and the dream part showing the mental workings resultant. Photography good. Settings artistic.

THE GALLOPER, Pathe: An entertaining comedy drama, with Clifton Crawford as the amusing war correspondent.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, V. L. S. E.: A fair mystery story having entertainment value. Hero and heroine not sympathetically portrayed.

SALVATION NELL, California Motion Picture Corporation: An interesting portrayal of the rôle Mrs. Flake made famous. Has good atmosphere and character work.

THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE, Vitagraph: A propaganda film urging preparedness. Recommended not for its sentiment but for its entertainment values.

MRS. PLUM'S PUDDING, Universal: A pleasing comedy of special value because it introduces Marie Tempest, the clever English comedienne.

SPECIAL FILMS

BREAKING THE SHACKLES, Edison: An original, well-developed one-reel picture, intelligently acted, in which a dangerous wife cures her husband of the drug habit.

THE PINE'S REVENGE, Universal: Two reel story of the Forest Rangers in the Sierras, well-acted, beautiful scenes.

HOW EARLY SAVED THE FARM, Universal: Pretty little one-reel comedy with a child as the principal, and some good pictures of animals.

THE MYSTERIOUS YACHT, Universal: Three-reel detective story in which a concealed submarine carries the interest. Impossible situation but well staged.

BRUTALITY, Biograph, Griffith release: A man, who sees his own brutal conduct reproduced in Dickens's "Bill Sykes," reforms, and happiness returns. Artistic in every detail.

BILLY'S STRATAGEM, Biograph, Griffith release: An artistic production of thrilling pioneer days carefully portrayed.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY, Biograph, Griffith release: Two small girls at the mercy of a thieving housekeeper portray some thrilling experiences before they are rescued. The Osh Gish first picture.

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN, Mutual-Thanhouser: A weird little story in which a child's tiny Japanese garden comes to life and enacts a tragedy. Artistic.

THE SLAVY STUDENT, Edison-General: Viola Dana is the winsome little girl who exchanges hard work for an education.

DORA, Biograph: An appealing story based on Tennyson's poem as dramatized by Charles Reade.



To Make Your Cake Delicious

For that delicate, tempting flavor which blends so smoothly all through the cake and makes every crumb a treat—use

Burnett's VANILLA

ALSO
Almond
Lemon
Orange
Fresh
Fruit
Extracts
etc.

Then you'll be sure of results—every time—because Burnett's has always and in every bottle the same rich, fragrant, matchless delicacy of true Mexican vanilla.

Try This Simple Charlotte

One half pint of cream, whipped stiff, 2 scant tablespoons of powdered sugar, 1/2 teaspoon of Burnett's Vanilla. Serve with split lady-fingers or slices of sponge cake.

Many unusual desserts are easily made and are always palatable when you flavor them with this real vanilla—so different from the coarse, sharp flavor of imitation extracts or the heavy, dark richness of those made of low quality beans.

Write for our booklet of 115 recipes—sent free if you mention your grocer's name.

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To try in your own home for 30 days—show your friends. Freight paid by us. Send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. You can buy the best at Actual Factory Prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Send enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. **AD HOOSIER**

TOYEN Guaranteed for Years. Send postal today for large FREE Catalogue, showing latest improvements to select from. No obligations.

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Vanderbilt Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Recitations, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Makeup Goods, Large Catalogue Free. **T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 35, Chicago**

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Entertainments: Pantomimes, Farces, Tragedies, Dramas, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Makeup Goods, Large Catalogue Free. **T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 35, Chicago**

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ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Try My **Rapid** Fireless Cooker 30 Days—FREE

Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied and delighted I will refund every cent. Got my Special Low Factory Price direct to you. Cooker is absolutely fitted throughout. Full set of famous "Wheat Flour" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free book of valuable recipes.

William Campbell Co. Dept. 27, Detroit, Mich.

Colburn's Poultry Seasoning
will make your Thanksgiving dinner a never-to-be-forgotten feast. Specify Colburn's when you order your turkey and mustard for the holiday baking and cooking. Quality supreme. Flavor perfect.

THE A. COLBURN CO.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

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COMMUNITY SILVER

STERLING



PLATE



"Dearest Barbara:

August 1, 1915

This is most private. Tom is urging me to set a day in October. Absurd, of course. * * * * Still—I might consider December if I could be sure of getting a chest of Community exactly like Betty's. But you mustn't even hint this to Tom!!!

—Constance



P. S.—Tom just called and insisted on our being married at once. I positively refused. * * * * So we compromised on the twentieth of this month—and, oh Barbara, you're the first bridesmaid I've asked.

P. P. S.—I'm going to have a chest of Community—a big one—even if Tom has to give it to me himself."



NOTE—Do not confuse COMMUNITY PLATE with ordinary plated silver, for "Community" is so especially thickened at the wearing points and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too.

COMMUNITY STERLING (*Patrician design only*) Ask your dealer for prices.

COMMUNITY PLATE (*best plated ware made*) At your service for 50 years. Six teaspoons, \$2.15.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.,

ONEIDA, N. Y.

Also Makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (at your service for 25 years, six teaspoons, \$1.10), and Oneida Community Par Plate

Have You Decided What They Are Saying?

Have you sent to your Alvin Jeweler your idea of the conversation between these two young ladies?



Get an answer blank from him today.

The jeweler who displays this picture in his window offers a chest of Alvin Silver, "The Long Life Plate," to the one in his town who sends him the most clever answer to this question in fifty words or less.

The prize chest offered by your jeweler contains 26 pieces of beautiful Alvin flatware. Your answer, signed with your name and address, must reach him by October 30.

If there is no Alvin Jeweler in your town, send your answer to us. We offer, as an additional prize, a handsome genuine mahogany chest of 208 pieces of Alvin Silver Plate, value \$325.00, for the most clever answer of those received by all the jewelers. In case two or more are entitled to this prize, each will receive one of these chests.

ALVIN MFG. CO.
Sag Harbor N. Y.

ALVIN SILVER
The Long Life Plate

Nadine Face Powder
(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful
Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. C. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

They die outdoors!

No mixing
No Spreading—No Mess—No Trouble
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The Sweet Course

Recipes
for winter desserts

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

CHARLOTTE RUSSE: Add one and one-fourth tablespoonsful of powdered sugar to one-fourth cupful of heavy cream and beat until stiff, taking care that cream does not separate. Dissolve one-eighth teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one-half tablespoonful of boiling water, strain through cheese-cloth, and add gradually to first mixture; then add one-fourth teaspoonful vanilla and a few grains of salt, and stir until well mixed. Line a mold with four halves of lady fingers, turn in the mixture and chill. Remove from mold for serving.

DATE CAKE (if the directions are followed this recipe makes a most satisfactory inexpensive cake, which is very quickly put together): Put in a mixing bowl one-third cupful of soft butter, one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one and three-fourths cupfuls of pastry flour, once sifted, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and one-half pound of dates, stoned and cut in pieces. Beat three minutes, using a wooden cake spoon—the kind with slots—and turn in a buttered and floured cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven from forty to forty-five minutes. Sprinkle top with confectioner's sugar and then remove to cake cooler.

BAKED APPLES IN BLOOM: Wipe eight selected red apples and cook in boiling water until soft, turning them frequently and having water half cover apples. Remove skins carefully that some of the red color may remain, and arrange on a serving dish. To the liquor remaining in the pan add one cupful of sugar, the grated rind of one-half lemon, and the juice of one orange. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer until reduced to one cupful. Cool and pour over apples. Serve with or without whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

ADA'S LEMON PIE: Line three shallow pie plates with plain paste thinly rolled. Fill with lemon filling and cover with plain paste, thinly rolled. Bake in a hot oven thirty-five minutes. For the filling mix the grated rind of two lemons, four tablespoonsfuls of lemon juice, two cupfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-fourth cupful of bread flour, and one-half cupful of hot water. When thoroughly blended add the whites of two eggs, beaten until stiff.

COUPE DE MARRON: Beat two eggs slightly, and add one cupful of sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Stir constantly, while adding gradually two and one-half cupfuls scalded milk, and cook in double boiler, continuing the stirring until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on the spoon. Strain and add one cupful heavy cream and one tablespoonful vanilla. Freeze, using three parts finely crushed ice to one part rock salt, thus insuring a smooth, finely grained ice cream. Cut marrons in brandy in pieces and put in coupe glasses, allowing one and one-half marrons and one teaspoonful of the sirup to each glass. Fill glasses with the ice cream, mounding slightly in center. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, forced through a pastry bag and tube, and glazed cherries.

BUNKER HILL PUDDING: Make a boiled custard of the yolks of five eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and three cupfuls of milk. Strain, cool, and flavor with two tablespoonsfuls of vanilla. Add whites of five eggs beaten until stiff, and one and one-half cupfuls of heavy cream beaten until stiff. Freeze, using three parts of finely crushed ice to one part of rock salt. Fill brick mold with mixture to overflow mold, adjust cover, pack in salt and ice, using equal parts, and let stand two hours. Remove from mold to serving dish, and serve with fruit sauce. To make this, pour boiling water over one-fourth pound of dates, drain, stone and cut in pieces. Add one-half pint bottle of cherries with sirup and one-half bottle of green figs with sirup.

ORANGE ICE: Make a sirup by boiling four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar twenty minutes. Add two cupfuls of orange juice, one fourth of a cupful of lemon juice and the grated rind of two oranges. Cool, strain and freeze, using three parts of finely crushed ice to one part of rock salt.

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The Pin-Money Club

WOULD you like to earn some extra money? Read what the Secretary of the Pin-Money Club, the COMPANION's money-earning department, has to tell you of other girl and woman readers of the COMPANION who are now earning from ten to one hundred dollars each month right here in this delightful big Club of ours!

The Business Girl and the Stay-at-Home

THE teacher, the stenographer, the trained nurse, the saleswoman; the girl with a clerical position; the college and school girl; the girl who sews and who keeps house at home—she finds in the P. M. C. a solution to that vexing extra money problem!

In the Club, during her spare time, she can earn the extra money for the nice-looking clothes (a real investment) which often help her to get a better position; the money for music, for books, for trips, for little entertainment, and for clothes again!

One Club member recently wrote me a letter about furs, a soft, silky, warm scarf, a pretty muff, the first she has ever had—and they were paid for with Club dollars. Another writes of a new suit and hat and gloves and shoes and a dainty silk blouse she has bought with her "pin-money."

But you can imagine the hundreds of



ways Club dollars help out!

There is Miss N. F. H. of Maine—in her first six months in the Club she has earned over \$254. She writes: "I am a teacher with a strenuous home life also, so this is spare-time work for me; and I find my P. M. C. salary checks so helpful I do not see how I can ever live without them."

Miss Anna Perkins of New York State has a business position with hours from eight to six every day. yet she has earned over \$450 in the Club. Miss H. C. of Ohio often sews through a long day and finds her Club work a relaxation. "The joke of it is," she says, "sometimes my 'pin-money' is as much as I could make if I went to business."

Our Club Book (you must ask for a copy) will tell you of many others, and what is more, will tell you exactly how they earned this money in the Club and how you can do likewise.

The Success of the Married Member

HOW do you suppose I feel when, as Secretary of the Pin-Money Club, I get a letter like this from a COMPANION reader, and think what she has been missing?

"I would have written you long ago, but I thought the Pin-Money Club was open to girls only, and that sober married women like myself were not eligible!"

There are to-day more than five thousand married members of the Pin-Money Club, a host in themselves. And the stories of their success at earning money make some of the happiest and most delightful "little stories of married life" you ever heard!

There is Mrs. A. B. Cook of Nebraska, a fine housekeeper, active in church work, who has earned over \$675 in the Pin-Money Club in her spare time!

There is Mrs. Grace Schliel of California who has two tiny girls, does all her own work, and has earned over \$130 in the Club. And Mrs. Margaret Shad-bolt with a boy and a girl and a house and a garden to look after, with only a little time now and then—in her first three months as a Club member she



up for Christmas—you know the hundreds of places extra money "fits in!"

It is enough to say, the Club means a great deal to all who are now Club members; and there is an equal opportunity for money-making and a real warm welcome waiting for you other wives and mothers, readers of the COMPANION, who would like to join us, too.

The Shut-in Section of the Club

IF THIS announcement—that we have indeed a whole Shut-in Section in the Pin-Money Club, with a hundred friendly hands to welcome new comers—will show any other COMPANION girl or woman who would like to earn money, or find a new interest, the way into the Club, we must thank Miss Lettie Thompson of California; for Miss Lettie has asked me most urgently to tell you just what the Club has meant to her:

It has brought a real interest into her life, and it has really made her better, mentally and physically,—this Club work. And she has actually earned \$225 all herself!

"You don't know what it means to me to



be doing something after all these years," she writes. "You do not know what it means to spend this money I have actually earned myself. You don't know what your dear friendly letters mean to me; what my Club papers and booklets, in which I feel I can have a 'part ownership,' mean to me! Miss Clarke, won't you tell all the other COMPANION girls who are shut-ins that the Club has something for them to do?"

So that is what I want to tell you now. Write and ask me how!



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The Geranium Lady

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 56]

much, or smile. Suddenly the man saw the tea-room sign.

"Ah, here is the place," he said, touching her elbow. "Let us go in, dear, and rest. You are tired."

"I guess I am," Jim heard her say. Then she added with her quick laugh, "I mean, Tony, I 'calculate!'"

With that they went into the little tea-house, not having seen Jim Brant.

He had learned a great deal in two days, but, as it happened, this was not all. The next week, after receiving two thick letters, she had gone to Atherton again, two days in succession. He heard that upon inquiry of the stage driver, who had taken her to the Port, and from the chauffeur of the automobile bus that runs between the summer resort and Atherton.

So Jim Brant, too, had a problem to solve. How was it possible for so pretty and kind a young lady—even though she was an off-islander—to deceive anyone? That was the question. Above all, how could she deceive Miles Hawthorne?

You never would have known that anyone had any problem at all! After the supper for two at the Betty Latch cottage other social events began to occur on the Island. But perhaps the climax was Lieutenant Hawthorne's party. After a grave consultation with Bone, he decided to invite Mrs. Bartlett, Captain Madison and June Carver to have supper at Long Point Farm. The invitations were accepted. Captain Madison offered to bring Mrs. Bartlett with Sally, and Hawthorne and the Admiral drove up after June.

He brought her back with him rather early, for as host he wished to be at home when the others arrived.

June stood in the middle of the big living-room and slowly looked around it. A fire of driftwood blazed on the hearth, for the day was cool. Its tinted glow met the shafts of late sunlight from the windows, whose little panes all twinkled a welcome to her. It shone on the bright backs of Hawthorne's books that stood in patient waiting rows. It did its best to turn into flame the splotch of amber scarlet on the table that was nothing less than flowers from the Geranium Lady's own garden, looking very much at home. The whole room glowed and smiled and welcomed her. "She's here!" the fire snapped. "She's come, she's come!" snuggled the books. "We knew she would," wafted the flowers. The sun adorned the floor at her feet. "Let there be light," he beamed.

She looked up at the tall, silent man. "I love it!" she said softly.

He, too, looked around him, almost gently.

"I think I'm beginning to," he answered.

She took off her hat and patted her hair. He accepted the hat, a floppy, flowery, white one, as if he thought it might break, and carried it out to the hall table. When he came back she was sitting by the window in a cozy little mahogany rocker with a creak and a limp in its gait.

"Who ever heard of a man's having a chair like this?" she laughed.

"Nobody. I never sit in it—good reason why. But it's—it's a nice one to have around, don't you think so? It's rather—homelike."

She crossed her feet and looked up with her frank smile.

"Yes," she said; "please save it for me whenever I come."

"It just plainly demands a woman to sit and sew, with the sun shining in a window, doesn't it? I like it because it reminds me of my mother. She always sat in one of that kind."

"And she had a tall workbasket standing beside it, too, didn't she, full of long stockings and little blue shirts?"

"Now, how did you know that?"

"Because it goes with the chair, and with the way I imagine your mother."

"She was absurdly young," said Miles Hawthorne, looking past the girl now as if at some gentle presence she could not see, "even when she died—while I was at Annapolis. She was just a girl when I—wore the little blue shirts! She played with me and my friends like a boy. And she was a good sport. She used to teach us things, to stand up for each other, and by our own word, and not to howl when we got hit."

June nodded. "I just knew she was like that."

"Would you like to see her?" he asked. She glanced at the bare walls; the room had no pictures.

"Yes," she said softly.

He went to the ancient desk in the corner, where there were writing materials in perfect order, and unlocked a little inner drawer. Taking out a wine-colored velvet case he opened it and handed it to June, who stood to receive it. He turned away swiftly himself, and looked out of the window.

"Somehow, I knew she was like that," the girl repeated, breaking the silence. "I knew she was beautiful and brave."

"That's an old picture my father had before they were married," he told her from the window. "It's the best one, because she's smiling. . . . I'm glad to have you see it," he added, "very glad."

"And I thank you for showing it to me," answered June.

He came and took it from her, instantly snapping shut the case.

"You are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]

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The Geranium Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

the only woman for whom I've done as much." At the desk again he suddenly laughed. "There's another picture here you may see if you like."

She stood beside him and watched, in spite of herself, the strong, scarred hand lightly touch the little velvet cases. He gave her the smallest.

"Isn't that a handsome suit?"

"Oh," breathed June Carver, "what a little, little boy! How did you manage to grow so big with no more of a start than that?" Her eyes shone. "And what an extraordinary jacket! . . . If you had smiled a little you would have looked just like your mother!"

"I had to live up to that jacket."

"Do you know—I should have liked that little boy," she added.

"I hope so." As he took the picture from her eyes followed the erect little figure in the quaint clothes. "You can see, can't you, how sleepy he looks? That was the cause of the solemnity. I remember being grieved because they wouldn't let me be photographed with my head comfortably on the arm of the chair. Oh, that little boy was often bad. Later, he fought a good deal."

"But, but he didn't howl when he got hit."

"No. But then, that isn't much, because he always felt like it—inside."

"Isn't much!" She leaned forward and put her hand on the child in the picture, as if she somehow could not help it. "Why, I like him all the better now, because—because that's everything! And it's all the better that he didn't know—it's everything."

When she withdrew her hand Miles Hawthorne took the picture and put it with his mother's in the drawer.

Outside the sun slanted low; within the fire sank down and had begun to glow in red coals before the flop of Sally's feet on the sandy road announced the arrival of Captain Madison and Mrs. Bartlett. He had drawn the mahogany rocker to the fireside for her, and then sat down opposite. "We must put it to its proper use," he said. However, when Captain Madison stopped before the door he did not interrupt a conversation, for they had been very quiet indeed since June said she liked the little boy who was so bad.

They went to the door together, both suddenly rather afraid of Captain Madison. But the skipper, stumping in behind Mrs. Bartlett with his customary twinkle, said nothing very alarming.

"Wal, wal!" he remarked as he stood on the leopard skin, while June, assisted Mrs. Bartlett with an astonishing bonnet. "This be a snug harbor, Cap'n Hawthorne. Ye orter be pretty happy in it."

"I am," said the man from the "Alaska," with emphasis.

Then Bone with his most pompous air announced supper. Blake appeared from wherever he had mysteriously kept himself, and they went into the dining-room.

At the head of the table was an old silver teapot and service, shining with many polishings though finely scratched and bearing one or two dents. It obviously did not go with the firm.

"Will you sit here and pour the tea?" Hawthorne asked the Geranium Lady.

And as she slipped into the chair, she knew without being told that the teapot had belonged to the girl whose little boy wore blue shirts, and didn't howl when he got hit, and grew up to look just like her. When he took his place across from her at the table the two rose spots came into her cheeks. She softly touched the old teapot. For she was remembering what he had said. He had not done as much for any woman living. . . .

It was a most successful party. But at last Captain Madison stumped off after Sally, and Bone brought up the Admiral.

"Has Jim Brant asked ye any more posers lately?" inquired the skipper of Hawthorne as he left the room.

But Hawthorne was talking with June.

"Aren't you going to tell me you've had a good time?" he asked. "Blake is going to—to drive you home."

"It's been a beautiful party," she answered. And then: "What about Jim Brant?" Mrs. Bartlett and Blake had left the room. They stood together on the leopard rug.

"Why, he asks me the most ridiculous questions! That reminds me—though I hadn't meant to bother you with it. Only yesterday he wanted to know if I had ever heard of a man called Tony Warrington!" He laughed. "Comical name!"

"How—funny?"

"But that isn't the queerest part. He told me to ask you."

"And do you know anyone named Tony Warrington?" she inquired.

"No. Do you?"

"Why, no," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to his with a frank smile. "I don't, Mr. Hawthorne. But I agree with you—that's a queer question."

He went out with them and helped her into the runabout beside Blake.

"You will remember to be careful on the Deep Bottom road," he commanded the secretary briefly.

"Good-by," said June Carver in a thin, small voice as he grasped her hand. "I—I have something to tell you—soon," she added, and was gone into the night.

[CONTINUED IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE]



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A Visit to Margaret Deland

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

in Pennsylvania and not in Boston, the city of her adoption for many years and her winter home now. She was very small indeed when the literary instinct began to stir; but, having an old-fashioned mother, she was not rushed at once into the limelight. Her mother read her things carefully—and corrected the spelling and the punctuation! And later, when the girl's growing gift began to express itself in verse, there was a strange lack of enthusiasm on the mother's part. She did not exactly forbid the youthful Margaret to send out her poems, but there was such a general air of doubt and indifference in the matter that the poet gave up the idea, and never tried her fate with the magazines. It was only after her mother's death, years later, that she learned from an aunt the real motive that had actuated her mother.

"I should be perfectly willing to have Margaret send out her poetry," her mother had said, "if I were sure that it would not be accepted. But the magazines do print trash sometimes, so some of her verses might be taken, and it would be so bad for her to think that at her age she could really write poetry!"

It was only after her marriage that the daughter, who, indeed, inherits this same exquisite restraint, began to try her hand at fiction, winning immediate distinction with the very first of her novels, "John Ward, Preacher," and soon came to be recognized as a new light in American fiction.

She works slowly, painstakingly, and conscientiously, pondering, changing and rearranging tirelessly. Margaret Deland has no critic so severe as she is herself; her own high standard is her only guide. I doubt if she appreciates her own eminence as an author, or the tremendous influence she exerts over the men and women who read her. If, in the course of the conversation, I innocently mentioned some dangerous word—"suffrage," for instance,—she would only give me her wise and baffling smile.

"But what do I possibly know about such things that a thousand other women don't know?" she would ask.

I tried to tell her she was not the best judge of that. I told her of the woman who came up to my desk in the library nearly ten years ago and, laying "The Awakening of Helena Richie" before me, said passionately: "The woman who wrote that book has made me a Christian! I've had the earthquake in my life, and the fire, like Helena, and now I'm going to wait for the still small voice of the Lord!"

"I am glad of that," Mrs. Deland said; "it is a great help to me to know that. If anybody, through me, has found an anchor to cling to, I am thankful. But that is only because I have handed along the teaching of my own youth, the teaching that stays true through all the changes and phases."

She smiled, but I could see that she saw me making mental notes, and besides that the call had run to something like two hours, and five cups of tea, and twilight was falling, and the tide was creeping up to the foot of the garden, and little boats with furled sails were coming up the river. Truly, we were to come again the next day, but that was Sunday. And on Sunday afternoons the old friends may come in for tea, and do come in, to the number of about a score; so that one catches only an occasional word in the warm and inspiring voice, and an occasional smile from the always interested eyes. No, my own hour with Margaret Deland was over.

But I thought, coming away, that a life like hers is an essay on sanity; it is a sermon, whether she wills it to be or not. It came to me that this woman can write great books because she herself is greater than they. With the few persons she really loves, her dog and her flowers, the sea, and the quaint irregular house full of unexpected stairs and rooms and glass doors and porches, and with the simple, direct, interested woman presiding over it—well, it seemed to me a far more charming garden than even Alice's, after all!

An Appetizer for the Children

By G. S. C.

EVERY mother is familiar with the whimsical likes and dislikes of young children for palatable and nourishing food. When I am satisfied this does not arise from systematic condition. I have successfully overcome these notions by telling the child a story about the dish. I have known a short narrative of the growth and harvesting of lima beans to create an appetite for the hitherto rejected lentil. Similarly, mashed turnip and squash became welcomed favorites after the first telling how Mr. Finney and Mrs. Finney "ate and they ate till they ate that turnip up." The plan has been merely to give the child an interested idea of the food other than it appears prepared on the table. With a small serving on the child's plate, and "Now while you are eating this slowly, I'll tell you where it came from." I established in my children a comprehensive general appetite, and a habit of eating slowly.

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The Peaceful Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

to have been naughty, enraged her. "Poor things!" she thought. "We're making them do all of a sudden, from one moment to another, what the poor suffocated little children of past ages were taught to do from their cradles—adapt themselves entirely to grown-up ways. And this ghastly, awful day there's Tom enjoying himself, having a perfectly beautiful time suppressing and bullying his own flesh and blood."

Two paragraphs ornamented Alice's paper. The ink was drying in her pen. She sat spellbound, listening to the drama that was going on down-stairs—the tiny, tiny, piteous little noises that seemed no bigger than those of a mouse, followed by awful explosions.

"You—you Juggernaut!" thought Alice.

The Voice was heard again, and after the Voice there arose to Alice's ears a sound that made her spring to her feet. It was Robert crying—and Robert never cried for nothing, he never had from babyhood.

"If you're going to be a cry-baby," said the Voice, and then she heard footsteps and the little sound of Robert's suppressed weeping growing fainter.

"What," she thought, "is he going to do with him?"

Perhaps he was going to spank him—and Robert was far beyond the spankable age. It was too much. Alice dashed down the stairs. She intended to see it through. To Woman and Civics she had not given a thought. She was sitting up there finding out what men were like when they had the chance to be.

She came down to find Jamie awestruck, round-mouthed, sitting perfectly quiet. Sarah, too, was sitting, quiet, on the opposite side of the room. At sight of her mother she jumped up and whispered to her loudly:

"Robert's scared of him! But I'm not scared of him. He makes me laugh. Not outside—oh, no, not outside." Sarah hastened to assure her mother, "but inside I laugh, and I make believe he's a nigger."

At this speech Alice looked at her daughter with comprehension. Insight into the nature of man came to her. Thus it was that Woman from all time had met the senseless and unimportant roarings of Man—with a smile inside. Sarah, whose name, Alice reflected, should have been Eve, was taking her father with that immemorial indulgence that women have shown men since time began. He could impose on his sons, but to his daughter he was "sweet father," and no amount of bug-a-boo words could make her believe anything else. If she had to sit still, she could pleasantly while away the time by pretending he was a "nigger."

These thoughts flashed through Alice's mind as Tom returned. He swung along with the stride of a man who has accomplished much.

"Just taken Robert away where you can't hear him making a baby of himself," he announced, "but they have not peeped. This house has been quiet as a church!" He looked at her with eyes full of smiles. "Any time you want a quiet afternoon just call on me, and I'll keep 'em quiet."

He was all good nature, beaming over his work well accomplished. The deep simplicity of man touched Alice to her heart. She kissed him tenderly and thanked him for his contribution to her peace.

ANYTHING FOR PEACE: This was all very well, but the paper was not written, and what was more, it had to be. With fatal inevitableness the day when it must be finished was approaching.

"What ails me?" thought Alice. "Are my nerves so frail that I can't do this thing unless I live in a vacuum?"

Now she had a new plan. A word dropped by Tom gave it to her.

"Telling them to, is no way to keep children quiet," he said, "if I'd had a few minutes more time I would have got them something they really wanted to do. But, of course, as you wanted to finish writing right away, I just had to sit on the lid."

Alice inquired separately of each one of her children what they would rather do than anything else in the world.

What Robert wanted to do was simple. There was nothing the matter with it except that it was not a thing that Alice had ever allowed, and that in allowing it once she would have permitted that thing feared so by her aunt Jane, the Entering Wedge. She knew that by permitting it she was bringing on her head arguments without limit. "Why" without number to be answered. What Robert wanted to do was to go to the movies alone. Alice did not approve of the afternoon movies with all the children in town cooped up in an inflammable, germ-laden, unventilated Black Hole of Calcutta, as she described the local show. But you must confess it did definitely and completely dispose of Robert for that afternoon.

"If I let you play with anything you wanted to," Alice then asked Sarah, "what would you play with in this house?"

"Anything?" said Alice firmly. "Fire and matches?" asked Sarah.

"No," Alice had to confess, "not fire and matches." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]



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The Peaceful Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"Climbing on the roof with a ladder, like you made Robert reflect for?" asked Sarah.

"No," again Alice had to confess. "Nothing that can hurt you."

"Would puddling in the bathtub hurt me?" inquired Sarah with artful cunning.

Alice had to confess that that occupation was not lethal.

"Sailing paper boats and paper boats and paper boats in the bathtub all the afternoon, and sailing the soap dish and sailing the tooth glass, and washing dolls' clothes, and putting the rubber animals in and the bath animals in," asked Sarah, "and everything in, like a 'quarium? I could do that if I wanted?'"

"Yes," said Alice faintly.

She saw a desolate waste of splashed-up house. She saw chaos and confusion indescribable. She foresaw, also, that Jamie would want to play this delectable game, and she had made one condition in doing just what you wanted, which was that each child must play alone. The bright vision of a peaceful afternoon was fast dimming itself when, after a moment's reflection, Sarah broke forth with—

"Well, I don't want to do it. Because," she explained, "I want to do something else more. Do you know what I want to do? I want to dress up. I want to be a lady. I want to put a little shawl over my shoulders and walk up and down the front lawn with my Japan paper parasol. I want to walk up and down—like this."

With dignity and elegance Sarah started up and down the hall, her imaginary sunshade held over her head, her hand clasping imaginary skirts so they should not trail behind her in unseemly confusion.

"I want to do that all the afternoon. I'll dress up in this and then I'll dress up in that," she indicated garments of her mother's.

"You'll want to come and show me," said Alice suspiciously.

"Oh, no, I won't," said Sarah. "I'll walk up and down where everybody will see me."

As for Jamie, he was equally definite, as Alice had known he would be, for, undiverted by the thought of the bathtub, she saw the garden hose would be his objective point.

Oh, lovely and forbidden garden hose! For how many punishings are you not responsible?

More surely than the snake in the Garden of Eden, the serpentlike garden hose has forever lured the feet of the children of men from the path of obedience.

So with Robert at the "pictures" and Sarah ministering to her vanity with selected clothes of Alice's, and Jamie at the hose, Alice repaired to her delayed paper. She wrote along serenely, tranquilly, wrote along swimmingly, her mind's eye picturing to her the vain Sarah peacocking up and down the lawn, the grave Jamie holding the hose proudly, running and turning it off and running and turning it on, and getting sopping—but no matter.

Late in the afternoon there was but one paragraph to accomplish when she heard her children's voices and, rising above them in firm remonstrance, the voice of Aunt Jane.

"I cannot believe your mother let you do anything of the kind," she was saying.

They were fast progressing toward her room. In Sarah's hand was a soaked and shredded umbrella, Alice's silk scarf was dripping. Round Sarah's legs was wound a green chiffon length, also part of her spoils. This, too, was soaking, and the color had come off upon her clothes.

"I found Sarah lying in the yard," said Alice's relative grimly, "dressed up as you see her, Alice, with an umbrella in one hand and a comb in the other, and Jamie turning the hose on her."

"We didn't play together, Mother," Sarah proclaimed, "I just spoke to him once. I told him to turn the hose on me so I could be a mermaid. . . . She said, Auntie, I might dress up like anything I wanted, and if I couldn't get wet how could I be a mermaid?"

"I suppose nothing will happen to them for this," said Aunt Jane in a rising voice, "but at least, Alice, you might tell me how it was they happened to be doing what they were."

Alice explained to her. She explained about her need for a peaceful day and about her paper.

"Woman and Civics," her aunt snorted. "I can tell you, Alice Marcey, when I was young we had more practical civics than you seem to know in this generation."

If a woman had wanted a peaceful afternoon, I'll warrant she wouldn't have had to be at any such tricks to get it. In sickness and health," her aunt went on, "there are times when you need your neighbors, times when children have got to be got rid of. We could nurse our neighbors through their sicknesses and we were not above asking a friend to take care of a couple of children for a few hours. But you don't send a child anywhere unless he's invited, and the more you need your neighbors the less you use them. Why didn't you send the children to me, for goodness' sake?"

It did seem a simple solution. It did seem as if there was a gap somewhere. It was with no specially high opinion of herself that Alice had to confess, "I never thought of it."

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The German People

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

love of the imaginative, their delight in symbol and fairy tale.

For they are, let the other traits be what they may, an essentially imaginative people. They have not the fine wit and delicate fancy of the French, nor have they that boldly constructive imagination of the English which has made England such a master-builder among the world's governments. But they have a native delight in symbol. Like imaginative children, they like to clothe large truths in simple and symbolic form. This is not so much the land of fables, not nearly so much, for instance, as either Ireland or Russia, but more than any other it is the land of fairy tales. For fables may be seen only by that inward eye which looks not too closely on fact—they hide in delicate places that may not be too carefully explored; but fairy tales, these are different; these are but large facts put into simple and symbolic form.

Nor is it the land of fairy tales only. Here, too, in what we have called warlike, military Germany is the world's home of toys. For toys, too, like fairy tales, are convenient symbols for the truths and facts that are so dear to these fact-loving people. The home life, the children, the daily truths that they love so from the heart, are all here in miniature, convenient to the hand. The dolls, the doll houses, the toy villages, the toy sheep and goats and cattle; the toy furnishings for the tiny dolls' homes, as complete as for their own, even to the wee tins and kitchen pans, the tiny tongs and shovel and hearth brush!

Folklore and Song

It would seem to follow in line with all this that this is the land of folklore and of song, folk songs and songs of sentiment in which to express, with stirring simplicity, the heart's emotion of a people!

Nowhere else is music so accurate a science, but nowhere else shall you find songs serving so constantly to set forth the sentiments and the emotions. The soldier with courage in his heart puts that courage into martial song as he marches; so Siegfried, forging the sword, puts hope and high intent into the music that he sings as he forges it; so Hans Sachs sings as he cobbles shoes; so pilgrims as they march sing in chorus; and lovers as they love, or part, or meet, as they suffer or are glad, pour out the heart in song.

How much of late we have thought of them only as a military, war-loving nation. Yet all the while the days of peace speak other things of them.

It is the members of this military nation who have with patient hands made toys for our little children; these warlike Germans whose lullabies have often hushed our little folk to sleep; these belligerent people who have long lived in our nurseries telling the old fascinating fairy tales; these domineering men who have made and cherished what we call the Kindergarten, the Child-garden, solely that the child may have its own rights and, growing, may be cared for tenderly and wisely—in the nursery, by the fireside; in the evening when night closes in, and the hour for song is at hand; on the child's playground, and in his sick-room as well; strange places for military men!

Gifts and Large Bestowals

They have sometimes seemed to us a people absorbed in themselves and their own tasks, yet it is impossible to dwell long in their land or travel far in their history without having it borne in upon us that they are a people of many gifts, and theirs a country of large bestowals.

For not alone have they given us many men whose mere greatness is a gift to the nations, men like Froebel, Luther, Wagner, Goethe, Von Ranke, Grimm, Gutenberg, Beethoven, to name only a very few, but great men who have brought with them in nearly every case some definite world benefit, some helpful, or noble or inspiring gift shared in by the whole world.

These very printed letters by which you and I, unknown to each other and unmet, are met to-day, able to stand face to face in the mind's world, understanding and understood, these printed characters by means of which the great and good of all ages may be summoned and ranged about us here in our very rooms, presences to teach and to inspire—these are a gift from them. And, further, these fact-loving, fact-searching people, toiling incessantly, what have they not done to conquer suffering and disease, to hold back death from us and our beloved?

These and many more are the gifts that we have taken eagerly from their hands, gifts which never, it seems to me, can be benefits forgot.

If we have allowed ourselves to judge in times of bitterness and strife, both the reason and the heart are against so doing. Those of us who have read far in the history of this land, who have loved and studied its literature, who have sought out its ideals and who have with so much cause loved it and its people, we know that when the long-looked-for day of World-Peace arrives, and that more universal love dawns which we believe shall make war and bloodshed impossible—we know in our own hearts that Germany will stand equal with and not less royal than these other nations which shall come bringing gifts, like kings, to the brightness of that rising.

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS



Fashion Gathers at the Football Game

Rival stars shine in both field and grand-stand

Illustrated by F. FOSTER LINCOLN

THE twin autumn stars, football and fashion, are in the ascendant! They may be seen at their best any cold fall afternoon, for the leaders of fashion gather where the stars of football play. This fall the coaches promise splendid "new material," and a glance over the gay crowds will show countless new fashion developments. Foremost among them is the heavy long coat. The football season really ushers in the Winter

Girl, for the crisp afternoons demand her warmest wraps. Belted in, in long Russian lines, with many gathers and a noticeable flare, these coats have a distinctly new effect. Fur is everywhere—on neck, sleeves, and skirts. And the collars! Chokers all, beyond the shadow of a doubt! Under the coat are many princesses and redingote dresses, long-lined yet snugly fitted.

Many are the piquant small hats, some very

severe, some adorned with mingled ostrich and fur trimmings. There are just as many large hats, and for these velvet seems almost universal, often in two strikingly contrasting colors with a pom-pom or single ornament for trimming.

Small, large, and medium muffs of one fur or two, often oddly shaped and designed to match the costume, add finish. The football girl manages to meet the style and be comfortable, too.

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Two Smart Costumes for the Winter

Designed by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GORDON



No. 2891
No. 2892

No. 2893
No. 2894

Suggestions for the good-looking cloth dress and the pretty silk gown which form a necessary part of every winter outfit

FIVE or ten dollars, plus a little time and two Woman's Home Companion patterns, will give you a smart costume in either of the two styles shown on this page. The first, Nos. 2891, 2892, may be developed in taffeta, faille, gros de Londres, or one of the silk crêpes, with transparent sleeves of Georgette crêpe or chiffon, and a little net and beaded embroidery for the finishing touches. The other, Nos. 2893, 2894, may be of serge, gabardine, broadcloth or velveteen, also with transparent sleeves, and for trimming a bit of velvet or satin in a contrasting color. And you cannot have the contrasting color too bright. Orange, crimson or vivid green are seen on black, dark brown or blue. Nos. 2891, 2892, would develop well in dark blue faille with a cerise grille and cerise chiffon ruffles on the modern high cuff. The cloth dress, in brown, might have orange velvet flaps on the skirt and straps on the sleeves.

No. 2891—Waist with Open Throat Collar, 34 to 42 bust. Material required for 36-inch bust, one and five-eighths yards of thirty-inch, or one and one-half yards of forty-inch, three-fourths of a yard of forty-inch for sleeves and five eighths of a yard of net for vest. Price of pattern, ten cents.

No. 2892—Three-Tiered Gathered Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Material required for 26-inch waist, four and one-half yards of thirty-inch, or three and one-half yards of forty-inch, with one and three-fourths yards of lining for foundation skirt. Hip in 26-inch waist, 40 inches. Width, three and one-half yards. Pattern, ten cents.



No. 2893
No. 2894

No. 2891
No. 2892

TEN two-cent stamps accompanied by a short note sent through the mail will bring you the patterns for either dress shown on this page. It is an easy and satisfactory way of getting your patterns. Be careful to take accurate measures and to send them with the numbers of the patterns you wish, and your correct address, and your patterns will be satisfactory. Address the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio. The pattern catalogue will also be sent for an additional two-cent stamp. You want a variety of designs from which to choose winter clothes, and this catalogue includes the latest models. Particular attention has been given to the needs of the amateur dressmaker. The designs are simple, though each contains a touch of individuality to give the gown a distinctive air.

No. 2893—Waist with Sleeveless Over-Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. Material required for 36-inch bust, one and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch, or three-fourths of a yard of fifty-four-inch, with one yard of forty-inch for sleeves, and one yard of net for under-blouse and vest. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2894—Two-Piece Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist. Material required for 26-inch waist, four and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch, or two and five-eighths yards of fifty-four-inch, with one fourth of a yard of contrasting. Hip measure in 26-inch waist, forty inches. Width, three yards. Pattern, ten cents.

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Costumes for Stout Women

Designed by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY M. EMMA MUSSELMAN

DON'T is a word the stout woman is always having said to her in regard to clothes. There are a few "do's" that are quite as important as the "don'ts." For instance:

DO keep up-to-date in style, always securing the best of the season's new lines, those most fitted to stout figures.

DO keep to dark colors, navy-blue, African-brown, bottle-green, deep purple, black.

DO wear plain materials, soft in finish, serge, broadcloth, crêpe de chine, unglossed satin, voile, chiffon.

DO have simple trimmings—a slight touch of white, or colors that harmonize with the costume.

DO keep to long lines, plaits, panels, deep rever collars, pointed waistcoat effects, V-shaped necks.

No. 2895—Waist and Over-Blouse in Bolero Effect. 36 to 46 bust. The price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2896—Skirt with Panel and Back in One. 26 to 36 waist. Hip measure in 26-waist, forty inches. Width, three yards. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2897—Waist with Left-Side Closing. 36 to 48 bust measure. The price of this waist pattern is ten cents.

No. 2898—Six-Gored Skirt, Left-Side Closing. 26 to 38 waist. Hip measure in 26 waist, forty inches. Width, three yards. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2788—Surplice Waist with Elbow Sleeves. 36 to 50 Bust. The price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2789—Six-Gored Skirt with Raised Waist Line. 26 to 40 waist. Hip measure in 26-waist, forty inches. Width, two and one-half yards. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2899—Waist with Pointed Over-Blouse Effect. 36 to 48 bust. Price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2715—Side-Plaited Skirt. Raised Waist Line. 24 to 42 waist. Hip measure in 26 waist, forty inches. Width three and three-quarters yards. Pattern, ten cents.



No. 2895
No. 2896

TO SECURE the patterns illustrated on this page, enclose ten cents in stamps for each one, with the numbers of the patterns and your measurements, to: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.



No. 2897
No. 2898



No. 2788
No. 2789



No. 2899
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No. 2883

A pinafore for the little girl and a sleeping garment that assures warmth in cold weather for boy or girl



No. 2886

No. 2883—Child's Pinafore with Novelty Pockets. 2 to 8 years. Material required for 6-year size, two and five-eighths yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two yards of thirty-six-inch material. The price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2886—Child's Sleeping Garment. 1 to 8 years. Material required for 6-year size, two and one-half yards of twenty-seven-inch, or two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents.



"Button-Ups"

Clothes with one or two buttons that the child can fasten himself

Designed by

GABRIELLE ROSIERE



No. 2682



No. 2885



No. 2884

Two dresses and a coat for the little child that are easy to slip on and easy to make and that illustrate attractively the practical button-up idea

No. 2682—Kimono Dress Buttoned on Shoulders (including guimpe). 2 to 8 years. Material for 6 years, two yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one-fourth yard for belt, and one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2885—Child's Coat with Side Closing. 2 to 10 years. Material for 6-year size, two and one-half yards of twenty-seven-inch, or two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch, with one-half yard contrasting. Pattern, ten cents.

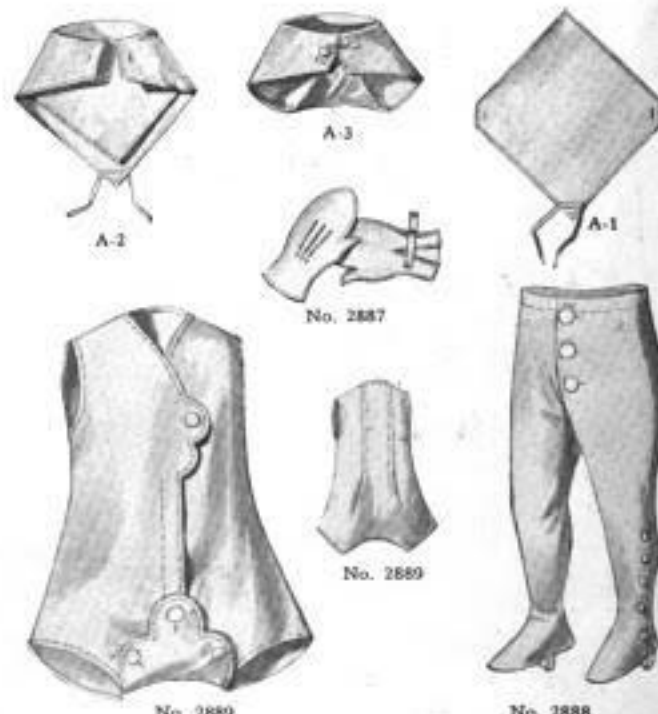
No. 2884—Child's Dress with Front Panel Closing. 4 to 8 years. Material for 6-year size, two and one-half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two yards of thirty-six-inch material. Price of this pattern, ten cents.

No. 2887—Child's Set, including Hood and Mittens. 1-, 2- and 4-year sizes. Material required for any size, one yard of either twenty-seven-inch or thirty-six-inch material. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2888—Child's Leggings. 1 to 6 years. Material required for 2-year size, one and three-eighths yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents.

No. 2889—Child's One-Piece Combination. 2 to 10 years. Material required for 6-year size, one and seven-eighths yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern, ten cents.

The illustrations marked A-1, A-2 and A-3 show a new way of making diapers so that no safety pins are needed. No. A-1 shows the plain square and where to place buttonholes and tape; No. A-2, how to fold, and No. A-3 the diapers as they are worn.



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Two Designs from One Pattern

A Dressmaking Lesson on how to make both dress and wrapper

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD



WITH the beginning of the cool days you are sure to need a new wrapper of some such material as wool, cashmere, or flannel, and so for the dressmaking lesson this month I have chosen a wrapper pattern. It is an unusual wrapper pattern, however, for from it also can be made a most attractive dress for everyday wear. The pattern is No. 2890.

In this lesson, I want particularly to call your attention to the way of putting on the rolling collar, applying the yoke and belt and finishing the bottom of the skirt.

Follow directions on pattern envelope and cut each piece the exact shape of pattern. Cut two pieces for the collar and for each cuff. Mark perforations and snip edges for notches, using the points of the shears and making a straight slash, not over one-fourth inch deep for each notch (see Fig. 1). This is better than cutting notches in the material, for the straight slash will not, as a rule, fray.

I always do as much finishing as possible before joining the pieces. It is so much easier to handle them separately, and in this case would advise finishing the fronts first. Bind front edges, or turn them under a seam's width and stitch them. Fold back hems and stitch from top to bottom, one-fourth inch from edge, or, if fronts are to be joined part way, stitch only to placket depth.

Baste seams and try on, making any necessary alterations. Rip under-arm seam so that the garment will lie out flat, and stitch shoulder seam with raw edges on right side. This gives a neat finish on the wrong side and the yoke will cover the raw edges.

Turn under edges of yoke, pin it on dress, as in Fig. 2, and stitch across top and bottom. In heavy material, cut goods away under yoke and bind edges.

Close under-arm seams, and you are ready for the collar. Lay the two pieces right sides together and stitch around edges. Turn collar right side out and stitch again.

The wrapper collar is trimmed with bias bands of striped material. For a true bias, fold material diagonally, bringing end over and laying it along the lengthwise edge,

as in Fig. 4. Cut strips one and three-fourths inches wide, fold under edges a seam's width, and press. Stitch or fell strips to collar as illustrated, pinching out a dart at corners and tucking it under to make the band lie smooth.

Stitch outside collar to neck edge of waist, stretching it across the back, so it will roll, and fell under collar over raw edges on right side of garment; see Fig. 3. When the collar rolls, it covers this hand sewing.

If you are making the wrapper it is practically finished, except for sleeves and lower edge. However, in the dress there are the belt, pocket and applied bands yet to go on.

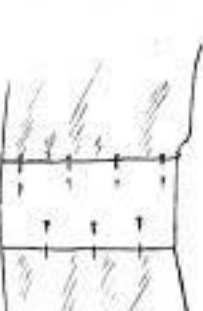
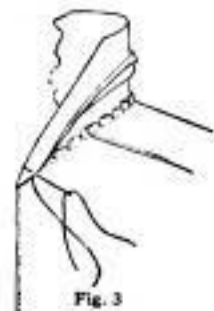
Run a gathering thread around the waist, try on dress, turn under edges of belt and pin it in place (see Fig. 5). You may have had the discouraging experience of a waist breaking across the front. Well, this is because you pulled too much fullness toward the back at the waist line. Use care that the gathers run straight up and down. Remove dress and stitch around outside of belt and fronts together below placket.

A pocket on the left side gives an attractive finish to the frock. Stitch flap on this, turn under sides and bottom, try on dress and pin pocket in place.

Turn hem on bottom of skirt, or, if it is to be finished with the band, trim it off even. The top of the hem can be bound or turned under and stitched. However, if the band is used, close seams, press them open and lay band right side to wrong side of skirt and stitch around bottom. Turn band onto right side, fold under top and stitch.

Two styles of sleeves are shown: The wrapper sleeve is finished with a facing and bias trimming band. Cut facing five inches wide, exact shape of sleeve. Close seams in sleeve and facing, lay facing right side to right side of sleeve, stitch as described above, fold it onto inside of sleeve and stitch at top. Fell or stitch the bias trimming over this stitching on outside of sleeve.

The other sleeve is finished with a band cuff. Close seams in cuffs and sleeves, lay the two pieces for one cuff right sides together and stitch around bottom. Turn cuff right side out and slip it over sleeve with right side to right side and raw edges together. Stitch one thickness of cuff to sleeve, turn cuff down, and fell free edge over raw edges on wrong side. Then stitch around cuff about one-fourth inch down from top. Stitch sleeve in and bind armhole.



No. 2890—Wrapper Pattern Adaptable for Everyday Dress. 34 to 44 bust. Material for dress or wrapper in 36 bust, four and three-fourths yards of thirty-six-inch, with one and one-fourth yards contrasting material for dress trimmings. Pattern, ten cents.

To secure the pattern shown on this page, send ten cents in stamps with the number of the pattern and your measurements to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

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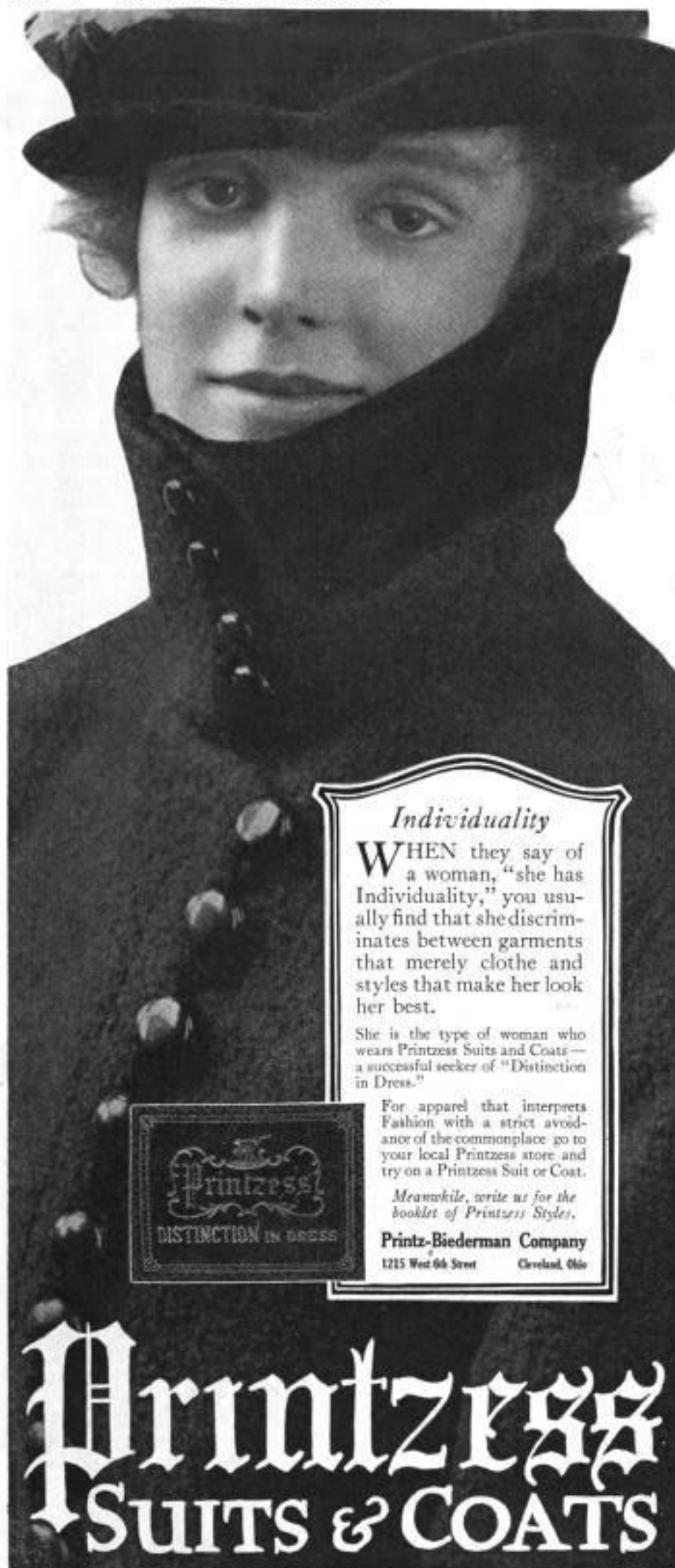
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Crocheted Autumn Wraps

For little sister and the baby

Designed by HELEN MARVIN

CROCHET with cross-stitch is now a favorite form of needlework, and the little hooded cape is made in this way: For the size illustrated, one year, four skeins of pink Shetland floss and two skeins of light blue threefold Saxony are needed, besides soft green Germantown for the cross stitch vines, and four skeins of pink rope silk for the rosebuds. Use a fine, ten inch bone crochet hook, about No. 2, and begin at the neck of the cape, with a chain fourteen inches long, containing eighty-three stitches. Use the Shetland floss.

First row—Draw up the loop on needle, wool over, pick up a loop in the first chain, wool over, again pick up a loop in the same chain. Draw the thread through all the loops, and chain one. *Wool over, pick up a loop in the same chain as before, wool over, pick up another loop in the same chain. Draw the wool through all the loops, and chain one. Repeat from * in every second chain stitch until there are nine clusters in the row, after the first two clusters. Skip one chain, and in the next make three clusters. This is for the first shoulder. Make nine clusters along the row as before, and after them three clusters for the center of the back. Then reverse for the second half of the row, ending with two clusters in the final stitch.

Second row—Turn, and make one single crochet in each cluster and in each space of preceding row. Repeat the first and second rows alternately until six rows have been made, then fasten off.

With the Saxony now work in the afghan stitch, as follows: Turn at the end of the sixth row as usual, then pick up a loop in each of the stitches of preceding row, retaining all on the needle. When all the loops have been picked up, draw the wool through two loops and again through two loops, over and over, until but one loop remains on the needle.

Second afghan-stitch row—Skip the first perpendicular thread of preceding row, and under each of the other perpendicular threads of the row pick up a loop, retaining all on the needle as before, and working them off in the same way. The loops should be picked up on the front of the work, not the back.

Third row—Work like second row, but increase at the beginning by picking up the first perpendicular thread, at the end by picking up an extra stitch there, at each shoulder and at the center of the back, by picking up a loop in the space at either side of the perpendicular thread. Work one plain row and one increased row, in this way, until there are twelve afghan-stitch rows in all.

Thirteenth row—Work one slip on each perpendicular thread of preceding row, and fasten off at the end of the row. Turn the work at the end of the row, and with the Shetland floss work one single-crochet row and one cluster row alternately until seven rows have been made. Fasten off and make twelve afghan-stitch rows (increasing in every fourth row) the slip-stitch row and



The belt of this sweater is in Roman striped effect

twenty-one rows with Shetland floss, increasing in every second cluster row instead of every cluster row, as before.

The hood is worked separately, as follows: Using the Shetland floss make two chain stitches, and in the first chain made work five clusters.

Second row—One single crochet in each cluster and in each space.

Third row—Two clusters over the first cluster of first row, three clusters over each of the next three clusters, two clusters over the final cluster. Repeat the second row.

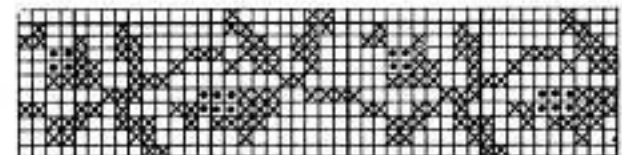
Continue in this way, making three clusters over the center of each increasing of preceding cluster row, and two clusters at each end of each cluster row, until fourteen rows in all have been made, and the final row is long enough to reach around the head. If the width of the row is not right for the head size, more rows may be added to this part. Now make twelve afghan-stitch rows, the slip stitch row, and after them seven Shetland-floss rows. None of these rows is increased. At the end of the final row turn and work down the edge of the rows, with single crochet, to the final increased row. Skip the ends of all the first rows, making a single crochet in the other end of the final increased row, and working from there to the other end of final row of hood. Two single crochets are made in ends of cluster rows, and one single crochet in end of each of other rows. Fasten off, and overhand edges of first rows together, to form crown.

Go back to the cape; across the neck make one double crochet in each stitch; then one single crochet in each stitch through both hood and cape. Finish with a tiny scallop all around. The front of the hood is gathered into shape with a crocheted cord, worked as follows: Take a thread of each yarn and use them together. Chain two, and in the first chain made work one single crochet. *Chain one, one single crochet on thread at left of single crochet just made, and repeat from * until ten single crochets have been made. After the tenth, catch in first single crochet made, then continue as before until cord is eight inches long. Finish second end like first; draw through center eight clusters of first row after final afghan-stitch band, and tie.

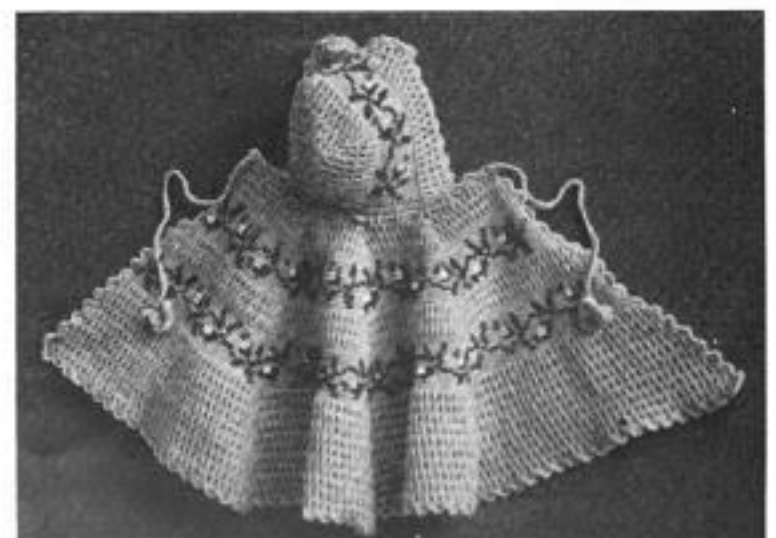
The neck cords are made in the same way and are fifteen inches long; but the ends are different. Make a ring as instructed before, but have it contain eight single crochets. Make five single crochets, and catch in the second stitch of the ring. Make three loops more around the ring in this way, then work eight double crochets in each loop all around. After the final loop has been worked make one single crochet in the center ring after the final loop, one single crochet in other side of ring, turn, one single crochet between two single crochets. Make two cords and join them at the back.

Full directions for making sweater may be obtained by sending two two-cent stamps. Order CK-106, from the Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Some of the prettiest baby things combine cross-stitch with crochet



Cross-stitch pattern of design for bands on cape. Make the dots pink



A baby's crocheted cape with hood

The Season's Furs

Three pictures that show the variety of styles now in favor

THE first picture on this page shows a set of beaver in a fancy style combined with crêpe meteor, a good remodeling idea, the second is a fox set in animal shape, and the third a fitted, rippled coat of Hudson seal, skunk-trimmed.

The distinctive features of the first fur set are the extremely high collar and ruffles on the muff. The second shows a different shaped muff, and the coat the use of contrasting fur as trimming.



THE girl or woman who wants to have the most fashionable thing in furs this winter will secure for herself a set of fox—black, silver, white, red or cross—in the animal style. The animal style means the all-fur scarf is double, using the whole skin with the head at one end, the tail at the other and the paws used as fastening straps. The muff that accompanies this scarf may be in the pillow style or in the once old, now new, perfectly round shape. In either case the head and tails serve as trimming.

Other long-haired furs that will be used are fisher, wolf, and skunk.

Beaver, out of fashion for so many seasons, is once more the leader among the short-haired pelts, and will be next to fox in style this year. For trimmings and sets for young girls and children gray krimmer will be much in evidence, and as for Hudson seal, it will be the fur for coats. It is very effective when trimmed with a contrasting fur.

The coat most modish for women has decidedly-fitted lines with much flare at the bottom and is forty-six inches in length. For the young girl the Russian style and the short flaring coat hanging loose from the shoulders are favored.



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Mr. Barker and the Twins

Part Three of a serial for YOUNG FOLKS

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. HELYEA

THE STORY UP TO THIS POINT: *The Temple twins, Geraldine and Constance (known to their friends as Pro and Con), have arrived to spend the summer at West Melton with their father's aunt Sally. The girls are quite fascinated by the old-time mansion where the gentle old lady lives, and are especially interested in Lafayette's powdering closet.*

The first evening Uncle Henry, another relative, comes to call with his two nephews, Tom and Joe, who are just "plain boys," have uncomplimentary opinions of girls, and are not disposed to be friendly to the twins.

During the evening's talk the girls mention their little dog, Mr. Barker, to be sent to them shortly from New York, and are led to believe that the boys do not own a dog. The next day the twins discover a secret room, meet some new friends, and think they spy Mr. Barker in the boys' possession. Consequently, in the boys' absence, they explore the barn, find the dog and are just escaping with him when Tom and Joe return.

TWO OF A KIND

HALF an hour later, Con met the boys emerging, hot and breathless, from Uncle Henry's carriage house.

"Where've you hid him?" demanded Tom angrily. "I don't know a thing more about him than you do," answered Con coolly. "I threw him out of the window, just as I told you, and he ran away, that's all. But if I did know where our dog was, I shouldn't tell you. So!"

"There's Lal!" cried Joe suddenly. "She knows, I'll bet you, and maybe we can get it out of her."

Con turned swiftly. Sure enough, there was Pro, very red-cheeked and bright-eyed but provokingly cool in manner, sauntering down the path toward them.

"Good morning, boys," she called with an airy smile.

"Good morning your grandmother!" returned Tom angrily. "Where's our dog?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Pro in her politest manner. "I didn't even know that you had a dog."

"Well, where's your dog then, if you call him that?" cut in Joe, stepping forward.

"Why, our dog was to be sent us from New York City, I thought I told you. We expect him any time now," returned Pro in a tone that would have tried the temper of a saint.

Tom and Joe were no saints. "You tell me where that dog is this minute!" blazed Tom, choking with rage. "Or I'll—I'll—"

"They've hidden him in the house," cried Joe with a sudden inspiration. "Come on, and get Aunt Sally to help us hunt."

Like a flash they were off up the driveway.

Con turned a white face toward her twin. "Is he, Pro?" she cried. "Will they find him?"

Pro grinned as she squeezed Con's arm. "He's in the secret room," she whispered. "Aunt Sally's never told them about that, you know—and, anyway, nobody suspects that we know about it, so I'm sure he's safe."

"Oh, good for you, Pro!" cried her twin delightedly. "Come on now and let's hurry and see what they do." She pulled Pro's arm excitedly.

But Pro held back. "We'll wait on the front steps," she said firmly. "If we went in, we'd be sure to give ourselves away somehow."

For fifteen long minutes they sat on the front porch and pretended an indifference they were far from feeling. Then Aunt Sally appeared, ushering out a dejected-looking Tom and Joe. "Oh, my dears," she cried, at sight of the twins. "The boys have lost a dog belonging to a friend of theirs, and naturally they are much distressed. He's very clever, it seems, and can get in through screen doors and often into closets; so I took them all over the house, even into your room. I do trust you don't mind, my dears."

"Oh, not at all," cried Con, rising with elaborate politeness. "How very sad! Couldn't you find him? Did you look everywhere?"

Just at that moment old John was seen driving through the gate. With him was a boy about the age of Tom and Joe, and at sight of him the boys jumped off the steps and ran down to meet the wagon. After some excited conversation, old John clambered down from the wagon and the three boys turned old Bluebell and drove away. As soon as they were out of sight the girls rushed after old John, who had gone on to the barn.

"Why, say," he exclaimed, "I've got a letter for you gals. The boys was raising such a hooraw that it driv everything else clean out of my mind for a minute."

The letter proved to be from Mr. Ingalls.

"Mr. Barker is quite recovered from his slight indisposition," read Con aloud. "I shall forward him by express Friday, A. M., and he ought to reach West Melton that afternoon on the same train that you did."

"What—in—the world—does that mean, Pro?"

"I can't imagine," stammered Pro.

"Why, she now," exclaimed old John in surprise. "You can't? Smart girls like you be? Why, that feller Ingalls is sending up your dog by express to-day. That's all it means. The boys will be back with my light wagon before that and I'll go right down and fetch him up for ye."

"Where have the boys gone?" demanded Con.

Old John looked around cautiously. "Well, I dunno as I'd orter tell anybody," he said under his breath. "I promised not to. But you're all young folks together, and I dunno as 'twill be any harm. The boys, you see, they had a dog when they come to live with their uncle Henry, a little brown spaniel it was, and he made 'em give it away to a feller up where they lived before."

The twins groaned, and old John nodded sympathetically.

"Yes," he said, "he did that; but the boys, they borried their dog back a few days ago, kep' him in the barn where they could pet him on the sly and take him out for a run sometimes; and somehow or other he got out this morning, and they are scared to death he'll be lost, or get in their

uncle Henry's way or sunthin'. That's why they borried the wagon. Tad Jenkins told 'em that he saw a man with a little brown spaniel a while ago driving toward Long Pond."

Pro and Con gazed at each other helplessly. So that wasn't Mr. Barker, but really the boys' dog, and they had stolen him away from them! Did old John suspect, they wondered. And how were they ever going to face those boys and own up? And what in the world could they do with two dogs?

"And it was only night before last that we planned to get to be really good friends with Tom and Joe," groaned Con, "and already we have accused them of lying and stealing, and stolen their dog ourselves!"

"Besides making all manner of fun of them!" added Pro. "But it's partly their fault. If they'd only taken the trouble to explain, we wouldn't have made such geese of ourselves."

The twins were putting in a very miserable afternoon. They had secretly obtained every possible comfort for the Prisoner of Chillon, as they had named the boys' dog, and now they were dividing their time between keeping him quiet in the secret room and running down-stairs to see if they could return him without letting anyone know. For of two things they were perfectly sure: first, that they could never, never own up to anyone about their silly mistake; and, second, that the dog had to be put back just where they found him.

And somebody was always around; the boys, who came back with the wagon and stayed for a while before they went off again on foot; Uncle Henry out in his garden; old John, or Betty—somebody was always in sight.

Finally old John went to the station and brought back the real Mr. Barker, who added to their trials by taking an instant dislike to the other dog.

Then the Prisoner's temper got so bad that they had to bring him down at supper time and leave him in the kitchen, where his barking nearly drove Aunt Sally wild.

"We'll take some cookies and things with us if you don't mind, Aunt Sally, and carry him out for a walk," suggested Pro before the meal was over, and the poor little lady gladly agreed.

"We can't let Aunt Sally feel that Mr. Barker is such a nuisance," she whispered, as they stood on the back steps. "Besides, I've got an idea. Old John is going on an errand later. Maybe, if we keep out of sight till he leaves, we'll get a chance to pop the Prisoner into the closet without anyone's knowing."

The scheme worked to perfection. Old John was agonizingly slow, but after a while he went toward the village; and the girls stole up to the barn and returned the Prisoner, still barking, to his hiding place, where he suddenly settled down in perfect peace.

"What a mercy that they left it unlocked!" cried Con as they closed the door. "Now nobody will ever need to know one thing about all this. Luck certainly was on our side at last. And we didn't have to own up! Hooray!"

"Hush," whispered Pro, "I hear someone talking. I believe the boys are coming up through the gate this minute. Come on and run."

From the safe shelter of a lilac bush they stood and watched Tom and Joe as they came up the drive. The deepest dejection showed in the droop of their boyish shoulders.

Aunt Miranda's cook [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



Old John went to the station and brought back the real Mr. Barker



THE
CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE
EDITED BY
JACK, BETTY & JEANNETTE



"A Real American"



Photographed by Patty Sizer, aged ten, Arizona



Photographed by Gretchen Fischer, aged nine, Iowa



Photographed by Frank Barnett, aged ten, Colorado

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1. All work must be original.
2. Age limit, twelve years.
3. Write on one side of paper only.
4. Write name, age, and address plainly, on contribution.
5. Send contributions to reach

6. Do not roll manuscripts or drawings.
7. Address: "Children's Contest Department," in care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Follow these directions carefully and you will have a complete little magazine:

First, trim the page on the outside black line, then, on the cover page, cut the three edges of the upper half of the green door on the heavy black lines so the upper half of the door will swing open on its hinges.

Now fold the sheet double on the Red dotted line so that the cover page is on top. Fold again on the Blue dotted line, still keeping the cover page on top. Then pin or sew the center crease through all the pages, and cut the lower edges.

The Editors—Jack, Betty, and Jeannette.

November Number JACK AND BETTY'S MAGAZINE

JACK, BETTY & JEANNETTE COMPANY



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WRITTEN BY
CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS
ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS

It was certainly a lovely little cottage for any doll family. All the furniture was painted in white and blue with the whole front made to swing open like a door. It was beautifully adorned on each side of the door-lawn with fresh-looking green bay trees planted in tiny red tubs. Betty soon found a box of tiny furniture that she had brought from home, and together they made the house ready for their family to move in.

"Why," said Jeannette, after a little time, "I never dreamed that you were the really, truly Betty of the 'Adventure'!" and she threw her arms around Betty again and again, and hugged her almost to pieces.

Jeannette lived in a pretty wee cottage on a rugged hilltop, while Betty lived at the foot of the hill in an old-fashioned white farmhouse with green shutters. After these two little girls got acquainted it was a jolly chase up hill and down dale all the living day.

Jeannette loved to play dolls, and Betty did, too. Betty's father had engaged the village carpenter to build a little doll house as a fine surprise for his little girl, and on the very morning that he brought it to the old white farmhouse Betty was out in the swing under the apple tree just as Jeannette came walking by. Both little girls spied the doll house at the farmhouse moment, and in the twink of an eye that wonderful, beautiful doll house

breakfast was all ready and in a jiffy it was eaten; then, shoulder-ling his axe, Jack set off to work. Betty and Jeannette watched him cut tree after tree. They dragged them to the sleigh and piled it high with the fresh, fragrant fire.

"Well," said Jack at last, "that's a pretty good day's work. Now let's get along." But when they turned to get into the sleigh, it had disappeared. On they trudged, looking here and there and everywhere, when suddenly they discovered that they had strayed out of the deep forest, and beyond them they saw an old log house.

A few steps brought them to the door. Jack knocked lightly, and they were ushered inside.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN DECEMBER]

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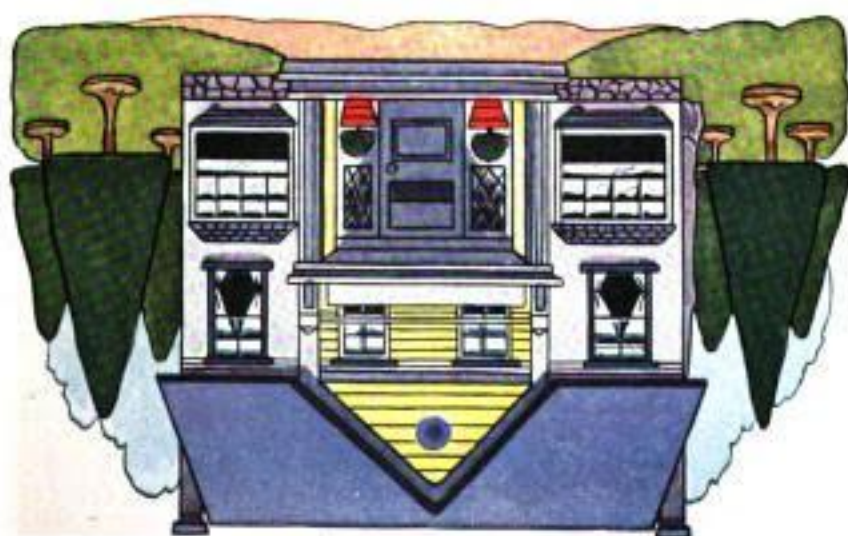
[TO BE CONTINUED IN DECEMBER]

"I wonder who lives in there," said Betty



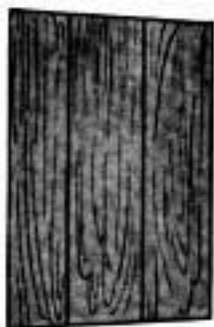
How Betty and Jeannette Came to Know Each Other

Betty's Doll House



The Adventures of Jack and Betty with King Holiday

THE jolly band of merry pilgrims, led by Queen Meg, danced and skipped gayly along; but as the day wore on the air grew very heavy and cold, and some of Queen Meg's little subjects complained of



to find a suitable place where they could spend the night.

So Jack, Betty and Jeannette, with three of the more brave and venturesome little nits, went on with Queen Meg, forging ahead as fast as possible, for it was growing colder and colder every minute and they were none of them dressed in winter clothes.

"Wish we had our sweaters," said Jeannette with an audible shiver.

"If we sing we'll forget we're cold," suggested Betty, beginning with loud strains of "Way Down South in Sunny Land!" And, oh, how merrily they scampered and sang along!

Suddenly Jeannette cried out, "I spy a light. Run, boys, run!"

Jack darted off in the right direction, speedily followed by all the rest, and glad they all were, too, that a house was in sight, for by

this time the snow was falling fast.

"Raise the knocker, Jack," called Queen Meg. "This is the place."

"Come in, come in," called a cheery person from within as the echo from the great brass knocker died away.

Immediately the upper half of the old-time door opened and a very jolly face, mostly nose, peered out. "Ah, sorry though, you'll have to climb over the lower door. It's locked fast and we've lost the key."

"That's all right," said Jack, squatting over, leap-frog fashion. "Climb on me, girls!" And at once his scheme worked like a charm.

"Oh, how comfy and warm!" exclaimed Betty and Jeannette.

"It's always so in King Holiday's Castle," replied Queen Meg. "Now, let me present you to His Royal Highness."

Opposite the doorway was King Holiday on a great throne, beside which stood a little page in respectful attention.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the King. "I've heard lots about you all, and I'm glad you've come on our great feast day!"

"Sure enough," cried Jack, "it's Thanksgiving Day!"

Bang, bang! sounded the knocker on the door, and in jumped Mr. Jolly Goodtime, followed by all of Nut Land, led by Betty's fat little waiter, who had gone back to show the merry crew the way to Holiday Castle.

"Ah, ha!" laughed the King. "Now, let's to the feast, which never could have been eaten without that Jolly Goodtime!"

The page threw open the wide doors and led them into the great



The Snow House

The Snow House that Jack Built

JACK was a happy boy when he awakened one morning to find the ground covered thickly with the first November snow.

Billy Evans, who lived next door, came running over after breakfast, all glee.

"Hello, Billy!" Jack cried. "Isn't this great? Let's build a snow house."

"All right," said Billy. "I'll get my shovel."

"Don't need any," replied Jack, who was making a snowball as large as his two hands could hold. "We'll make a lot of balls for it."

"I see," cried Billy, quickly following suit.

Both boys dropped their handmade balls into the snow and rolled them over and over. At each roll more and more snow stuck to the original ball, and in a short time several huge balls stood ready for use in building the snow house. With a stick Jack marked out on the snow the size and shape of the house. Jack and Billy then rolled the balls into place on this line. In the wall that formed the front of the house a space equal to the width of one ball was left for the doorway. The first row of balls in place, Jack and Billy set to work to make more balls, which they placed on top of the first row. A third row was soon on top of the second row, with one ball left out in the end wall for a window. For a roof across the top the boys laid some old bean poles that they found in the garden.

"Hurrah!" they both shouted as they dashed into the cozy house. "This is the best house this side of the North Pole."

The steward brought plenty of King. "Well, then, start off at once, for there's no time to lose," replied the Jack. "Up in Maine I know where there's lots and lots of them," said me," cried Jeannette. "Me, too!" cried Betty. "And ripped Jack enthusiastically. "I could get him plenty," inter- fuf this year at the North Pole." Christmas trees are not very plenti- tion. He is worrying a bit, for prepare for the Christmas celebra- "St. Nick has asked me to help him a merry shout from all. "Hurrah for St. Nick!" went up rection of the good Saint Nicholas."



King Holiday

tion. You know that is under the di- about the festive side of its celebra- I do want to tell you something I shall not have to talk of that; but real meaning of Christmas Day, so solemnly, "that you do know the charter. "I see," said the King. A reverent mood filled their noisy Silence fell upon the gay crowd whose birthday it celebrates." just who did make that holiday and Holiday, "and I hope you all know Jeannette at once. "Christmas!" shouted Betty and of all the year?" Invent—the last and the loveliest other holiday that this King did not want to ask you if you know an- "Good!" he went on. "But now I tly the gay and merry company. "Oh, yes, indeed!" sang out his- Invent festivities?" ing feast in the land where we he called, "are you satisfied and happy with this, your Thanksgiv- "My dear friends, one and all," Holiday arose. When dinner was over King ways to do it. he knows just the very finest to be honored and enjoyed, and holidays are made and set aside reigns over Holiday Land, where guest. You see, His Majesty health and happiness of each everything, guarded for well the place a tiny fairy who, in spite of for he had stationed at each had been King Holiday the food "No," King Holiday the food once bearing that awful word again for pumpkin pie without while Jack came back again and chocolates to her heart's content. Jeannette had all the cream put was there in abundance. For once, and everything else that tastes good up from the center of the table, guily garnished with green, rose goodies. A turkey, mountain high, banquet hall, where there awaited

chocolate cats and ginger witches. a happy group that sat munching lighted with everything and it was Jane and Catherine were de- "What a good daddy you have." "You deserve Betty!" cried Jane.



quickly back to the apple tree. it? And all four little girls ran too, gaily. "Come on, Jane, let's see "That's dandy," replied Cath- brand-new doll house!" cried Betty excitedly. "I've got a "Oh, Catherine, guess what!" mates. "They both ran to meet their play- now!" here come Catherine and Jane, up and waving her hand. "I believe "Oh," cried Jeannette, jumping Betty. us eat these lovely cookies," said really, truly guests to come and help "Only we ought to have some truly Halloween!" "Oh, yummy, yum!" cried the He- curious guesses. full shapes of cats and witches and along came Betty's mother with a plate full of brown cookies in fanc- replied Jeannette. "I'm as hungry as a bear." Then, like a good fairy, "Wish we could eat something," us to eat," said Betty. "The things look good enough for things that made them. Jeannette's water color paint box that you could never guess that grape juice so infectious to look at the acorn cups were lemonade and olives, moss salad, and in their lit- goldenrod sandwiches, bayberry at the Halloween feast; there were Fred, and this is what they served Finally the day of the party ar-

receive the guests." they'll be in their proper places to "Now," suggested Betty, "let's put house. stood up against the side of the creation on a dear little golden- busily engaged in putting a pink the mother," said Betty, who was on the little figure. slipped the tiny swallow-tail coat the father!" cried Jeannette, as she "Oh, what a lovely party suit for from which they could choose, needed to sort out a beautiful family A few minutes was all that was ing to be a very splendid party." ly," said Jeannette, "because it's go- "We must dress up a whole fam- plans. time chattering gaily over their to this merry party, at the same that dresses for their dolls to wear red and yellow bits to fashion spe- er than arrows in and out of bright The little girl's fingers darted fast- as a bear." Then, like a good fairy, replied Jeannette. "I'm as hungry as a bear." "Wish we could eat something," us to eat," said Betty. "The things look good enough for things that made them. Jeannette's water color paint box that you could never guess that grape juice so infectious to look at the acorn cups were lemonade and olives, moss salad, and in their lit- goldenrod sandwiches, bayberry at the Halloween feast; there were Fred, and this is what they served Finally the day of the party ar-

A Little Girl and a Little Boy Story And a Little Play to Act at School

Grandpa's First School Day

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

IT WAS more than seventy years ago when Laura's and Mary Anna's grandpa went to school for the first time. His name was Fitzland Wilson, and he was called "Little Fitz."

When little Fitz—who didn't know then that he would someday be Laura's and Mary Anna's grandpa—when little Fitz walked into the schoolroom, the teacher told him to sit on a low bench beside some other little boys.

In those days little children were taught their A B C's the first thing. Laura's and Mary Anna's grandpa says that his teacher was a kind young lady, and he liked her; the teacher liked him. That teacher told little Fitz that he must learn three letters that first day of school.

Patience she tried to teach A, B, and C to the little boy, and patiently the little boy tried to learn the lesson. He had no trouble learning to know A and C, but the name of B he could not remember.

Over and over the kind teacher tried to help little Fitz remember B, but although he could remember the name of A and the name of C, every time the teacher pointed to B and said, "What is this letter, little Fitz?" he could not tell.

The teacher felt sorry for little Fitz. She dipped her quill pen in ink and said:

"Give me your hand, little Fitz."

Little Fitz didn't know what was going to happen, but as the teacher smiled he fearlessly put his left hand in the teacher's outstretched hand. And what do you think she did? She printed the letter B in ink on the little boy's thumb nail.

"Now go back to your seat," said she, "and every time you look at that letter on your thumb nail you say B B B B B B, and if you have not learned B before school closes this afternoon, I fear I shall have to punish you."

So little Fitz went back to his seat and studied the lesson on his thumb nail "B B B B B B—"

Before school closed the teacher called little Fitz to the recitation seat. She pointed to a letter in a spelling book and asked, "Now, little Fitz, what is the name of this letter?"

"It is B!" shouted little Fitz, so loud all the children laughed.

And to this day Grandpa knows the letter B wherever he sees it.

Mathematical Fairies

GIRL (sitting down in a chair and yawning): Home Arithmetic to do, and I don't remember how to do a single one! Three old examples in percentage (takes up paper). I do wish there were fairies nowadays to do all the hard things for us! (Reads aloud.) "I bought a horse for three hundred dollars and sold it at a loss of eighteen per cent." (Yawns.) "What was the selling price?" (Yawns.) Oh, I am so tired. (Palls asleep.)

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Look at this lazy little girl!

FAIRY REMINDER (Taking up paper): Let us teach her to do these examples so that she won't forget them.

QUESTION FAIRY: All right, Fairy Trumpeter. Blow your trumpet and bring the fairies for this first example. Remember, Fairy Reminder, to be ready with your part.

FAIRY TRUMPETER (calling through trumpet): Come, Fairy Base, and bring your band.

BASE (followed by seven fairies): I have come, Fairy Trumpeter. What shall I do?

FAIRY TRUMPETER: One of your tribe is needed. Listen: I bought a horse for three hundred dollars and sold it at a loss of eighteen per cent. What was the selling price?

BASE: Come forward, Cost.

FAIRY REMINDER: Remember, the base or cost is always a hundred per cent.

GIRL: I know that, but how do I find the loss?

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Come forward, Fairy Rate.

RATE (and eight others): Here, Fairy Trumpeter.

FAIRY TRUMPETER: One of your tribe is needed. Where is the Fairy Rate of Loss, or Loss Per Cent?

RATE: Come forward, Loss Per Cent.

FAIRY REMINDER: Remember, the number of which some per cent is to be found, is called the base.

GIRL: I know that, but how do you go on with it?

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Come forward, Fairy Percentage.

FAIRY PERCENTAGE (followed by eight others): I have come, Fairy Trumpeter. What do you need?

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Send out the Fairy Loss.

FAIRY LOSS: Here I am, Fairy Trumpeter.

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Now we can work. You see, we are going to multiply Fairy Cost, or Base, or a hundred per cent, by Fairy Rate expressed as hundreds. And we shall get this sad-looking Percentage or Loss.

GIRL: I see—Then how do I get the selling price?

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Why, we take this Loss right away from the Cost and we have the Selling Price.

GIRL: Oh, thank you! I understand that much better.

The Three Pink Badges

By EMILY ROSE BURT

ONCE there were three little girls who were sisters, and they lived with their father and their mother in a little white house. Their names were Milly, Lily and Katy.

One day they couldn't think of a single thing they wanted to do. So they all three ran right to their mother.

"We want to know something nice to do," said Milly.

"Then I must put on my thinking cap, children," said their mother. "Come back in five minutes."

So Milly and Lily and Katy ran away and came back again in four minutes and a half, and saw their mother just taking off her thinking cap.

Then she said, "Milly, please cut this piece of pink ribbon in three pieces."

"Lily, please get out the paint box and brushes."

"Katy, please spread a newspaper on the sewing table."

And when everything was ready she said:

"Now you're going to make badges. Milly may paint 'Breakfast Girl' on her ribbon, Lily may paint 'Dinner Girl' on her ribbon, and Katy may paint 'Supper Girl' on her ribbon."

So Milly painted "Breakfast Girl" in blue letters on her pink ribbon, and Lily painted "Dinner Girl" in green letters on her pink ribbon, and Katy painted "Supper Girl" in purple letters on her pink ribbon.

"And now," she said, "I'm going to let my 'Breakfast Girl' wipe the breakfast dishes, and my 'Dinner Girl' wipe the dinner dishes, and my 'Supper Girl' wipe the supper dishes this week."

So that is how it came about that every morning Milly wipes three silver milk mugs and two blue and white coffee cups and saucers and five oatmeal saucers and five plates.

And that is why every noontime Lily wipes five little bread and butter plates and five large meat and potato plates and five pudding saucers.

And that is the reason, too, why every evening about six o'clock Katy wipes the little brown teapot and the three bread and milk bowls and the rosy-posy tea plates and the glass preserve dishes.

The three little sisters think it great fun and exchange badges each week.

Who knows? Maybe the three little girls really help their mother.

—a School Play

By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS

FAIRY BASE: These are my other selves. They are really the same as I am. Tell your names, Fairy Tribe.

BASE 2: Cost. BASE 3: List Price. BASE 4: Market Price. BASE 5: Income or Year's Salary. BASE 6: Principal or Sum Borrowed. BASE 7: As-

essed Valuation. BASE 8: Price of Policy.

FAIRY BASE: We are all hundred per cent, and have rate per cent taken of us to find percentage.

FAIRY PERCENTAGE: These are my other names: Fairies, tell your names.

PERCENTAGE 2: Gain or Increase. PERCENTAGE 3: Loss.

PERCENTAGE 4: Discount. PERCENTAGE 5: Commission.

PERCENTAGE 6: Interest. PERCENTAGE 7: Tax. PERCENTAGE 8: Duty. PERCENTAGE 9: Premium.

FAIRY REMINDER: Remember to point off the two decimal places in the percentage.

FAIRY RATE: These are my other names:

RATE 2: Gain. RATE 3: Loss. RATE 4: Rate of Premium. RATE 5: Rate of Discount. RATE 6: Rate of Commission. RATE 7: Per cent of Interest. RATE 8: Rate of Taxation. RATE 9: Rate of Tariff or Duty.

GIRL: You are very kind. Please tell me how to do my second example.

FAIRY TRUMPETER (reads): "Last month I saved thirty-two dollars and that was sixteen per cent of my month's salary. What was my salary?" Come forward, Fairy Rate and Fairy Percentage, and help us find the Fairy Base.

FAIRY REMINDER: Notice that the two things given equal each other. Percentage divided by Rate equals Base.

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Yes, we just divide this thirty-two dollars by sixteen hundredths and get the Base, or Salary, or a hundred per cent.

FAIRY REMINDER: Remember to multiply both numbers by a hundred to remove the decimal.

GIRL: Oh, isn't that just lovely!

FAIRY TRUMPETER (reads): "An architect received \$450 commission on a house costing \$9,000. What was his rate of commission?"

FAIRY REMINDER: Percentage divided by Base equals Rate.

FAIRY TRUMPETER: Yes, you divide your commission—adding a decimal point and two noughts, if there are not two more decimal places in the amount of commission than in the Base—by the Cost, and your answer is the Rate expressed in hundredths.

FAIRY REMINDER: Try thinking over your Arithmetic, Little Girl.



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Magic Tricks

For the boy wizard to perform

By CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

THE magician
begins his per-
formance by
showing his hands
empty and snatching
suddenly from the air
a long red streamer
of ribbon. Laying
this, for a moment,
on the back of a
chair, he shows a
Chinese porcelain
bracelet for examina-
tion. The ends of
the ribbon are tied
to his wrists; he
turns around for a
second, and when he
turns around again,
the bracelet is on the
cord, although the
knots have not been
disturbed.

The explanation is
this: on his wrist,
near his elbow and
concealed by his
sleeve, the performer
has a duplicate
bracelet. When he
turns his back he
drops the first bracelet unobserved in a
pocket and works the duplicate down
on the ribbon.

The chief requisite for producing the
bewitched streamer is the magic wand.
Around one end of this the ribbon is
twisted rather loosely, so that it forms
a little bundle. The performer holds
the wand by this end as he enters, and
his hand hides it. The right hand,
masking the ribbon, holds the wand.
With the other end of the wand he
points to his left hand, showing that it
is empty. Now he passes the wand to
the left hand, which takes the ribbon
end. Now the left hand points with the
free end of the wand to show the right
hand empty. Then the right hand takes
the wand again, this time by the free
end, leaving the ribbon in the closed
left hand. All that is necessary then
is to reach out with the left hand and
produce the streamer.

Next, the performer borrows a half
dollar from one of the spectators and
invites him to come up on the stage.
The magician gives him a glass filled
with water in one hand, and the half
dollar, covered with a handkerchief, in
the other. At the command of the ma-
gician the spectator drops the coin in
the glass of water. Then the performer
cries "Presto!" and the coin vanishes,
leaving only the water in the tumbler.
The coin is later found in the pocket
of the spectator or someone else in the
audience.

Before beginning the trick, the ma-
gician conceals in his hand a glass disk
just the size of a half dollar. By hold-
ing his wand in that hand, it is not ob-
served. The glass disk can be secured
at an oculist's or glazier's store. When
the performer feigns to wrap the coin in



He snatches from the air a long red
streamer

the handkerchief, he
really substitutes
the glass disk, the
change being hidden
by the handkerchief,
and he conceals the
coin, just as before
he had concealed the
disk. When the disk
is dropped to the
bottom of the tum-
bler, it lies flat and
is invisible. Even if
the water is poured
out, it will not be
seen, because suction
will make it stick to
the bottom.

An egg is the prin-
cipal actor in the
next trick. Two
hats are placed, side
by side, and the egg
placed in one of
them. Suddenly the
egg is seen to emerge
above the rim and
crawl down into the

crown of the other hat.

The solution is this: Before the
show the egg is blown, that is, two
small holes are made at either end and
the contents carefully blown out with
a straw. The holes are then covered up
with tiny portions of melted wax. Be-
fore the wax at one end has cooled,
however, one end of a fine black silk
thread is imbedded in it. The other end
of the thread is tied to a button on the
wizard's coat. The egg is then dropped
into a nearby pocket. When he is
ready for the trick, the performer re-
moves the egg, drops it in one hat, and
under cover of magnetic passes moves
slowly away. The thread, which is in-
visible at a short distance, pulls the egg
out and by careful moves it can be di-
rected into the other hat.

"The Mystic Afghan Band" is the title
of the next trick, which comes from
India. Three paper bands are shown,
about two inches wide and half a yard
in diameter. The performer takes one
band, and with a pair of scissors makes
an incision in its center. He cuts right
around the band, and naturally it is
divided into two separate rings. Taking
another band, the performer repeats the
process, but this time, strange to say,
the band turns into two links, hooped
together. The third ring marvelously
changes into one enormous ring, when
cut like the others.

To form the bands, get three pieces
of paper about two feet long and two
inches wide. The first band is made
merely by pasting the ends together.
In the second one, however, before fas-
tening the ends together, the performer
must give the paper two twists and then
paste. For the third, only one twist is
necessary. Of course, the bands must
be prepared before the show is given.

A Girl's Coin Purse

Crocheted in bright Roman-stripe silks

By HELEN MARVIN

THE coin purse is of twisted embroid-
ery silk and made with a fine steel
crochet hook.

Begin at bottom point of bag, with
medium blue silk. Chain two, and make
five single crochet stitches in first chain
made.

Second round—Make two single cro-
chet in each stitch of first round, picking
up stitches on double thread.

Third round—Make two single cro-
chet in the first stitch, one single crochet
in the next, and repeat to end of round.
There will be five increased points in the
round. Increase in

first stitch of each
increased point on
each round, until
there are twenty-five
stitches in round;
then increase at same
points in every other
round, working the
round between with-
out increasing, until
there are sixty-five
stitches in round.
Thereafter do not in-
crease at all.

The colors are put
in as follows: First
seven rounds, me-

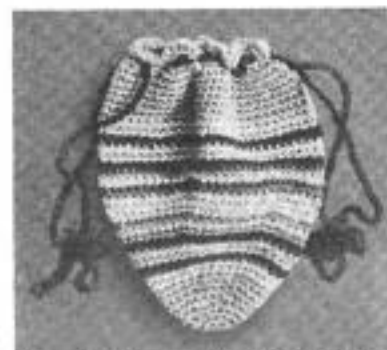
dium blue; next two rounds, tan; one
round, black; two rounds, tan; one
round, black; one round, light green;
one round, white; one round, yellow;
three rounds, light blue; one round,
dark green; one round, white; one
round, yellow; one round, black; two
rounds, tan; one round, black; two
rounds, tan; eight rounds, dark blue.
After these rounds make the heading
rounds, with medium blue, as follows:

Round of holes—Make one single cro-
chet in first stitch, *chain three, skip
three stitches, one single each in next

two stitches, and re-
peat from * to end
of round, there mak-
ing one single cro-
chet after last chain.

Second round—
Five single crochet in
each chain loop of
preceding round,
skipping single cro-
chet stitches. Make
one round of one sin-
gle crochet in each
stitch, and fasten off.

Each drawing
string is a length of
chain made with
black crochet silk.



A suggestion for your chum's Christmas gift



Druggists Recommend This Long-Life Bottle— and Their Advice is Expert

It is a genuinely good bottle of extra
long service. Our process of curing
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The Puzzle Page

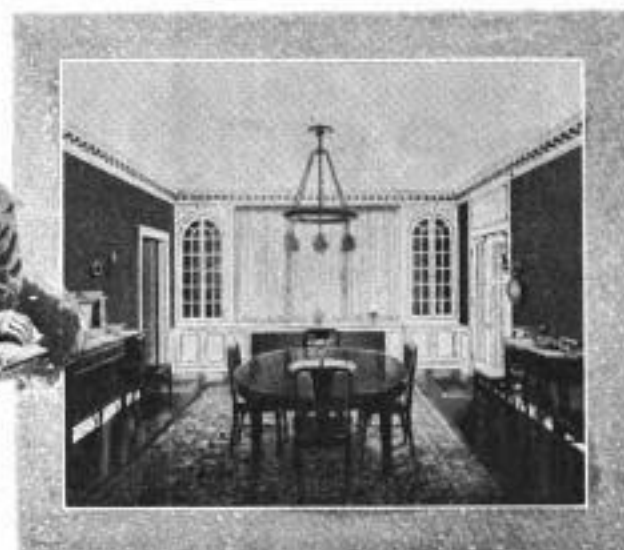
Can you guess these hidden names?

By SAM LOYD, JR.

EACH one of the pictures below represents a boy's or a girl's name. Number 2 stands for Madeline (made line) and Adeline (add a line). Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. All contributions, to be eligible for the prizes, must be received on or before November 8th. Please address all communications to Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, in care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



The "Home Builders"

No. 1

THE DINING ROOM

WHEN it came to finishing the dining room John remembered the handsome white and mahogany finish in his grandfather's stately home built in 1858. He knew that Berry Brothers' varnishes were used on the woodwork; so he suggested the use of

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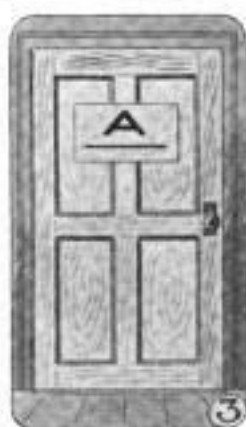
(124)



No. 1 represents what two girls' names?



No. 2. The answer to this is given above



No. 3 represents what two girls' names?



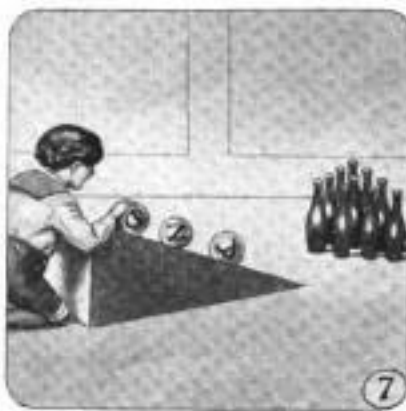
No. 4 represents what two girls' names?



No. 5 represents what two boys' names?



No. 6 represents what two boys' names?



No. 7 represents what boy's name?



No. 8 represents what five girls' names?



No. 9 represents what two boys' names?

September Puzzle Answers

The correct answers to the September puzzles are names of the following trees: No. 1, Pine; No. 2, Fir; No. 3, Maple; No. 4, Dogwood; No. 5, Bass; No. 6, Spruce and Beech; No. 7, Rubber; No. 8, Linden (L. in den), and Elm; No. 9, Chestnut and Boxwood.

August Prize-Winners

The honor prize of ten dollars for the best complete set of answers and most helpful letter of suggestion is awarded to Mrs. J. N. Brown, Virginia.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the next best set of correct answers and sug-

gestions are awarded to the following solvers: Mrs. F. H. Milla, N. J.; Mrs. R. F. Brown, Ind.; Ida M. Woods, Ia.; Mrs. Alice D. Bond, Tex.; Mrs. W. M. Beckwith, Conn.; Mrs. Russell Cooper, Ind.; Miriam G. Goodman, Ind.; Mrs. J. W. Beull, Md.; Mrs. W. H. Sempier, Wis.; Mrs. Willis Morris, O.; Mrs. Frank Ellis, Cal.; George J. Dunn, O.; Helen W. Sutton, Pa.; Mrs. L. N. Moore, Pa.; Miss Fannie Davidson, Miss.; Mrs. A. P. Richardson, N. J.; F. A. Black, O.; Dora King, O.; Mrs. Etta R. Machintosh, O.; Jessie A. Dix, Mass.

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Today—NOW—without price or obligation, ask to have a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner sent to your home.

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easy terms
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Day's Work
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Beech-Nut

Tomato Catsup



WHY not serve a natural tomato catsup at your table?

Natural Catsup is made from tomatoes ripened on the vines—taken direct to the kitchen, no hauling long distances—the catsup made, bottled and sterilized while the tomatoes are fresh, with all their full rich flavor intact.

We located the Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup plant in Rochester—for the reason that Rochester is in the heart of the region producing the finest catsup tomatoes in the world.

Taste Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup. Notice the fresh-from-the-vine tomato flavor, so different from the ordinary catsups.

Yet the price is the same—two sizes, 15c and 25c (in the extreme West, a little more).

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—Beech-Nut Bacon
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.
Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.



Mr. Barker and the Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

came to the back door and surveyed them coldly. "There ain't no supper saved for ye," she announced. "Your uncle said I needn't. You're an hour late, and you can't have nothing but bread and butter."

"I don't care," grunted Joe, while Tom muttered something under his breath as they turned toward Uncle Henry's barn.

"That's the meanest thing I ever heard of!" blazed Con, as the cook went into the house; and then, suddenly grasping Pro by the hand, she dragged her out of shelter.

"Boys!" she cried, not even stopping for breath as they stepped inside the barn door. "Pro and I took your dog this morning. We thought it was ours and that you had stolen it, so we got it back and hid it. And then ours came on the train this afternoon. And we are awfully sorry that we were mistaken and that you've had such a bad day—and he's in the barn now. You can go right over and look. And we're awfully sorry, both of us, and for what we said, and here is some cake that we brought from supper. That'll help some."

Without waiting for a reply, she seized Pro's hand and dashed off as rapidly as she had come.

"For the pity's sake," gasped Pro as they stumbled up Aunt Sally's front steps. "Why did you do that, Con? The dog was safely back, and so were we, and they would have found him in a few minutes. I thought we weren't going to tell."

"I thought so, too," admitted Con. "I'm just as much surprised as you are. But they looked so sad, and the cook was so hateful that I couldn't bear for them to wait another minute before they found out."

After this the twins naturally liked the boys very much better, and couldn't see why the boys did not become equally friendly at once. Still, nobody could help liking the cheerful twins, and Tom and Joe began to unbend slowly in a manner that was very surprising to themselves, even though it did not satisfy Pro and Con.

"But they don't really like us, as the aunts and Uncle Henry do, and Honora Carisbrooke and the West Melton girls," complained Pro one day, "and I don't see why not."

"I don't either, Twinnie," laughed Con, "two such perfectly nice girls as we are. Can't we think of something lovely to do for them, so they'll love to?"

"We can!" cried Pro eagerly. "I've thought of just the thing. You know we've said so many times that it seemed too mean that we could keep Mr. Barker, when the boys had to send back the Prisoner after all. Con, there is Uncle Henry this minute driving out of his barn. I'm going to go and ask him before I get scared."

For some reason unknown to herself Pro had become a great favorite with Uncle Henry; and grabbing up Mr. Barker under one arm she flew off down Aunt Sally's drive to intercept him.

"Bless my soul, Constantia," cried the old gentleman as he stopped, highly delighted at the sight of her flying figure. "Bless my soul, what's this? Pirates?"

"Yes, sir," yelled Pro gayly as she grasped his extended hand and scrambled into the seat beside him. "Will you take me driving with you, Uncle Henry?"

"I don't seem to have any choice about it," chuckled Uncle Henry. "Boarded by pirates, that's what this craft is. Well, have I got to carry this supercargo?" he inquired, indicating Mr. Barker.

"Why, surely," returned Pro decidedly, "he's the king of all the pirates, you know. Besides, you ought to like him, for you're both great pets of mine."

Not until they were wandering placidly home up the elm-shaded street did Pro get just the opening she had been waiting for. Uncle Henry began to inquire jocosely into the health and happiness of Mr. Barker, who was barking at every cat they saw.

"Oh, Uncle Henry," screamed Pro, as pathetically as she could, "I think, do you know, that Mr. Barker is lonesome!"

"Lonesome, eh?" boomed Uncle Henry. "Lonesome, with you and Geraldine pampering him up all the time?"

"Well, he's lonesome for the other dogs," shrieked Pro. "Oh, Uncle Henry, don't you think you could send for the dog that belonged to Tom and Joe? He was a brown spaniel, too." Pro's breath came short but she did not flinch. Uncle Henry's face darkened. "Are they the kind of boys that hide behind petticoats?" he demanded.

"They don't know a thing about it," yelled Pro. "But of course we'd all be very glad. Oh, Uncle Henry, please, please, be a dear thing and do it! He could stay in the barn all the time and not trouble anybody."

"Well," began Uncle Henry with unexpected mildness, "if you and Geraldine are set on it, I might—"

Pro waited for no more. They were just turning in toward the gate, but quite regardless of danger to their lives and limbs, she threw both arms round the old gentleman's neck in a bear-hug. "You are a perfect dear! Thank you so, so much!" she cried, then as she hopped out. "I'm going this very minute to tell Con and the boys all about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



The Nestlé Treatment of Straight Hair on the Human Head

When in 1906 Mr. Nestlé, the Hair specialist of London, made public his deductions as to the principal characteristics of wavy and straight hair, and explained the reasons for their production, coupled with the announcement that at least long hair could be made naturally wavy, while on the human head, by a method of section, and that experiments in connection with the development of straight hair on the heads of children were in progress, the announcement was considered an exaggeration, if not an impossibility.

Since then, however, The Nestlé Permanent Wave has made world wide progress and is accepted by science as an established fact. It has penetrated to every European Court and is known to every hairdresser in any part of the globe. At the London Nestlé establishment for Permanent Hairwaving over 30,000 heads of hair were treated since 1906. The method, once complicated and not without danger, has been reduced to mathematical simplicity and the purpose of this announcement is to inform the public that a home-outfit has now been created by the inventor, which can be used in every home by ladies or grown up children with straight hair and where electricity is available.

The price of this home-outfit is \$15. It lasts a life time and by its use ordinary straight hair is turned into natural curly texture that will stand washing and in fact is identical with hair which has grown curly from birth. This outfit is sold under the conditions only, that it shall not be used for trade purposes. Apply for booklet.

The Nestlé Treatment for the Hair of BABIES and Young Children

Almost every mother or nurse has attempted to make the hair of her baby grow naturally wavy by "brushing it the wrong way." Many were successful while others failed. In his book, "The Development and Growth of Our Hair," Mr. Nestlé explains the treatment and the reasons for this scientific fact and after many years of experimenting has been successful in defining the exact method to be followed and the means to be used on the heads of small children to produce the desired result without pain, no matter how straight the hair may be. It is now possible to influence the hair of every child to grow curly from the roots and to retain such texture through life, providing attention is given for a few months to the treatment in early years. The Nestlé Treatment is a simple home treatment combined with the daily toilet and the expense and trouble incurred are minimal. If you have a baby with straight hair or hair which was curly but tends again to become straight, go to your nearest druggist or write us enclosing one dollar for the "Nestlé Treatment," with directions how to take care of the child's hair.

In considering the matter here is noted that Mr. Nestlé does not wish any mother or nurse to set in blind belief but prefers his theories to be understood. The question is: "Can hair really be influenced from the outside and be made curly or can this not be done?" Of course it can be done—as is proven for the fact that many children lose their curly hair as they grow older and others grow curly after being born with straight hair. The principle of the NESTLÉ treatment is to influence the very basic cells which form under the skin to produce curly hair. Once the organism has accepted the change it will alter a few months continue to produce curly hair without further attention. Mr. Nestlé is at any time prepared to prove his Nestlé treatment in practice where the child is brought to him for daily treatment during a period of 3 months. Apply for illustrated and descriptive booklet.

Another specialty of the C. Nestlé & Co., and not obtainable in the same superior is the Nestlé liquid hair restorer. It removes superficial hair instantly without pain or irritation of the tenderest skin. Price \$1 and \$2, according to size. C. Nestlé & Co., 457-9 Fifth Avenue, cor. 52nd St., New York, London, 48 South Molton St.



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\$200.00 IN PRIZES

One hundred and two prizes will be given for the best recipes in which the well known coloring and flavoring extract, Kitchen Bouquet, could be used in preparing soups, stews, meats, gravies, sauces, etc. It is not a condition that Kitchen Bouquet be added to your recipe, merely a suggestion. We want recipes for delicious dishes which can be easily prepared along these lines.

The contest is open to everyone. All recipes must be in our hands on or before December 1, 1915. The judges will be Eleanor L. Monroe, Cooking Editor of Pictorial Review, Ida Cogswell Bailey-Alten, Cooking Editor of Good Housekeeping, W. G. Loria, President of The Pillsbury Mfg. Co.

The prizes are:
1 prize of \$25.00
2 prizes of 10.00
3 prizes of 5.00
16 prizes of 2.50
78 prizes of 1.00

Every condition of the contest is given in this notice. We cannot answer any questions.

Kitchen Bouquet
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A Free Sample Bottle Sent on Request.
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A wealth of fascinating designs, colorful tones and lustrous textures to select from, at modest prices. Write for booklet, "Draping the Home," and name of your nearest dealer.

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A postal giving your name and your grocery's will bring you the Minute Cook Book and generous sample. FREE.
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A tribute to motherhood which every mother and mother's son should read.
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Your most disagreeable household task will be made easy when you use Sani-Flush. It makes and keeps toilet bowls clean and free from discolorations, odors. Simple directions on cans. Money back if it fails.

Not a general cleanser—does just one thing, does it well. It doesn't follow that a toilet is sanitary because it looks white. The trap will give off odors if it's foul. Don't wait for discolorations. Use Sani-Flush and prevent odors by cleaning the trap which you can't see. Patented—nothing like it.

Your grocer or druggist probably has Sani-Flush. If not, send us 25c for a full-size can, postpaid.

25c a can

The Trap which Sani-Flush reaches, cleans, keeps clean.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
715 Walnut St.
Canton, Ohio

Robin Hood and His Barn

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

for one purpose. Its walls, its floor, its chairs and tables, were all of shining white, and in full view from the couch stood a white-enameled, glass-doored cabinet, containing in orderly array such a set of surgical instruments and appliances as proclaimed the intimate use of one accustomed to many branches of surgery.

"Duffy," said the Candidate in a low voice to his chauffeur, who at Robin Hood's command had remained at his master's side, "can this man be a surgeon?"

"Looks like it," whispered Duffy, staring about him with wonder. "But it beats me—up here in the country, and him so handy with the car."

When Robin Hood came back he was so transformed from the mechanic in overalls and jumper that there could no longer be any doubt of his real profession. His hands and arms gleamed clean as chemical resource could make them, his working garb was replaced with other working garb of a different sort, and of a snowy whiteness. He had even brushed his thick dark hair, and it lay above his brow in smooth trimness. Staring up at him, the Candidate's desire to send for some other man to mend his injuries melted away.

Dizzily, with a queer, sweetish odor in his nostrils, and an indistinct idea that something had occurred of which he had lost a part, the Candidate opened his eyes. It had been found necessary to give him a whiff of anesthetic to relax his muscular tension. He was still lying upon the couch, and beside it stood the Campaign Manager with the secretary looking over his shoulder. Behind him somewhere his son's voice could be heard saying softly, "This certainly fixes the Harrington meeting—worse luck! He can't possibly speak to night."

"I shall," said the Candidate, as firmly as he could, which could not have been very firmly for a rather shaky laugh ran around the circle of his friends and the Campaign Manager spoke reassuringly:

"Don't worry about that. Somebody'll speak for you, if I have to do it myself. I rather think I could get away with it. I've heard you now so many times."

"You can't get away with it," asserted the Candidate feebly, but with increasing strength. "Nobody can—but myself. I shall do it."

"You look a bit seedy, Dad," declared his son.

Robin Hood spoke decidedly. "That will soon pass away. He'll be walking around in an hour or two."

"But he couldn't make a speech to-night, Mr. —"

"Hadley," filled in the crisp voice.

"That depends on himself."

"Of course I can make it, Arthur. And it is Doctor Hadley. We haven't recognized—"

"It doesn't matter," said the owner of the name and the title. "I'm Robin Hood to the whole community here."

The words brought a tinge of color to the Candidate's ashy cheek. He attempted to sit up.

"Better keep quiet for a while," advised Robin Hood. "You shall have some hot coffee pretty soon, and that will make you feel a bit stiffer in the backbone."

So presently the owner of the broken arm was sitting in a big old-fashioned rocking chair, his distinguished head resting against the stuffed red cushions, his normal, healthy color returned, his fine eyes regarding Robin Hood, who kept him company while the rest of the party ate breakfast—Robin Hood, again in the blue serge suit and looking like neither mechanic nor surgeon but like the leisurely young host who has plenty of time to spend with his guest.

"I can't get over," mused the Candidate, "your quick changes from one phase of life to another. I believe I accused you of being a farmer, too. Have you any further disguises?"

Robin Hood laughed. "I am a farmer," he admitted, "between times, for business. A mechanic, for necessity—and recreation. A surgeon—for love. Nothing more."

"Why don't you get away, into a bigger life—a man like you?" the Candidate demanded.

"If I had, I shouldn't have been here to mend your car and your arm," replied Robin Hood with composure, though he flushed a little. "And there happen to be other arms, and lives, to mend up here."

"Of course there are," agreed the Candidate quickly. "Doubtless you find plenty to fill your time. But, in a big city the opportunities would necessarily be larger."

Before Robin Hood could answer, a door behind him opened a crack and a quavering old voice called, "Robby, boy?"

The young man sprang up. "Yes, Father," he called back in the kindest voice in the world and went into the room behind, gently closing the door. The Candidate, by his whole life's training quick of observation and interpretation, felt his question partially answered.

"DO YOU expect to get over to Harrington to night, Doctor Hadley?" questioned the Campaign Manager politely when the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



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THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Robin Hood and His Barn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

the party took final leave of the place which had shown them succor in their distress.

Robin Hood glanced from the row of three country vehicles before his house to the side porch in front of his office, where sat half a dozen waiting people. Harrington was thirty miles away. Robin Hood's eye caught that of the Candidate. The two glances held for a minute.

"I shall try," said Robin Hood.

IN SPITE of all his haste, Robin Hood was late in arriving at the Harrington meeting. When he reached the outskirts of the crowd the Candidate was speaking. Not liking to intrude upon the quiet of the audience by coming too near in the noisy little car, he left it at some distance, and proceeded on foot. The meeting was being held in a park, the trees surrounding a central open square each decorated with an extended torch. The crowd was dense, and Robin Hood, skirting the outlying trees, made his way with some difficulty toward the speaker. He found at length a position at no great distance from the platform and, as it happened, in the full, flaring light from one of the torches, though of this, in his eagerness to hear, he was not in the least conscious.

The tree under which Robin Hood stood was on a slight elevation. A little group of men close by Robin Hood's side, apparently dissatisfied and weary, turned to each other with nods and up-lifted eyebrows and together left the position. The stir they made in leaving brought the Candidate's eyes to look that way. His glance met Robin Hood's, and held to it for an appreciable passage of time, and the young man's heart quickened a beat. It was clear that the Candidate knew that he was there—at least he knew it now. Would it make a penny-weight of difference to him? How could it? Robin Hood might have been able to answer that question better if he could have seen himself, there under the flaring light of the torch.

Concluding with a few sentences the portion of his speech upon which he had been engaged when this new listener arrived, the Candidate launched in the twinkling of an eye upon a division of his subject on which he had not before spoken since the beginning of his campaign. Heads lifted, expressions altered, the very row of reporters' backs at the tables below the platform seemed to stiffen as their owners bent to their task, for the Candidate's speech had quickened. At last, at last, he had attacked the Paramount Issue.

"Up to this hour," said the speaker, across the space to Robin Hood, while the rest of his audience pricked up its ears, "I have not touched upon my position regarding a certain subject now under tense discussion throughout the state. To-night I intend to declare myself upon it, and in terms which no man can misunderstand."

The Campaign Manager, sitting at the side-front of the platform, sheer incredulity stiffening his hitherto relaxed frame into acute tension, strove to maintain an impassive mien.

"There are children in this great state of ours," went on the Candidate, "who have no recognized rights as opposed to the rights of those for whom they toil. They should have recognized rights, rights clearly defined—the right to health, to growth, to education for citizenship and lives of usefulness. There are those in this state who have arrayed themselves upon the side of oppressed, unhappy childhood, to fight for it until its rights are secured to it. I do not hesitate to declare myself actively in sympathy with these men and women, the finest of their sort."

This was no uncertain language. The man's bitterest enemy could not accuse him now of "hedging," his warmest friend, fearful of consequences, stay him with signal of warning or distress. His Campaign Manager, the words, "The factory business interests—the most powerful of all, and dead against you, you fool!" all but framing themselves upon his lips, his usually masklike features all but loose from his control, was hard put to it to conceal his chagrin and alarm.

Standing under the flare of the torch, Robin Hood, his arms tensely folded, listened with a queer, mounting sense of mingled exultation and personal anxiety. He listened while the Candidate, speaking with growing clearness of diction, with such an effect of fearlessness as must inevitably make men respect his courage whether they agreed with him or not, took his position concerning the issue with such straightforwardness and absolute openness, stated his present belief and future intention in terms so incapable of misconception, that there could afterward be no possible withdrawal.

"If I should become governor," the clean-cut phrasing went on, "I wish it clearly understood that I should recommend and work for legislation efficient to secure for the children of the state fair play, and to restore to them what may be left of their birthright to that which every man here to-night possesses in abundance—strength and courage to live his life. And, gentlemen, if I should be so happy as to secure for these children laws so framed as to set them free from the hideous bondage which now oppresses them, I should not rest, believe (CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)



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Robin Hood and His Barn

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

me, until I saw those laws enforced!" "You've cut your own throat!" cursed the Campaign Manager below his breath, out of his sore and angry heart. "You're a big man, after all!" breathed Robin Hood, so that none could hear him, out of his stirred and happy heart. "Big enough to take the chance, just as I knew you were!"

It was done, as crucial things are done, in less time than had been taken for the consideration of any other issue of the campaign. The significant words once uttered, the Candidate, with hardly an effort at a telling peroration, concluded his speech and retired. The customary applause hung fire for an instant, then broke out. Whether it was greater or less than on the occasion of the Centerville meeting, Robin Hood found it hard to judge. For himself, he had clapped with all his energy, and had discovered one enthusiastic group of men keeping him company; but for the greater part the audience seemed not to know quite what to think or do. One low-browed individual, standing near, had growled audibly above the hand-clapping. "There goes his chances—and more fool him!" and had shouldered his way out of the crowd in disgust.

Robin Hood made his way to the Candidate, for he had a curious feeling that he would be expected. He looked into the Candidate's face, met his eyes, gripped his left hand—and not a word passed between them. He drove home even faster than he had come, his brain on fire. He, Robin Hood, had done this thing—of it looked as if he had. What would come of it?

Next morning, as had been certain, the press of the country was aflame with the news. Comments, friendly and hostile, poured from the editorial columns of every newspaper in the state and in the country at large, and from every organ of speech, human or mechanical. Prophecies as to the effect the Candidate's stand would have upon the election were conflicting, but the general feeling was that his outspokenness would tell against him in the quarters where he most needed support.

ON THE night of the state elections Dr. Robert Hood Hadley, who had planned to spend the critical hours at Centerville, where the returns would be coming in earliest of any in the county, spent them instead in a small farmhouse a mile from home, where he did his share in making the entrance of a new life into the world less disastrous to the life which bore it than it otherwise would have been.

As he drove his little car into the barn in the morning, he was longing intensely to hear what had been the result of the election. Not that there could be much doubt, he feared; but he would be glad to know and have the suspense over.

The sound of a long, winding, musical horn, which he had heard before, attracted his attention, and he ran to the door of the barn, wondering. A big touring-car of well-remembered outlines was rapidly approaching, bearing two men upon the front seat. The one who was not driving raised his arm and waved it. His heart turning over with a thud, Robin Hood waved back.

The car stopped at the gateway; the Candidate dropped out of it and came on foot toward the barn as Robin Hood hurried to meet him. The Candidate's right arm was, of course, still in its sling, but the left was extended, and the two left hands met with a close grip.

"You were not expecting to see me?" inquired the Candidate.

"Hardly!" agreed Robin Hood.

"My brother lives at Harrington. I came up to spend last night with him—out of the noise," explained the Candidate. "My family is there. It occurred to me that I should enjoy the run over here before breakfast."

It was hardly an adequate explanation. Nor could Robin Hood tell from the peculiar expression on the Candidate's face what had happened overnight. The two men continued to look into each other's eyes.

"Well? . . ." said the Candidate, gravely, yet smiling a little, too.

"Well? . . ." said Robin Hood. "I've been at a case all night—I'm just home. I haven't heard a word."

"What are you expecting to hear?" inquired the Candidate.

"I was expecting to hear that you were beaten," said Robin Hood slowly.

"But—you don't quite look it." "Don't I?" The smile withdrew again, and the Candidate's face was entirely grave. "If I'm not beaten I owe it to you. If I had been, I should have felt I owed that to you, too. In either case, I should have wanted to come and see you. If you can tell me why, you will answer a question that has puzzled me for a week."

"I'm sure I can't tell you," said Robin Hood, his pulses now racing. His eyes still searched the other's.

"I think I can tell you, after all, now that I see you," said the governor-elect. "I think it was because I wanted to hear you tell me that I had stopped going round Robin Hood's barn."

The moved laughter of the two men spoke the tenseness of their feeling.

"You stopped so short," said Robin Hood, then, "that you plowed a path straight through the barn. It will never be the same barn again."



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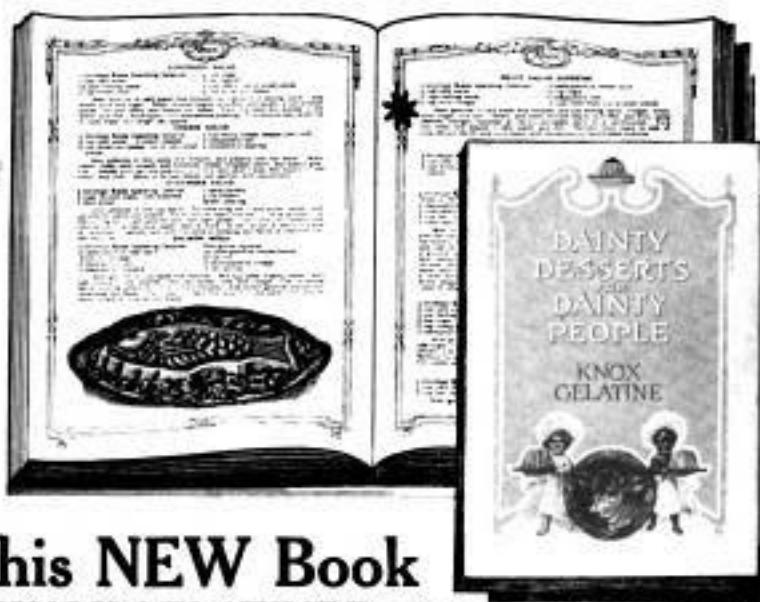
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This 10c package makes these half-size tablets for tea and coffee a convenient, economical purchase for everyone—everywhere



Here is a package cane sugar for every household requirement—the convenient and economical way of using sugar—

Weight guaranteed

American Sugar Refining Company

In Different Worlds

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

"Of course I understand," she murmured. "You're a dear, Jimmie, and you know I wouldn't treat you. We're too good friends." And she walked on demurely at his side.

There was to be no plausiveness of reproach. There were other nights—and other moons.

But Jimmie's eyes had other light than moonlight to see by. And he saw her now, not as a nice girl, a desirable, exclusive girl, but as Woman, the Arch-enemy, the Consumer! She would have swallowed him, hook, line, and sinker. And that not for any bait of personal infatuation. A genuine emotion would have disarmed him. But this cold blooded girlishness, this willingness to take him for money, for his everlasting money. . .

In this Jimmie did not do himself full justice.

Suddenly he felt himself a fool. He had been parading with the girl as with a creature of superior clay. He had felt her in a higher world than Juliet St. John. He had been ashamed, yes, actually ashamed, of the girl who acted for her living. But what was this girl doing for living? Only it was soft, sheltered, safeguarded acting. . .

Better the honest fiber of Miss St. John's independence!

IT WAS the day after the next day. Work upon "The Cowboy Lover" was progressing rapidly as Tracey's ingenious brain evolved new episodes. As Jimmie had galloped away from the burning building with the unconscious heiress in his arms the Secret Seven had pursued, and to avoid them he turned to the open country, where he outdistanced them, and then dismounted for water from a river to restore the fainted one. Just as he was bending unawares above her he was covered by the guns of the police upon the girl's trail, who took him for the kidnapper, and as the heiress did not revive to explain he was marched off to jail in custody of several policemen, while the girl was carried back by the others, who promptly fell to quarreling about the reward. Whereupon the Secret Seven, masked from recognition, fell upon them and carried off the girl.

But now her faint ended, and it was a problem to know what to do with her. It had become too risky to hold her for ransom, and their one desire was to prevent her from betraying them. But they shrank from soiling their hands in actual blood, and as fire had failed them in their work of extermination they turned to water.

Back in the mountains was a river, and in the river were falls, startlingly high if taken from the right angle, and here in the stream above the falls they cast the girl adrift in a small boat, entrusting her to the current for destruction.

But, Jimmie, sawing through a stout iron bar with a steel spur, had escaped from jail and returned to the banks of the stream for his abandoned horse. Climbing a tree to discover her he saw the robbers at their nefarious work, and as his faithful bronco came immediately galloping up he dashed off along the river to overtake his love.

So far had the play progressed. And now Jimmie was tearing along the river bank upon the excited Cheyenne, while the small boat was carried rapidly past rocks and tiny falls. There was no pretense about the dangers of that trip, and Miss St. John was entering into her part with reckless abandon, rocking the boat herself when it did not careen to suit her. Then, just as the boat was entering the deeper, quieter waters that preceded the approach to the falls, Jimmie overtook her.

Here a fallen tree had been prepared across the stream, and Jimmie's part was to run out on that, and as the cur-

rent brought the skiff below him and the girl, hearing the noise of the falls, rose with terror, stretching out her arms to him for aid, he was to cast his noose over her and swing her up to safety.

All of which was done—just up to the lassoing part. It hadn't been pleasant, any of it, for Miss St. John had been as remote and cool as a glacial period, and it hadn't been easy—swinging a lariat while clinging to a fallen tree, especially a tree that creaks alarmingly, is no ordinary cowboy's stunt, and, though he knew that in case he missed a net was stretched across the falls, that white figure in the rocking boat did look sickeningly small and helpless down there in the water.

He did not miss. His noose settled, tightened, and he crouched lower among the branches, bracing and straining to lift her clear of the boat.

And then those foreboding creaks justified themselves. That tree trunk snapped. One dominant thought stabbed through him. He must cast off that entangling rope before he dragged the girl down with him. For Jimmie could not swim.

He fought the rope desperately from him, while water seemed to rise up everywhere and overwhelm his nose and ears and mouth, and he felt himself helplessly floundering. . . and then a fiercely gripping little hand clutched his chin and lifted it from the strangling green depths and a gasp of command cried, "Catch my shoulder! Quick! Hold tight!"

"Get away," he gurgled, pushing off the hand.

He never knew quite what did happen. A terrific stirring of water went on about him; his hair was violently clutched and his face jerked sharply clear again, and a staccato beat of words sounded in his drumming ears. And then he had his hand on the girl's shoulder, meekly obeying orders, slowly borne along by a tensely straining little form that was hampered by clinging and unruly clothes. He could only kick out tentatively according to instinct and his incomplete swimming lessons, and hope it helped. Those few feet to shore appeared the miles to Carcassonne.

Then they were in the shallows, and he clutched at the bank and brought them to land. She clung weakly, her face scarlet with exertion, her breath coming in tearing gasps. For some minutes she could not speak.

Jimmie himself was choked and breathless. Then they dragged themselves upright and she pushed the streaming hair from her face with a shaking hand.

"This is—the way—we began," she panted unexpectedly.

"Only—I'm more indebted to you," Jimmie gasped back, with a shamefaced grin for his own helplessness.

"That's—nothing. I—remembered—you—didn't swim—yet. But don't tell them." Weakly she gestured at the men shouting from the opposite bank.

It was not concern for their safety that was animating the shouts, however.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" howled the camera man. "Hug each other! Act like rescued lovers! Act like you'd saved her! Act like—"

Miss St. John looked up at Jimmie like a half-drowned pixie, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why, I'd forgotten—the picture," she gasped. "Hurry and act like something, Jimmie."

And Jimmie, his heart pumping, his face more scarlet than his watery struggles warranted, put his arms around that dripping figure and gently clasped it.

Suddenly his eyes danced. "Juliet," he murmured, "if I kissed you—would you go tell Cummings?"

Marketing by Mail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

where social intercourse was greatest. "This method," reports Postmaster W. F. Murray, "is practical within the first and second zones on account of the higher weight limit and lower postage rate. Upon a fifty-pound parcel the postage amounts to 54 cents, while on twenty-five parcels weighing two pounds each it would be \$1.50."

How to Extend the Service

AND so it goes, down the entire list of marketing-by-mail cities.

Shall the service be extended? Yes. If patrons take full advantage of the plan, by gradual custom and with the gradual devising of the necessary containers, every post office in the country will be made a market. The success of the plan has now been assured. What remains is a *modus operandi* between consumer and producer. And it is well that both sides should get not only together, but that they should understand each other.

For in a few localities, according to official report, the farmers and truck gardeners have set back the expansion of the service to some extent by naming prices that, by comparison with the prices quoted in the local markets, have been considered too high by city buyers. It seems, after all, that each side wants the whole amount of the sav-

ings, the producer asking the city retail price, while the consumer expects to buy at the prices current in the country markets.

"Getting together" is the secret. It has been the secret of all successful business ever since business came into being. The consumer wants the best the market affords at the lowest prices. The producer will fare better if he sells for cash rather than "in trade." There is always a normal, but continuous, demand on the part of the consumer once he is satisfied with the goods. The shipper's success depends upon the care with which he safeguards the reputation of his products. Satisfied customers will soon build up his business for him.

Loss in transit due to improper packing is infinitesimal. Less than one half of one per cent is the average, and this percentage will be decreased by experience.

And promptness is the watchword in this plan. The larger post-offices are equipped with refrigerators which, if delivery cannot be made at once, will protect such perishable shipments of country produce as must be kept overnight. But installation of prompt delivery through the collection carrier system, however, obviates the need of using refrigerators on a large scale. In most cases even shipments received at night are delivered at once.

The Patent Hoax

By C. H. CLAUDY

A UNITED STATES patent is a recognition by the Government of the originality of the idea, and a piece of evidence good in any court of law that the idea is the property of the one who invented it.

But it is only a contract between the inventor and the Government, the latter agreeing to allow the patentee full and sole rights to manufacture, use and sell his patented article for the term of seventeen years, the former agreeing, at the expiration of that time, that his idea or patent shall become the property of all the people, to make, use, or sell at their pleasure.

It carries with it no promise of remuneration, nor any agreement that the Government will prevent infringements of the patent.

Get a Good Patent Attorney

The United States requires a fee of thirty-five dollars for their services, according to the difficulty of writing the patent or specification and the number of sheets of drawings required. As a simple patent requires, comparatively speaking, little work, a fee of thirty-five dollars, if enough such fees can be obtained, represents a good business. Hence it is that so many patent firms are advertising for business.

Many of these firms lead people to think that the only thing needed is the patent; the kind of patent does not figure in their literature. If its claims are loosely drawn, or if the lawyer has missed the important points on which to base claims, the patent may be without value.

These "claims," which conclude the specification or description of an invention, are the measure of the patent. A first-class attorney gets as many broad claims allowed in the Patent Office as are possible; a patent attorney anxious only for his fee will be content with only one or two claims—those easiest to "get through" the Patent Office. Hence the necessity of employing a competent attorney and paying his fee, and not one who is willing to "get a patent, or take no pay."

Three Important Requirements

There are certain questions which you should ask yourself regarding your idea before making application for a patent.

First, is it useful? An idea may be highly original and yet be entirely useless.

Thus it would be perfectly possible to invent a handkerchief which could be folded into a collar, and perhaps a patent could be obtained on it, but would it be useful?

Second, is it practical? A woman took out a patent for a certain chair in which one sat and swayed gently from side to side.

The power thus generated was used to wave a fan and blow air from tubes across the top of the sitter's head, at once keeping the occupant cool and driving away flies! But it wasn't practical, and the patent was of no value to the patentee!

Third, if a patent is useful and practical, is there a market for it, or can one be created?

Thus you might invent a very useful and entirely practical stove-lid lifter and patent it; but will it cost less than those on the market? If not, is its use and practicability so great that it will sell for a greater price than those already to be bought?

A Successful Case in Point

If your idea is useful, if it is practical, if there is a demand for it, or one can be created for it, then it may be very wise to take out a patent for it. A recent instance is very much in point. A woman seeing the difficulty her sisters had in making buttonholes conceived the idea of having them made by machinery and on strips of cloth.

These strips of cloth, familiar to most women now, are sold by the yard. Pieces are cut off the right length and sewed into clothing.

The idea was for something useful, something for which there was a demand, something practical.

The patent was sold for a lump sum, plus a royalty on every yard of the strips sold—a royalty which now amounts to several hundred dollars a month. She had a well drawn patent. If it had been loosely drawn, a dozen firms would be able to make her article and sell it, with only minor changes to "get around" her claims.

Don't patent anything without a good reason for it; and when you do, get a good attorney and pay his fee.

57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES
FOODS · SAUCES · RELISHES · CONDIMENTS
PURE · CLEAN · MADE · APPETIZING

The Home of the Fifty-Seven

A group of buildings constructed around a series of open courts which permit the free access of air and sunlight from all sides. The walls without and within are of impervious materials, easily kept clean. All the sights are attractive. All the odors are delicious. It is the spotlessness and the invitingness of the careful housewife's kitchen, enlarged.



HEINZ
Mince Meat

The choicest selection of everything good—prepared in the "Heinz way," which means so much.



HEINZ
Preserves

The choicest fruits and nothing but granulated sugar are used in preserving. Prepared in the home way, with scrupulous care.



HEINZ
Plum Pudding

Very rich materials prepared with the finest quality of candied fruits, used in generous proportions. Light, wholesome, delicious.



People who have eaten

HEINZ Spaghetti

COOKED READY TO SERVE

With Tomato Sauce & Cheese, Italian Style

generally pronounce it the most delicious and appetizing luncheon or dinner dish among all the fifty-seven good things that Heinz prepares for your table.

It comes in tins of convenient size for family use, already cooked, and only requires heating by placing the can in boiling water for a few minutes before opening. If you try it once you are unlikely to trouble much with cooking spaghetti at home.



HEINZ
Preserved
Sweet Pickles

Gherkins and mixed pickles and preserved in a rich, sweet liquor made of fine old malt vinegar, granulated sugar and aromatic spices.



HEINZ
India Relish

A delightful, appetizing, sweet pickle relish prepared from finely chopped vegetables, highly spiced. Serve with meat dishes.



HEINZ
Apple Butter

Made of sound, tart apples, seasoned with pure spices and cooked into a delicious golden-brown sauce.



THE HEINZ MAIN PLANT
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



PROPER Shampooing is what makes the hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

The hair simply needs, frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is especially prepared for washing the hair. It is a clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, that cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.



You can get **MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL** at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children.

Look for the signature
W. L. Watkins
On Every Original Bottle

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Cleveland, Ohio

Warm Comfortable Snug-fitting

Your clothes will "fit better," you will enjoy greater physical comfort, and your health will have greater protection, if you wear

Setsnug UNDERWEAR

Warmth without bulk. The soft, elastic-ribbed fabric with its silky inner lining, the extra wide band, the close-fitting cuffs, and the fully proportioned shape will make you like Setsnug and always want to wear it.

Tailored right from living models and skilfully trimmed. Setsnug is actually glass-fitting—a smooth, wrinkleless covering for the body.

Made in union and two-piece suits, all sizes and styles, for men, women and children—at popular prices. Ladies' two-piece suits have just with our famous patented fitting Waistband, adjustable to any waist, without wrinkling.

The men folks will appreciate our new, patented "Waistband-on-Suit" in union suits—an added feature to our slaved cuffs, that does away with all binding, chafing and irritation.

Ask any dealer for Setsnug. He has it or can easily and quickly get it.

Labels Suits \$1.00
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per garment. 50

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"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

The Best Page

Dear Editor: Do you know that one of the best pages of the COMPANION is the "Dear Editor" page? It brings out features of previous numbers and it emphasizes special articles that have gone before and that have caught and held the attention of others. It often leads me to hunt up something I've missed in the back numbers, and then I find other old favorites and read them again.

The article by G. M. of Washington ("A Wonderful Scrap Album") sent me back to the December, 1914, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION; and now, after reading what other readers think of the Tower Room, I'll look especially in each magazine for Anne Bryan McCall's page.

Mrs. J. H. B., California.

Tiresome and Silly

Dear Editor: I think the "Dear Editor" page is perfectly sickening! I don't see how you have the face to publish so much mawkish and gush about yourself. Of course the writers to this page aren't sincere—they only want to get into print. Well, I'm sure you won't print this, for it tells you the truth about yourself for once. Of course, you have a very good magazine, but this eternal self-flattery is just as tiresome and silly as it can be.

J. S. J., Iowa.

Economy

Dear Editor: I had thought I could do without the COMPANION this year, as I'm cutting expenses; but after letting the subscription run behind for two months I find I can't do without this old friend which I've taken for fifteen years.

So I'll try to economize in some other way—but not in this way—oh, not in this way.

Mrs. J. H. C., Utah.

A Children's Movie House

Dear Editor: I wish I were rich! I would operate a Movie House, dedicated to children. I would have it so high-class that a mother could leave her children there for a short hour if she wished, on a busy Saturday afternoon while she hunted goodies for Sunday's dinner or supplied an unexpected need in the way of white hose or new hats. During the week I would publish in the local papers stories which would be pictured on the screen. (My wilder flights of imagination have even included a story teller at the theatre itself.) I would draw from history, science, folklore, mythology, travel, fairy stories, pageants and countless other sources for my material. I would try to satisfy the ever growing "movie fever" with nourishing food instead of trash, to say nothing of the poison now being absorbed by the growing mind. I would make an excuse impossible to thoughtless and indifferent adults who blunt the plastic susceptibilities of a child by taking him to see the ordinary pictures.

But I am not rich! Yet I might be if I could launch such a venture, for I believe it would fill a long felt want as well as create a much needed desire for better juvenile pictures.

N. T. W., Kansas.

Friend of a Year

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your good magazine for one year and have just renewed my subscription through an agent. I want to say just a word of appreciation for the many fine things that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has given us during that period. Of course, it isn't to be supposed for an instant that any thinking person would agree with every statement, story and article published in any magazine, because our views differ, even as our perspectives do. But that is the part, or one of the parts, I enjoy, for it seems human then, and anything human is liable to mistakes.

I want to commend especially the high class of fiction that has been published in that time. Stories such as "The Brown Study," "Uneducated Mary," etc., cannot help leaving a good, sweet taste in one's mouth, as well as an inspiration to be of some real use in the world—perhaps not the big, bustling, outside world, but our own individual little worlds where we live day in and day out.

Then "Our Own Page" commends itself to me especially; particularly the little talk headed "Stop My Subscription," in the August issue.

Mrs. C. R. F., Massachusetts.

A Message to Mrs. B. M.

Dear Editor: Please tell Mrs. B. M. of Michigan (page 64 of June) that I didn't know how to make orange sauce for cottage pudding before February, and I am a lot more than "knee-high to a duck." I know now! And I like it.

M. B., Illinois.

A Girl's Thoughts

Dear Editor: We are two supposedly normal girls of sixteen years. Greatly to our pleasure we found after reading Ida M. Tarbell's article, entitled "A Young Girl's Thoughts," in the March issue of the COMPANION that in many respects it corresponded to our own thoughts. However, do not think that we are the dreamy, over-romantic type of girls, for we hold our daily duties, including education—both physical and mental—far more important than our imaginary romances.

But it seems only natural that we have such thoughts, and we are quite sure that there are many other girls who will agree with us in justifying Ida M. Tarbell's article, and hope to see letters to the same effect.

We have written this in response to "A Normal Girl's" letter in the August number of this magazine.

P. S. R. and B. J. R., California.

Dear Editor: I hope this letter will be published, as I think that in answer to the letter of "A Normal Girl," which you published in the August COMPANION, most people will say that they agree with her. I wish her to know that I do not. It is quite apparent that she never had any imagination; or, if she had, she never allowed it full play, else she would surely know something of the freakish things that young girls imagine.

Ida M. Tarbell knows what she is talking about. I dream very often of the most lovely, beautiful, impossible things and, dreaming, almost come to believe them possible. Of course I dream of love—isn't it natural, since every natural girl expects to marry sometime, that I should think of it, even though I know that it is years ahead? Every girl that I know has these dreams, and I know many natural, pleasant girls, so I am sure it is not because I am "queer" that I agree with Miss Tarbell.

It may be that every girl does not feel this way, but I am quite sure that the majority do.

D. C., Colorado.

A Music Censor

Dear Editor: Recently, in some other good magazine, there was a very good editorial upon the subject of the so-called "Popular Music," the harm of too suggestive words set to catchy music. The writer touched off an idea for me that has been chiefly in my thoughts for some time. There is so much good in the censorship of moving picture plays, why couldn't there be something of the kind to censor the words of "popular" music? This may sound too radical, but I can't help but think that some good could be done.

In sending this to the COMPANION I feel that it is not going to total strangers, for it is the chief of all the magazines that I read, and I have no criticism for it—just praise all through.

Mrs. J. W. H., Iowa.

Long Live the Companion

Dear Editor: Needless to say, I could hardly get along without the COMPANION. My four- and six-year-old girls watch for it, and I have to cut out the Jack and Betty picture pages before I can enjoy my serials. We have a Better Baby ten months old of our own. I think he would rank high if examined. Moreover, I've earned my subscription for two years from the Puzzle Page. I love to read the letters to "Dear Editor," and in fact the COMPANION is a source of pleasure from beginning to end. You couldn't make it too big to suit me. Long live the COMPANION.

Mrs. J. E. B., Missouri.

Away From Home

Dear Editor: You don't know how it hurts me to have to tell you that I will have to do without my COMPANION for this year. But I feel I owe you some explanation, so that is why I am writing.

I am a working girl, earning only a small salary in a small town, and as I must do without lots of things, that will have to be one of them. I read everything in my magazine and enjoy every bit of it, and when my last copy didn't come I felt as if I had lost a dear friend, for I love it and look forward to its coming just as if it were some real live person. In fact I live with the characters and am dead to the rest of the world "when my COMPANION is with me."

Please consider me one of the COMPANION family still, but just away from home for a little while.

L. H., Tennessee.

Music vs. Better Babies

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for five years and enjoy every department of it. But why not give us a page of music every month? Some up-to-date popular music, neither trashy nor rag-time, letting vocal and instrumental alternate, giving us farmers' wives some of the new music we seldom have the privilege to hear, yet greatly enjoy to hear and play.

Here I hear someone say, "Where could we find room for it? Let your printing press forget to print anything about 'Better Babies' for a year or so. I am a mother of three as healthy children as you often see, and instead of reading that page my eye reaches for a change from what I have twenty-four hours every day in the year—children. Not that I am such a model mother that I couldn't possibly learn. Oh, no! But when I sit down to rest and read, I like a change from the thoughts of nearly the whole day—the care of children. I wonder if there are other mothers who think as I do."

L. A. B., New York.

The Tower Room and Other Things

Dear Editor: I especially appreciate the Tower Room Talks. They contain so much wholesome philosophy and furnish much food for thought, giving one a broader outlook, a clearer vision. Their influence for good must be very great. The "Adventures in Childhood" by Mary Heaton Vorse are most valuable. Every mother needs the help of such enlightening stories in her efforts to deal justly with her children. Most of us find difficulty in understanding children. We fail to find their viewpoint, and consequently make many mistakes. I hope we may have many of these stories.

I am deeply interested in the subject of good schools. The contest last fall brought forth some splendid ideas. I trust we may be given something more along this line in the near future.

Last—but not because they are least in my estimation—I must speak of the very interesting articles that appear from time to time from the pen of Laura Spencer Porter.

Mrs. J. G. B., California.

Twenty-five Years in the Family

Dear Editor: There is so much I'd like to say, I don't know where to begin. I have been reading the COMPANION for about six years, and it has been in the family regularly for the last twenty-five years. We look upon it as an old friend and watch the mail eagerly for each new copy.

Your embroidery designs are lovely and I have used one design for a suit of underwear which is admired by everyone. The Fashion Department is another helpful resource which I appreciate. The styles are conservative and attractive.

M. L. S., Georgia.

What She Likes

Dear Editor: I have not taken the COMPANION very long, but I can say that it is the best magazine we take, and we take a good many. We can hardly wait until it is time for it to come.

Can't you have a question box and more about the movies?

I enjoy the stories, "Love-in-a-Mist" and "The Millionaire Kid." The Puzzle Page is much enjoyed by everybody in our family.

R. E., Pennsylvania.

Paramount Pictures

ARE THE PRODUCTIONS OF

Famous Players Film Co., The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., The Oliver Morosco Photoplay Co., and Pallas Pictures, Inc.

MARY PICKFORD
with Famous PlayersGERALDINE FARRAR
with LaskyCYRIL MAUDE
with MoroscoJOHN BARRYMORE
with Famous PlayersBLANCHE SWEET
with LaskyVICTOR MOORE
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You Can See These Stars Only at the Paramount Theatre in Your Town

Parents and educators everywhere are looking for an inexpensive yet refined and desirable form of amusement for their young people and for themselves.

Paramount Pictures meet this need. In these screen productions are found the works of the popular authors—the dramatized versions of the book successes of today—played by stars of international fame, and directed by the world's foremost theatrical managers—Daniel Frohman, the late Charles Frohman, David Belasco, Henry W. Savage, Oliver Morosco and others. There is nothing better obtainable than these offerings.

Read the list below—you will find many stars whom the public pay \$2.00 per seat to see. Then there is Geraldine Farrar from Grand Opera where the price is \$5.00 a seat. You can see them in the same plays at your local theatre for prices from 10 to 50 cents.

Paramount offers the best in photoplays. Here are a few of the recent productions:

Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Cinderella"; "Mistress Nell"; "Fanchon the Cricket"; "Dawn of a Tomorrow"; "Little Pal"; "Rags"; "Esmeralda"; and "The Foundling".—Famous Players.

Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and other photoplays to be announced later.—Lasky, by arrangement, Morris Gail.

Cyril Maude in "Peer Gynt".—Morosco.

John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico"; "Are You a Mason?"; "The Dictator"; "The Incurable Duke"; and "The Red Widow".—Famous Players.

Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower"; "The Crucible"; "The Goose Girl"; "Gretchen Green"; "Pretty Sister of Joe"; "Seven Sisters"; "Helene of the North"; and "Molly Make-Believe".—Famous Players.

Blanche Sweet in "The Warrens of Virginia"; "The Clue"; "Stolen Goods"; "Secret Orchard"; the Lasky-Belasco Production "The Case of Becky"; and "The Secret Sin".—Lasky.

Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian"; "Cameo Kirby"; "Captain Courtesy"; and the Pallas Production, "Gentleman from Indiana".—Pallas.

Victor Moore in "Snobs"; "Chimmie Fadden"; and "Chimmie Fadden Out West".—Lasky.

Hazel Dawn in "Niche"; "Classics"; "The Heart of Jennifer"; "The Manquered"; and "The Fatal Card".—Famous Players.

Donald Brian in "Voices in the Fog".—Lasky.

Charles Cherry in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird".—Famous Players.

Pauline Frederick in "Sold"; "Zaza"; and "Lydia Gilmore".—Famous Players.

Paramount Pictures are the cleanest yet made. A review of the film successes of the past year will show that Paramount Pictures predominate in the productions that have met with discriminating approval.

Paramount Pictures are a boon to parents and educators wherever shown.

Select your favorite book and star from this list, then ask the manager at your leading theatre when you can see them at his house. If he is not showing Paramount Pictures, write us about it. You need Paramount Pictures in your town.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
FOUR EIGHTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y.

A
Motion-
Picture Magazine
For You—Free

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THE POSTSCRIPT

TOO LONG this page has been filled with unconsidered trifles; and though it has been called "The Postscript," it has been so only in name. For a postscript should consist of things forgotten or neglected—put off to the last, crowded out by weighty and solemn affairs, but too good and important not to be included somewhere, after all.

Though the Postscript is far from being ashamed of its past. How could it be, and all the time conscious that it was the best thing in the magazine? Really, some of the things were so good that they ought to be reprinted. If someone will kindly ask for Joe Bing—but he shall appear again without being asked for. Who remembers little Sadie's definition of a gentleman?

Something About an Author

TO SHOW how good things are crowded out of the imposing front of the Magazine, and the absolute necessity of finding a place for them here in "The Postscript," take the first story in this present number, "Chloe Malone." The story is there, but nothing about the author, Fannie Lea, as The Postscript must call her, pleasantly and chummily. The COMPANION accepted and printed the first story that Fannie Lea wrote, "Jaconetta and the Cynic." There was a bit of delay in printing this, some other of her stories appearing in our pages before; but this was the first accepted. The first member of the staff to read the manuscript of Jaconetta now lives at Bulawayo, South Africa, on one of the largest cattle ranches in the world, twelve hundred miles north of Cape Town; and Fannie Lea's own home is now in Honolulu—the world being merely a good-sized globe, easy to travel over.

But when the thin manuscript telling the tale of wise little Jaconetta and the unwise Cynic came to the office, Fannie Lea lived in New Orleans, where she was born. The manuscript was neatly typewritten, all except the signature of the aspiring young author, for she was extremely young; but one of the failings of genius was there, and it was impossible to decipher the signature, so an appealing letter was sent and she obligingly printed it, letter by letter, in full, Fannie Headlip Lea. Then three or four years later she married and acquired even another name, though she has not used it for authorship purposes, notwithstanding it is a perfectly good name, and now makes a very nice patronymic for the baby.

Old Friends and New

WE WONDER if you remember "Jaconetta and the Cynic." There was a storm in the story; or perhaps it was only far-off lightning and low rumbling of lazy thunder; but mainly the story was the talk of those two people, Jaconetta who knew just what she was doing, and the poor old Cynic, who didn't. We printed other stories about these two, till they got married, not to mention a number of stories by the same author about miscellaneous people; and then came Sicily Ann; and her man was named Jimmy Fox, and a pretty time he had following—or trotting—after her half way around the world.

And then they got married; and though we hope to have more about them later, in the meantime here is Chloe Malone. Will she marry some man too? It seems not improbable. But surely there is no man for Chloe in sight yet. You don't marry a strange man simply because you hook a wheel off his cab of a foggy night. Or do you? Not in this case surely, because Chloe says she is going to marry a millionaire, and millionaires have their

cab wheels fastened on good and tight. But be assured of this, that there are more interesting things to tell of Chloe than were ever told of Jaconetta or of Sicily Ann. We shall go with Chloe Malone down other streets beside Bourbon and St. Charles, and see and hear with her other things besides "Aida" at the old French Opera House.

Two Illustrators and a Photograph

IT WILL be observed that Chloe Malone is being illustrated by the same artist who did the drawings for Sicily Ann, and did them so well. He is F. Graham Coates, who comes from Virginia. If there were more space much might be said of Mary Hastings Bradley, who tells the story "In Different Worlds." Almost the COMPANION printed her first story—it printed her second. Some day The Postscript must tell of her, of how her name was Mary Hastings and how she added the new name to her stories when she married; which shows how ladies-in-writing differ in their ways. And she has a baby, too, a very small person indeed, who will not be forgotten. The Postscript being especially fond of babies. Her story is illustrated by George Brehm, who came from Indiana. In one of Mr. Brehm's pictures the young Nesbit person appears to have been tossed up in a blanket. But heroes must expect trouble.



Tini-San and her mother, with a glimpse of a nice Hawaiian mountain which we'll all hope is a lady-like volcano.

We have printed pictures of Fannie Lea, but The Postscript has one of its very own which has never been printed, and it must go on this page if there is room. It's a real photograph, taken on a Hawaiian mountain top (quiescent volcano perhaps) and showing too, best of all, the baby, little Anne Worthen, or Tini-San as her Japanese nurse calls her.

Dens for Women!

WHAT the WOMAN'S HOME COMPAÑION is feminine needs scarcely be stated; but The Postscript is a mere masculine affair, sunk in its ignorance. So in looking over the page devoted to "The Individual Den" we miss one thing in all the pictures, namely a chair with leg irons attached, to fasten the man in the den. It seems certain that he would not stay otherwise, with so much "rose and ivory," "ivory-white," "golden-brown oatmeal paper," and the "velvet rug;" and above all with the "Ingleenook." An ordinary man is afraid of an Ingleenook. Many don't know what an Ingleenook is, their guesses having been known to range all the way from a small South American animal to a lake in Scotland; but even when they are able to recognize an Ingleenook by sight they are shy. Those who are steeped in ignorance

may learn by looking at the picture; this one was designed by Mellor and Meigs. They ought to turn their attention to fireplaces.

But after all, perhaps these are not dens for men; perhaps they are lady dens. But should ladies have dens? Maybe, however, The Postscript is as far behind the times on dens as some men are on Ingleenooks.

The King was in his Ingleenook darning of his socks.
The Queen was in her own den counting of her stocks.
The Maid was just a-leaving via the garden gate.
By came a Polly-bird and said, "Well, this is great!"

Regards to "Dear Editor"

ON THE "Dear Editor" page there is much to arouse a fraternal feeling. The folks there say just what they think, precisely like The Postscript. There seems rather a joke on J. S. J. though; she says she is sure her letter won't be printed, but it is. Perhaps she is partly right and some of the letter writers do express themselves rather strongly; but J. S. J. expresses herself that way too. How does she know the other writers aren't sincere? How do we know that anybody isn't sincere? Is J. S. J. sincere? Or is it her way of getting into print? If somebody would only write and say something nice about The Postscript! The Dear Editor might print it, but The Postscript itself, never!

Prestoing for Youth

MAGIC TRICKS must have a Postscript note before going further. They are described as being "for the boy wizard to perform." Once we did some boy wizarding, with indifferent success. Mr. Oursler says: "Next the performer borrows a half dollar." We are with him so far; this trick can be done. "Then the performer cries 'Presto!' and the coin vanishes." We still follow him; we have seen the coin vanish even without the magic "presto." "The coin is later found in the pocket of the spectator or someone else in the audience."

Here's the rub; the directions that follow give no least clue as to how the boy wizard is going to get the coin into this pocket. The spectator on the stage may be shy and back off, and as for the audience they are far away, and if the boy wizard goes down and begins to snoop around looking for pockets the people are bound to become suspicious. People are always watching a wizard, anyhow. They expect him to be up to some trick, so in this case we feel that the author should have been a little more explicit as to just how the young practitioner of the black art is going to intern that borrowed half.

The egg trick also sounds too hazardous for the young wizard; after being blown, that is, the normal contents removed, the empty shell, still with the semblance of a proper egg, is "dropped into a nearby pocket" of the performer. That hollow egg is going to be broken and the youthful prestidigitator left with nothing that he can with "magnetic passes" cause to climb out of one hat into another. Mr. Oursler must become more explicit in his directions before he can contribute to The Postscript.

No More Fault-Finding

AFTER all The Postscript doesn't want to find fault with everything in the dignified front. No doubt the things that go to the front here, like the men who go to the front in the war, are of great worth; but The Postscript, after the manner of a

hospital at the rear, must do its duty by their wounds and weaknesses. The birds on the "About People" page seem very proper fowls, even though we regret to see the ostriches haven't got their heads thrust in the sand in that subtle way of theirs. One by one the cherished illusions of childhood are torn away.

But we think Mr. Gulterman shouldn't in the paragraph below the picture make the lady who raises the ostriches knock the lady who raises the turkeys. We hope at least a few other women will keep on raising turkeys—that they won't all rush into ostriches. Still the Thanksgiving ostrich might do in large families if his legs could be cut off before he is brought into the dining-room. He would seem not much smaller than the steer which was sent by mail—one of the characters which Postmaster-General Burleson introduces in his little narrative entitled "Marketing by Mail."

We are glad to see elsewhere that another interesting animal has not been forgotten—the family goldfish. As a pet the goldfish has many things in his favor, not the least of which being that he doesn't sing when the sewing machine starts up.

Here He Is!

LET US right here introduce Joe Bing as promised. This immortal was fathered by John D. Larkin and, almost ten years ago, first appeared in The Postscript. Later there were few newspapers where Joe did not appear, since the press of the country took him to its heart.

Joe Bing he cut ten cord o' wood
From rise to set o' sun;
He cut it, an' he piled it, too,
Yes, sir, that's w'at he done.
To cut ten cord o' wood, I vow,
Is one tremenjous chore—
Joe Bing cut his behind the stove
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing he cut eight load o' hay,
I swan, an' raked it, too,
An' in twelve hours by the clock
He was entirely through.
He could, I guess, before he slept
Cut jes' as many more—
He cut it where he did the wood,
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing he plowed four acres onct.
He plowed it good an' neat;
An' fore the sun had near gone down
The job was all complete.
The hooses never turned a hair,
Wan't tired, ner lens' bit sore.
He plowed it all in one short day—
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing he made five dollars onct
By simply pickin' hops;
He done it all in jest a day
With time for sev'ral stops.
He could as well a-kept it up
A dozen days or more.
Where was it done? The same ol' place—
In Luscomb's grocery store.

The story by Grace S. Richmond tells how some people went around Robin Hood's Barn. The illustrations for this were made by Hermann C. Wall, and they were the last work he ever did; a week after they were finished he lay dead in far-away Wyoming.

He had gone there with his wife and little boy for a summer holiday and the day he completed the drawings rode forty miles to see that they were shipped promptly. He was an old and a very real friend of the COMPANION, the acquaintance dating from our cover contest days, when he took third prize for a design showing a father and mother and little child coming home under the crescent moon; it was used on the issue for October, 1907. The original now hangs in our reception-room.

THE POSTSCRIPT has taken on a new guise, but this must not render down-cast its army of old contributors. We shall find a place somewhere for all the good things that they send.



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Which are
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In the
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Christmas Number

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



December, 1915

Fifteen Cents



Illustration by W. E. Man

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VOLUME XLII

DECEMBER, 1915

NUMBER 12

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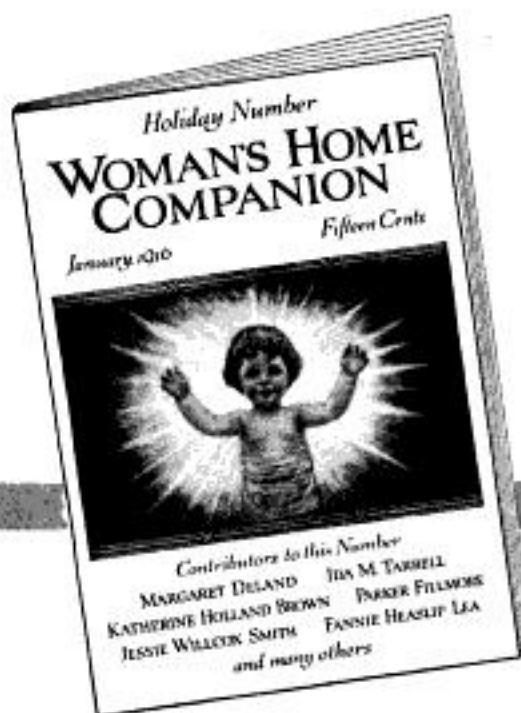
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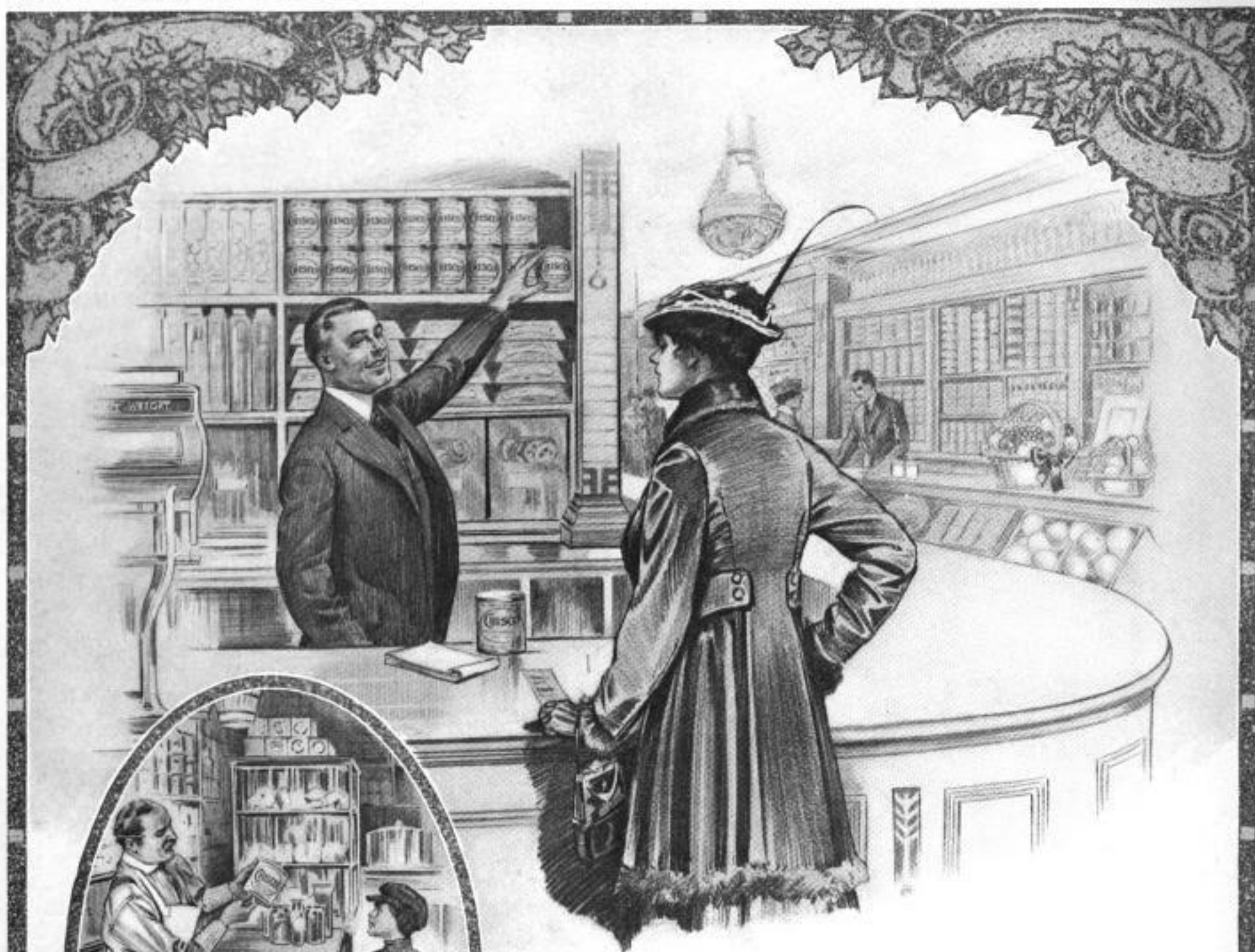
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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Contents for DECEMBER

EDITORIAL	PAGE
Companion Family Talks	1
Our Own Page	23
"Dear Editor"—Letters from COMPANION READERS	74
FICTION	
The Rising Tide, Part I, MARGARET DELAND. Illustrated by F. Walter Taylor	3
"By Parcel Post, Insured," SOPHIE KERR. Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock	7
Chloe Malone, Part II, FANNIE HEASLIP LEA. Illustrated by F. Graham Coates	8
A Christmas for Tony, ZONA GALE. Illustrated in Color by Alice Barber Stephens	9
Thanks, JULIET WILSON TOMPKINS. Illustrated by Paul Julian Meylan	13
The Disappearance of Edna Kent, WILLIAM J. BRENS. Illustrated by H. S. Townsend	19
The Gernium Lady, Part IV, SYLVIA CHEATFIELD RATES. Illustrated by R. M. Crosby	24
ART FEATURES	
Cover Design, H. F. WISEMAN	
A Christmas for Tony. Painting by ALICE BARBER STEPHENS	10
The Christmas Fairy. Painting by JESSIE WILCOX SMITH	16
Christmas Decorations, JOHN RAE	
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Your Boy's Christmas Books, WALTER PRITCHARD EATON	11
Why Don't You Marry?	12
Candle Greeting, MARIE DAVIDSON	14
The Christmas Story, LAURA SPENCER PORTER. Illustrated by Hermann Pfeiffer	15
A Christmas Sermon for Boys and Girls, CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D. D., LL. D.	17
Faunie Merritt Farmer, An Appreciation, MARY BRUNSON HARTT	21
Christmas Cheer for Everybody	22
Our Community Christmas Tree, BERTHA DAWSON. Illustrated by Olive Rush	25
My Little Seventh Son, The Story of a Christmas Baby, Told by His Mother	29
Christmas Fun for Every One	30
Happy Christmases	31
On the Christmas Table, ANNA F. AITKEN	44
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
Better Films, HELEN DUEY	18
The Christmas Hearth, A Tower Room Talk by ANNE BRYAN McCALL	26
Christmas Comes to Alderbrook Farm, ROBERT LANE WELLS	27
The Christmas Exchange	28
Better Mothers	32
Women's Clubs, CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON	33
Embroidery, Designed by EVELYN PARSONS	42-43
The Puzzle Page, SAM LOYD, JR.	60
The Pin-Money Club	73
The Postscript	76
CHRISTMAS HANDICRAFT	
A Christmas Railroad, Designed by JOHN D. ADAMS	35
Gifts for Your Girl Chum, Designed by JOSEPHINE HOW	35
Christmas Gifts in Felt Crochet, Designed by EPPIE A. ARCHER	36
Gift Bags for Christmas, Designed by JOSEPHINE W. HOW	37
The Little Gift, and Christmas Suggestions	40
Gifts You Can Make if You Do Simple Basketry, China Painting, or Sewing	41
To Make for Christmas of Cretonne, Linen, Silk, Reed, and China	51
COOKING	
For December Days, CORA FARMER PERKINS	34
The Christmas Dinner, CORA FARMER PERKINS	72
FOR YOUNGER READERS	
Mr. Barker and the Twins, Part IV, WINIFRED ARNOLD. Illustrated by C. M. Belyea	66
Jack and Betty's Magazine, CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS and GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS	67
The Children's Own Gifts, Presents That Boys and Girls Can Make	71
FASHIONS	
Back Views of Designs on Pages 60 and 61	58
The Fashion Department, Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD	59-65
Fashion Suggests the Unusual Gift	59
For the Woman Who Stays at Home	60
The New Jewelry, Its Choice and Its Use	62
The Blouses Worn in Paris	63
Chiffon and Tulle Flowers	64
Gifts for the Children	65



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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII

December 1915

NUMBER 12

Beginning
A New Novel
by the author of
"THE IRON WOMAN"

The Rising Tide

By
MARGARET DELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. WALTER TAYLOR



"Freddy"

A SINGLE car track ran through Payton Street, and over it, once in a while, a small car jogged along, drawn by two mules. Thirty years ago Payton Street had been shocked by the intrusion upon its gentility of a thing so noisy and vulgar as a street car; but now, when the rest of the town was shuttled with trolleys and clamorous with speed, it seemed to itself an oasis of silence. Its gentility had ebbed long ago. The big houses, standing a little back from the sidewalk, were given over to lodgers or small businesses. Indeed, the Paytons were the only people left who belonged to Payton Street's past—and there was a barber shop next door to them, and a livery stable across the street.

"Rather different from the time when your dear father brought me here, a bride," Mrs. Payton used to say, sighing.

Her daughter agreed, dryly: "I hope so! Certainly nobody would live on Payton Street now, if they could afford to buy a lot in the cemetery."

Yet the Paytons, who could have bought several lots in the cemetery (or over on the Hill, either, which was where they belonged!), did not leave the old house,—a big brownstone cube, with a cupola that looked like a bird-cage. The yard in front of the house was so shaded by alanthus trees that the grass refused to grow in it, and the iron dog, guarding its patch of bare earth, was spotted here and there with mold.

The street was very quiet; sometimes the barber's children squabbled shrilly; sometimes Baker's livery stable sent out a few funeral hacks; sometimes from a barred window in the ell of the Payton house there was a noisy laugh; and always, on the half hour, the two mules came tinkling along, their neat little feet cupping down over the cobblestones, and their trace chains swinging and sagging about their heels. The conductor on the car had been on the route so long that he knew many of his patrons, and nodded in a friendly way, and said it was a good day, or too cold for the season; occasionally he imparted to especially favored passengers information which he thought might interest them.

On this October afternoon of brown fog with

occasional dashes of rain, he enlightened a lady with a vaguely sweet face, who signaled him to stop at No. 15.

"Miss Payton's out," he said, pulling the strap over his head, and bringing his car to a standstill; "but her ma's at home. I brought the old lady back on my last trip, just as Miss Freddy was starting off with that pup of hers."

"It's the 'old lady' I've come to see," his fare said, smiling, and gathering up her skirts stepped down into the Payton Street mud. The bell jangled and the mules went clattering off over the cobblestones.

Mrs. William Childs, picking her way to the sidewalk, said to herself that she almost wished Freddy and her dog were at home, instead of the "old lady."

"Poor dear Ellen," she thought, in amiable detachment from other people's troubles,—“why does she ask me to come and sit in judgment on Fred! There's nothing on earth I can do."

It occurred to her as she passed under the dripping alanthus trees and up the front doorsteps that Payton Street was a gloomy place for a young creature like Frederica to live. "Even my Laura would kick," she thought;—her thoughts were often in her Laura's vernacular. In the dark hall, clutching at the newel post on which an Egyptian maiden held aloft a gas burner in a red globe, she extended a foot to a melancholy mulatto woman, who removed her rubbers and then hung her waterproof on the rack beside a silk hat belonging to the late Mr. Payton,—kept there, Mrs. Childs knew, to frighten perennially-expected burglars.

"Thank you, Flora," she said. "Has Mr. Weston come yet?" When Flora explained that Mr. Weston was not expected until later, she started up-stairs,—then hesitated, her hand on the shoulder of the Egyptian maiden; "Mr. Mortimore—he's not about?"

"Land, no, Mis' Childs," the woman reassured her; "he don't ever come down, 'thout his ma or Miss Carter's along with him."

Mrs. Childs nodded in a relieved way, and went on up to the sitting-room where, as she had been warned, she and Mr. Arthur Weston, one of the trustees of what was popularly known as "the old

Andy Payton estate," were to "sit in judgment." "It is hard for Fred to have Mortimore in the house," she thought, kindly; "poor Freddy!"

The sitting-room was in the ell, and pausing on the landing at the steps that led up to it, she looked furtively beyond it toward another room at the end of the narrow hall. "I wonder if Ellen ever forgets to lock the door on her side?" she thought;—"well, Nelly dear, how are you?" she called out, cheerfully.

Mrs. Payton, bustling forward to meet her, overflowed with exclamations of gratitude for her visit. "And such unpleasant weather, too! I do hope you didn't get your feet damp? I always tell Freddy there is no surer way to take cold than to get your feet damp. Of course she doesn't believe me, but I'm used to that. Is William's cold better? I suppose he's glad of an excuse to stay indoors, and read about Bacon and Shakespeare; which was which? I never can remember! Now sit right down here. No, take this chair!"

The caller, moving from one chair to another, was perfectly docile; it was Ellen's way, and Mrs. Childs had long ago discovered the secret of a peaceful life, namely, always, so far as possible, to let other people have their own way. She looked about the sitting-room, and thought that her sister-in-law was very comfortable. "Laura would have teased me to death if I had kept my old-fashioned things," she reflected. The room was feminine as well as old-fashioned; the deeply upholstered chairs and couches were covered with flounced and flowery chintz; on a green wire plant-stand, over-watered ferns grew daily more scraggy and anemic; the windows were smothered by lambrequins and draperies, and beadwork valances draped corner brackets holding Parian marble statuettes; of course there was the usual womanish clutter of photographs in silver frames. On the center-table a slowly evolving picture puzzle had pushed a few books to one side—pretty little books with pretty names, "Flowers of Peace," and "Messages from Heaven,"—most of them with the leaves still uncut. It was an eminently comfortable room; indeed, next to her conception of duty, the most important thing in Mrs. Andrew Payton's life was comfort.

Just now, she was tenaciously solicitous for Mrs.

Childs's ease; was she warm enough? Wasn't the footstool a little too high? And the fire—dear me! the fire was too hot! She must put up the screen. She wouldn't make tea until Mr. Weston came; yes, he had promised to come; and she had told him, frankly, that he had simply got to do something about Freddy. "He's her trustee, as well as mine, and I told him he simply must do something! Now! Isn't it better to have the screen in front of the fire?"

Mrs. Childs said the screen was most comfortable; then added, in uncertain reminiscence: "Wasn't Mr. Weston jilted ages ago by some Philadelphia girl?"

"Oh, dear, yes; so sad, Kate Morrison. She married somebody else, right off. She had such beautiful hair. He went to Europe and was agent for Payton's, until dear Andrew died. You are quite sure you are not too warm?"

"NO, INDEED!" Mrs. Childs said. "How is Mortimore?" It was a perfunctory question, but its omission would have pained Mortimore's mother.

"Very well!" Mrs. Payton said; her voice challenging anyone to suspect anything wrong with Mortimore's health. "He knew Freddy to-day; he was in the hall when she went out; he can't bear her dog, and he—she scolded a little. I'm sure I don't blame him! But he knew her; Miss Carter told me about it when I came in. I was so pleased."

"That was very nice," her visitor said, kindly. There was a moment's silence; then, glancing toward the door between the sitting-room and that room at the end of the ell, she said, hesitatingly, "Nelly, dear, don't you think that perhaps Freddy wouldn't be so difficult, if poor Mortimore were not at home? William says he thinks—"

"My son shall never leave this house, as long as I am in it myself!" Mrs. Payton interrupted, her face flushing darkly red.

"But it is unpleasant for Fred, and—"

"Unpleasant" to have her poor afflicted brother in the house? Bessie, I wouldn't have thought such a thing of you! Let me tell you, once for all, as I've told you many, many times before—never, while I live, shall Mortimore be treated cruelly, and turned out of his own home."

"But William says they are not cruel, at—at those places, and Mortimore, poor boy! would never know the difference."

"He would! Didn't I tell you, he recognized his sister to-day? His sister, who cares more for her dog than she does for him? And he almost always knows me. Bessie, you don't understand how a mother feels!" She had risen and was walking about the room; her fat worn face had sharpened with a sort of animal alertness into power and protection; the claws that hide in every maternal creature slipped out of the fur of good manners: "We've gone all over this a hundred times; I know that you think I am a fool; and I think that you—well, never mind! The amount of it is, you are not a mother."

"My dear! What about my three children?"

"Three healthy children! What do you know of the real child, the afflicted child, like my Mortimore? Why, I'd see Freddy in her grave before I'd—" She stopped short. "I—I love both my children exactly the same," she ended, weakly. Then broke out again: "You and I were brought up to do our duty, and not talk about it whether it was pleasant or unpleasant. And let me tell you, if Freddy would do her duty to her brother, as old Aunt Adelaide did to her invalid brother, she'd be a thousand times happier than she is now, mixing up with all sorts of people and talking about earning her own living! Yes; self-support is the last bee in her bonnet. She uses really vulgar words about women who never worked for their living; you and me, for instance, 'Vermin';—no, 'parasites.' Disgusting! Yes; if Freddy was like her great-aunt Adelaide—" Mrs. Payton, sinking into a chair babbly with springs and down, was calmer, but she wiped her eyes once or twice: "Aunt Adelaide gave up her life to poor Uncle Henry. Everybody says she had lots of beaux! I heard she had seven offers. But she never dreamed of getting married. She just lived for her brother. And they say he was dreadful, Bessie; whereas my poor Mortimore is only—not quite like other people." Mrs. Childs gasped. "When Morty was six months old," Mrs. Payton said, in a tense voice, "and we first began to be anxious about him, Andrew said to the doctor (you know men speak so frankly), 'I suppose the brat has no brains?' and Doctor Davis said, 'The intellect is there, Mr. Payton, but it is veiled.' That has always been such a comfort to me; Morty's intellect is there! And, besides, you must remember, Bessie, that even if he isn't—very intelligent, he's a *woman*, so he's really the head of the family. As for Freddy, as I say, if she would follow her aunt Adelaide's example, instead of reading horrid books about things that when I was a young lady, girls didn't know existed, she'd be a good deal more comfortable to live with. Oh, dear! what am I going to do about her? As I wrote to Mr. Weston, when I asked him to come in this afternoon, what are we going to do about her?"

"What has poor Fred done now?" Fred's aunt asked, trying patiently to shut off the torrent of talk.

MRS. PAYTON drew a long breath; her chin was still unsteady. "It isn't so much what she did, because, of course, in spite of what Mama says, everybody who knows Freddy would know that there was—nothing wrong. But it's her ideas and the way she talks. Really, Bessie—"

"My dear, they all talk most unpleasantly!"

Mrs. Payton shook her fair head. "Your Laura doesn't. I never heard Lolly say the sort of things Freddy does. She calls her father 'Billy-boy.' I know, but that's only fun, though in our day, imagine us calling our fathers by a nickname! No, Bessie, it's Freddy's taste. It's positively low! There is a Mrs. McKenzie, a scrub woman out at the Inn, and she is—you know? It will be the seventh, and they really can hardly feed the six they have. And Freddy, a young girl, actually told Mrs. McKenzie she ought not to have many children!"

"Well, Ellen, if there are too many now, it does seem—"

"But, Bessie! A girl to speak of such things! Why, you and I, before we were married, didn't know—still, there's no use harking back to our girlhood. And as for the things she says! . . . Yesterday I was speaking of the Rev. Mr. Tait, and she said: 'I haven't any use for Tait; he has no guts to him.'"

Mrs. Childs was mildly horrified. "Still, it's only bad taste," she excused her niece. She was fond of this poor, troubled sister-in-law of hers,—but really, what was the use of fussing so over mere bad taste? Over really serious things, such as keeping that poor, dreadful Mortimore about,—Ellen didn't fuss at all! "How queer she is," Mrs. Childs reflected, impersonal, but kindly; then murmured that if she had been unhappy about her children's slang, she'd have been in her grave by this time! "And after all, Ellen, Fred's a dear child, in spite of this thing she's done (you haven't told me what it is yet). She's merely like all the rest of 'em—thinks she knows it all. Well, we did, too, at her age, only we didn't say so. Sometimes I think they are more straightforward than we were. But I made up my mind, years ago, that there was no use trying to run the children on my ideas. Criticism only provoked them, and made me wretched, and accomplished nothing. So, as William says, why fuss?"

"FRED is my daughter, so I have to 'fuss.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Childs, patiently, "what is it?" "Hasn't Laura told you? Mama says everybody is talking about it."

"No; she hasn't said anything."

"My dear, Freddy spent the night at the Inn, with Howard Maitland."

"What?"

"His car broke down—"

"Oh, an accident? You can't blame Fred for that. But why didn't they take the trolley?"

"They just missed the last car."

"Well, they were two careless children, but you wouldn't have had them walk into town, twelve miles, at twelve o'clock at night?"

"I certainly would! Freddy is always telling me I ought to walk to keep down my weight—so why didn't she walk home? And as for their being 'children,' she is twenty-five next month and I am sure he is twenty-seven."

She paused here to wonder about Mr. Maitland; curious that he liked to live alone in that big house on the hill! Pity he hadn't any relatives—a maiden aunt, or anybody who could keep house for him. His mother was a sweet little thing; and did Mrs. Childs recall what very fine manners his father had? Nice that the young man had money.

"He ought to marry," said Mrs. Childs.

"Of course," said Mrs. Payton, then dropped young Maitland and went back to the Inn escapade. "Mama was so shocked when she heard about it that she thought William ought to go and see Mr. Maitland and tell him he must marry her. Of course that is absurd,—Mama belongs to another generation, Freddy did take the trouble to telephone me. But Flora took the message,—poor Flora! she's so low-spirited. Miss Carter says she's in love with one of the men at the livery stable. But he isn't very devoted. Miss Carter says that when I'm out she tries to play hymn tunes on the piano—she's so fond of music. But you know how considerate I am of my servants—I pretend not to know it. Well, I was in bed with a headache (I'd worked all evening on a puzzle, and I was perfectly worn out); so Flora didn't tell me, and I didn't know anything about it until the next morning. It appears Freddy was advising Mrs. McKenzie as to the size of her family, and when Mr. Maitland found he couldn't make his motor go, and told her they must take the trolley, she just kept on instructing Mrs. McKenzie! So they missed the car. She admitted that it was her fault. Well, then— Oh, here is Mr. Weston!"

He came into the room, dusky with the fog that was pressing against the windows, like a slender shadow; a tall, rather delicate-looking man in the late forties, with a handsome, whimsical face, which endeavored, just now, to conceal its boredom.

"Criminal not present?" he said, shaking hands with the two ladies, and peering near-sightedly about.

"Oh, she's off with her dog, walking miles and miles, to keep from getting fat," Mrs. Payton said. She sat down at her tea table, and tried, fustily, to light the lamp under the kettle. "It's wicked to be fat, you know," she ended, with resentful sarcasm; "I wish you could hear Fred talk about it!"

"I WISH I could," Frederick's man of business said, lifting a humorous eyebrow: "I always like to hear Fred talk. Let me fix that lamp for you, Mrs. Payton. I hope I'm thin enough to be moral?"

The two ladies regarded him with maternal eyes, and Mrs. Childs recommended a glass of milk at bedtime. "Be sure it is Pasteurized," she warned him: "my husband always says that's perfect nonsense,—but it's only prudent."

"Wouldn't it be more prudent to omit it entirely?" he said, gravely. It occurred to him that when he had the chance he would tell Freddy that what with Pasteurized milk, and all the other improvements upon Nature, her children would be supermen; "they'll say they were evolved from us," he reflected, sipping his tea, and listening to his hostess's outpourings about her daughter, "as we say we were evolved from monkeys."

Not that Mrs. Payton—telling him, with endless qualifying illustrations, just how "impossible, you know," her Freddy was,—looked in the least like a monkey; she was a large, fair, dull lady, of fifty-seven or thereabouts, who never took any exercise and credited the condition of her liver to Providence; but she was nearly as far removed from Miss Fredericka Payton as she was from those arboreal ancestors, the very mention of whom would have shocked her religious principles, for Mrs. Payton was very truly and humbly religious.

"And church—Freddy never goes to church!" she complained. "She plays tennis all Sunday morning. Rather different from our day, isn't it, Bessie? We children were never allowed even to read secular books on Sunday. Well, I think it was better than the laxity of the present, don't you, Mr. Weston?—though you've lived abroad so much, I suppose it doesn't strike you as it does us. We always wore our best dresses to church, and—"

"MAY I have some more tea, Mrs. Payton?" her auditor murmured, and, the tide of words thus skillfully dammed, he succeeded in learning just what Freddy had actually done. "Yes, cream please; a great deal! (I hope it's Pasteurized?) Well, they were stupid to lose the car. Fred told me about it yesterday; she said it was all her fault, because she was talking to some poor woman about the size of her family,—the two ladies exchanged horrified glances. "Of course, Maitland ought to have broken in on eugenics and hustled her off. But it was an accident, and—"

"Oh," Fred's mother interrupted "of course there was nothing wrong."

Mr. Weston looked at her admiringly; she really conceived it necessary to say such a thing! Those denied ancestors of hers could hardly have been more direct. It occurred to him, still listening gravely, that Fredericka came by her talent for free speech honestly. "With her mother, it is free thought. Fred goes one better, that's all—if you call it better," he qualified, dreamily, reaching for another lump of sugar; and all the while, like the drip from a loose faucet, the complaints flowed steadily on. Once or twice he roused himself from his amused abstraction to murmur sympathetic disapproval. "Of course she ought not to say things like that," he said, not knowing in the least just what she had said.

"She is impossible!" Mrs. Payton sighed; "Why, she said 'Damn,' right out, before the Rev. Mr. Tait!"

"Did she damn Tait? I know him, and really—"

"Well, no; I think it was the weather. But that is nothing to the way she talks about old people."

"About me, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, really no! About you?" Mrs. Payton stammered; "why—how could she say anything about you?" Arthur Weston's eyes twinkled. ("I'll make her tell me what it was!" he chuckled to himself.)

"As for age," Mrs. Childs corroborated mildly, "she seems to have no respect for it. She spoke really rudely to her uncle William about Shakespeare and Bacon. She said the subject 'bored' her."

Mr. Weston shook his head, speechlessly.

"And she said," Mrs. Childs went on, her usual detachment sharpening for a moment into personal displeasure; "she said the ants had no brains; and she knows I'm an ant!"

"Oh, my dear," Fred's mother consoled; "I'm an ant, and she says shocking things to me; once she said the ants were—I really can't say just what she said before Mr. Weston; but she implied they were—merely mothers. And as for her language! I was saying how perfectly shocked my dear old friend, Miss Maria Spencer, was over this Inn escapade; Miss Maria said that if it were known that Freddy had spent the night at the Inn with Mr. Maitland, her reputation would be gone. I told Freddy, and what do you suppose she said? Really, I hesitate to repeat it!"

Mr. Weston's lips drew up for a whistle, but the sensitive and humorous eyebrows gathered into a frown.

"But, dear Ellen, do tell us!" Mrs. Childs broke in; "you keep referring to this awful thing, but not telling us."

"I will tell you; have another sandwich, Bessie? Although it is almost too shocking. She said of my dear old friend,—Miss Spencer used to be my school-teacher, Mr. Weston—'What difference does it make what she said about me? Everybody knows Miss Spencer is a silly old ass.' 'A silly old ass.' What do you think of that?" Mrs. Payton's voice trembled so with indignation that she did not hear Mr. Weston's gasp of laughter. But as she paused, wounded and ashamed, he was quick to console her:

"It was abominably disrespectful!"

"There is no such thing as reverence left in the world," said Mrs. Childs. "my William says he doesn't know what we are coming to. When I was a girl—"

"Oh, there's no use talking about that time, Bessie!"

"Youth is very cruel," Mr. Weston murmured.

Mrs. Payton's eyes filled; "Freddy is cruel," she said, simply. The wounded look in her worn face was pitiful. They both tried to comfort her; they denounced Freddy, and wondered at her, and agreed with Mr. Childs that "nobody knew what we were coming to." In fact, they said every possible thing, except the one thing which, with entire accuracy, they might have said, namely, that Miss Spencer was a silly old ass.

"When I was a young lady," Mrs. Payton said, "respect for my elders would have made such words impossible."

"Even if you didn't respect them, you would have been respectful!" Mr. Weston suggested, gravely.

"We revered age, because it was age," she agreed.

"YES; in those happy days, respect was not dependent upon desert," he said ruefully. (Mrs. Childs looked at him uneasily; just what did he mean by that?) "It must have been very comfortable," he ruminated, "to be respected when you didn't deserve to be. This new state of things, I don't like at all! I find that they size me up as I am, these youngsters, not as what they ought to think I am. One of my nephews told me the other day that I didn't know what I was talking about."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Weston, how shocking!" Mrs. Payton sympathized.

"Well, as it happened, I didn't," he said mildly; "but how outrageous for the cub to recognize the fact."

"Perfectly outrageous!" said his hostess, hotly. "You must have felt just as I do when Freddy says things about her grandmother. The other day, when I told her that my dear mother said that if women had the



And still the three elders wrangled over the outlaw's project, and Laura, sitting on the arm of her mother's chair, listened, giggling once in a while, and saying to herself that Mr. Weston was a perfect lamb!

ballot, chivalry would die out and men wouldn't take off their hats in elevators when ladies were present,—she said. 'Grandmother belongs to the generation of women who were satisfied to have men retain their vices, if they removed their hats.' What do you think of that for a remark for a girl to make about her grandmother! I'm sure I don't know what Freddy's father would have said if he had heard his daughter say such a thing about his mother-in-law."

Mr. Weston, having known the late Andy Payton, thought it unwise to quote the probable comment of the deceased. Instead, he tried to change the subject: "Howard Maitland is a nice chap; I wonder if—" he paused; there was a scuffle on the other side of the closed door; a bellowing laugh, then a whine. Mrs. Childs bit her lip and shivered. Mr. Weston's face was inscrutable: "I wonder," he continued, calmly, though he had to raise his voice, "if Fred will smile on Maitland? By the way, I hear he is going in for conchology seriously."

"Mortimore is nervous this afternoon," Mrs. Payton said, hurriedly; "that horrid puppy worried him. Conchology means shells, doesn't it? Freddy says he has a great collection of shells. I was thinking of sending him that old conch shell I used to use to keep the parlor door open. Do you remember, Bessie? Yes, Mr. Maitland is attentive, but I don't know how serious it is. Of course, I'm the last person to know! Rather different from the time when a young man asked the girl's parents if he might pay his addresses, isn't it? Well, I want to tell you what she said when I spoke to her about this plan of earning her living, and told her that, as Mama says, it isn't *done*; she—"

"Oh, dear! There's the car coming," Mrs. Childs broke in, as the faint tinkle of the mules' bells made itself heard. "Do hurry and tell us, Nelly; I've got to go."

"But you mustn't! I want to know what you think about it all," Mrs. Payton said, distractedly; "wait for the next car!"

"I'm so sorry, dear Ellen, but I really can't," her sister-in-law declared, rising. "Cheer up! I'm sure she'll settle down if she cares about Mr. Maitland."

("I'm out of it!" she was thinking.) But even as she was congratulating herself, she was lost, for from the landing a fresh young voice called out:

"May I come in, Aunt Nelly? How do you do, Mr. Weston! Mama, I came to catch you, and make you walk home. Mama has got to walk, she's getting so fat! Aunt Nelly, Howard Maitland is here; I met him on the doorstep and brought him in."

Chapter II

LAURA CHILDS came into the tepid, fire-lit room, like a little whirl of fresh wind. The young man, looming up behind her in the doorway, clean-shaven, square-jawed, honest-eyed, gave a sunshiny grin of general friendliness, and said he hoped Mrs. Payton would forgive him for butting in, but Fred had told him to call for some book she wanted him to read, and the maid didn't know anything about it.

"I thought perhaps she had left it with you," he said.

Mrs. Payton, conscious, as were the other two, of having talked about the speaker only a minute before, expressed flurried and embarrassed concern. She was so sorry! She knew nothing about the book! Perhaps Fred left it on the table? She got up, and fumbled among the "Flowers of Peace." "You don't remember the title?" she said, solicitously.

He shook his head. "Awfully sorry. I'm so stupid about all these deep books Fred's so keen on. Something about birth-rate and the higher education, I think."

Mrs. Payton stiffened visibly. "I don't know of any such book," she said; then, rather perfunctorily, murmured that he must have a cup of tea.

Again Mr. Maitland was sorry,—"*dreadfully sorry*,"—but he had to go. He went; and the two ladies looked at each other.

"Do you suppose he heard us?"

"I don't believe he did!"

"Nice chap," said Mr. Weston.

On the way down-stairs the nice chap was telling Laura that he had caught on, the minute he got into

that room, that it wasn't any social whirl, so he thought he'd better get out.

"They're sitting on Freddy, I'm afraid," Laura said, soberly; "poor old Fred!"

"Well, I put one over, when I asked for that book," he said; "I bet even old Weston's never read it! Neither have I. But Fred can give us all cards and spades on sociology."

"She's great," Laura agreed; "well, I'm going back to root for her!"

She ran up to the sitting-room again, and demanded tea. Her face, under her big black hat, was like a rose, and her pleasant brown eyes glanced at the three troubled people about the tea table, with all the sweet, good-natured indifference of kindly youth. Somehow, quite unreasonably, their depression lightened for a moment. . . .

"No! No sugar, Aunt Nelly."

"Do you want to be as thin as I am, Miss Laura?" Arthur Weston remonstrated, watching her rub her cool cheek against her mother's, and kiss her aunt, and "hook" a sandwich from the tea table. One had to smile at Laura; her mother smiled, even while she thought of the walk home, and realized despairingly that the car was coming—coming—and would be gone in a minute or two!

"My dear, your father says all this talk about exercise is perfect nonsense. Really, I think we'd better ride," she pled with the pretty creature, who was asking, ruthlessly, for lemon, which meant another delay.

"I'll ring, Auntie; Flora will get it in a minute. Mama, I bet you haven't walked an inch this day! I knew you'd take the car if I didn't come and drag you onto your legs," she ended, maliciously; but it was such a pretty malice, and her face was so gayly amiable, that her mother surrendered. "The only thing that reconciles me to Billy-boy's being too poor to give us an auto is that Mama would weigh a ton if she rode everywhere," Laura said, gravely. "I bet you've eaten six cream cheese sandwiches, Mama? You'll gain a pound for each one!"

"You'll be the death of me, Lolly," her mother

sighed. "I only ate three. Well, I'll stay a little longer, Ellen, and walk part way home with this child. She's a perfect tyrant," she added, with tender, scolding pride in the charming young creature, whose arch impertinence was irresistible.

"Take off your coat, my dear," Mrs. Payton said, putting her niece's hand; "and go and look at my puzzle over on the table. Five hundred pieces! I'm afraid it will take me a week yet to work it out!"—then, in an aside: "Laura, I'm mortified that I should have asked Mr. Maitland the title of that book before you!" Laura opened questioning eyes:—"so indelicate of Fred to tell him to read it! Are you sure, my dear child, your feet are not damp? I always tell Freddy that damp feet—Oh, here's Flora with the lemon. Thank you, Flora. . . . Laura, do you know what Freddy is thinking of doing now?"

"Yes, the real estate business," her niece said, eager to "root." "It's perfectly corking!" Howard Maitland says he thinks she's simply great to do it. I only wish I could go into business, and earn some money."

"My dear, if you will save some money in your own home, you will be just as well off," Mrs. Childs said, dryly.

"Better off," Mr. Weston ventured; "but you won't have so much fun. This idea of hers is a pretty expensive way of making money."

"You know about it?" Freddy's mother said, surprised.

"Oh, yes," he said, with a shrug, "she broke it to me yesterday."

"Just what is her idea?" Mrs. Childs asked, with mild impatience.

"LET me explain it," Frederick's man of business said. . . . and proceeded to put the project into words of three letters, so to speak. Fred had hit on the fact that there are many ladies—lone females, Mr. Weston called them—who drift about looking for apartments. "Nice old maids. I know two of them at this minute, the Misses Graham, cousins of mine in Grafton. They are going to spend the winter in town, and they want a furnished apartment. It must be near a drug store, and far enough from an Episcopal church to make a nice walk on Sundays, fair Sundays. And it must be on the street car line, so that they can go to concerts, with, of course, a messenger boy to escort them; for they 'don't mean to be a burden to a young man'; that's me, I'll have you know! 'A young man!' When a chap is forty-six, that sounds very well. Fred proposes to find shelters for just such people."

The two ladies were silent with dismay and ignorance; Laura, sucking a piece of lemon, and seeing an opportunity to root, said, "How bully to have an office! I'm going to make her take me as office boy."

"The Lord only knows how she got the idea," Arthur Weston went on, "but it isn't entirely bad. I confess I wish her ambition would content itself with a post-office address, but nothing short of a real office will satisfy her. She has her eye on one in the tenth story of the Sturtevant Building; I am on the third, you know. But I think she can do it all on her allowance, though rent and advertising will use up just about all her income."

"I will never consent to it," Mrs. Payton said, angrily. "It is absurd, anyhow! Freddy, to hunt up houses for elderly ladies,—Freddy, of all people! She knows no more about houses, or housekeeping, than—than that fire screen! Just as an instance, I happened to tell her that I couldn't remember whether I had seventy-two best towels and eighty-four ordinary towels, or the other way round; I was really ashamed to have forgotten which it was, and I said I must count them. (Of course, I have the servants' towels, too; five dozen and four, with red borders to distinguish them.) And Freddy was positively insulting! She said women whose minds had stopped growing had to count towels for mental exercise. When I was a girl, I should have offered to count the towels for my mother; but Freddy would never dream of such a thing! I suppose her mind is 'growing' too fast," Mrs. Payton said, sarcastically. "As for her finding apartments for elderly ladies, I would as soon trust a—baby! Do you mean the Mason Grahams, Mr. Weston? Miss Eliza and Miss Mary? I think Mama knows them. Well, I can only say that I should be exceedingly mortified to have the Miss Grahams know that any Payton girl was behaving in such an extraordinary manner. The real estate business! She might as well go out as a servant!"

"She would make more money as a cook," he admitted. But he could not divert the stream of hurt and angry objections. Once Mrs. Childs said to tell Fred her uncle William would say it was perfect nonsense; and once Laura whispered to Mr. Weston that she thought it would be great sport to hunt flats for flatlings; to which he whispered back, "Shoal. 'Wave shoal, Laura!'"

THERE were many shoals in the distressed argument that followed, and even Arthur Weston's most careful steering could not save some bumps and crashes. In the midst of them the car came clattering down the street, and after a while went clattering back; and still the three elders wrangled over the outlaws' project, and Laura, sitting on the arm of her mother's chair, listened, giggling once in a while, and saying to herself that Mr. Weston was a perfect lamb! For there was no doubt about it, he, too, was "rooting" for Fred. He said that he didn't like it; that he didn't think she could earn her salt; but, he understood! And certainly the two pained ladies on either side of the fire never could, and never would "understand."

"I must go," Mrs. Childs said, at last, in a distressed voice: "no, Lolly; we haven't time to walk; we must take the car. Dear Ellen, I know it will be all right. I'm sure William would say so! Don't worry about her."

But when the door closed upon the escaping aunt and the sympathizing cousin, poor Mrs. Payton's worry overflowed into such endless details that at last her hearer gave up trying to comfort her. When he, too, made his escape, he was profoundly fatigued. His plea that Frederick should be allowed to burn her fingers

so that she might learn the meaning of fire had not produced the slightest effect. To everything he said, Mrs. Payton had opposed her outraged taste, her wounded love, her fixed belief in the duty of youth to age. When he ventured to quote that

" . . . it was better Youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Towards making, than repose on aught found made,"

she said poetry was all very well, but that perhaps if the poet or poetess who wrote that had had a daughter, they would think differently. When she was reminded that she, too, had perhaps had different ideas from those of her parents, she said, emphatically, never!—except in things where they had grown a little old-fashioned.

"I don't believe, before I was married—I was twenty-three when I met Mr. Payton; he was twenty years older than I—that I ever crossed Mama in anything more important than in little matters of dress or furnishings. . . . Oh, do look at my puzzle before you go!"

BUT Arthur Weston, almost dizzy with the endless words, had fled. Down-stairs, while he hunted for his hat and coat, he paused to draw a long breath, and throw out his arms, as if he would stretch his cramped mind, as well as his muscles, stiffened by long relaxing among the cushions of the big arm chair. On the street, for sheer relief of feeling the cool air against his face, instead of the warm stillness of Mrs. Payton's sitting-room, he did not halt the approaching car, but strolled aimlessly along the pavement, sticky with fog. "I wonder if she talks in her sleep?" he said to himself: "I don't believe she ever stops! How can Fred stand it?" He knew he couldn't stand it himself. "I'd sell pop-corn on the street corner, to get away from it,—and from Andy's old stovepipe!" It occurred to him that the ideals set forth in Mrs. Payton's ceaseless conversation were of the same era as the hat. "But the hat would fit Fred best," he thought, with a grunt of laughter—"Hello!" he broke off, as, straining back on the leash of an exasperated Scotch terrier, a girl came swinging around the corner of the street, and caromed into him so violently that he nearly lost his balance.

"Grab him, will you?" she gasped; and when Mr. Weston had grabbed, and the terrier was sprawling abjectly under the discipline of a friendly cuff on his nose, she got her breath, and said, panting, "Where do you spring from?"

It was Frederick Payton, her short skirt splashed with mud, and a lock of hair blown across her eyes. She tucked it back, and laughed. "He's a wretch, that pup! I'll give him to you for a present."

"I wouldn't deprive you of him for the world!" he protested, in alarm; "here, let me have the leash."

She relinquished it, and they walked back together toward Payton Street, Zip shambling meekly at their heels.

"Well," she said, thrusting a confiding arm in his, "were you able to move her? Or did she turn Aunt Bessie loose on you, too? I knew Aunt Bessie was to be asked to the funeral. I suppose she talked anti-suffrage, and quoted Uncle William every other minute? Aunt Bessie hasn't had an idea of her own since the year one! I suppose you are about dead?"

"I have felt more lively. Fred, why can't you see your mother's side of it?"

"Why can't she see my side of it?"

"But she thinks—"

"But I think! What I object to in Mother, is that she wants me to think her thoughts. Apart from the question of hypocrisy, I prefer my own." As she spoke, the light of a street lamp fell full on her face,—a wolfish, unhumorous young face, pathetic with its hunger for life; he saw that her chin was twitching, and there was a wet gleam on one flushed cheek. "Besides," she said, "I simply won't go on spending my days as well as my nights in that house. You don't know what it means to live in the same house with—"

"I wish you were married," he said, helplessly; "that's the best way to get out of that house."

SHE laughed, and squeezed his arm. "You want to get off your job?" she said, maliciously; "well, you can't. I'm the Old Man of the Sea, and you'll have to carry me on your back for the rest of your life. No marriage in mine, thank you!"

They were sauntering along now in the darkness, her arm still in his, and her cheek, in her eagerness, almost touching his shoulder; her voice was flip-pantly bitter:

"I don't want a man; I want an occupation!"

"But it isn't necessary, Fred. And besides, there are home duties."

"In our house? Name 'em! Shall I make the soap, or knit Mortimore's stockings? Or do you want me to wait on the table, and put Flora out of a job? No; where people have any money at all, 'home duties,' as far as girls are concerned, are played out. Machinery is the cuckoo that has pushed women out of the nest of domesticity. That's not original with me," she added, honestly, "but it's true. I haven't anything to do at home, so I've got to do something outside!"

"But there are things a girl can do," he began, vaguely, "that are not quite so—"

"Unwomanly? That's Mother's word. Grandmother's is 'unladylike'. Have you ever noticed that everything that is vital, is 'unwomanly'? No, sir! I've done all the nice, 'womanly' things that girls who live at home have to do to kill time. I've painted,—can't paint any more than Zip! And I've shammed. I hate poor people, they smell so. And I've taken singing lessons; I have about as much voice as a crow. My Suffrage League isn't work, it's fun; of course when I make a speech anywhere, I do have to cram; but that's good for me. I might have tried nursing; but Grandmother had a fit; that 'warm heart' she's always handing out, couldn't stand the idea of relieving male suffering. 'What?' she said, 'see a gentleman entirely undressed, in his bed!' I said, 'It would be much more

alarming to see him entirely dressed, in his bed!'" She paused, her eyes narrowing thoughtfully; "It's queer about Grandmother—I don't really dislike her. She makes me mad, because she's such an awful old liar, but she's no fool."

"That's a concession. I hope you'll make as much for me."

"They were poor when she was a girl, and she had to do things—household things, I mean; really *had* to. So she has stuff in her. But she is narrow and coarse. 'See a gentleman in his bed!' And she thinks she's *modest*! But poor dear Mother simply died on the spot, when I mentioned nursing. So I gave that up. Well, I have to admit I wasn't very keen for it; not from modesty, but because I don't like sick people, dressed or undressed."

"They don't like themselves very much, Fred."

"I suppose they don't," she said, absently. "Well, nursing really wasn't my bat, so I have nothing against Mother on that lay. But, you see, I've tried all the conventional things, and I've made up my mind to cut 'em out. Business is the thing for me. Business!"

"But isn't there a question of duty?" he said.

"Do you mean to Mortimore? Poor wretch! That's what Mother harps on from morning to night. What duty have I to Mortimore? I'm not responsible for him. I didn't bring him here. Mother has a duty to him, I grant you. She owes him—good lord, how much she owes him! Apologies, to begin with. What right had she and 'old Andy Payton' to bring him into the world? I should think they would have been ashamed of themselves. Father was old and dissipated; and there was an uncle of his, you know, like Mortimore. His 'intellect was there,' too, but it was very decidedly 'velled'. I suppose Mother has worked that off on you?"

THEY had reached the Payton house by this time, where, through the fanlight over the front door, the red light in the hall was struggling dimly out into the rainy dusk. Frederick, her hand on the gate, stood looking into Arthur Weston's face, with angry, unabashed eyes.

"Don't talk to me about a duty to Mortimore!" she said.

"I meant a duty to your mother. Think of what you owe your mother. This plan of yours makes her very unhappy."

"It isn't real unhappiness; it's only make-believe. The unconventional kills Mother. And as for owing her anything, what do I owe her? Life! Did I ask for life? Was I consulted? Before I am grateful for life, you've got to prove that I've liked living. So far, I haven't. Who would, with Mortimore in the house? When I was a child, I couldn't have girls come and see me for fear he would come shuffling about." He saw her shoulders twitch with the horror of that shuffling. "It makes me tired, this rot about a child's gratitude and duty to a parent! It's the other way round, as I look at it; the parent owes the child a lot more than the child owes the parent. Did 'old Andy' and Mama bring me into this world for my pleasure? You know they didn't! 'Duty to parents,—that talk won't go down,' she said, harshly, and snapped the gate shut between them.

He looked at her helplessly. She was wrong, but much of what she had said was right,—or, rather, accurate. But when, in all the history of parenthood, had there been a time when children accused their fathers and mothers of selfishness, and cited their own existence as a proof of that selfishness?

"Your mother will be very lonely," he said.

She shook her head. "Mother doesn't need me in the least. A puzzle of a thousand pieces is a darned sight more interesting than I am."

"You are a puzzle in one piece," he assured her.

"I'm not as much use to Mother as Father's old silk hat down in the hall; I never scared a burglar yet! I tell you what, Mother and I have about as much in common as—as Zip and that awful iron dog! Mother thinks she is terribly noble, because she devotes herself to Mortimore. Mr. Weston, she enjoys devoting herself! She says she's doing her duty. I suppose she is, though I would call it instinct, not duty. Anyhow, there's nothing noble about it. It's just nature. Mother is like a cat or a cow; they adore their offspring; they ought to! And they ought to lick 'em all over, or anything else that expresses cut love. But you don't say they are 'noble' when they lick 'em! And cows don't insist that other cows shall lick calves that are not theirs. Mortimore isn't mine. Yes; that's where Mother isn't as sensible as a cow. She can give herself up all she wants to, but she shan't give me up. I won't lick Mortimore!" She was quivering, and her eyes were tragic. "Why, Flora has more in common with me than Mother, for Flora is at least dissatisfied—poor old Flora! whereas Mother is as satisfied as a vegetable. That's why she's an anti. No; she isn't even a vegetable; vegetables grow! Mother's mind stopped growing when her first baby was born. Mother and I don't speak the same language. I don't suppose she means to be cruel," she ended, "but she is."

"Did it ever occur to you that you are cruel?"

SHE winced at that; he saw her bite her lip, and for a moment she did not speak. Then she burst out: "That's the worst of it! I am cruel. I say things—and then, afterward, I could kick myself! Yet, they are true. What can I do? I tell the truth,—and then I feel as if I had—had kicked Zip in the stomach!"

"Stop kicking Zip anywhere," he admonished her; "it's bad taste."

"But if I don't speak out, I'll bust!"

"Well, bust," he said, dryly; "that's better than kicking Zip."

Her face broke into a grin. "You're a fine old bird," she said, and leaned over the gate to give his arm a squeeze. "I don't know how I'd get along without you," she told him. "Darn that pup!" she said, and dashed after Zip's trailing leash.

Arthur Weston, looking after her, laughed, and waved his hand. "How young she is! Well, I'll put the office business through for her." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

"By Parcel Post, Insured"

A Christmas love story by SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

NINA was counting her towels. She sat on the floor beside the carved oak dower chest that was the pride of her life, and handled the fine linen lovingly. "Three dozen with fringe, one dozen plain huck with initials, one dozen damask with monogram, two dozen hemstitched, two dozen Italian linen, four dozen bath—and one dozen guest towels marked with cross-stitch," she murmured. "Oh-h, but I like 'em!"

Marion, the younger of the two Scott girls, poked her head in at the door, and Bulger, her dog and inseparable follower, poked his head in too. "Here you are," she said. "I believe you count those towels every day, twice a day, and three times on Sundays."

"But they are lovely, Marion," pursued Nina, unabashed by her sister's criticism, "and I like to think how I've worked over them and hemstitched and embroidered—"

"And cross-stitched and back-stitched and running-stitched and cat-stitched," sang Marion, coming into the pretty blue and ivory bedroom and throwing herself down in the biggest arm chair. "Well, well,"—she regarded her sister with affectionate humor—"tis a fine thing to be engaged, even if it is to a red-headed man. Honest, Nina, I don't see how you dare."

Nina smiled at this. Then she twisted her lovely, regular features into a bad-boy grimace at her sister.

"I'd throw a pillow at you, if there was one handy," she said, closing the chest and getting up from the floor lazily. "Let me tell you, miss, that, despite your taunts, I don't believe that Ken and I are ever going to quarrel. Oh, you may laugh, but I'd be ashamed to bicker and squabble and fuss as I see so many people do." She paused. "But I wish," she went on a little wistfully, "that Ken wouldn't be so impatient with me sometimes when the other boys are pleasant to me, I don't flirt—I never did." She looked down at the big lustrous pearl that made her engagement ring. "I just say to myself that it's because he cares—so much."

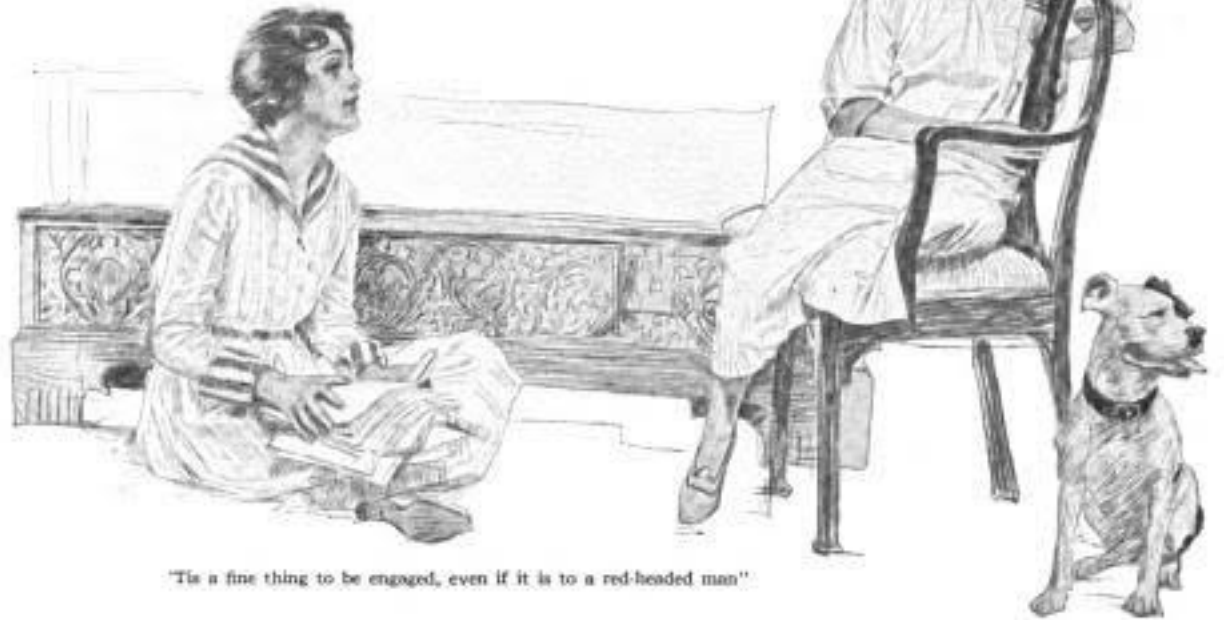
Marion gave her a questioning, sideways glance. "Of course that's it, angel," she said warmly. "He forgets that you've known all these boys all your life and the most of 'em are like brothers or cousins to you. Anyway, I read somewhere that a man who isn't jealous, isn't in love."

The little shade that had come over Nina's face passed away.

"Maybe that's so," she admitted softly, as if adding the last touch to her own conviction.

Marion got up and went out of the room abruptly. "I forgot Mother told me to see to the dessert," she called back; but outside the door she stopped and shook her fist at the air. "Ken isn't one millionth good enough for her," she thought angrily, "the jealous pig!"

Yet, truthfully, Marion was not fair to Ken in her condemnation of him as a jealous pig. He was not a



"Tis a fine thing to be engaged, even if it is to a red-headed man"

jealous pig, by any means; but he was—let us admit it now—a somewhat hasty young man and his temper sometimes got him into awkward situations. He was inclined to be suspicious of any other man who paid Nina the slightest tribute of attention or admiration, and this Marion naturally resented, for she adored Nina as only a younger sister can adore an elder who seems to her absolutely perfect in every way.

To-day she bent in some very harsh thoughts of Ken with the eggs that went into her meringue. It was part of Mrs. Scott's wise household régime that her two daughters should learn cooking in the home kitchen; nor was their experience confined to desserts. Ken Carpenter had assured Nina jokingly that the real reason he had fallen in love with her was because she could make such delicious hot biscuits. Whereupon Nina had affected a great wonder as to what could possibly have made her fall in love with him.

But as a matter of fact, she did not wonder at all. She could have told you a dozen reasons, if reasons were needed. He was so dear—so true—so kind—so manly. He had earned his living ever since he was fourteen, through college and all. Wasn't that wonderful? And now old Mr. Blaine Carpenter, his uncle, was going to make him the general manager of his big lumber business! Where was there another young man of Ken's age who had reached such a height of worldly success? Moreover, he was good-looking, and he played tennis well, and he was jolly and had nice manners, not only among young people, but with the elders, too. These were some of the points in Nina's catalogue of Ken's charms and virtues.

She was thinking about him now, while Marion made her pudding. She could not decide whether to put on the white serge dress he liked so well, or a newer crêpe de chine, golden-brown, with a soft fichu. She took down the white serge, only to get it half buttoned and then slip it off again and put on the crêpe de chine, because she suddenly thought of how lovely the topaz pin Ken had given her would look with it. She dressed quickly, ran downstairs to take a look at the dinner table, welcomed her father, who tossed her the evening paper, and then decided that as there was at least half an hour before dinner she might run over some of her new music. Ken would be sure to want to hear it when he came in the evening, for he liked to have her play to him. Before the time seemed half gone, the dinner gong was sounding.

At table Mr. Scott paused, after getting through the intricacies of carving, to look innocently at Nina.

"Is there any chance that you'll see Ken within the next day or two?" he asked.

"I hardly know," answered Nina with pretended gravity. "Of course, he'll probably drop in sometime next week..."

And then they laughed. It was a little comedy that they played in some form or other every evening. Every member of the family knew that Ken would be there that evening, just as he was there seven evenings of each week.

"Well," said Mr. Scott, again taking up the foolery. "If you should happen to see Ken any time before the first of the month, you might tell him that if he'll drop round to the bank I'll see about that discount matter we were talking of. But there's no hurry. Still, if you should see him, you might mention it."

Father and daughter laughed again. They were great chums—there had always been a special understanding between them since Nina's romper days,

when she had insisted that she was her father's little boy and bitterly resented it if told that she would grow up into a lady like Mother. As she grew older, he was still her confidant and friend. He pretended that Nina's engagement to Ken had put his nose frightfully out of joint; but in reality, though he certainly felt paternal twinges of regret at letting her go, he was glad that she was to marry young; and he knew beyond any shadow of doubt, for he had quietly and thoroughly investigated, that Ken Carpenter was "all right." If he had not been, heaven and earth would not have made John Scott give his consent to the match.

After dinner, Nina went back to the piano, and her father came to sit near her and listen, though he pretended to be reading. At last the doorbell rang and Nina jumped up and ran out into the hall to meet Ken.

"Get your hat on," commanded that young man, holding his own in his hand, "and we'll go to the movies. It's a gorgeous night and we'll walk down and just be in time for the first show. They're going to put on some local films; Ted Jamison told me about them—the Labor Day parade, and the high school kids having a fire drill, and some dandy inside views of the big mills, with the workmen and everything."

In a few minutes Nina came down in her little close hat and coat of brown corduroy, and they swung out into the starlit night. It was cool for September, crisp and invigorating. They were both good walkers and wasted no time. Nina slipped her hand into Ken's, shyly yet tenderly, and they walked thus, hand in hand like children, until they came to the brightly lighted streets down-town.

The first show at the movies is always made up largely of children, giggling, pushing, restless youngsters who are excited into further restlessness by the flicker of the film and the knowledge that accustomed authority for the moment is far away—usually at home washing the supper dishes or reading the evening paper. There are some older people, too, the sort who "want to get to bed early." Nina and Ken had no difficulty in finding good seats, not too far front, and in the semi-darkness of the theatre they settled themselves comfortably.

There was a "funny" film first, and the theatre was filled with shouts from the children to whom the antics of the comedian appealed. Then "by special arrangement," as the announcer informed them, they were to see a number of "superior local films, representing interesting and thrilling scenes of life in our own city."

They began with views of the big mills, the workmen going in, punching the time clock, taking up their tasks. The great cranes rose and lifted majestically, and pigmy men ran here and there directing them. They were good pictures; the photographer had done better than he knew in presenting an epic of labor.

Then came the fire drills of the city schools. Here the children were again overjoyed. "Look—there's Billy!" or "Sammy," or "Mary," came the calls. "Look! Look!" They recognized themselves and their brothers and sisters and chums in a perfect frenzy of joy, and when Fatty Tener, whose name denoted his figure, rolled plumply out on the big fire-escape, every child in the place set up a howl of joy.

The last film was the Labor Day parade.

"I want to see this," said Nina, "for I saw the parade and I saw the man making the picture, too. You were up in Michigan over Labor Day, remember?"

Ken nodded. "It's a good film," he commented as it began.

Then, suddenly, with a laugh and a start, Nina grasped Ken's arm.

"Why—there I am," she said. "Look—over there at the left! Oh—how funny!"

They stared, both of them. There she was, indeed, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, watching the men march by, quite intently. Then something else happened.

A young man pressed his way through the crowd and stood beside her, speaking to her.

"Dick Reynolds," murmured Nina.

She saw herself in the picture shake hands with Dick, and they stood there [CONTINUED ON PAGE 56]



Marion clenched her fists. "I'd like to beat you!" she said

Chloe Malone

who made up her mind to
marry a millionaire

A LOVE STORY

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

PART II



Chloe

IN PART ONE *Chloe Malone, who has made up her mind to marry a millionaire, makes her debut at the old French Opera House. On the way there her borrowed motor takes the wheel off a young man's taxicab. Chloe and her mother take him in their car to the railroad station. He doesn't look like a millionaire, but he's an Adventure.*

Chloe lives in old New Orleans, where her ancestors danced minuets, and fought under the Duelling Oaks. She thinks her little French mother has endured poverty long enough. Hence the search for the millionaire. She had not counted on the Adventure.

WHEN Chloe Malone, on the night of her appearance as a debutante in the little world which had knelt to her mother's shoe buckles, and her grandmother's before her, descended from her hired limousine at the old French Opera House on Bourbon Street, she was humming a tune.

Her mother observed it. The hired chauffeur whom Chloe, for reasons of her own, delicately addressed as Boggs, observed it—and while the mother sighed, Boggs, the retainer, smiled. Boggs knew the tune. Mrs. Malone did not. She fancied it a snatch of Grieg, such was the springtime magic of Chloe's soft rendering; but Boggs recognized beyond dispute—he had at once an ear and a heart—the simple strains of a popular melody.

Touching his leather cap, one hand on the limousine door, Boggs ventured an entirely respectful pleasantry.

"The gentleman sure did have to get out, miss," said Boggs, grinning fatuously. "A little closer and we'd 'a' took off the whole side of his taxi. Get out and get under is right."

Mrs. Malone, to whom the latter phrase was Greek in any but a purely literal sense, drew Chloe gently away from the proletarian contact.

"It was unfortunate," she said, at once establishing, by the lift of her eyebrow and the soft chilliness of her voice, the proper gulf between, "an unfortunate accident, but I am sure you did not make it—it was not your fault."

Boggs gaped momentarily, and recovered himself.

"It has made us a little late, perhaps," Mrs. Malone continued in her stiff, pretty English, "but that also is not your fault—no. I do not blame you for it."

She added with a thoughtful brow: "You may come back for us at eleven," and ascended the steps of the Opera House.

Chloe followed meekly, almost demurely, but not before bestowing upon the injured Boggs a smile such as a queen may bestow upon the humblest yet most deserving of her subjects.

Upon the way to the proscenium box, Mrs. Malone shivered.

"Indeed, an unfortunate accident!" she repeated, and whispered the name of a saint.

"But an adventure, *chère petite*," objected Chloe.

"Me, I have no heart for adventures," murmured the mother. She added regretfully, "We are late. . . . Listen! Constantino!"

From the dusky heart of the house a silver flame of



"If you ever want anything of me," she finished recklessly, "ask it—that's all!"

sound shot up and hung upon the air.

Mrs. Malone stepped softly, she held up a hand for silence, and, still following, Chloe came lightly into the box of her godmother, Madame Lejeune, and slipped into a chair.

Not until the last note of "Celeste Aida" had died away into an enraptured silence, did Madame Lejeune bestow upon the late-comers other than an affectionate smile, and the warning gesture of a small, heavily-ringed old hand. Then, however, she turned in her chair and put her fingers to her eyes.

"He makes me weep, that man!" she observed with a delightful affectation of emotion. "While he sings I am young, and I love. Chloe, my child, you are charming! The frock is ravishing. If I were a man I should wish to devour you. The flowers! From whom? A poet. I perceive: lilies of the valley, the simplicity of riches. Who is your poet, Chloe?"

"My lilies came from Rheames," said Chloe primly. She touched them with warm, caressing finger tips.

Madame Lejeune looked at Mrs. Malone, smiling a little, and Mrs. Malone smiled back with a suggestion of weariness.

"I selected them myself," she admitted. "I am her poet, Cousin Margot."

"You are well?" Madame Lejeune demanded sharply. "Your eyes seem too dark."

Mrs. Malone shrugged and laughed, leaning farther back into the shadow.

"Absurd!" she murmured, and Madame Lejeune, reassured, turned again to her godchild.

"Well, my little one, you are very happy to-night, eh?" Chloe, who had been looking rather steadily at her



Dan

mother, drew a long breath and smiled adorably.

"I feel," she said solemnly, "like a princess in a fairy tale, and you look like the fairy godmother."

"So I do," the little old lady replied with equal gravity. "I observed it myself as I dressed to-night. You like this gown, then?"

"It looks," said Chloe, "like moonlight on a rose garden."

Madame Lejeune nodded and smiled. Above the careful rose and ivory of her beautiful old face, the white waves of her hair glinted into a structure of undeniable artistry. Her shoulders showed almost as smooth as a girl's, although the gown of silver brocade bared them in a décolletage much more daring than Chloe's own. Pearls glowed lucently about the fairy godmother's neck. Her hands, those cruel tell-tales, small but veined and wrinkled with time, bore many rings. She folded her fingers lightly about the crook of an ebony cane which leaned against her chair, and her smile took on a certain malicious quality that was yet full of tenderness for the young thing beside her.

"All that the wicked world can give me, I need," she said. "Silver brocades and pearls, rings and silly feathers in my hair. As for you, my little one, a white frock, lilies in your arms, and they shall all be at your feet I promise you—the poet and the rest of them."

"When they arrive, at my feet," Chloe commented calmly. "I must tell them to look at my slippers—they cost us a frightful amount, those slippers. I should not like them to pass unnoticed."

"*Bébé!*" jeered Madame Lejeune. "Any slipper is made of glass that has the foot of a pretty woman inside."

She put a lorgnon of exquisitely tarnished gold to her eyes, and looked out across the box rail into the great, dark, murmurous shell that was the house.

"The Renaud girls are here to-night," she said, with a delightfully confidential little air. "Three old roses toughly clinging to the parent stem. Regard them, little one; their smiles grow firmer every year. Mrs. Martin is in her box, with the British Consul's wife. She has done

her hair in that mad new way with a curl smeared across one cheek. Her grandmother was a lady—you might not think it. I am sorry for Henri Martin. He has a young man with him, by the way, whom I wish him to present to you."

Chloe, who had been looking out into the shadowy horseshoe, her dark eyes wide with excitement, her soft cheeks flushed, her lips trembling to a smile, turned upon her godmother the flash of a radiant glance.

"Is he a millionaire, your young man?" she inquired superbly.

Madame Lejeune's laugh was like a cracked silver bell.

"*Mais, enfin!* Is he a millionaire—my young man? You do not ask, is he a poet, or an artist, or even a lover? Why is that, little one?"

Over the green and white of her valley lilies, Chloe lifted daring eyes. Her youth shone in the tarnished magnificence of the box like a pearl on a dusty red velvet cushion.

"I shall have no time for poets, or artists," she said. "Perhaps not even for lovers. I intend to marry a millionaire, so that my mother can have her breakfast in bed every morning."

Madame Lejeune laughed again, delightedly; but Mrs. Malone, who had been sitting still and rather pale, put out a protesting hand. She sounded very tired and somehow uneasy.

"Chloe! They will not know if you jest—"

"I do not jest," Chloe asserted calmly. The little tinge of French that always colored her speech with her mother grew clearer. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 49]

TO MOTHERS, EVERYWHERE: When you are decorating the tree for your own "Dear Child," put aside the tinsel and toys for a moment and ask yourself if another little boy like Tony of this story is looking longingly toward you through the "Window Across."

A Christmas for Tony

By ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATION IN COLOR FROM A PAINTING

BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



LITTLE Anthony punched his small, hard pillow, to make it as large as possible, so that his head would come well above the level of the window sill. Wonderful, thick, Christmas-looking snow was falling, though it wanted two

days yet to Christmas.

"Mother!" he cried, "I wish all the snow in the world would come and fall in front of our window!"

"It looks as if it had come," said Mother Margaret.

That was what he usually called her—Mother Margaret: "Because that's your name!" he said. "Everybody calls you Margaret, in letters. Nobody but me says 'Mother.'"

"You want your head to be higher, don't you?" she said now, and put down the paper roses which, all day long, she made for a great factory.

She brought him her own pillow, and under that she folded a bed-comforter. The poor little room had not a single cushion.

"Now!" she cried, "you can see all the snow there is." At any rate, Anthony could see nothing but snow—snow, and the dim rectangle of the Window Across.

The Window Across was the back window of an apartment which faced the avenue. Anthony's window faced the court, and was over a store. There were three floors of families over the store, because the rooms were too old and inconvenient to use for offices. The Window Across had thin rose silk curtains at the easement and often, in the evening, one could look straight through to the front window and see bright moving figures and an unbelievable dinner table, all made of bright things. And two or three times, for ecstatic minutes, a little girl had come and stood at the Window Across. Once, indeed, she had come right away out on the fire-escape and stood there, dancing and laughing in the cold, until a white-capped maid had run in a panic and carried her in. Anthony's window had been open then, and he had heard the maid cry: "Dear child!"

So he always called her Dear Child.

He lay now looking through the snow to the Window Across, and imagining that the snow lay so deep that they were at last obliged to make a tunnel from one window to another, so that anybody could get out at all. But it was always he and Mother Margaret who went down the tunnel to the Window Across—never the others who came up, because the little room was so bare and so shabby and so unlike the room he imagined beyond the rose silk curtains. And always he was well and strong instead of obliged to lie in bed, as he had lain now for almost a year, to give strength to the poor back, wrenched and threatened by a fall. Suddenly, as he looked, a beautiful thing happened. The silk curtains parted in the Window Across, the white-capped maid stood there, and she hung in the window a great wreath of Christmas holly tied with a scarlet bow.

Anthony sat up, and cried out and waved his thin little arms.

"Mother Margaret, Mother Margaret!" he cried. "Look—oh, look—at!"

Mother Margaret came and looked, and she exclaimed too, with something of pleasure—but through the pleasure there went darting and stabbing a pain which had been coming again and again these past few days; and as Christmas Day drew nearer, it had been hurting her more and more. It had come that morning when she had first waked. And she had said to herself, for the hundredth time:

"What is the use? You can buy him some fruit—a big orange and a red apple. You can manage a little something for Christmas dinner. But you can't do anything else, and what is the use in thinking about it?"

She put down her paper flowers now, and went over to Anthony's bed.

"Tony, dear," she said, "I believe you're thinking about Christmas."

He looked up, bravely and brightly.

"No, Mother, truly," he said, "I wasn't thinking about it hardly at all."

She sat down on the bedside and took his hand. "You do know, don't you, love," she said, "that Mother Margaret can't—she sure-enough can't—do anything for our Christmas this year? But another year—"

"Yes, yes!" Tony agreed eagerly. "another year!"

"This year things are bad enough," she said; "but if Mother thought that—somewhere in his little heart, he wasn't quite believing her, and was thinking that maybe, maybe some kind of Christmas would come to him, why, then—"

Her voice stopped of its own will—stopped, and steadied itself bravely, and went on again:

"Why, then," she said, "Mother just couldn't bear it at all."

"Truly, Mother, truly!" said Anthony. "I know we can't—I do know. Oh, but—why, Mother Margaret! That's what makes it so nice to see the wreath! It's just as if we almost had a wreath in our window— isn't it, though?"

"Almost, almost," she said, and went back to her paper flowers. She had six dozen red roses to make before Christmas Eve.

"And then the snow," Anthony was saying eagerly. "Why, Mother, it's like all the Christmas pictures,

It's like the Christmas cards. And oh, Mother,—think! It's just as nice and white for us as if we lived no matter where!"

"Yes," said his mother bitterly, "the snow and the cold are about the only things that are the same for us as for everybody."

Anthony half closed his eyes and lay watching happily. Mother Margaret went on with her roses. As she worked, her lips were moving. But she was not counting the petals, as one would have supposed. She was counting, as she almost always counted, what she had in her purse and what she must spend. And when one counts like this, all day long, it begins to show in one's face, in one's voice, in all one's ways. Anthony was seven. It was six years since his father had died. And every year of these six years she had been fighting to keep Anthony with her. But this meant that she counted all day long.

At five o'clock Mother Margaret went out with half her roses. At the factory she sent them in and asked, as she did each time, for more tissue paper. The manager looked doubtful. Had she enough to finish her order? Oh, yes, she said; but she carried a little back at each delivery. The man returned. She would have to wait—everyone was busy with the rush mail orders. They could give out no paper till Monday.

As she went out, she lingered and looked about her. She did not guess what a pretty picture she made in her old brown coat and hat which just matched her eyes. What about all these women, she was wondering. Some of them must have little children at home. And they must have to count almost as much as she counted. She wished that she knew how they meant to manage about Christmas. Was there anything that she could do, if she knew how to do it, for Anthony's Christmas?

A middle-aged woman was packing boxes near her. Mother Margaret went shyly to her.

"I wonder," she said, "could you tell me anything you know how to do for a child's Christmas? Something that won't—that doesn't—"

The woman leaned on the box for a moment. She nodded comprehendingly.

"Why," she said, "no. Everything costs now. Did you ever try using the flowers?"

"The flowers?" Mother Margaret questioned.

"They decorate grand," said the woman. "You can get a lot made up ahead, and string them around the room. You can make a tree look lovely with 'em, and nothing else. And it don't hurt 'em none. Take 'em down, and they're like new."

Why had she never thought of that! She thanked the woman joyfully.

Mother Margaret flew along the street for the mile which she walked to save car fare, her head filled with visions. The pink and white and green tissue paper was there in their room; it was not hers, and it had not occurred to her that she could use it. But, just for one evening to borrow the flowers before she sent them out—oh, nobody could mind that. She could make the room beautiful, she could make a tree beautiful! But she knew she could not afford a tree.

There was one thing, however, which Mother Margaret could do. She had brought her library card in expectation of it. She went into the little branch library near where she lived, and eagerly to the desk. In these days before the holidays there was almost no one in the room. The pleasant-faced young woman at the desk had time to greet her with unusual cordiality.

"Oh," said Mother Margaret, her cheeks flushed from her long walk, "I want you to find me a book. A book that a little child will like. A book all pictures. A Christmas book, if you can."

"That ought to be easy," the pleasant-faced young woman said, and went with her to the shelves, asking questions.

At the first book which she found and offered, Mother Margaret shook her head.

"No," she said, "it's got to be—to be larger than that. Thicker. I mean—it's got to last longer. You see," she explained, flushing still more, "I want it to last my little boy all day long, on Christmas. It's about the only Christmas he's going to have."

"I see," said the woman quietly.

"And then," Mother Margaret said, "if you had something about modeling. About modeling in clay—"

"Does your little boy model in clay?" the librarian asked.

Mother Margaret flushed again. "He never has had any clay or any tools," she said; "but he loves to read about it."

They found two books, one on clay modeling, and one with many pictures, and a story of somebody's wonderful Christmas that came when none was ex-

pected. Then the librarian considered for a moment, looking at a colored sheet of birds on the bulletin-board; she took down the poster, rolled and tied it and, from a bowl on her desk, fastened a sprig of holly in the cord.

"Flowers and birds and a piece of holly!" Mother Margaret cried, and thanked her joyfully.

She bought her red apple and a great orange, looked longingly at a window of chocolates, and ran home with her treasures.

As she was leaving the things in the sitting-room, on her own bed, she heard Anthony calling her.

"Mother—oh, Mother! Come here!" he shouted excitedly. When she ran to him he was sitting up—his face as near to the window as he could get.

"Look at! Look at!" he said. "They've brought home their Christmas tree! They've hid it on the fire-escape!"

And there, leaning against the wall of the fire-escape, outside the Window Across, was a beautiful, tapering evergreen tree, sent home for Christmas and hidden outside there, unquestionably to surprise the Dear Child.

Anthony and his mother sat on the bed and looked at this tree. And presently they began to plan. On the very tip-top would be the star—or would it be the angel? They decided on the star. Below would come the ornaments, the candles, the nuts wrapped in silver paper, the pink hanging bags of candy, the pop-corn strings. All this Mother Margaret arranged, because she had seen many Christmas trees, and Anthony never had seen any. But there was one thing that he could plan.

"And then," he said, "right close under the tree, would be the box all full of clay and things to model with!"

"Yes," Mother Margaret agreed, with a catch in her voice. "That should be there, without a doubt." Then she whispered to him.

"Tony, dear," she said. "I've no Christmas for you. But I have got a little surprise."

Her heart ached at the leaping delight in his eyes as he looked up at her.

"Not a gift, dear," she hastened to say. "Just a little something for us to look at—oh, Tony, it isn't much at all!" she broke off.

"Why, Mother," Tony said, "a little much is almost as nice as a great big much, you know!"

The gaiety with which she had come in was slipping away, now that she had seen the tree for the Dear Child. Presently she went in the other room and opened the box where she kept the tissue paper. But the flowers would be something, after all, in the dull little room on Christmas Day. She lifted out the sheets, and stood staring at them. There were not more than three dozen sheets, and she had three dozen of the roses yet to make. One rose required a sheet of paper. These must be delivered by Christmas Eve—to-morrow night! No more paper would be given out till Monday. She could not even have the flowers for Anthony on Christmas day. . . .

If only Christmas were to-morrow!

She went back into Anthony's room and sat down beside his bed. She dreaded to tell him that even the poor "little much" of a surprise was not to be his. She put it off until they should have had their supper. After supper, in the dark, they could just see the tall shadow of the Christmas tree leaning against the opposite wall in the snow. Presently the Window Across flamed bright with the lighted globes within the room.

The tall Christmas tree there against the wall! Mother Margaret sat and stared at it. It seemed such a waste that it should be there all this time, with no one enjoying it. It seemed such a waste that it should stand there to-morrow, with no one enjoying it. It would be just as beautiful, decorated now, as it would be on Christmas Day. . . .

And then Mother Margaret's heart stood still at what it thought. But it thought about it once, it thought about it twice, and then it began to beat as Mother Margaret's heart did not often beat any more. She sprang up and stood looking out the window, across the court to the tree. Could she possibly bring herself to do it? Would she dare? What would they think—what would they do— Oh, but she must try!

"Tony," she said, "Mother must go out again now, for a few minutes."

She slipped down to the street, and around the corner to the avenue. There was no difficulty in distinguishing the apartment building. She walked boldly in the door and to the elevator.

"Fourth," she said with confidence.

The white-capped maid opened the door. She looked at Mother Margaret as a stranger, and Mother Margaret wanted to say: "Oh, but I know you very well!" Only, when she had seen her before, in the Window Across, she had looked quite small and like anybody; whereas she seemed now a person towering infinitely tall.

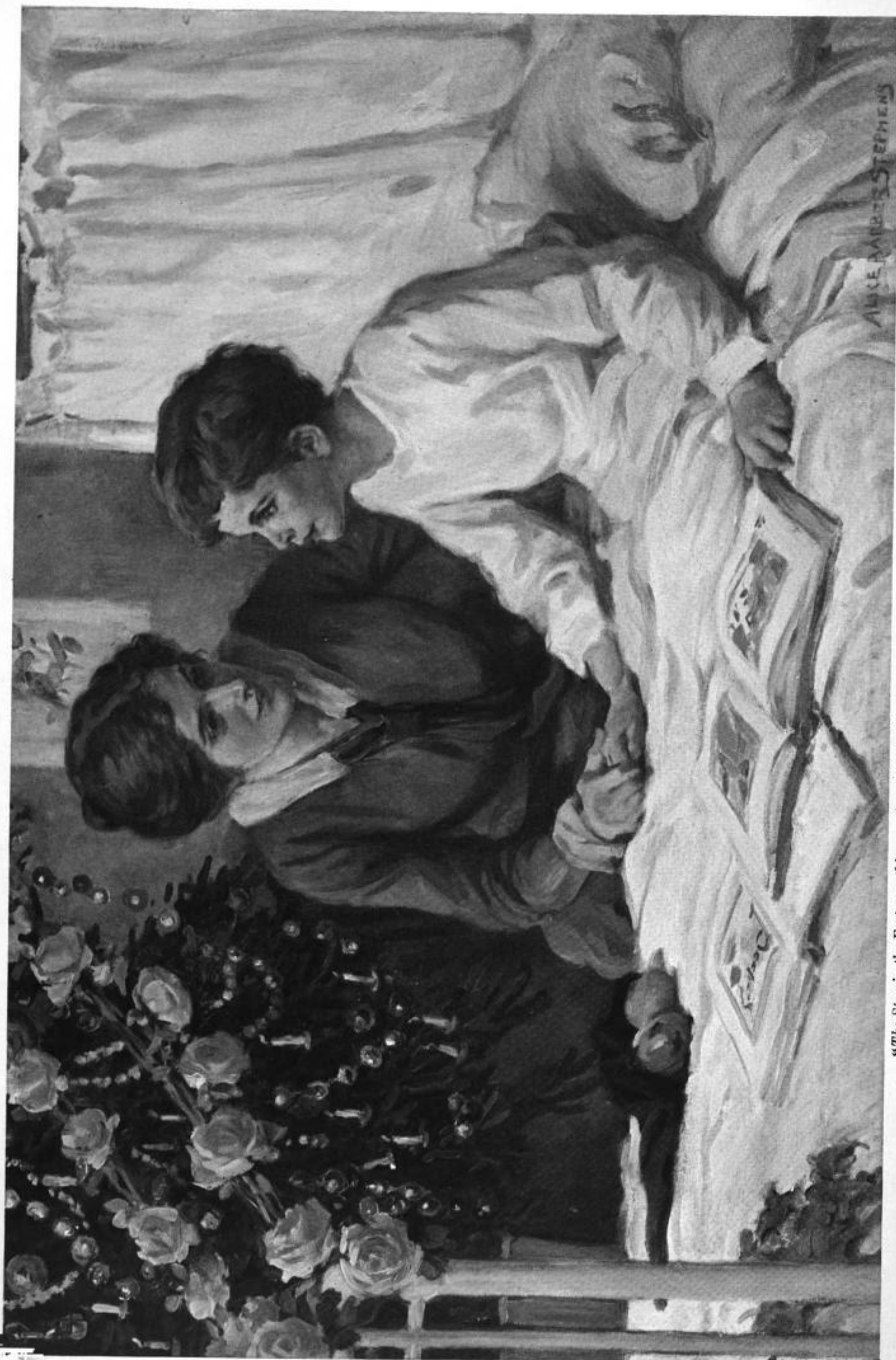
"I want," said little Mother Margaret, quite loud and bold, "to see your mistress. At once."

The maid looked at her perplexedly. Small and pretty persons in shabby brown with nice voices and the ways of a lady did not often come knocking at this door demanding to see the mistress, and not by name. "I don't think—" the maid began doubtfully.

"Tell her that I shall not keep her," said Mother Margaret clearly. "But I must see her. Tell her that I do not know her, but that I am her neighbor, across the court."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 11]





ALEX. MARRIS STEPHENS

"The Star in the East was this morning, Mother Margaret. It seems true, now I've seen my tree," said Tony

Then the maid gave way. There is something about that word "neighbor" that is a talisman. With, "I'll see," the maid ushered her in. She stood weakly in the small and pretty reception-room while the maid went to call her mistress. Then there came a step, and a voice.

Mother Margaret hardly looked at this woman. She saw someone in gray, with a practical face of concern; then she saw nothing but direct and rather pleasant eyes looking into hers.

"Madam," said Mother Margaret, simply, "you have out on your fire-escape a little Christmas tree. Christmas isn't till day after to-morrow. To-morrow, for a little while, could you lend me that tree?"

"Lend you—?" repeated the woman, uncertainly. "I live just back of you," Mother Margaret went on breathlessly. "I saw the tree. I thought—if you could lend it to me a little while to-morrow—oh, just as it is! and just till you get ready to trim it. I could bring it back quite promptly. Nothing should happen to it. And I could fix it up—just for a little while. My—my little boy never has seen a tree trimmed," she added.

"My dear!" said the woman.

This, Mother Margaret thought, would be an exclamation at the impossibility of doing anything so wild. She looked miserably down at the floor. And so she did not see someone else come into the room, until a soft quick step was close beside her.

"Why," this newcomer said, "Mother! This is a friend of mine!"

Then Mother Margaret looked up, straight into the eyes of the pleasant-faced woman of the library.

"Oh!" cried Mother Margaret. "Oh!" And for a moment said no more. "I never knew I was going to ask this of you—when you've done so much!" she cried at last.

She turned to the older woman in mute apology.

And she was actually filled with wonder when she saw that the eyes of the older woman were shining with tears.

They went into the little living-room and talked it over, how it could be managed. The two women saw—because they looked with the heart—that there must be no thought of the gift of another tree. It must be just as Mother Margaret had suggested. The tree must be lent for a part of to-morrow, and returned in time for them to trim it on Christmas Eve.

"For the Dear Child," said Mother Margaret; and then blushed beautifully. "Tony and I call her that," she said.

With that, they called the Dear Child to the room. The white-capped maid was putting her to bed, and brought her in, partly undressed, with surprisingly fat legs and arms and surprisingly thick curls.

"Honey," the older woman said, "a little boy lives across the court. This is his mama."

The Dear Child opened wide eyes.

"I know that litly bit o' boy," she announced. "He—he—lives in the bed!"

"Yes," Mother Margaret said sorrowfully, "he lives in the bed."

"Say him a kiss," the Dear Child said sleepily, and was carried back to her undressing.

So then it was arranged that when the maid was free, she should come bringing the Christmas tree round to the door of Mother Margaret's flat.

"I could carry it," Mother Margaret insisted.

But no, it must be, it seemed, exactly as they said. Mother Margaret must be there to have left the outer door ajar, and to amuse the little boy and keep his attention while the tree was put into the other room. She must pin a handkerchief on the open door so that there should be no mistake. And then on no account must she leave the little boy when she heard the tree set in the other room, or else he would hear, and wonder.

der. Would she do all this, exactly as they told her to?

There was no thanking them. Perhaps Mother Margaret's broken words, though, were better thanks than any perfect utterance.

She ran home, through a maze of lights and windows which danced and nodded and all but held out their hands. It is strange and sorrowful, at Christmas time, how much more, if you are going to have Christmas joy, the lights and windows seem to mean Christmas than if you are going to have none.

When she went in she saw that Tony had fallen asleep. His little pillow was still bunched, hard and round, on her own and on the folded quilt. And his face was still turned toward the Window Across.

She sat down to wait. She would not wake him. Until after the maid had been there with the tree, she would not even risk lighting the gas and working at the flowers. She sat almost an hour in the dusk. The outer door of the other room was standing faithfully ajar, with a handkerchief pinned to a panel, and the light there burning low. She could have been sure that she would hear the lightest step in the next room; and then, since Anthony was asleep, she meant to disregard their injunctions and slip to the door for a word of gratitude for the maid. But when she fancied that she heard a sound, and caught a shadow, and when she had hurried to the door, she stood mute and hardly breathing in her wonderment. No one was there—save indeed a presence. And the presence was the tree, standing neatly erect in its small, green box—and hung from top to base with popcorn and tinsel and ornaments which, even in that dim light, glittered like angels and like stars.

Mother Margaret went in and sat down on her little bed, and looked at the wonder of it. And before she knew that it might possibly happen to her she had hidden her face in her hands and was sobbing.

A stir from Anthony sent [CONTINUED ON PAGE 46]

Your Boy's Christmas Books

Are they the old-time "nickel thrillers" dressed up and sold for fifty cents?

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

YOU wouldn't let your twelve-year-old boy read a nickel novel, one of those "yellow backs" with pictures of Indians and "bad men" on the covers, would you?—that is, not if you knew it. You wouldn't give such a book to your Sunday-school class of boys for a Christmas or Easter gift, would you? You would be ashamed of yourself, either as parent or teacher—ashamed and humiliated. Nevertheless, the chances are that as parent or teacher you may be doing just these things. Ignorantly, with the best of intentions, you are letting your boy read, or helping other boys to read, this cheap, sensational fiction, which is to good reading exactly what whisky is to milk. You are giving your boy, or somebody else's boy, whisky instead of milk, poison instead of food.

The reason you are doing it—or, if not you, thousands and thousands of other American parents and teachers—is because the sales of the old-fashioned dime and nickel novel have fallen off below the margin of profit, and the publishers are now issuing these dime and nickel novels bound in boards, often pretty well printed, and are selling them from a quarter to as high as seventy-five cents, not so much directly to the boys, as of old, but to the parents. These "thrillers" have now the external air of literary respectability, and because they are cheap, parents and teachers all over the land buy them without realizing their real content. They have succeeded in slipping by the blockade under the flag of another literary nation, and thus have helped to degrade the respectable symbol itself.

I have on my desk at this moment a book which sells for a nickel, and would be burned in the stove by any careful parent. The volume is issued as a single number of a weekly periodical ("an ideal publication for the American youth," it calls itself); each number of this weekly being a book of cheap adventure written by the same author. On the back cover is a list of "some of the back numbers which can be supplied," and the list embraces between two and three hundred stories of adventure about two brothers. It is obvious on a moment's reflection that any "author" who can write hundreds of adventure stories about two boys has no regard whatever for the probabilities, or even the possibilities, of actual existence. Indeed, these lurid yarns have long been known for what they are by all who have investigated them.

But also on my desk is a book of over three hundred pages, with a well-printed "jacket" showing an attractive picture of boys playing football and baseball, and bearing inside the imprint of a Philadelphia publishing house. The type and paper are not bad. The whole get-up is sufficiently respectable to make the book physically desirable as a present, and the price is only fifty cents, which, of course, adds to the desirability.

This book is by the very same author who supplies the material for the "weekly" already mentioned, and the hero is the same hero. In short, this good-looking fifty-cent book is nothing more nor less than an old nickel novel in a dress suit. The hero, supposedly a student at Yale, still has the same procession of impossible and lurid adventures from one end of the Continent to the other. The same pernicious elements of coarse language, cheap style, unguarded sex references, and impossible deeds of prowess fill it from cover to cover. It ought to go in the stove just as quickly as its nickel brother. Yet it is probably sold by book-shops that wouldn't handle the cheap "yellow backs,"

and it is bought by heedless parents and teachers who wouldn't dream of giving its prototype to their sons or pupils, any more than they'd give them cocaine or whisky.

The other day, in Massachusetts, I went down to our local store where books are sold, and for twenty-five cents bought a neat volume called "Tom Swift and His Photo Telephone." The man who sold it to me wouldn't dream of selling the nickel thrillers. Yet I discovered that the Tom Swift series is nothing but nickel thrillers in disguise.

The author, in chapter two, leaves an aeroplane tangled on the roof and thus clumsily interrupts his narrative:

And while preparations are under way to rescue the birdman from the roof, I will take just a few minutes to tell you something more about Tom Swift and his numerous inventions, as set forth in the previous books of this series.

We learn that Tom Swift—who is supposed, mind you, to be scarcely more than a boy—has made enough marvelous inventions to crowd Edison into the kindergarten class, and has had more adventures than Sindbad the Sailor. Listen to this:

By this time moving pictures were beginning to occupy a large place in the scientific, as well as the amusement world, and Tom invented a Wizard Camera which did excellent work. Then came the need of a powerful light, to enable Uncle Sam's customs officers on the border to detect the smugglers, and Tom was successful in making his apparatus.

He thought he would take a rest after that, but with the opening of the Panama Canal came the need of powerful guns to protect that important waterway, and Tom made a Giant Cannon, which enabled the longest shots on record to be fired.

Now some months had passed after the successful trial of the big weapon, and Tom longed for new activities. He found them in the idea of a photo telephone, and he and his father were just talking of this when interrupted by the accident.

To let boys read such impossible rubbish is nothing short of a crime. It destroys their sense of realism, it atrophies their powers of literary appreciation, it debauches their imaginations, it makes science contemptible.

I could go on, enumerating and quoting from a host of boys' books that I have read personally, all of which are nothing but dime or nickel novels in disguise, often written by the very men who used to write the yellow backs; but often, too, with the language toned down to a deceptive aping of literary models—being, therefore, all the more stiff and wooden—and with gobs of moral sentiment tossed in here and there, perhaps to catch the eye of adult readers who might skim the pages as a precautionary measure. Many of these books are "Boy Scout" stories; but needless to say no true Scout Master would buy them for his troop. In them Boy Scouts fly over the Rocky Mountains in aeroplanes as easily as a real scout rides his bicycle to school; they capture robber bands in Mexico; they range from the Arctic ice to the jungles of the Amazon without the slightest trouble.

As I have hinted, the reason these books sell in such quantities is because they are cheap, and parents and teachers are careless. While it is no longer true that reprints of good books cannot be purchased for twenty-five or fifty cents, at the same time good new fiction for boys is usually sold at a higher price, say a dollar. The reason for that is obvious. An author

who respects himself, his work, and his readers, cannot dash off twenty-five books a year—as the nickel novelists actually do—nor can he write about lands and peoples he has never visited. It takes as much time to write a good juvenile, as much pains, as to write an adult story. Plausibility of plot, real delineation of character, the right amount of adventure to please the boys, balanced by the right skill in making it possible adventure, and the kind which inspires the reader without debauching his imagination, are difficult to achieve. The writer has to be paid in proportion.

The chances are, therefore, when you save fifty cents on the price of a new book for your boy, you are saving fifty cents at the expense of your boy's brain and spirit. Is it worth the price? Suppose you read some of those cheap books you are buying for him, and judge for yourself. If you can't afford the extra half dollar, buy a cheap reprint of "Treasure Island," or "The Adventures of Billy Topsail," or "Jack, the Young Ranchman," or "The Green Mountain Boys," or "Masterman Ready," or any one of a hundred good books which any competent librarian can tell you of.

If your librarian can't tell you, then he or she isn't competent, and you'd better investigate the shelves of your public library at once.

To say that boys do not demand adventure stories, and that they shouldn't have this demand supplied, would be ridiculous. The whole question is to give them the right kind of stories. Something over half the juvenile readers in our public libraries are boys, and books of adventure are "never in." In most libraries, adventure fiction predominates on the shelves, though school stories are usually a close second.

Any good teacher or wise parent knows, of course, that mere prohibition is an ineffective and silly weapon. Not "Don't" but "Do," not prohibition but suggestion, is the method to apply. Give the young boy books, give him plenty of books, let him read and browse, and have his fill of adventure—but, see that those books are the right sort. Find out what they are like yourself before you put them into your son's hands. They may be dynamite, as Franklin Matthews says, to blow your boy's brains out. Don't sacrifice his brains, his imagination, all his chances of future literary taste, sense of style, appreciation of good writing, for the sake of saving fifty cents.

You can tell very easily whether the books are the right sort, simply by reading them. If the style is crude and coarse, if the plot and incidents are not conducted with that due regard to sequence and probability which characterizes the work of any genuine author, if the adventures are not within the possible powers of the boys in the story, and are not wholesome in their suggestion, if the manner of narration hasn't ease and charm and the sense of good breeding and clean character behind it—throw the book into the fire and buy a copy of "Captains Courageous."

If you can't tell this, if you can't scent the difference between Stevenson and the impossible melodrama already described after reading two pages, then you were brought up on "yellow backs" yourself, and you ought all the more to desire to keep your son from sharing the same awful fate! In that case, send at once to the Boy Scouts of America, or the Newark Public Library, or your own librarian, for a list of worth-while juveniles. But I don't believe you are that kind of parent or Sunday-school teacher. You are merely the common kind—careless. You just haven't bothered to read these nickel novels masquerading as real books. One reading will convince you. Let this be your motto—*Read before you buy!*

Why Don't You Marry?

This is the question that was asked of four average young men—and here are their frank and illuminating answers



REGGIE! Did you ever read that page from the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION which I sent you in July—the one about matrimony, the girl's side and the man's?"

The strong young figure clad in a gray bathing suit rolled over on the sand.

"Look in the pocket of my coat—upper left pocket."

I shook the sand from the blue serge garment in question and fingered the pocket designated. Out came page 17 of the July COMPANION, crumpled of corners, soiled in its folds.

"Looks as if it had been through the Allies' trenches, doesn't it?" remarked Reggie. "Well, a lot of fellows have read that magazine page. It's the real dope. But the girl's letter answers the very question it raises. She wants to marry, to have a home and children, and she demands a husband who is her equal socially, intellectually—oh, in lots of ways; but she admits there aren't enough of the sort she would marry to go round. The American girl has so many advantages, is so well-educated and so clever that we fellows who have been prepared merely to make our living can't keep pace with her. She outclasses us in education, in social advantages and graces, yes, and sometimes in earning capacity. Then we cannot qualify in the husband class."

"You don't get that? Well, let me point out an instance, right on this beach. Don't turn now, but in a minute or two. To your right, a group of girls, two in bathing suits, one in a green sweater. They're alone—nice girls—attractive—ought to be having a good time. Over there with the life-saver are two fellows I know. We all ought to get together, those nice girls, the fellows and I. I know the girl in the green sweater, she went to school with my younger sister. I called on her day before yesterday, met her mother and her chums. They are all from a small Southern city, probably the same sort of city as the one from which the girl wrote to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION."

"Well, why don't you introduce the men and have a good time?"

"For the same reason that no nice man married the girl of the COMPANION letter—who would probably make a fine wife—we can't afford it. You see, I earn twenty dollars a week. Half of that goes for board, room and laundry. Then come clothing, dentist's bills, 'gym' dues, luncheons, incidentals, car fare, etc. I can't save much. The first week I was here, I met some girls. Result—I have just about enough to take me home when my vacation is over."

"But those young women from a small Southern city would not expect you to show them the sights of this summer resort?"

Reggie twisted his lips in a wry smile.

"Wouldn't they? We'd chat a bit, then someone would suggest 'going somewhere.' Roller chairs? Fifty cents an hour. Dance pier? Admission and ginger ale and things. Movies? More admissions. Canoeing on the lake? One hour—one dollar. Fishing in the inlet? One dollar per head. Later on a drive to Cave Inn, in a rented car, dinner, luncheon or supper, tips—bankruptcy."

"You don't know just how this comes about, but the first thing you know you're doing it and paying for it."

"But, Reggie, surely those girls would rather forgo some of the high-priced pleasures which you describe than to sit round alone."

"Perhaps they would; but their pride forbids. If they let us trail round without spending money, their friends would say we were poor sports. Then there are the mothers—Oh, yes, mothers are a lot to blame for the fact that their daughters receive so little attention from young men; the mothers are so ambitious, so anxious for their girls to be entertained as well or better than their neighbors! Think of a mother who has her own struggles with the high cost of living expecting a man like me, who earns twenty a week, to send her daughter candy at a dollar a pound, violets and American beauties, and to hire a cab when we go to a dance."

"But if the girl were once married—"

"She'd expect me to keep up the same pace. She'd expect to live in the style her parents can afford, to dress and live as well as any of her neighbors. The same impulse which makes the girl of to-day demand the same sort of attention from a man that her richer girl friends receive will keep her poor husband's nose on the grindstone, once she lands him. I tell you it's the extravagant demands of the girl herself that frighten off the man. Mind you, I do not say there are not exceptions. But group the girls, and you see the attitude which frightens off the man of moderate means, or moderate salary, or a position as yet insecure."

"Then you're really not going to make it pleasant for Little Sister's friend?"

"No, ma'am. I cannot afford the luxury of her society. To-night, we three men will go to a movie show or a concert on the pier, at ten cents each. To take out those girls would cost us a dollar each."

"Another phase of the situation is this," he went on. "When a girl works she pays her mother from two to five dollars a week and has laundry and all sorts of little helps thrown in. A boy in the same family stands on his financial feet from the start, and pays his way. This is one reason why the average girl earning a salary does not know its purchasing power,

the true value of a dollar or a dime, as a man does. I am twenty-five and I'd like mighty well to marry, but I haven't met the girl who considers me eligible, and whom I think I could make happy on twenty or thirty dollars a week."

BILLY comes from one of the Middle-West states. Someday he will be a high-class automobile salesman. To-day he is demonstrating, or, as he expresses it, "chauffeur" by the day at four dollars per. He comes of a marrying family, and he is now twenty-five. Therefore he considers his single estate as anything but blessed.

"Sure, I want to marry," said Billy, as he set the car at "high" and crouched down in the soft leather seat; "And I'd do it, if this car were mine, instead of the firm's."

"My dear boy, do you think a machine is essential to matrimonial happiness?"

"Not the machine, but what it stands for—wealth." He looked straight ahead. "It still hurts. I thought a lot of her."

"But you didn't marry her?"

"Couldn't! It was this way: She's a nurse. Earned twenty-five dollars a week after she graduated. Then a big specialist drilled her in his particular line of cases, and she got more—thirty, and then thirty-five a week. And I was joggling along at twenty-four dollars."

"Like the girl in the letter, she wanted to marry. She was crazy about me in her way, and when I told her about my salary and prospects she said that didn't matter, I'd be making more in time."

"But in the meantime,—well, when we got down to cases, I found she was planning to work, to keep right on nursing, until I was earning at least three thousand a year. Oh, yes, she wanted me and what I meant to her, love, I reckon; but she didn't want me badly enough to give up her thirty dollars a week. She said it was foolish for two of us to try living on less than she made alone. You see, she had the habit of wearing silk stockings, and hats that came from the shops where her patients traded."

"Well, I want my wife to belong to me, not to doctors and patients—I want to give her everything she has. And I want children now, not when I am making three thousand a year or more. When I wouldn't give in and say she could nurse, we had a few words. Oh, yes, I know I'm old-fashioned and narrow, a sultan and all the other backnumbers that feminists rail at."

"Well, Billy, why don't you go back to your home town and renew acquaintance with some of the nice girls there?"

Billy flushed and tooted the horn at a dog, zigzagging across the road in leisurely fashion.

"I did. It—it sort of knocked me out. A letter from Mother settled it. She said she was making strawberry preserves and the roses were in bud. I could just see the little old town. And if the right sort of girl had been on the job, I'd have fallen for her quick. That's the way with a man who's had a hard jolt. He'll just lap up consolation."

"But the girl wasn't there?" I prompted.

"Oh, yes, the kind you read about—pink and white, blue eyes, dimples, the sort that always waits for you to help her over a crossing and who grips your arm at a sudden noise. Flitted right into the scheme for a few days, then began to pall. No talk—just looked at me with that 'Oh-how-soon' gaze. It was tiresome."

The requiem of the pink and white person's love dream ended in heavy, sullen silence.

"Billy," said I earnestly, "you are looking for a paragon."

"No; I want just a common, garden variety of wife, like my father married. There can't be two business careers under one roof. I'm willing to work like two, if she'll drop hers. And, let me tell you, when I'm the head of a big automobile concern, I'll issue a ukase—no girls employed in any branch of the plant. That's what I think of matrimony for the business girl. Business warps her view on the home, the husband and babies. She thinks she wants all three of them, and she does; but her salary, her financial independence, the habit of earning have a stronger hold on her. My stars, what a bunch of tight-wads and tyrants our male ancestors must have been!"

JAMES is the thorn in the side of his conservative family, whose traditions include marriage and older sons to carry on the professional or mercantile pursuits of their fathers. James and his parents live in a pretty Ohio town which will never increase much in size or importance. Strange to say, this young man has no desire to go to a larger city. He told me that his father's store is good enough for him and W— is a fine town when you know the right people. Occasionally James makes a trip to New York, to look over the latest styles in clothing and light opera.

"Now, please, why do you ask the same old question?" was his disheartened response, and the smile faded from his kindly face. "I know I am a disgrace to the family because I am nearly thirty-five and still unmarried. But I'm not ready to settle down. We have nice girls in our town, all sorts of nice girls, the kind you might marry, and the kind you never would marry, and what's worrying my folks is my unregenerate interest in the girls I don't want to marry."

"Let me tell you a secret—and I believe the average man will admit that he feels the same way—the girl like the one who wrote that letter to the Editor of the COMPANION is as dangerous to the masculine peace of mind as the gun which isn't loaded to the poor inno-

cent who stands in front of it. Yes'm, she is. She means business. She wants to be married, and along about the second interview a man is wise to the fact."

"Now for the secret. The modern man is not strong for early marriage. He knows that it means a sentence to hard labor for him, because he knows what it costs to keep the modern family. That's why you hear nice, attractive but quiet girls say they can't understand why we pass them up for the flashy girl, the dance-mad girl, the girl who would doubtless make an extravagant, useless wife. We have our play-day with the jolly, lively girl, because she is mighty good company for the time being. She is not anxious to marry and settle down any more than the man is. She would like to motor and dance, and row a boat and play tennis, like the man, a little while longer, and she does it in a fine, fair, sporting spirit, even to her flirting. A man feels safe with her. What is more, the man who trots around with a jolly, pleasure-loving girl gets his money's worth. She is part of his life of pleasure. A man is willing to pay for recreation, and good company for the time being. The serious-minded, stick-around-home girl means business. She is just crazy to settle down."

FRED is paying teller in the largest bank of a Western city with less than five thousand inhabitants. He is counted as "a coming man;" but he is the despair of ambitious mothers with marriageable daughters. Someday he will be cashier if not president of the bank, a stockholder in local enterprises, perhaps even a politician of influence. He is good-looking without being vain, clean-lived without being a prig. He is normal and pleasure-loving, living a life made perhaps a little too comfortable by a doting mother. He is popular with men and a leader in the athletic affairs of the Y. M. C. A.

When I asked him why he had never married, he stared at me as if he had been awakened from a comfortable dream.

"Why, I've never stopped to figure it out. I suppose I will marry someday, when the right girl crosses my path."

"A girl from your own town, no doubt. I have met some lovely girls while I've been here."

"Yes, they're nice girls all right—"

"Only you cherish the idea that someday you will find your fairy princess in some far-away enchanted forest."

"Well, not exactly that," he answered with a laugh. "But somehow a man gets used to his home town girls. They spring from families whose peculiarities he knows. They do not appeal to his imagination nor give him a thrill. They are—er—commonplace."

"Nonsense—you have scores of charming young women in this town who ought to be wives and mothers. What's the matter with your young men? Have all the worth-while ones left town?"

"Not at all—this town has its full share of desirable young men. Only—"

"They don't marry. I suppose they all say the same thing; they can't afford marriage."

"Oh, no, it rests with the individual man. Come to think of it, I have heard the boys discuss this question often. For myself, I set out to accomplish certain things before marrying. Then my mother is alone in the world—I think I'd rather not marry unless my wife and I could live alone; and yet my duty to my mother is very clear."

"Which is very hard on the nice marriageable girls."

"Thank you," said the young paying teller, with a smile. "I am afraid you have unearthed our local weakness—selfishness. Those of us who are worth marrying could do so if it were not easier to remain single. Some of us feel that our local girls are a bit narrow. The newest stitch in embroidery, the newest dancing steps, short skirts or long, tees, cards, dances—they don't seem to have very fine ideals."

"The average salary in our railroad shops and stores is fifteen a week. Our boys say it costs three of that to keep company with a girl—"

"In a town like this, three dollars a week to take a girl about? It seems incredible!"

"Well, the movies, the lake, the jitneys, boat hire, an occasional show—it eats up the dimes. And the boys say it must be done—they can't wear out a girl's parlor furniture and burn her father's electricity without making some social return. . . ."

"Then there is another class of boys, here as in most small cities. They don't marry. They have the money their fathers earned by hard work, and they have automobiles. They go off fishing with more bottles than bait in their cars. They don't pay much attention to our girls; but when a show comes to town they fall over each other to take the actress out for a ride or to supper at the hotel. Eventually they drift to Omaha, Kansas City or Denver."

"And in the meantime, the girls in this town are not marrying. The same condition exists in thousands of towns like this, the young people drifting apart, the ambitious going to larger places, the home-staying girls looking in vain for the home and the husband which represent every woman's right and happiness."

The paying teller, the coming man, who has been given up by the most expert of mothers with marriageable daughters, sat up straight.

"Do you know—I've never thought of it just that way. It is the woman's right—"

"And the man's—don't forget the man."

"True—and what we need in this town is a get-together club with the cost of courting cut down."



She came over to him, looking first at what he saw, then up into his face. "You don't like me very much to-night," she said wistfully.

IT IS a mistake to regard the same rule as golden for all. Such a precept, for instance, as, "Bear ye one another's burdens," should have been firmly kept from a girl like Helena. What she needed was, "Eat, drink and be merry," for personal use; and "Man then must stand erect, not be held erect by others," to save her from a too great burden of responsibility. She was not sharp-faced and worrying, but so warmly, out-givingly pitiful. When she awoke in the morning, she always realized that she had only her pleasant day's work before her—five hours of teaching the dearest little girls in the nicest, finest school—while Minnie had to wrestle with a house full, or, worse yet, not full, of boarders, and dear Laura was trying to spread tiny resources over four fatherless children, and poor Marguerite might have to go back to the hospital any day; and the sense of their needs would pull her out of bed and send her scurrying barefooted after her bank book, to see if by a miracle she might not contrive some one more little mitigation for them that month. Helena could squeeze ten dollars out of an account that anyone else would have considered overdrawn.

"But what is the sense?" Stephen scolded her. Stephen scolded her a good deal; it was the only way he could maintain his self-respect. The impulse to see himself as a combination of worm and beast beside her had to be kept down, at least in her presence. "Why should Minnie have this fine new coat, and you go on wearing a sweater under your jacket and a dead rabbit for furs? You work as hard as they do, why should they get all the loot?" The new cloak lay between them, downy and inviting, with mammoth pockets for cold hands, and a strap across the back that gave Helena a peculiar satisfaction. She had seen it, temptingly reduced, while a shivery letter from Minnie was still weighing down her heart. She had tried to go by, had, in fact, made a successful escape in the morning; but all through the day's work it had held out its warm, blanket arms to Minnie's need, and by noon her one terror was that it might have been snapped up. When she was released she ran to it with a singing heart, and her joy for Minnie's joy was so great that Stephen had to be let into the secret. There were very few secrets that he was not let into.

"It is so much colder out there," she pleaded with him. "And this is so good-looking. Don't you see what an air that strap across the back gives it? She will have the fun of looking smart and sporting every time she goes out. Only think how gay she is going to feel when it walks in on her, Christmas morning!" Their hands nearly met in the soft stuff. Stephen withdrew his, thrusting it severely into a pocket.

"But where do you come in?" he insisted.

Thanks

A story of Helena, the generous, Stephen, her friend, and a black, black fox! Also that adaptable virtue, gratitude

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN



Helena went down on her knees beside it as if it had been a child.

She laughed, leaning toward him to mark a confidence. "On the thanks. Oh, Stephen, I adore being thanked!" Her eyes gleamed with self-derision, every dimple was out to rejoice in the betrayal of her ultimate baseness. Helena was still very pretty, though Stephen often pointed out to her that she wouldn't be presently if she worked so hard and had so little. "The return letters warm me right down to my soles. It is very low of me, for you ought not to think of what you get back, and, oh, of course, it isn't really that. But when I realize how Minnie is going to feel to me, all Christmas—"

"No, she isn't," he interrupted. "She's going to think, 'Why on earth didn't she send me brown instead of gray?' and, 'She might have known that this would be too big across the back!' and, 'I think those straps will be very common, presently!' and, 'What I really wanted was—'"

"Stephen! Stop it!" Helena, still half laughing, looked ready to cry. "No one could be so horrid."

Stephen was relentless. "Everyone but you could. Believe me, people hate presents. They resent them. Even when they like the actual thing—it can happen—they hate making you feel so jolly about it."

She shook her head till the curls threatened to break from their pins and combs. "My people are not like that," she told him. "You ought to see Laura's letters! Minnie's are not so much so, because it is hard for her to express herself, but it is there, down underneath."

Her faith tried Stephen. "My dear girl, you don't face facts. I have no doubt they are pleased, delighted—but with reservations. Now, you—honestly, do you ever get a present that is as soul-satisfying as you make out in your thanks?"

Helena considered; a surprised look ended in a frank laugh. "Why, I never do get presents!" she exclaimed. "Of course the girls make me little things, more love than present, you know; and I am so touched at their doing it I don't think much about the actual gift. And yet they are nice, oh, very. Marguerite's shoe bags have been the joy of my life. But real, important gifts, that you have to have an opinion on—more present than love—" She laughed again, burrowing a cheek into the gray coat. "Well, if Santa Claus sent me a set of handsome furs there would be no reservations in my gratitude." Stephen winced, kicking an impatient foot, as though at a palpable obstacle. "Oh, this will make Minnie very happy, Stephen!" Her eyes begged him to believe it. "The only trouble is, I never can wait till Christmas. I want to hear what she says. And she's so cold. Do you suppose, if she got it now, she would realize on Christmas Day that she had had it, and not think I was forgetting her?"

Stephen abruptly rose up and went to the window, staring down on the lights

of the city with smothered fierceness in his eyes. He was there so long that at last she came over to him, looking first at what he saw, and then up into his face.

"You don't like me very much to-night," she said wistfully.

His hands started from his pockets, then went back again.

"Oh, I like you all right, Helena," he said dryly. Then he nodded at the shining city below. "Am I going to conquer it, squeeze a living out of it? Or is it going to conquer me? I've earned six dollars this week."

Helena had a sound language for pity and sympathy, a murmur in the throat that could express volumes of tenderness. "But of course you will succeed," she added quickly. "You have brains, and character, and health, and ability, and good looks—Why, my dear, the world is simply waiting for you."

The good faith of her earnestness made him smile. "Well, I'll try not to keep it waiting too long," he promised. "I've taken a forlorn-hope case that I refused once, a claim against some New Jersey property."

"Won't that mean money?"

"If I win, yes; loads of it. A contingent fee, they call it. Otherwise, I simply lose my time and work."

"Then you've got to win, my dear."

He smiled. "All right. Now put on your dead rabbit and come out to dinner with me."

"Oh, I'm sorry! But I have everything for dinner here," she explained. "We must eat the things, Stephen, or they will spoil. Do you mind?"

"I'd love to," he said.

She went to the kitchenette, whence presently came sounds of beating and singing. Stephen stayed where he was, his head drooping against the glass, as though the gift of a dinner were bitter to him.

The clock went the next day, and Helena followed every step of its journey. "It's half way there," she told Stephen; and then, "It's going to arrive in the morning, and she doesn't know a thing about it!" And then, "She's writing to-night. She wouldn't have time to all day, unless she sat right down in the midst of things. She does work so hard!" And then, "They are having fearfully cold weather out there, it is in the papers. But Minnie needn't care now."

STEPHEN smiled into the lifted face. "I hope she appreciates the back strap," he said; but he had caught some of Helena's enthusiasm. "Has the letter come yet?" was the first thing he asked for several nights. Helena made cheerful reasons why it could not be expected yet, and after delayed mails had been stretched to their uttermost, Stephen forbore to ask. Helena's mood grew visibly clouded. Three nights later, she abruptly returned to the subject.

"Minnie must be ill," she said. "I am worried to death about her. Only illness would keep anyone silent so long. She is never very prompt about writing, but this time—!"

"Why don't you let me go out and telegraph?" he suggested; but she held back.

"People so often don't write," she said sadly. "And then there is some perfectly simple reason, that you didn't think of. Of course I know she was pleased."

"Indeed she was," he echoed heartily. Facing facts just now did not seem so important as lifting the shadow from the face that had been so radiant.

He had had a new glimmer of prosperity that day, so he took her to a play, and they walked home together in the crisp cold, with her hand tucked under his arm and her face happy again above the shabby old fur.

"There may be a letter," she said; so he came into the entry and heard her crow of relief as she opened the letter box. It was too late for him to come up, so she broke open the letter there, to share the joy with him.

She had started to read it aloud, but her glance had leaped ahead, and her voice stopped with "Dear Helena." When she had read the first page, she turned to the end, then hastily folded it and smiled up at him.

"She likes it very much," she said. "She has been awfully busy, but she is all right, and she does like it. Good night, Stephen. Didn't we have a nice time?"

SHE put out her hand, and he could only take it and obey her lead. Wrath and tenderness glowed in his eyes, but she was not meeting them.

"Good night," she repeated with defensive gaiety, as he said nothing, and he had to close the door between them.

In her own room Helena gravely sat down to the letter.

DEAR HELENA: I am ashamed to find that a whole week has gone by since the lovely clock came, but I have been so rushed. It was ever so good of you to send it, and I'm sure you ought not to have done it. I go out so little—there is no place to go in this deadly town, and I am too tired to walk after the day's work.—I was telling Mrs. Smythe I should probably appear in it for dinner. Every dress I have is a rag, and you can't get nice little ready-mades here as you can there. The clock will be comfortable when I have to run out at the last moment for eggs or butter or chops or something. Delivery is so uncertain—

The letter went on to household matters. Under the signature a line was squeezed in: "Thank you again for the clock." Helena read it through twice, and looked along the margins in the hope of stray sentences. Then, with a resentful flash, she tore the letter across and threw it in the wastebasket.

"Well, she didn't have to like it," her reasonable mind argued. "There is no law, 'Thou shalt be perfectly delighted with every gift that is thrust upon thee.' I like her better for not lying about it." Then reason broke down before human disappointment. "I'm not going to send her anything else," she muttered. "Or any of them. They're going to get more love than present, for once!" Realization of what she was saying checked her and brought a reluctant laugh. Then she cried a little and felt cheered, though not at all softened. She sat a long time facing new

and sophisticated thoughts. Stephen had been right; thanks were a forced payment, and when the incorrigible honesty of the heart would not meet it the brain had to coin false phrases and make them shine like the real. The receiver might not like his gift, might feel actual resentment of the blundering choice—but he had to make the giver happy. And Helena had been so greedy of this false happiness that they were tired of giving it to her; Minnie's coin was flagrantly counterfeit.

"Well, then, I will have some things for myself," she spoke aloud, startled by her new freedom. After all, here was one person who would like what she got! Her eyes, roving over her needs, fell on the shabby fur; and there was an end of sleep for that night. The bold adventure of going forth with all her Christmas money in her hand and replacing the dead rabbit with rich, warm depths of prosperous comfort, set her blood racing. It would be so defiant, so splendidly selfish, so right!

"Not fox," she decided, wide-eyed in the darkness. "I hate fox—it is such a black black. I want brown in it. Seal-skin is lovely. Or fisher—"

IN THE morning she wrote to her family, announcing serenely that she was going to skip Christmas that year. She visited two furriers on her way to school; the afternoon was spent looking at her sunny face above lustrous scarfs and diving elbow deep into pillowy muffs. By the end of the week she knew all there was to know about furs, and exactly where to go and what to get when the day after Christmas should send prices tumbling down. She did not tell Stephen, for the hurt that had set her free was not a secret that could be shared; and then she wanted to see his unprepared face when her new splendor should burst upon him. That she had a secret shone out in every laugh; but Stephen was suddenly radiant himself these days, as though he, too, had a secret; and neither suspected the other. He occasionally made some abrupt remark that surprised her.

"It seems as if Christmas would never come," was one of them. She looked up from the Christmas cards she was addressing to certain beloved little scholars.

"It is only three days now," she reminded him.

"Three days can be very long. To go hungry, for instance."

She laughed. "Poor Steve—are you saving every cent for our Christmas dinner?"

"Not quite. That was only a metaphor. But I am expecting a very grand present on Christmas morning."

"You are!" She tried to look pleased; but she obviously did not quite like it. "Who is sending it?" she had to ask.

The answer was more surprising still. "Some people would say God. I don't; but there are moments when I think I may be wrong."

"Oh!" She was relieved at first; then her pen paused. "What on earth do you mean? Is work going better? Oh, Stephen,—is it some big case?"

He smiled inscrutably. "Big cases don't come in one's Christmas stocking, my dear Helena."

"Well, whatever it is, you won't be truly glad of it," she reminded him teasingly. "You will wish it had been bigger, or another color, or a different brand; and though you will offer the usual thanks, you'll really hate making God feel so jolly about it!"

HE HAD to laugh. "Oh, I think I can like this without reservations. Good night; I've got to go and work. I only ran in to be sure you were still here."

"You never have time to stay any more," she complained. "You are putting on airs, trying to make people think that you have more work than you can handle."

He held her hand for a moment, then let it go. "I can't fool you, can I?" was all he said, and yet he left her exultantly happy. Something good seemed to be impending, and three days were suddenly an eternity to wait. What was the big present that could make Stephen impatient? A line of an old song came into her head: "So sleep, love, my true-love, thou gift of God to me!" For a moment, she seemed to stand in a white blaze of light; then she breathlessly denied the revelation.

"Oh, no,—it can't be—don't be crazy!" she flung at herself.

Her woman's instinct to purify for a festival showed her how she could make the days pass in a glorious renovation. And, Christmas Eve, she could buy her furs. Prices would be down by then. She took out the dead rabbit and looked at it with happy scorn.

"You aren't even good enough for the Salvation Army," she told it. She was glad when the postman's ring gave her an excuse for a run down two long flights.

Laura had not written for several weeks, but a mother of four has little spare time and it had not occurred to Helena that there might be trouble. The letter told it courageously, dwelling on the fact that the babies were all coming through so well; only at the end did her care slip out: "It does seem hard—a big doctor's bill when I had just caught up from the dentist. There is always something to keep one down."

Helena read with a defiant stiffening of her whole being. "I won't," she said aloud. An angry flush rose in her face, and she sprang to her feet as though to get away from an actual danger. "I don't care—this is my Christmas. I won't!"

SHE went to bed to put an end to the matter, but she might have known herself better. Laura, with her loveliness and her courage and the sad lines in her face, could not be kept away. An hour later, Helena rose again, humble and contrite, and mailed the price of her new furs to Laura.

If Stephen had come in the next day, he would have found a different Helena, gentle and sweet, but pensive, with the sparkle gone. But the three days went by without bringing him. "Still keeping up that bluff of being busy," he wrote. Helena grew a little heart-sick, and lost the sense of something good impending.

There was not even a line from him in her Christmas mail, so the other letters and the packages seemed scarcely worth opening. She turned first to an eager-looking letter from Laura that she might warm her chilled spirit in the glow of her sister's relief from care.

Laura could not say enough about the money. Her thanks ran out joyously, without effort or reservation. "You are the dearest!" she said; and, "I could have cried—my dear, I did." Helena was singing again as she turned the page. "I started to send it right off to the doctor," the letter went on. "And then I sat down and thought it all out. I'll manage the doctor somehow; if one has to, one can, that's all. But it is years since I have gone out and bought something really good for myself, something better than I had to have. I wrestled long and earnestly; then, my dear, I deliberately forgot the doctor; I put the children's needs out of my mind, and I went and bought myself a perfectly lovely set of furs. You never saw anything so beautiful. And I haven't been sorry for one second. I am going to have a picture taken, to show you how fine I look. My dear little sister, . . ."

Helena could read no further. Her hand pulled at her collar as though it choked her. "I ought to be glad," she told herself miserably. "I have made her very happy." The phrase did not seem to have any meaning. She could feel nothing but desolation, and the shamed consciousness of a grim joke on herself. Her dead rabbit, dangling from a chair, seemed to jeer. The necessity of answering Laura on the same note of loving warmth appalled and enraged her. Youth's hot desire to cut loose from every tie, to begin all over again in a strange world, filled her with wild plans. She could run away, even from Stephen, who had not sent her so much as a card. When he rang, she opened the door with an unwelcoming face.

His look sprang from her to the unopened packages. "Didn't it come?" he exclaimed.

"What come?" she asked listlessly.

"Why, the boy started—Helena, I could kill him! You ought to have had it long ago!" He was so distressed that she had to comfort him and, in spite of herself, her cheer crept back.

"So long as you sent something, it doesn't matter when it comes," she said. Though she was smiling the past storm had left traces, and Stephen suddenly became the comforter.

"Never mind. I'll have the fun of seeing you get it," he said. "And now will you give me my present?"

"Why, I mailed—"

"OH, YES, the book—thank you, dear. But I want—" His hands closed on her shoulders. "Helena, you were right: the world does want me. Or, anyway, there's a man in New Jersey who wants me, badly. And the contingent fee is going to be twenty thousand dollars! So, if you want me, too—"

God was back in his heaven and all was right with the world. An hour later, Helena was even telling, with laughter, the mighty joke on herself.

"But I am glad Laura has them," she said from her full heart. "I've got all the happiness I can hold, new furs would simply spill me over. I'd rather have Laura's thanks."

Stephen had at first been furious over the tale, then had broken into helpless laughter. "You're incorrigible," he said; and then, as the bell rang, "That boy at last!"

The boy deserved a scolding, but received a smile from Helena and a tip from Stephen. The big square box, shiny brown and pleasantly fragrant, could mean only one thing, and Helena went down on her knees beside it as if it had been a child. Under the cover and the tissue lay a soft mass. Her arms plunged into rich, warm depths of black fox.

Helena's mind started to say something; it was a mere click of thought, a protest that got no further than a secret, dismayed gasp, when from a source greater than mind came a greater pronouncement.

"Oh, Stephen!" she breathed. Stephen, glowing with pride and satisfaction, put the stole about her neck.

"If it isn't what you want, we will change it," he said. "Are you sure you like fox?"

The face lifted to him above the black fur was alight with loving joy. The clear eyes looked straight into his. "I love fox!" she cried. For, in that one instant, Helena's heart had leaped the difficulty and settled forever the surface incompatibility of truth and gratitude. She put her arms about him, muff and all. "I love fox better than anything on earth," she said solemnly. "I shall love fox all my life long."



Candle Greeting

By MARIE DAVIDSON



OLD, very old, in England is the custom of setting lighted candles in the windows on Christmas Eve to give holiday greeting to the passer-by, but little use has been made of this charming idea in our country. Baltimore, however, has had a city-wide lighting of candles which was so successful that it is repeated every year.

Weeks before Christmas, when plans were being made for the Community Tree, it was suggested that each household set lighted candles in the parlor windows to wish "Merry Christmas" to their fellow town-people, not even the most enthusiastic supporter of the Candle Greeting expected to see half the number of windows that were so lighted when Christmas Eve came.

Scarcely a city block in any section of the city was without at least one illumination, and it was not rare to see every house in a row brightened by this evidence of "peace on Earth, good will to men." It warmed the very cockles of one's heart to walk through street after street with these silent Christmas greetings everywhere, and no one who has gone through such experience could ever want to know another Christmas Eve without them.

The Christmas Story

To be told to the children at candle-lighting hour

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

IN THE midst of many suggestions as to how we may best preserve and set forth the Christmas spirit, the story stands as perhaps the most lasting and satisfying answer. Gifts shall be given, the poor shall be fed, and the needy supplied. But above these worthy and needed means of shedding abroad the Christmas spirit, the Christmas story hangs like a Christmas star—a higher and a brighter means, lovely though the rest may be.

It is by means of the story that history and the remote doings of men come down to us, that the traditions and ideals of one generation are transmitted to the next. The Arabian tellers of stories, the story-tellers of Provence, the minnesingers and bards and minstrels and troubadours, long lines of them, all carried with them the love and wisdom of life in a frail little chalice that we call the story; nor shall it be forgotten that Christ Himself by this same means gave oftenest to those of his followers who thirsted spiritually the fullness of His teachings.

BUT though the story has meant much to the adult of all ages, it has always meant and always must mean even more to the child. It is indeed the ideal means of bringing life which is not yet suited to the child's experience within the range of the child's understanding. If you try to explain to a child what love and peace and good will may be, though you use the most careful words, you shall give but a poor idea of these after all; but put these things in the form of a story, tell a story of love, a story of peace, a story of good will, and without explanation of yours these things have been grasped by the child's mind and have become a part of the child's idea of Christmas.

The "Holy Night" Story

THE stories may, I think, be grouped under three heads: stories of Christmas night, "Holy Night" stories; stories of the Christ-child, and stories and legends of the Wise Men. A typical Holy Night story is that of St. Luke—and told in words that could hardly be bettered: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, and, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."

Under the Holy Night stories would be grouped all those legends of strange and wonderful happenings on that still and holy night. Of these legends there are very many. There are the legends which tell that on that night no harm could come of even the most harmful things, and of how the poison vines lost their poison, how the wolf lay down with the lamb that night, how the fires warmed but did not burn, how the swords defended but refused to kill.

A typical legend of this kind follows:

There was a man of strong passions who had been wronged by his enemy and who went seeking him, to be avenged. The night was so still that the man felt a kind of strangeness about it, yet he could not account for it unless its strangeness and stillness might be due to a great star that shone overhead, a strange and, he thought, a new star in the heavens.

His enemy, he knew, had gone by a certain road and this road he himself now followed. As he went a wolf came out from a thicket near by. At this the man drew his sword to defend himself. But the wolf ran quickly under the very sword and licked the man's hand. Then the man, still frightened, raised his sword to strike and kill the wolf, but the sword glanced aside as though with a will of its own, and would not kill.

"Come, my brother," said the man, wondering, "my sword is your friend, it seems. Let us then, you, the sword and I, travel together."

So the vengeful man and the fierce wolf and the sword that refused to kill went along together.

By and by a panther crept from a nearby rock. Again the vengeful man was immediately on the defensive. But the panther fawned in a most friendly way and was saluted by the wolf. The man now raised his sword to strike. But the sword again would not. Then said the man to the panther:

"My sword and the wolf are your friends, my brother. Come, let us journey together."

So they went and several other wild animals joined them in the same way. At last a small flock of sheep was seen stirring in a wayside pasture.

"Now," thought the man, "we shall have trouble; for the wild beasts will fall upon the sheep and destroy them, and perhaps I myself shall not escape in the quarrel."

But, instead, the wild beasts ran in the most friendly manner among the sheep. Then, seeing this, the man urged his brothers the sheep, to join him also.

"It is a strange night," he said, "and I do not understand it. But things are as they are; let us travel together."

Now at last the wild beasts and the sheep and the vengeful man with the sword overtook the man's enemy, who was traveling the lonely road.

"Wild beasts and tame have not to do with my quarrel," said the vengeful man, "but behold now him who has wronged me."

Then he unsheathed his sword and prepared to kill his enemy. But his sword again refused to kill. Then the man was in still more amaze.

"It is a strange night," he said, "Is then my enemy no longer my enemy? And if this is true, then why is it so?"

Even as he spoke he saw that the sheep turned aside from the road to a wayside stable. Wondering, he fol-



Let it be the quietest hour of Christmas Day, perhaps in the late afternoon, when the romping fun is a bit quieted down. Or, best of all, let it be Christmas Night, before the open fire.

lowed them; and there went with him the wild beasts and the sword that refused to kill, and his enemy also.

Around the corner of the stable they followed and in at a door, and the sight which the vengeful man beheld was this: a little child, all glorious, in the arms of its mother, and waited upon by angels, rows upon rows of them in shining raiment. Some smiled, some danced, some sang melodies to melt the heart, and the light of them all was glorious, and the incense of their presence was sweet.

He saw also that the wild beasts and the sheep lay down as in homage, and that only he and his enemy stood with heads unbowed. Then the vengeful man saw that his enemy also got down, too, on his knees, and only himself was left standing. And as he stood thus the Little Child, all glorious, turned His eyes on him, and stretched out His hand to him and smiled. Then the vengeful man also got down on his knees, and before him he laid the sword that would not kill; and he bowed down his head low on it and he murmured to his enemy beside him:

"O mine enemy, where now is the wrong that thou didst do me? for I have forgot it."

And his enemy murmured:

"I do not know. I cannot remember. It is a strange and holy night."

And the angels danced, and the angels sang, and the incense of their presence was sweet.

THE stories of the little Christ-child Himself are many and beautiful. There are stories of His coming to comfort the sick, the bereft, the poor, the lonely and the poor in heart. There are such stories as that of the little Christ-child, a stranger, appearing in a festival of children and playing their games and joining in their dancing. But when the games and dances are ended and the children troop home through the snow, accompanied by their mothers and brothers and sisters, the little stranger child is seen to be accompanied by none save a lamb, the symbol of his passion. The story ends with a quaint strangeness. One of the children asks its mother what that may be which accompanies the little Christ-child, and the mother, suddenly grown wise and pressing her own child closer to her, says softly, "Hush thee! Yonder is the Lamb of God." "And has He a fold where He may sleep?" "Yes, at the back of God's fields, there is a stable. There, for this night, the little Christ-child sleeps in peace."

There are stories, too, of how the angels in heaven offer the little Christ-child all they can find of heavenly toys and pleasures, but He hears the voices of the little children of the earth and cannot be dissuaded.

PERHAPS the most romantic of the Christmas stories group themselves around the "Three Wise Men," and around those possible adventures that might have befallen them as they followed the Star of the Nativity and sought the Little King. There are stories of the gifts they brought with them, of the saving or of the procuring or defending of these gifts,

and stories of great variety which set out the characteristics of the three men.

Doctor Van Dyke, whose "Story of the Other Wise Man" is a typical Wise Men story, is by no means alone in portraying the different characters and assigning varied happenings to the men who undertook that famous journey. Through centuries they have ridden, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar,—sometimes called the Three Wise Men, sometimes called the Three Kings,—through centuries they have ridden on their soft-footed camels, and in many centuries many things have befallen them.

BUT besides all these avowedly Christmas stories there are countless others, which though they do not tell of the first Christmas yet have very strongly the Christmas idea; such stories as tell of the peace or gayety or happiness that come with true benevolence, or which set out unselfishness in its lovelier forms, such stories as, without too much insistence, show the influence that even a little child may have to make the world a better place.

I have often thought that Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" told very simply to a group of children would make a delightful Christmas story, the story of a little helpless baby in a camp of rough and wild mining men; and the story (not too much insisted on) of the gradual change that takes place, even in the roughest of them. The tale would have to be adapted, of course, according to circumstances and needs. The story of Pierrot, too, would make a beautiful Christmas story, Pierrot, who is forever forgetting himself in happy service to others and who at the last, though he seems such a lonely figure, has, after all, the moon and stars for his friends. Dickens's "Christmas Carol" told very simply, is always a good Christmas story, one that children love.

There are many lovely Christmas verses, but these are not usually much in the line of the Christmas story. If they are used, only the best should be chosen. That favorite of every normal child, "The Night Before Christmas," is of course an exception to most Christmas verses, being a story in itself.

At the other extreme, as solemn as the other is gay, stands Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." It is, of course, far above the heads of children—yet some of the verses bring a lasting picture to the child's fancy. I have in mind that picture of "the lordly stable" where "bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

Plan definitely for the Christmas story hour. Let it be the quietest hour of Christmas Day, perhaps in the late afternoon when the gifts have been examined and enjoyed and the romping fun is a bit quieted down. Or, best of all, let it be Christmas Night, before the open fire.

Above all, let it be something planned for and expected. "And now—the Christmas stories!" Let there be several; and so that the children may the better share them, let each one afterward say which one he has liked best.

Let the stories be rich and colored. Do not be afraid to make them too wonderful. Remember that you are trying to tell about a love too marvelous to be told in ordinary words.

SOME of the more exact will say that the stories I have cited are too miraculous, too much like fairy tales. But so, too, for that matter, are dusk and sunset, and the stars at night, and the mist of myriad dewdrops that sag the cobwebs at the dawn, and a thousand other things that are more daily and commonplace than Christmas.

Remember that no matter how marvelous you render the stories they will never be so marvelous as that which they symbolize. Peace and good will and love—you will need colored words indeed, and golden happenings beyond the ordinary, to give a child even a faint idea of what these really are. Do you suppose the story of the vengeful man, and the tamed wild beasts and the sword that would not kill, is one half so wonderful as the taming by love of fierce human passions, and the Christ-like melting away in the heart of a man, under love's blessed and strange influence, of bitterness, hatred, and grudge?

Should you tell that story of the tall palm tree in the desert which bent its head down at the touch of the Little Lord's hand, that his weary and hungering mother might be fed, remember that you are trying to tell by symbols of that power of love which even by the light touch of its hand can feed the hungry and rest the weary. When you remember further that this great power and comfort how often lie in the hand of a little child, you will see that the story falls short of the facts rather than overleaps them.

Let all your Christmas stories be glad ones; and for this day, at least, forbear to point a lesson or a moral. Allow the stories to stand just as they are; and see to it that nothing of gloom enters into them. It hardly matters, indeed, what the story is, so long as it has brightness and gladness in it and sets out clearly the idea of loving and giving. Above all, let there be in the Christmas story no thought of self-sacrifice—only the thought of a glad self-bestowal. The story of sacrifice comes later, and is an Easter, and not a Christmas, tale.



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THE
WILLIAM
SMITH



TEXT: "One mightier than I."—MARK 1:7

A Christmas Sermon for Boys and Girls

By CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D. D., LL. D.

PASTOR OF THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK CITY

ONE mightier than I." This is what John the Baptist said of Jesus of Nazareth. John was one of the mightiest of men who ever lived, but he knew he was not so powerful as Jesus. Jesus's birthday falls in December. Nearly everybody is now thinking of that day. It is a pity to think of the day without thinking of the man. No Christmas is rightly spent on which we do not think at least for a minute or two of what this man Jesus said and did. No man ever lived a life so beautiful as his. No man ever spoke words so wise as his. No man has so many things to teach us as he. His name is above every name, for he is the holiest of the mighty, and the mightiest of the holy.

It is not enough to know about him. We ought to try to be like him. By this is not meant that we ought to dress as he dressed, or to do all the things which he did, but that we should have his disposition and think of God and people as he thought. This is by no means easy. We cannot become like him without trying, and trying hard, and trying all the time. It is so hard to be like him that some never try at all. Others try and fail, and are so discouraged that they do not try any more. But still others, when they fail, try again. Trying again is the secret of success in all hard undertakings. Never allow yourself to be conquered by failures. No one can finally fail who perseveres. A Christian is one who keeps on trying to be like Jesus. Every boy and girl, then, can be a Christian. It is not necessary to wait until one is grown up before he begins to try to be like Jesus. As soon as one makes up his mind to do this, and begins to do it, he has a right to call himself a Christian.

The Most Valuable Book in the World

To become like Jesus one must know what kind of person he was, and to know this one should read the Gospels. The Gospels are four short accounts of Jesus's life, and form the first part of the New Testament. The New Testament is a book which every boy and girl should own. It is the most valuable book in all the world. It has in it many jewels, but its richest treasure is the story of the life of Jesus. This story ought to be read again and again. To be ignorant of the life of Jesus is not only a pity but a disgrace. A big boy or girl living in a Christian land who does not know what Jesus said and did ought to feel ashamed. Everyone is poor, no matter what else he owns, if he does not own a copy of the New Testament.

According to the Gospels Jesus was a wonderful man, and the most wonderful thing about him was his strength. It was his power which caused his fellow men to stare and wonder. He was so strong that he drew great crowds to him as though he were a magnet. He did things which no one else could do. Even his words had something in them not to be found in the words of any other teacher. They drove men to do things they had never done before. Even the glance of his eyes was wonderful. One night when some men came to arrest him he simply turned his eyes on them, and they were so frightened they fell backward to the ground. He was so mighty that men obeyed him just as though he were a king, and they loved him so dearly that they were willing to die for his sake. He had more than the strength of a giant, for no giant of the story books was ever able so to bend the human will and control the human heart as he did.

It does us good to be with those who are true and strong. Some of their soul seems to pass into us. Looking at what they do makes us want to do likewise, and the sight of their example gives us courage. The worst thing about us is our weakness. A large part of the misery of the world is due to feebleness. The weakest thing about us is our will. We resolve to do something, and do not do it. We make a plan, and fail to carry it out. We are not able to control ourself. Even our tongue often runs away with us. We have a temper, and become its slave. An appetite overpowers us. We form a foolish habit, and have not strength enough to break it. Our companions follow a silly custom, and we are too timid to cast it off. If we were not so weak, we could always do our duty and live up to what we know is right, and obey that little voice within us which is known as conscience. Our only hope of living a life that is simple, brave and true is in keeping our eyes on One who is mightier than we are.

Real Strength

Every boy and girl wants to be physically strong. Not to be able to play as other boys and girls play is counted a great misfortune. But there are greater misfortunes than this. One may have strong muscles, and a weak will. He may have good legs, and a feeble conscience. His body may be vigorous, and his heart faint. One may be strong as an animal, and feeble as a human being. Many a little invalid is really stronger than his robust companions. No one ought to be thought strong who cannot hold his tongue, or curb his temper, or speak the truth.

Some people have queer notions of Jesus, and of what it means to live a Christian life. They think that Jesus was an innocent, sweet-natured dreamer who did not understand the world and who was too soft to stand up like a man. To be a Christian—so these people think—is to be flabby and weak. Many boys do not want to be a Christian, because they are not sure that one can be a Christian and still be manly. They think that to be brave one must be a soldier and learn to kill, that to be a hero one must do big things in the public square.

But Jesus was heroic, and the things he did called for a greater amount of courage than he would have needed to lead Caesar's army. Everything he did was hard, and called for an amount of strength which no one of us possesses. The reason why many persons never become Christians is that they are weak, and the reason there are not more good Christians in the world is that men have not the strength to do the things which Jesus commands his followers to do. Jesus was the bravest, truest, manliest man who ever lived, and as soon as you begin to try to live his life you find that he is mightier than you are.

For instance, Jesus never hated anyone. He had cruel enemies, but he never hated them. Bad men tried to do him harm, and in return he was their friend. To return good for evil is hard. If you do not believe it, try it. To hate requires

no effort. To get even with a person who does us wrong is as pleasant as eating Christmas pie. Tit for tat is a game we all like to play. We like it because it is so easy. But Jesus did the difficult thing. He loved his enemies, and did good to those who persecuted him. When men drove nails through his hands and feet he asked God to forgive them.

Because he tried to do good to those who wronged him, it was not possible for him to fight. He never used his fists, or carried a club, or threw stones. He was too manly. Even when he was struck, he did not strike back. To strike back is easy, and not to strike back is hard. To hold the tongue is more difficult than to speak. To use harsh speech when people make us angry is easier than to give a soft answer. To hold back the fist takes more strength when one is provoked than to make use of it. To fight is the easiest thing a boy can do. But Jesus never fought. He was too strong.

The Greatest Courage

BECAUSE he never fought, we are not to think that he never resisted evil. He hated cruelty and falsehood and injustice, and fought them with all his might. He was never afraid to rebuke meanness, no matter where he found it. He did not hesitate to denounce dishonesty in its every form. He never kept still, as many persons do, when lies were spoken in his presence, and he condemned the big men of his country so severely that they seized him and put him to death. If we are ever to become able to do good to those who do us harm, and to help those who try to hurt us, and to resist wrong of every kind, we must look to One who is mightier than we.

Jesus was not afraid of what others said about him. He did not change his plans because someone opposed him. He was strong enough to stand alone. Few of us are. We go with the crowd. This is easy. When we do things which we suspect are not right, we quiet our conscience by saying, "They all do it." We are afraid to be different from others. We do not want to pay the cost. We do not like to be made fun of, and it hurts us to have people dislike us. A boy who is dared by another boy to do a thing is likely to do it, because he does not want to be considered a coward. But if the thing is either foolish or wrong, then the boy who does it is a coward, for he is afraid of another boy. Jesus was never afraid of anybody. He could do anything which he believed it was right for him to do. He dared to be himself. He believed that it is better to die than to be afraid to do what one knows is right. I do not see how we can ever be strong enough to do our duty, unless we get strength from Someone who is mightier than we are.

Jesus was humble. This does not mean that he felt like a worm, for he never did. It does not mean that he cringed and lay down for everyone to trample on him. To be humble is to be willing to perform lowly duties. In this sense, Jesus was humble. He liked to think of himself as a servant. On the last night of his life, he took a towel and a basin of water, and bathed the feet of the men who were going out to preach his message. He did not feel that this was a humiliation. He did not think it was beneath his dignity. Nothing was beneath his dignity which needed to be done. Many of us are too vain to be useful. We hold our heads too high. We like to be despots, and have others do our bidding. There is no hope for any of us, unless we get help from One who is mightier than we are.

Of all the virtues, Jesus liked obedience best. He thought that without obedience it is impossible to make progress in life. He often talked about this to his friends. He knew from experience that it is only by obeying God that we are able to learn what next God wants us to do. Disobedience brings darkness, so that one does not know where to go or what to do. He said one day that doing God's will was the food he lived on, and at the end of his life he was able to say what no other man has ever been able to say, that he always did the things which God wanted him to do.

What Obedience Means

Now, obedience is not a virtue which boys and girls as a rule admire. They think it a nuisance to be compelled to do what someone else wants them to do. They long to grow up so that they shall not be obliged to obey any more. Some of them disobey just as often as they can, for they think that obedience is a form of weakness, and that it is manly and noble to do always just what one pleases. But this is an error. It is disobedience which is easy, and it is obedience which is hard. Obedience is bending the will to a will higher than one's own. To do this requires strength. Anybody can be willful, and follow his own impulses; but only he who is strong can obey. Obedience lights up a home like a lamp. Disobedience darkens and chills like a November fog. Boys and girls who want to take lessons in the art of obedience must look to One who is mightier than they.

Because Jesus was gentle and tender we must not imagine he was soft. Because he was kind and forgiving it does not follow he was weak. When men tried to induce him to do wrong he was as unyielding as rock, and when he was faced by his foes he was as bold as a lion. He was the strongest man who has ever lived upon our earth. He never faltered; never whimpered; never compromised, and never ran away. He never told a lie. He never knew what it is to be afraid. No king on earth was powerful enough to hold him back from doing what he felt he ought to do, and not all the armies of the Roman Empire could have forced him to do a thing of which his conscience disapproved. He was tempted just as we are, but he never yielded. He went out of this world a conqueror.

This is why the world cannot forget him. He is the hero of our race. We can never let him go. We need him. We are weak, but he is mighty. To look at him makes us braver. To think of him adds to our strength. He is mightier than we, and he has promised to help us with his strength. We ought to ask for it every day, especially on Christmas. A great man once declared that he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him. Through him we also can conquer.



The Christmas Fairy

[ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE]

From a painting by
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

NOT of gifts she whispers, nor
Of selfish pleasures, but of the
sweetness and the innocence of the
Child who was born in a manger,
Christmas morning, many years ago.

Why "Better Films"?

No community is too small or too large to have a Better Films Theatre

By HELEN DUEY

SIX YEARS ago there was a man in a little town of Pennsylvania who was a bartender in a saloon. He saw some motion pictures, realized their wonderful entertainment value, and decided that here was his big opportunity. He rented the empty room above the saloon, got a scrub-brush, some strong soap and a pull of water, and scrubbed the place on his hands and knees. He painted the walls and chairs tan and the floor brown. A well-tuned piano was installed. A few green plants were arranged on the raised platform serving for a stage. Then he contracted for film service from an exchange.

This man received his pictures on the noon train from the nearest town, fifteen miles distant—once he drove the fifteen miles in deep snow so that his patrons should not be disappointed. Very often he went without his luncheon in order to run off the pictures before the performance. Any picture that he thought was bad he would not show. Objectionable parts of other films he cut out, after marking the place so that the piece could be inserted again before the film was sent on to the next man on the circuit. If he had to make so many cuts that his program was too much shortened, he called upon an ever-ready singer in the neighborhood to help out.

At first the rougher element of the small town patronized his show, but gradually a more particular type of patron climbed the outside stairway. Then he had to move his "theatre," for two reasons—his patronage demanded a change of location and he was hurting business down stairs.

He moved many times after that, always to a larger city, carrying with him his ideas of cleanliness, decency, clear pictures, good music and artistic settings.

FINALLY he came to New York City, where in due time he dedicated to the new art the most beautiful photo-play theatre in the world. This theatre has set the standard all over the United States. Its beautiful stage setting, with a trellised garden and tinkling fountains, its symphony orchestra, its great pipe-organ, and its courteous ushers, have been imitated in nearly every large city, on a similar or limited scale. The general plan of its most satisfying program (a feature, a contrasting comedy or story, a topical news, an animated cartoon, a scenic or travel or science picture) is being used in every high grade photo-play theatre.

"The secret of my success as an exhibitor? A very simple one!" he answered. "I have always catered to the tastes of the plain people, the wholesome, discriminating middle class. They appreciate a clean, attractive picture in a clean, attractive theatre. They love good music, especially what I call the heart-melodies. They do not want their eyes, their ears, or their noses offended in a public place any more than they do in their homes. They should have what they want, and in time they will get it everywhere."

THOSE same features for which he pays a thousand dollars a week for first run service, in the course of time come to the smallest town that has a picture theatre—for ten or fifteen dollars. Algona, Iowa, with about three thousand inhabitants, shows these identical pictures.

On the other hand, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

recently printed a letter from a woman in Massachusetts telling the astonishing news that her city of 25,000 inhabitants had only one picture theatre, and that, at an admission price of fifteen and twenty-five cents, the exhibitor was able to show only the cheaper run of films. When she requested him to show some of the films recommended by the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, especially one made in the neighborhood, he said: "It can't be done—too expensive!" The editors advised the city to get a new exhibitor quickly.

The trouble seems to be that some exhibitors have not yet outgrown the nickelodeon. Their patrons are still going to the "movies." Their theatres are, too many of them, converted storerooms, dark, dingy, smelly. The seats are uncomfortable, an out-of-tune piano hurts the ears, flickering, blurred pictures cause the eyes to water. Worst of all, there is probably only one fire exit, and that is the entrance door.

IT SEEMS impossible to patrons accustomed to the Better Films type of theatre that such conditions still exist. And yet they are to be found even in large cities. There is absolutely no excuse for them. If such exist in any community the reason is one of two: the exhibitor is not awake to the new conditions, or he is making too large a profit on his investment.

When Albany, Kentucky, a town of less than five hundred people, can install a gasoline engine to insure good electric light and operating power to run its picture house, no community is too small to have a Better Films Theatre.

If the picture is blurred and hurts the eyes, complain to the exhibitor. It is caused by a dirty or tarnished screen; insufficient light or a badly focused light; or a poor lens. If the picture flickers or dances, the trouble is a poor machine, or a good one either out of order or improperly operated. Sometimes when a feature is being shown, part of it shows clear and steady; the other part is dim and flickering. This operator is alternating two machines, one of which is old or out of repair. It is rarely the fault of the picture.

If the picture looks streaked as though it had been raining when the picture was taken, the film has been scratched, due to age, or carelessness of the operator in rewinding too tightly.

One of the complaints made to the Drama League Film Inspection Committee of Grand Rapids was that the pictures were run too fast in certain theatres. The committee had this corrected. Patrons are fully within their rights when they demand well-projected pictures.

ONE of the sensitive problems in the film business is the matter of selecting a program.

Last autumn when the COMPANION urged the film producers to make conditions easier for the exhibitor, they were opposed to the very suggestion. They said exchange limitations made it necessary to have the exhibitor "subscribe to a service," even in the case of features.

Meanwhile, the feature production was growing so fast and competition so keen that the manufacturers were doing all in their power to whip the exhibitors into line. The exhibitors were fighting every inch of the way.

"It isn't fair!" we said to the manufacturers. "The exchanges are like the wholesale house, and the ex-

hibitor is the retailer. The wholesale grocery house would not dare to compel the retailer to buy soap when he wants prunes. He buys what his customers want. Not all patronage is the same. When the wholesaler tries your tactics the retailer puts him out of business. Something like that will happen if you do not give the exhibitor more right to select."

"The film business is different!" was their condescending answer.

NOW one of the largest, most powerful, film producing corporations, made up of companies longest in the business, and wedded to the old idea, comes out with a statement like this:

We have proved to our entire satisfaction that the system of permitting the exhibitor to book the particular feature he wants, when he wants it, for as long a time as he wants it, without tying him up in a contract that makes it obligatory to take features he does not want, and thus limiting the run of each feature, is the only correct policy in booking of feature films.

From Portland, Oregon, comes word that the Sunset Theatre there has arranged to select its programs from the second run of pictures. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has urged this method constantly as the surest way to control the program.

In Watertown, Massachusetts, a town of about thirteen thousand, we hear of an exhibitor who visits other theatres as well as the exchanges, so he may avoid showing pictures in his theatre that would offend his patronage, made up chiefly of women and children.

In Kansas City there is a theatre called the Benton, where the exhibitor is so particular about the character of the posters in front of his theatre that he refused to run a picture, otherwise harmless, which had to be advertised with a poster somewhat suggestive.

WHY film producers and exhibitors will advertise a beautiful photo-play by means of a burlesque style of bill-board poster in vogue ten years ago is one of the mysteries of the business.

A law such as Michigan has lately put into force, of forbidding inflammable posters to be used in front of a theater, is what is needed in every state. The law requires all posters to be framed behind glass.

In the early stages of the movement for Better Films the COMPANION said:

Have you in your neighborhood a clean, well-ventilated, properly-lighted motion picture theatre, fire proof, with plenty of exits in case of danger? Can you see pictures that are entertaining and that do not offend the common decencies of life? Can you see the pictures in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION approved list? That is the theatre for your patronage.

Just about that time a man in Norfolk, Virginia, was planning a picture theatre. He asked for information and suggestions from this department, and was supplied. When he was ready to open his theatre he sent two thousand post cards to his townspeople, with the comment that the Ghent theatre was the answer to the above questions. He asked them to write on the return card what kind of films they liked best—dramatic, adventurous, humorous, or educational films. He has declared that his patrons run his theatre, and as a result it is a Better Films type of theatre.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

*to its readers by the Editors of the
Woman's Home Companion*

FEATURES

CARMEN, Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play: A wonderful interpretation of the gypsy girl by Geraldine Farrar. Marvelous settings and realistic atmosphere. A most artistic production.

TRILBY, World: A dramatic development of the famous story, with Wilton Lackaye in his wonderful interpretation of Svengali. Atmosphere well sustained.

VIA WIRELESS, Pathé: Some astonishing effects make this adaptation of the play very interesting, especially the naval scenes and the gun casting.

ESMERALDA, Famous Players: A simple little story given a sentimentally human touch by Mary Pickford. Wholesome atmosphere.

THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE, Famous Players: John Barrymore is quite funny as the rich man's son who had to become a tramp to find himself. Some excellent scenes of the construction of a dam.

THE MAN TRAIL, Mutual-Masterpicture: A virile production of lumber camp life in which Richard Travers does considerable fighting, but always for the right. Quite realistic.

THE CASE OF BECKY, Jesse L. Lasky: Blanche Sweet does some remarkable work as the girl with the double personality. A psychological study of interest to adults.

JIMON THE JESTER, Pathé: A weird sort of picture of W. J. Locke's novel. Features Edwin Arden as the man whose days were numbered.

THE GREAT RUBY, V. L. S. E.: A mystery story a little hard to follow, but entertaining as a whole. The balloon climax is novel.

THE WOLF MAN, Mutual-Masterpicture: The familiar story of the rich man who steals the poor chemist's discovery of a pottery glaze. Entertainingly developed.

THE GALLOPER, Pathé: A good comedy, with Clifton Crawford as the funny war correspondent. Very entertaining.

THE PLOUGHSHARE, Edison: A Southern story of slavery days with some pretty settings. Quite interesting.

THE IMPOSTER, World: Rather improbable story of twin brothers and the usual impersonation. Has entertainment values.

THE EXPLORER, Jesse L. Lasky: A masterly production featuring Lou Tellegen. Atmosphere well sustained, some settings being quite remarkable, particularly that of an African village.

TWAS EVER THUS, Bosworth: A romantic comedy picturing four stages of life, beginning with cave-dwelling times. Elsie Janis is the heroine.

PLAYING DEAD, V. L. S. E.: A novel development of the familiar triangle, in which some modern theories play a part. A study for young married people. Good acting by the Drews.

HER HAPPINESS, Edison: A sweet little story of lovers eloping under circumstances different from the usual. Viola Dana is the girl.

REGENERATION, Fox: A remarkable melodrama based on Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose." Most realistic types and settings of East Side slum life. Real humor and pathos intermingled. Not suitable for children.

THE IRON STRAIN, Triangle: A wholesome picture in an Alaskan setting, featuring Dustin Farnum. Most artistic and attractive.

THE BIGGER MAN, Metro: Interesting drama of struggle between capital and labor. Well staged. Based on Rupert Hughes's novel "The Bridge."

MY VALET, Triangle: An amusing picture featuring Raymond Hitchcock in many humorous situations. Good comedy.

THE IVORY SNUFF BOX, World: An attractive picture, a little harrowing in places but very entertaining. Scenes laid in Belgium and in France.

OUT OF DARKNESS, Jesse L. Lasky: A quite unusual development of a labor problem, with Charlotte Walker and Thomas Meighan playing the leading characters. Artistic and well staged.

THE LAMB, Triangle: Exceptionally well staged, featuring Douglas Fairbank, as the heroic coward. Really wonderful photography. Mixture of comedy and thrills.

THE LITTLE MADEMOISELLE, World: An amusing story of a pretty girl who misses her train and has many adventures. Attractive.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING, Universal: A thrilling picture based on the Sepoy Rebellion that led to the siege of Lucknow. Development not clear, but the interest is held.

SPECIALS

AND BY THESE DEEDS, Biograph-General: A most charming child-story, thoroughly enjoyable. Suitable for a children's program.

THE SOUL OF PIERRE, Biograph-General: Three reels. A queer story of the soul transference for a time.

A true detective story

The Disappearance of Edna Kent

By

WILLIAM J. BURNS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. TOWNSEND

FRIDAY morning, September fourth, the little city of Southton in Central New York awakened to a sensation.

At each Southton breakfast table lay a copy of the Southton "Morning Times," and there, displayed in headlines that covered half the front page was this astonishing piece of news:

SOUTHTON GIRL DISAPPEARS

Miss Edna Kent, Popular Member of the Younger Social Set, leaves home without explanation

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kent of Riverside Avenue, and Graduate of Mt. Pleasant College this Year

Police Refuse to make Statement but are said to fear Foul Play

Miss Edna Kent, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kent, of Riverside Avenue, disappeared mysteriously from the home of her parents yesterday afternoon between two and four o'clock. No trace has been found of her since. Whether she is the victim of amnesia, or has left home to keep an engagement of which her parents were not informed, or has met with foul play, is this morning a matter of the deepest mystery. The police, who refuse to make any statement whatever, are said by those usually in their confidence, to incline to the latter theory.

Until a late hour last night the family refused to admit the disappearance, answering, in response to a telephone inquiry, that Miss Edna had left the city for a day or two to visit relatives. At eleven-thirty, however, Mrs. Kent became so greatly agitated that, at her insistence, the police were summoned. Captain Higgins of the detective bureau went to the house. He found Mrs. Kent in a state bordering on collapse. Dr. T. J. Morrison was summoned and Mrs. Kent made the following statement:

"Edna and I left the house together shortly before noon. She seemed perfectly normal and in good spirits. We went down-town to her dressmaker's, where she was given a fitting for a new evening dress. We lunched at Streets Department store, and I left immediately after to keep an appointment at the dentist's. Edna kissed me good-by, saying she was tired and would go straight home."

"The parlor maid let her in and heard her go to her room. How long she was there, and whether she left the house of her own accord, the maid does not know. She was busy in her own room."

"Shortly before four o'clock the telephone rang; the maid answered. A gentleman's voice asked for Miss Edna. The maid went to her room, and receiving no response informed the caller that Miss Edna was out. He rang off immediately, giving no name."

"I went to her room immediately on my return from the dentist's and finding it vacant supposed that she had gone to the home of some friend. When she did not appear at dinner I called up some of her best friends on the telephone. None of them had seen her since noon. By eleven o'clock I had exhausted every possible source of information without result. I then notified the police."

Miss Kent is twenty-one years old, five feet three inches tall, has rich brown hair and blue eyes, and is spoken of by her friends as a strikingly beautiful young woman. Theodore Kent, her father, is president of the Kent Iron Works, and the Kent home on Riverside Avenue is one of the show places of the city. Miss Kent is an only child.

What mystery lay behind the disappearance of Edna Kent?

Southton asked itself that question in every possible form during the next twenty-four hours. A hundred different conjectures reduced themselves finally to three:

1. Edna Kent had been murdered. But in that case who was the murderer? So far as anyone was aware she had no enemy. What could be gained by such a crime? And, even supposing it the work of a madman who slew without intelligent motive, what had been done with the body?

2. She had run away to be secretly married. But if so, to whom? Her parents had no reason to suspect a romance. Neither mother nor father had ever made any objection to the visits of young men. If she had

met a man whom she loved she had no reason to suppose that her parents would act unpleasantly. And certainly, if she was running away to be married, she would at least leave some message by which her parents' fears might be set at rest.

3. She had left home to have a career, on the stage, or in social work. It was recalled that in college she had shown dramatic ability. One of the papers quoted an anonymous friend as saying that Miss Edna had confided her determination to have a career, and her belief that her mother would not sympathize with the ambition. But Mrs. Kent denied any misunderstanding between them on the subject. In fact, so far as she could remember they had never discussed it.

There had been nothing whatever in the home relations that would account for her disappearance. Mrs. Kent repeated it again and again; and the oftener she said it the more positive she became.

The police, for their part, were convinced that Edna Kent was dead, and under the direction of Captain Higgins they began immediately to "spread their net." The police of every city within five hundred miles were notified. The result was the publication of Edna Kent's description broadcast.

As happens in every such case, the vilest rumors were set afloat. If Edna Kent was not dead, as the police believed, said the morbid crowd, she nevertheless had good reason for leaving town. When I say "every such case" I know what I am talking about. It sometimes makes a man almost lose faith in the human race to see how eager the crowd invariably is to snatch up the worst conjecture and bandy it about.

The strain was telling severely on both the parents. Mr. Kent, having offered a generous reward and put the case into the hands of the police, had done all that it was possible for him to do. He was a big, vigorous sort of man, accustomed to action, and the enforced inaction hit him hard. Mrs. Kent had broken under the strain and been placed in the hospital under a nurse's care.

A little before three o'clock Saturday afternoon the telephone rang at the Kent home. Captain Higgins, who happened to be in the house, answered it.

"Hello hello," he said in his booming tone. "That you, Higgins?" said a voice, "this is headquarters. Telegram just come in. Listen."

Higgins listened. Then with an exclamation he slammed the receiver onto the hook and started for the door. In the hall he met Mr. Kent. He, too, had heard the telephone ring and was hastening to answer it. He gave one startled look at the captain's face.

"You have heard something," the old man cried. "Tell me! . . . What is it— is she? . . ."

Higgins reached out a hand and laid it on his shoulder. "It may be nothing at all," he said; "there's lots of false alarms in a case like this. You got to remember that."

"But tell me," Kent implored. "You don't need to keep anything from me. You have heard something?" Higgins hesitated, and then half pushing the older man before him into the library forced him into a chair.

"It may be just a wild-goose chase," he said gruffly, "but you and I got to go to Baltimore to-night. That message was from the chief down there. There was a girl picked out of the water last night who answers the description of your girl."

"Oh, God!" gasped the other, and reeled in his chair. Higgins leaped to his side: "Remember, it may be nothin' at all," he said, "probably ain't. But we got to go."

Kent mastered himself with an effort. "I am ready," he replied. "There's a train in forty minutes. I'll telephone for the machine."

The body that was supposed to be Edna Kent's had been taken to the city morgue. There, at seven o'clock on Sunday morning came Higgins and Kent. The attendant led them over to the far corner of the room, where on a marble slab the body of a girl lay, covered with a white sheet.



Higgins leaped to his side: "Remember, it may be nothin' at all," he said, "probably ain't. But we got to go."

At a nod from Higgins the attendant turned the sheet back, exposing the girl's face. Kent gave one look and turned away, a great relief struggling with the agony in his face.

"It isn't!" he cried. "Thank God, it isn't she!"

"I told you there was lots of false alarms in a case like this," said Higgins. He nodded to the attendant, who stepped forward with the sheet again. With a firm grip on Kent's arm, he started for the door.

From the beginning the police had held firmly to the theory of murder, and on the long ride back with Mr. Kent, Higgins reverted to it again.

Was there anyone, he asked, who would profit in any way by Edna's death?

"There is only one person in the world who could profit by Edna's death,"—Mr. Kent spoke slowly, as though every word hurt—"that is my brother, George. Under the terms of my mother's will Edna was to inherit some money on Christmas of this year. That money, in case of her death, would go to my brother."

"How much money?"

"About fifty thousand dollars."

"What does your brother do?"

"He works at Fisher's Foundry. George—well, George is not a very steady worker. He has habits—his health has not been very good—"

It was a lame enough answer, and Higgins showed by his silence more clearly than words that he caught the full significance of it.

Arrived at Southton late Sunday afternoon he lost no time in calling headquarters, and giving instructions to have George Kent located and brought in.

Returning to his office Monday morning Higgins found a perfect deluge of telegrams and letters. Telegrams from chiefs of police, from newspapers and from the great host of people who pride themselves on their ability as amateur detectives. Edna Kent had been found. More than that. She had been found in almost every village, cross-roads and hamlet in the United States. Captain Higgins's scowl grew deeper as a clerk entered with a fresh batch of telegrams. Behind him stepped one of the force's most trusted men.

"We've got a line on every man that knew Miss Kent, sir," he said, "and I think we've located the man that telephoned the house."

"Good, who is he?"

"Fred Peterson, sir."

"Any relation to Sam Peterson of the Peterson Tool Works?"

"His son. He goes to the same church as Miss Kent, and they have been together a good deal. Thursday afternoon about a quarter to four he was with a friend of his named Adams at the corner of Main and First. He left Adams there and went into the drug store to telephone. Adams hasn't seen him since."

"Have you located him?"

"Not yet, sir. We went up to the Peterson house, and there's no one home but the maid. The family, she said, had been in Atlantic City for more than a week. Mister Fred, she said, was out of town, also. She did not know where he had gone. He had packed his bag right after breakfast Friday, and she hadn't seen him since."

"Friday," muttered Higgins; "the day after the



"They're hers!" cried Mary; "and they're gone."

girl disappeared. Get the Atlantic City chief on the phone."

Before the call could be given, the door opened again, and George Kent was ushered in, in the custody of one of the force.

Kent was one of those ill-fated beings whose weaknesses stand out in greater prominence in contrast to the strength and virtues of the rest of his family. He was not vicious, but he had never seemed to "catch on," as the neighbors expressed it. In later years he had been slipping fast; he was periodically drunk, and there were rumors of a forgery charge which his brother's influence and money had hushed up. This morning he looked disheveled and unhappy enough. Higgins was in a mood to give him a very short shrift.

"Where were you on the afternoon your niece disappeared?" he asked abruptly.

Kent stammered, and flushed.

"Why—why I was over in—over in Madisonville—I had some business—"

"No, you weren't," Higgins blustered. "We know where you were. Why don't you tell the truth? What are you trying to conceal?"

The poor fellow cringed and reddened under the captain's severity. Every move he made, every answer, deepened the case against him. He was the only human being who could profit by the death of Edna Kent. He had lied about his movements on the afternoon of her disappearance, and been caught in the lie. His reputation was against him. His conduct in the captain's office was in itself enough to excite suspicion. He was held for further examination.

It was at this point that, at Mr. Kent's request, I was brought into the case. Four days had passed, and every clue must be correspondingly cold; moreover, instead of a single mystery the case now presented a double, or a triple one. Not merely Edna Kent but young Peterson, too, was missing. And, locked in the police station, George Kent, the girl's uncle, was held on the charge of murder.

I began by visiting Edna's dressmaker, her dentist, the department store where she traded, the photographer for whom she had been sitting. To each of the employees who might have come in contact with her I showed her photograph. They remembered her clearly enough. By diligent inquiry I was able to trace her movements straight through the last day, almost up to the time of her disappearance.

Having attended to these preliminary steps I went to the house and examined the maid. Like the other members of the household she was in a state of intense nervousness bordering almost on distraction. It was necessary to quiet her first before any progress could be made at all. I spoke to her as kindly as I could.

"We're all working together for the same thing, Mary," I said, "and you may be sure we'll succeed. We're going to find Miss Edna. Just as sure as you're sitting here. And you are going to be a big help."

"Oh, Mr. Burns," she sobbed, "she was the sweetest girl in the world. For ten years I've been with her. We—we were almost like sisters."

"Yes," I said. "Now tell me, Mary, have you noticed anything strange in Miss Edna's actions lately? Has she seemed worried or troubled about anything?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes, sir. Once or twice I came into her room sudden, and I thought she had been crying."

"Did she say anything? Did she give you any explanation of her trouble?"

"No, sir. Once I kind of made an opening for her to speak, but she just gave a little laugh and said it was nothing, and that she guessed everybody had a bit of trouble sometimes that they couldn't share with any one else."

"How long ago was this?"

"About six weeks ago, sir."

"And have you noticed any signs of crying, any depression in her recently—within a day or two, say, before she went away?"

"No, sir. No crying at all, sir. In fact she seemed quite her own self the last few days. And when I let her in at the front door that afternoon she smiled as pleasant as could be and said, 'It's a wonderful day, Mary.'"

"You're sure you didn't hear her leave the house that afternoon?"

"Positive, sir. You can come back into my room and see for yourself. Once the door is closed you don't hear anything from the front of the house at all. Not a thing, sir."

"Mary," I said, "there is one other question. Has any baggage—any suit cases or trunks—gone out of the house in the past two weeks?"

"Why, I don't know, sir. But we'll find out."

She led the way up-stairs, to a small dark room leading off the rear hall.

"All the bags and trunks are kept here, sir," she said, turning on the light.

"Look them over," I ordered,

"and see if any of them, especially hers, are missing."

She stooped to the task, and leaped back immediately with a little cry. It was hardly necessary for her to tell me what she had discovered. The trunks and bags were covered with dust. In one corner of the floor, standing out of the dusty surroundings as clearly as though someone had painted them, were the outlines of a suit case and a bag.

"They're hers!" cried Mary; "and they're gone!"

From the first I had not taken any stock in the police theory of murder. Where there is murder there must be some powerful motive. Only George Kent could have had any motive for making away with Edna, and a very superficial examination of him and his record convinced me that he had not the fiber to plan and execute a desperate crime. The discovery of the missing bags at the Kent home confirmed me in that belief.

I looked through Edna's mail for the few weeks preceding her disappearance; there was nothing in it that threw any light whatever on the mystery. I had hardly expected that it would. If she had been planning to elope, or to disappear for any other reason, she would not be likely to leave any compromising letters behind. She might, indeed, have received her mail at some other address. This was the next point to be investigated.

But why, if Edna had not been murdered, if she had merely contrived to disappear, why had she left no message behind? She and her mother were on good terms; she was known as an exceedingly thoughtful girl. She must have realized that her disappearance would cause her mother endless grief. She must have left a note, I said to myself—something to tell her mother where she was going and why. Yet I searched her room, and her mother's room, without finding the slightest trace.

Meanwhile I had set my men to investigate the records of the telephone companies and the taxi offices. Our first efforts led to nothing. The taxi companies had had no call from 124 Riverside. The telephone records showed no call from the Kent home to a taxi office. There were three taxi companies in town. I sent for three of my men who understood cars, and arranged with the companies that one of them was to be taken on as chauffeur at each garage.

"Mix with the other men," I said. "Find out if one of them took a girl with two bags to either depot on Thursday, September 3d. If she didn't go to one of the depots, find out where she did go."

With this arranged for I went back once more to the Kent home.

"Mary," I said, "what becomes of the waste paper from the house? Is it thrown in the ash barrel or burned?"

"It's burned, sir, in the winter when the furnace is going. On warm days like this it's piled up in the cellar waiting for the fire."

"Show me where it is."

In one corner of the cellar I discovered a pile of waste paper—newspapers, letters and wrapping-paper sheets from the kitchen all thrown in together. Mary left me alone, at my direction, and in fifteen minutes I had found what I thought would be there. Two things I found: The first was a letter addressed, not to Miss Edna Kent, 124 Riverside Avenue, but to Miss Edna Kent, care of Mrs. Henry Evans, 347 Forest Avenue. It was postmarked "Pittsburgh."

I found Mrs. Evans one of those nice, nervous, childless women who are forever flutter for fear they may have done the wrong thing.

"You are a friend of Edna Kent's, Mrs. Evans," I said, "and I know you want to do everything in your power to help us bring her home again."

"Oh, Mr. Burns," she cried, "then you don't think she is dead—you mean that you can find her?"

"That depends," I answered, "on whether I can get all the information I need. For one thing, I want to know how long Miss Kent has been receiving mail at your house."

The little woman gave me a startled look, and then covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

"I didn't mean anything wrong, Mr. Burns. You won't tell Mrs. Kent, Mr. Burns? She would never forgive me—"

"I won't tell Mrs. Kent anything," I answered kindly. "Now tell me the whole story."

She pulled herself together. "I haven't much to tell, Mr. Burns. I've known Edna a long time. About six months ago she came to me and said she had a friend, a girl friend, whom her mother did not like. She liked the girl very much, she said, and she wanted to continue the friendship, but her mother was so strongly prejudiced that she didn't want the girl's letters to come to the house. Would I be willing, she asked, to let the girl write to her in my care? I didn't like the idea, but she pleaded so hard that I consented, and since then she has been coming every day or two to get her letters. That's all there is to it, so far as I know, Mr. Burns."

"Were the letters in a girl's handwriting, Mrs. Evans?"

"I don't know. It might have been a girl's handwriting or a man's."

"Did you notice the postmark?"

"Yes; Pittsburgh."

"All from Pittsburgh?"

"All that I remember."

"Do you remember when the last letter came?"

"I do. It was the day before Edna disappeared."

"Did you notice anything peculiar in her appearance or conduct when she received it? Did she betray any emotion at all?"

"I didn't notice anything, Mr. Burns. She seemed happy, but that was not unusual. She was generally happy. She whistled when she came to the door, and I handed her the letter. She put it in her pocket without reading it and after chatting a bit she went off."

"You don't think of anything else that happened, anything you ought to tell me?"

She thought a moment. "I can't think of anything Mr. Burns, except—"

"Except what?"

"Except that I think mothers sometimes believe they are closer to their daughters than they really are, Mr. Burns. I sometimes thought that Mrs. Kent—it was only a suspicion, you might say—"

"I understand," I said. "I think your suspicion was right. And now don't worry about Edna. We're going to find her. And don't worry about my saying anything I shouldn't to Mrs. Kent. She will never know."

In Edna's desk I had noticed that morning a little book containing addresses—such a book as many ladies have to keep track of their friends' street and telephone numbers. I went back now and spent half an hour in examining that book. It contained a number of Pittsburgh addresses, all girls' addresses, and one, which was indicated merely by initials thus:

"J. L. 1546 Chester, Pittsburgh."

I stepped around the corner to send a telegram to our Pittsburgh office. Then, with the other slip of paper, which I had found in the cellar of the Kent home, I went to the hospital to see Mrs. Kent. But before I left the house I sent word to Higgins and the newspapers that Edna Kent was found. Her parents knew where she had gone, I said, and when she was coming home. The slanderous stories that had already begun to be hinted at in the papers could not be stopped too soon.

I found Mrs. Kent very pale, but partially recovered from the first shock, and my first words seemed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]



"I don't know just when you'll see her again," I answered, "but I can tell you where she is this minute."

Fannie Merritt Farmer

FOR TEN YEARS EDITOR OF THE COMPANION'S COOKING PAGES

AN APPRECIATION

By MARY BRONSON HARTT

IT IS curious, now she is gone and we naturally fall to thinking of her life as a whole, to find how little we—the general public—really know of the woman we refer to familiarly as "Fannie Farmer." Her work? Oh, yes, we know her as the author of books on cookery and dietetics worth their weight in gold, as the successful head of a famous cooking-school, as a lecturer, as the writer of a monthly page of ingenious, piquant, and eminently reliable recipes. There we stop.

It is so because Miss Farmer wished to have it so. In an age characterized by worship of publicity, she shunned it. She avoided the "write-up" artist, she never subscribed to a clipping-bureau, never preserved a press notice, however laudatory. She steadily refused to allow her publishers to use her picture as a frontispiece for her books. So far as might be she kept herself hidden behind her work. For she was to the last a naturally shy and reserved woman, despite her long experience of public speaking.

Such reticence is so rare, it seems to bind us over to respect it. Yet it is no more than fair that that larger public of those who were her constant readers, depending on her for the variety on their home tables, upon her carefully prepared directions for the comfort and health of their households (so far as these depend on food) should learn as much of Miss Farmer as was known to her Boston pupils.

Glanced over in "Who's Who," the story of Miss Farmer's life would appear to be the almost featureless record of a career of great industry, great and well-merited success. But this superficial view misses the point completely.

Miss Farmer's was a success wrested from crushing calamity. Her life was lamentably whittled down at both ends by ill health. A paralytic stroke cut short her education at seventeen, and she was twenty-eight before she began formal preparation for her life-work. The last seven years—years crowded with activity—were spent on crutches or in a wheeled chair, and not only that but under the cloud of an illness sure to prove mortal. And she was not quite fifty-eight when she died.

Those seven years, which most women would have felt justified in spending in helpless, if not complaining, invalidism, she used with intelligent thrift, making the most of every hour, eking out her failing strength, faithfully following the régime prescribed by her physician, giving way to no indulgence, either on the side of forbidden luxuries or on the side of overwork. And she prolonged her life and her working time for years beyond the best that was to be hoped for, delivering her last lecture only ten days before the end.

It isn't every woman who can be a heroine in the eyes of her doctor. Miss Farmer was that. The great physician who helped her through could but admire her fortitude and her self-control. "It was a fine mind," he says, "and a wonderful will." Her best friends are saying: "She really was a great invalid, though we hardly realized it. We almost forgot to sympathize with her weakness, she made us glory so in her strength."

Oh, yes, Miss Farmer was greater even than her work.

NOW for the simple story: Fannie Merritt Farmer was born in Boston, March 23, 1857, the eldest daughter of J. Frank Farmer, an editor, and Mary Watson Farmer. She was a junior in the Medford High School with her mind ardently set on a college career when her health was shattered by that paralytic shock. The doctors absolutely forbade her to think of further study. The way to any sort of career seemed walled across.

As she worked her way back to health, Miss Farmer made herself useful to her mother, who was a notable housewife, becoming more and more fascinated with cookery and more and more skillful at it.

When she was twenty-eight it seemed expedient for a number of reasons to add to the family income by taking boarders into the home. Miss Farmer's cleverness at cooking seemed turned to excellent account then. But her sister, watching her, couldn't help feeling that Fannie



"THIS WAS MISS FARMER—practical, womanly, unsparing of labor, deeply impressed with the importance of lifting cookery to its rightful place as a science and an art"

had gifts that were wasted, even in putting a willing shoulder to the home wheel. She insisted that Miss Farmer should prepare herself to teach cooking, made all the arrangements, and got her successfully placed in the Boston Cooking-School.

"After that," her sister says, "everything went right along." With her ten years' experience of practical cooking, Miss Farmer took hold of theory so well that upon her graduation in 1889 she was called directly back as assistant to the principal, and after the death of Mrs. Dearborn two years later became herself the head of the school.

At the close of eleven years of successful work, Miss Farmer began to feel herself a little cramped by the control of the board of managers in charge of the school. She wanted to express herself in her own way. So in 1902 she resigned to open her own establishment—Miss Farmer's School of Cookery.

Three years later was marked by the publication of that gold mine of culinary wisdom, "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book."

Why did Miss Farmer choose to call the volume by the somewhat cumbersome title, "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book"? To "boost" the book by shedding on it the luster of a famous name? Possibly. But it was more a matter of honesty. She wished to acknowledge her debt to the school.

A great cooking-school is like those "schools" of the Old Masters of painting, not merely a place where pupils were taught but where pupils work under the master's direction upon the master's design. A cooking-school cook book is infinitely superior to a one-woman cook book because it represents the experimental wisdom of many. The average cook book is a compilation from miscellaneous sources. Not a tithe of the recipes, perhaps, have been actually tested by the author. The expense of materials and the time necessary for such wholesale testing would more than eat up the profits of a book.

But in a cooking-school each recipe can be tested, not by one individual but by whole classes. If the directions are faulty, somebody is sure to discover the weak spot. Ingenious pupils frequently suggest improvements on the original recipe, and the faculty can always be set to experimenting upon a recipe which seems to fall just short of perfection.

Miss Farmer, by the title, was claiming for her book not only her own immensely careful and scientific experimenting, but the critical judgment of faculty and pupils during a period of eleven years. Small wonder American housekeepers find that book reliable as well as suggestive. Small wonder it finds its way through Canada to England, to Australia.

Miss Farmer herself was an exacting critic with the sensitive tip of her tongue. Her pupils well remember her oddly introspective expression as she referred a flavor to her highly specialized palate, asking herself not, "Is it good?" but "Could it be better?"

She became an expert at analyzing flavors, frequenting the best hotels and restaurants (though she wasn't a bit of a gourmet), and thinking hard all through the menu. In her later years she could actually—there seems to be no better way to put it—"visualize" a taste, knowing beforehand in her mind's palate, precisely how a given combination of ingredients would lie on the tongue.

Sometimes a sauce would baffle her temporarily. In that case she produced a calling card, committed to it a few drops of the sauce which pliqued her curiosity, carefully folded it over and tucked it away for future reference. It had to be a very clever chef indeed who could conceal from Miss Farmer his herbs and his spices once she set out to Sherlock Holmes his methods.

An immense clientele of pupils, ex-pupils, and friends kept her constantly informed of culinary success all over the globe, spurring her ever to new feats. Somebody would come in and say, "Ah, Miss Farmer, those rolls at the Holland House!" or, "They're serving a sausage at the Ritz-Carlton that you've nothing to match."

Away would go Miss Farmer to New York, unless, indeed, the pupil had thoughtfully brought along a sample for her to try. She would taste that roll or that sausage on its native heath, putting it through a secret third degree. Then back she would come to mix and taste and commit to the oven and alter and test till the result was a triumph.

Sometimes the entire faculty were working on the recipe in snippets of time between classes. And if it couldn't be got quite right at the school during the week, the Farmer family were sure to have that obstinate recipe tried on them next Sunday. There was no "give up" in Miss Farmer. She never lost patience or tired of her work. She had an abundance of that sort of genius which is "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

So long as she remained principal of the Boston Cooking-School Miss Farmer trained teachers of cooking. In her own school she preferred teaching individuals to cook. Not that she by any means despised the theory of dietetics, balanced menus, and all that. Indeed, one of her strong points was the feeding of invalids, a subject on which she delivered one course before the Harvard Medical School. Her school always supplied lecturers on invalid cookery to hospital training classes for nurses.

However, as I said, Miss Farmer's main absorption was always with practice rather than theory. She didn't care a lot about methods, preferring to spend her time in teaching, rather than in considering how to teach.

She had little need to consider methods, being a born teacher. Shy and reserved to the world of society, on the lecture platform she was inspired. Her merry eyes twinkled, her wit sparkled out spontaneously, her strong, beautiful hands went so accurately, so deftly about their work of demonstration. She was intensely human and sympathetic. Her face radiated a fine friendliness. She never dominated her audiences. She helped.

For the past seven years Miss Farmer's demonstration lectures had to be given from her chair. When the stroke fell that deprived her of the use of her legs, Miss Farmer was painfully concerned lest her power before an audience might be lessened. At first she had the platform concealed by a screen while she was helped to her chair, so that people should not have the fact forced on them that she spoke sitting because she could not stand.

She need not have troubled. There was a moral force, a strength of personality in Miss Farmer which made itself felt as easily from her chair as when she was able to speak on her feet. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the audiences watching the capable figure in white had the slightest suspicion that she was a doomed woman, keeping herself alive by sheer force of will and a brave adherence to the exacting rules laid down for her by her physician.

An immense clientele [CONTINUED ON PAGE 57]

At Christmas, Play
And Make Good Cheer

For Christmas Comes
But Once a Year

Christmas Cheer for Everybody

Candle Lighting

By BETSY HALE

WHEN I was a little girl at home we had a pretty custom every Christmas Eve: At candle-lighting time Mother gathered us children around the piano, and played our favorite carol, which we all roared out lustily partly for the love of the song but mostly because we were so full of Christmas.

Then Mother rattled off a brisk march and we all—there were five of us—gayly filed past the center-table, on which were ranged in a row five colored candles. The littlest child had first choice and "Pink!" she always shouted. (I remember which she chose for I was next to the littlest and always wanted pink, too.) "Blue," "Red," "Yellow," "Green," we cried, and at the word we each picked up a candle and trotted over to Father in his big chair in the shadow of the unlighted tree.

Mother played softly, with one eye on all that was happening: Father struck a match, and up flared the flame of the baby's pink candle. Then baby held her candle for us all to light ours from it. I can see the flickering light yet on her eager little face.

The big hemlock was covered with tiny white tapers, and the smallest child had the joy of lighting the first one with her big pink candle. One after the other, we all five followed her. Of course, Mother and Father must have been very much on the watch to see that we didn't catch fire.

When the tree was atwinkle with lights in the dim room, Mother played another Christmas song, and we children joined hands and danced, singing and circling around Father and the tree.

The Christmas Garden

By REBECCA D. MOORE

THE bed in which the Christmas presents are planted is a long wooden box or table. It should be low enough so that the smaller children will be able to see the contents easily.

Three-foot-wide boards laid on supports make a good foundation, or a packing box will do nicely. Tack green crepe paper leaves upright about the edges and cover the supports to imitate a garden border. The presents in their flower-like wrappings are the garden posies. Let the dolls stand upright, their heads peeping from a whorl of pink paper petals. Twists of white and colored paper with a few green leaves will transform the smaller gifts into chrysanthemums, lilacs and other blossoms, which perhaps will not bear a botanist's scrutiny, but will quite satisfy the young folks. The larger gifts covered with real greens or green paper, masquerade as bushes. Placards like the following tell the children what has blossomed for them in the Christmas garden:

Sleddensia Spedia; Bookus Intrestissimus, Dolla Rosa, Choo Choo Trainus

One of the girls, as a little gardener in a wide-brimmed hat and a simple frock, her watering pot in one hand, gathers and distributes the presents.

The Christmas Plum Cake

By KATE CAMPION

THE most attractive sort of a plum cake for the Christmas supper table is one decorated with a wreath of holly. And when the wreath itself may be safely eaten and forms, moreover, the most delicious portion of the cake, it is especially desirable to know how to make it.

First the cake must be smoothly and thickly iced with a rich boiled icing. Then the leaves are arranged on its surface while the icing is still a little soft. To make the leaves, slice green citron in thin transparent slices, and from them cut leaves in the shape of the holly leaf. A

genuine holly leaf may be used for a pattern; have your knife sharp and you will find this making of the leaves a simple matter. When the wreath is formed place small scarlet candles at intervals among the leaves to simulate the berries. A design of leaves and berries may also be arranged in the center of the cake.

Mistletoe wreaths are made in the same way, the leaves being slightly longer and more pointed in shape than the holly leaves. Mistletoe berries are formed of white candies. Such a decoration is best on a chocolate iced cake.

An Open Air Christmas

By META KORTJOHN



AS I have only once during the twenty winters of my life seen snow, it is familiar to me only on Christmas cards, and we spend many of our Christmases out of doors.

There are in our family four boys and five girls between four and twenty-four years of age, and Father and Mother, besides two cousins and a bachelor uncle who have lived with us for years. Our jolly old Jimmie begged that we have something different from our usual Christmas tree, and we put it up to him to find something new.

The boys have three tents that they use when they go fishing and they got four more from their friends, and at Christmas we found our back yard looking as if a small army had encamped there.

In accordance with a notice posted in a conspicuous place, we left all of our gifts, properly labeled, in the library, and at eight o'clock we went to camp. We sat around the camp fire, and sang and listened to old Uncle January play "Three Blind Mice" and "Ole Black Joe" and "Good Ole Christmas Time." Then we played blindman's buff with the children until they were sleepy, and all of us crept into our tents, each with a tin horn, for it had been agreed that when Santa blew his horn on Christmas morning each of us should join in when we awoke.

The clamor of horns awoke me in the morning. We scrambled wildly into our clothes and rushed out. There, perched high in our big oak tree, was what appeared to be the real Santa Claus. He announced that the only way to get presents would be to climb for them. When he called a name, up the ladder went the owner of the name—even Mother and Father. To the waiting ones below Santa threw nuts and oranges and little toys. Then he led the way to the old orchard, where we found Uncle January and Mauney arranging a picnic breakfast.

Gifts for Little Girls

By KATE CAMPION



LET me tell you of my plan for gift giving to the little daughters of several of my friends. These friends are all wealthy while I must count every penny, therefore it is a little difficult to decide what will be appropriate for one in my position, financially, to bestow upon the little daughters.

I bought several yards of sateen, net, cheap lace and ribbon, and with these materials I made each child a real grown-up dress in which to "play lady." For one little girl of ten, I made a gown of lavender sateen; the skirt is made with a train, the frock has a fashionable tunic, the bodice has vest and revers and Medici collar, and the whole thing is made as carefully as though for a grown person. The tunic is covered with net, and little bows of ribbon decorate the bodice. A bouquet of violets is placed on the left shoulder, and the effect is very smart.

Another little frock is of pale green cambric, the sort that is used for lining gowns. A panner effect of rose-tinted cambric is draped high in the back and half covers the front of the skirt. The bodice is of rose cambric with net sleeves.

A yellow and black sateen trimmed with a border of yellow daisies which I had in my store closet is another of these famous gowns. I make them all with trains and girdles and all the accessories of a real grown-up dress.

The children have had more real pleasure from their play-time dresses, their mothers declare, than from all the expensive toys they have received. This year I shall make new costumes for my little friends, for they have begged me to do so, and, indeed, have not hesitated to tell me exactly what they most desire in shade and style. The dresses did not cost me one dollar apiece.

My Most Acceptable Gift

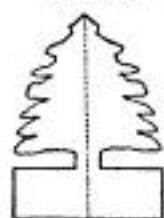
By INEZ SHULL



I HONESTLY believe the most acceptable gift I ever gave was a stuffed pumpkin, and I gave it to a dear lady who counts her wealth by thousands, whilst I must be content (and am) with hundreds. I cut a round lid off the end of the pumpkin and scooped out the seeds. Then I lined it with waxed paper. I then filled it with a glass each of jam, jelly, chili sauce, celery relish, and mixed pickles. Over these I placed a disk of waxed cardboard. The next layer was a slice of fruit cake, a slice of plum pudding, seed cakes, and homemade candies, more waxed paper; then strips of red geranium and holly. Then I placed the "cover" on the pumpkin, wrapped the mammoth thing in green crepe paper and tied it with red ribbon and holly.

The Paper Christmas Tree

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX



THE paper Christmas tree may be any size desired; it might even, at a minute's notice, serve in place of a real tree, when, as sometimes happens, such a substitute might help make a festive occasion of a disappointing holiday.

Wee paper trees make the prettiest kind of place cards for the Christmas dinner table. In order to get exactly the right green, the best way is to paint creamy sheets of water-color paper with water colors. At the same time, paint one sheet bright red for candles. Then cut a pattern tree, beginning at the top and ending with a standard beneath the tree. From the paper painted green, cut other trees like the pattern; also cut narrow strips of the red paper into proper candle lengths.

Paste together, back to back, three of these paper trees, bending each in the center, thus forming a single tree that will stand alone. Paste red candles at the ends of the boughs.

Slip a narrow red ribbon through a plain white card with name upon it, and your place card is complete.

These tiny trees amuse little children; it is possible to set up a play Christmas tree market with them. The trees may be bought, sold, and delivered in toy wagons.

Children, little and big, are easily entertained with these trees made about a foot high, if given blunt scissors and bits of bright paper. They can trim the trees in many ways; one way being to festoon the boughs with miniature kindergarten paper chains. The children will cut out toys to paste on these little trees; balls of all sizes and colors, dolls, teddy-bears, candy canes—all sorts of Christmas gifts.

The Christmas "Piñata"

By EDITH M. BLANCHARD



THE people of Mexico have a grand celebration every year, beginning December 16th and continuing until after New Year's. Every night they have jolly family parties and feasts; a few gifts are given out each evening. But they have no stocking-hanging, no mythical Santa Claus and no Christmas tree. Their substitute for the latter is the piñata—which would be a popular novelty if introduced to American homes.

These piñatas are queer figures about four feet tall, which dangle by the neck or head from a rod six feet long. They are made of paper over a fragile oblong jar, which forms their body and holds the Christmas gifts. Some look like huge paper dolls in holiday array; there are queer animals, crazy clowns, gorgeous dancing girls, etc., all decidedly fat in body and decidedly flat in the extremities.

Early in December, street corners and squares are crowded with vendors who offer these grotesque tinselled creations at whatever price they can get from passers-by. People of all classes huddle over the amount, and then carry them jauntily—and very carefully—home on their shoulders. Thousands and thousands of piñatas are used in Mexico every year. Each home must have at least one, and they are made to suit all pocketbooks. The poor make flimsy affairs costing but a few pence, and fill them with sweets, crackers, toys, confetti, and so forth. The rich purchase elaborate figures, gayly-dressed, and fill them with expensive gifts of all kinds.

On Christmas Eve there is always a long religious ceremony. After this the period of rejoicing begins, and the family gather around the dangling piñatas, breathless with expectancy. A child is blindfolded, given a small stick, and told to strike the figure hard. Usually the stick fails to hit. If the piñata remains unharmed after three trials—which are sure to provoke much amusement—someone else is blindfolded; and so on, until there is a crash, and a perfect shower of confetti and Christmas gifts, which everybody seizes and hands over to those whose names are written on them.

A Rainbow Christmas

By MARGARET J. BOWEN



WHEN I opened my bedroom door last Christmas morning I gasped with astonishment:

Our gloomy old hall and stairway had been transformed into a fairy bower of Christmas cheer with red and green paper ribbons, which were looped, draped, festooned and caught everywhere, and which came to an end in large clumps at our bedroom door handles.

"Each ribbon is a rainbow which has a pot of gold at the end," said Mother, and that was enough, for we are used to Mother's ways.

Brother Tom, seizing one of his red ribbons, sprang straightway up the attic stairs at a couple of bounds, from whence a few seconds later came a series of snappy whistles with which he hailed the appearance of a coveted writing desk of his own. The twins raced into the sewing-room, shouting at the sight of two gaudy rocking-horses. Mother reached the foot of the stairs in time to see Father follow a green ribbon under the old sofa. Bridget almost fell down the back stairway in her haste to find the gloves at the end of her red ribbon. We felt that we just couldn't wait to find what was at the end of our own ribbons, but so many things were going on about us that we laughed and shouted, helped one another, and shared one another's pleasure, and it was an hour and a half before everything was found and we could sit down to breakfast.





OUR OWN PAGE

Is Christmas a Failure?

AGAIN it is Christmas, and the world is still at war.

"Peace on earth; good will to men" the Christmas carols ring, and, as though to drown them out in mockery, there come the dull roar of cannon and the cries of wounded men.

"I come that you may have life," said He whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas. And to-day half the world is engaged in dealing death.

"Love your neighbors," He said: "This is my law." And after twenty centuries, the oldest Christian nations are tearing at each other's throats.

"Peace I leave with you," He said. But there is no peace.

Before He came, the world had no Christmas. He established it and the Ideal for which it stands.

Is the Ideal a failure? Is it time to cast Christmas away?

No. Dazed as all our minds are by the horror of War, one great fact remains clear: War destroys life, and property, and happiness, and health. But there are things which War has not destroyed and cannot destroy. And these, which War cannot destroy, are the very things for which Christmas stands:

Faith, and Unselfish Courage, and Love.



Faith



WE QUOTE from a little volume recently issued, the notes of a French hospital nurse:

"August 15. Mass in the open air. The deep voice of the cannon sounds nearer. Everyone sang in chorus the Creed and the canticle 'Have pity, O God,' and many officers and soldiers received the communion. What one feels at such a time lies in the depths of the heart and cannot be expressed. The badly wounded have begun to arrive and in one day our hospital is almost full."

WHEREVER men stand face to face with death, wherever women and children gather around a vacant chair, their hearts reach out instinctively to the Something Beyond. War does not slay Faith



Nor Unselfish Courage



"A few months ago it was rare and unusual for a man to owe his life to another. Now it is a part of our everyday life. I know of two brothers who fought side by side, and when one of them who had risked his life to save one of our 75's fell, badly wounded, the other threw himself out of the trench,—without even thinking, as he said afterward, of the terrible danger that threatened him on every side,—gathered up his brother under a hail of bullets, making himself a target for the enemy's fire, and carried him on a stretcher. He was wounded in the eye by a bit of shell and covered with blood; but still he slipped off his overcoat in the rain of the northern night to cover the

shivering body of his younger brother. Such are the families of to-day. No more selfishness, even for the preservation of one's own life; all affection growing closer and finer. Never perhaps in France have people loved each other as they do in 1914, because never have they sacrificed so much to duty."

IT WAS He for whom Christmas is named who said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." War is the cradle of that kind of unselfish courage.



And War Cannot Kill Love



"In the middle of the ward, behind the long row of cots on the right, a low door opens into Sister Gabrielle's office. A crucifix hangs on the white wall, and a shelf with a few books carefully re-covered with white cloth. The clothes-hanger shows the only thought of herself which has place in Sister Gabrielle's mind, a spotless white blouse which she slips hastily over her blue Sister of Charity uniform for the operating-room. . . . In the midst of all these things (supplies for the wounded) Sister Gabrielle's young face between the wings of her white headdress is like an angelic vision, ready to return again to heaven. It is in this room that she stops to take her breath at the foot of her crucifix, when the days are too hard, and there I found her weeping after the death of her brother. But from this room she goes back to her sick more serene than ever, and more tenderly maternal."

NO, WE need not stop celebrating Christmas. The Ideal for which it stands has not gone out. War has blotted out much that we have depended on in modern life. But amidst all the destructions of War some things stand out, not merely unshaken, but infinitely more firm. They are the eternal realities for which Christmas stands—Faith, Unselfish Courage, and Love.

AND surely on this side of the water, if ever we should celebrate Christmas with deep and purposeful reverence, it should be this year.

Five million sons of other households lie in graves or hospitals; but no American son lies with them.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of daughters have suffered the bitterness that is more terrible than death. But the daughters of America are safe.

The homes of Belgium and Poland and Galicia are waste; the homes of other nations wait for men who cannot return to them at nightfall, and millions of whom may never return. But our men at the close of day come home to us unharmed.

It will be a thoughtless household indeed that will not pause for a moment on Christmas Day this year to think of blessings such as these. And those of us who pray will not forget to pray on Christmas Day that, in the year to come, our country may continue in the path of peace.

The quotations on this page are from "In a French Hospital," by M. Eydoux Dénians, published by Duffield & Company, New York.

The Geranium Lady

A Serial Love Story

By

SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE:

JUNE CARVER, the Geranium Lady of Bijah's Cove
LIEUTENANT MILES HAWTHORNE, a retired young naval officer, whose heroism in a battleship explosion nearly cost him his eyesight
CAPTAIN MADISON, an old skipper who introduced the two "off-islanders"

THE MINOR CHARACTERS ARE:

JIM BRANT, an Indian half-breed
WILLIAM BLAKE, Hawthorne's secretary
BONE, Hawthorne's negro servant
HANNAH, June's faithful servant and only companion
MISS BOLES, the postmistress
MRS. BARTLETT, of the village store

In the first chapters Hawthorne and June have met at the opening of the Beach and at the village post-office, where she read a telegram for him. They are strongly attracted to each other, and Hawthorne vaguely feels that the girl's voice and the red geranium she wears are associated with an important event in his past life. When he calls on June later he hears of an "adventure" that she gave up because it was "too scientific for her heart." Jim Brant goes to Long Point Farm where Hawthorne is staying. He has a fiery devotion for the "off-islander," which is increased by Hawthorne's offer to help him in business. He goes to repay this kindness. Soon after this he sees June Carver at Atherton with a man whom she has met there for a luncheon appointment; and he asks Hawthorne to ask June if she knows Tony Warrington. After a supper party at Long Point Farm June denies knowledge of Tony Warrington, but in a troubled way says that she has something to tell Hawthorne soon.

A STORM had been rising the evening June Carver visited Long Point Farm. There was a three-day downpour, with a lashing wind and a tumultuous surf on the Beach. The Geranium Lady and Lieutenant Hawthorne had gone down the first day to see the giant waves.

There was a small gathering in Bartlett's store the morning after the storm. Miss Boles had stepped across from the post-office, her skirts held high out of the mud. Mrs. Bartlett, work being slack, sat sewing behind the counter in the lee of the calicoes. The stage driver, Mr. Weatherwax, whittled a stick on the clean floor. And Jim Brant, his dark face wearing a scowl, sat silently on a cracker barrel.

"Well, I am glad to talk it over," Miss Boles was saying as she removed her fascinator, "though I never should use a word if Mr. Weatherwax here hadn't begun it. Twice a week and oftener those letters comin', and him, like as not, in the office at the same time, smilin' at me and sayin', 'I'll take Miss Carver's mail, too, if you please, Miss Boles,' though most of it comes at night and Jim Brant carries it down. I declare to you it don't seem just right to give them to him—I mean Captain Hawthorne. Twice I've kept a letter back for Jim, though for all I know it's a state's prison offense."

Mrs. Bartlett sewed fast. "But you didn't know then who wrote 'em," she said in her abrupt way, "or that he didn't know."

"You can say that, Mrs. Bartlett; I did and I didn't. When those letters began to come for Miss Carver I said to myself, 'It's a man writin' 'em.' It's none o' my business, thinks I; but when I saw how she was carryin' on with Captain Hawthorne it set me ponderin' some more. Then the telegram come, and I was sure of my hearin's. And she went to Atherton, for I asked Mr. Weatherwax."

"Wouldn't ha' thought to notice her comin's an' goin's," said Mr. Weatherwax, "only Miss Boles an' Jim they axed me so solemn an' secret."

"Then you're the first man on this Island not to notice her, Mr. Weatherwax," declared the postmistress.

"Even so," replied the stage driver.

"Of course," continued Miss Boles, who had a cousin who was a lawyer, "we have no direct proof that she went to Atherton, the first three times, to meet this man, Warrington, but we have circumstantial evidence. The telegram came. She went. That's enough for them who can see through a barn door when it's wide open."

Jim Brant at this moment crossed his legs over the other way as he sat on the barrel.

"It was then that you asked Captain Hawthorne, wasn't it, Jim," put in Mrs. Bartlett, "if he knew a man named Warrington?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And he said he didn't, didn't he?"

"No, ma'am. He laughed an' says I'd hev to ast him another."

"Which means the same thing," Miss Boles caught up the torch. "She went to Atherton three times three weeks ago to be with that man," said Miss Boles, shaking her finger at Mr. Weatherwax as if she were addressing a jury, "and then she went to the cliffs with Captain Hawthorne, and acted in tableaux with him, and went to Long Point and et the ice cream he helped make himself, for William Blake told me he did, it was strawberry."

"Tain't a crime," put in Mr. Weatherwax moderately, "ter act in tabbyfows, or eat pink ice cream, that ever I hear on."

"That all depends," Miss Boles crushed swiftly. "It



DRAWN BY R. M. CROSBY

has always been considered significant in Bridgewater for a young lady and gentleman to act 'John Alden and Priscilla.' For my part he was the handsomest 'John Alden' that ever I saw."

"If I had knew," complained Mr. Weatherwax, "that there'd be any such ructions as this here, I wouldn't hev told ye."

"And to go again, twice," Miss Boles skimmed ahead, "in a pourin' rain, and on the seven o'clock mornin' stage at that—well, it's beyond me, that's all I've got to say."

"All buttoned up in a stylish waterproof, she were," reflected Mr. Weatherwax, "an' a green veil like."

"She come back on the nine o'clock stage," remarked Mrs. Bartlett.

"Both nights?" asked Jim Brant.

"Cert'n she did," Mr. Weatherwax asserted with emphasis. "One o' them flowers in her buttonhole, too," he added irrelevantly, to fill in the silence.

"Where did the man meet her?" asked Mrs. Bartlett.

"At the end o' the rout," grumbled the stage driver.

"He carried a bag, too, an' they run for the Atherton 'bus. The wind nigh on ter blowed 'em over. He were a middle-age man 'bout my build," added Mr. Weatherwax, "with a brown beard on his face."

Jim Brant rose from the barrel with a sudden violence that made everyone jump.

"It's gotta stop!" the half-breed thundered in his deep vibrating voice.

"If it were anyone else," Mrs. Bartlett looked up, "I should say more shame to us to gossip so. But him—"

Jim Brant towered above them darkly. "It's gotta stop!" he repeated loudly. "If it don't, then, by—then I'll stop it!"

And knocking over the barrel he had sat on, the half-breed flung out of Bartlett's store, slamming the door behind him. . . .

MILES HAWTHORNE felt that on the Island it somehow did not matter if people had learned of his own private adventure with certain eternal entities, such as life and light, and night and death. Perhaps this was because the life of these people, being buffeted by elemental things, had a largeness, in spite of the narrow limits of the Island, that deepened understanding and purified sympathy. In fact June Carver was the one exception—not counting the officers and men of the "Alaska"—in his general condemnation of the attitude of off-islanders as a whole. But she was the one exception in all the world, where no previously known rules applied. A man might know the whole science of navigation, so that he could come into a strange port, so to speak, in the dark, and yet, where she was concerned, drift in a tugging current as inexorable as life itself. Hawthorne had spent the three days after he had taken June Carver to the Beach to see the storm waves in the discovery of this current.

He mounted the Admiral and started for Bijah's Cove. She had said she had something to tell him "soon." He was ready to hear it now, whatever it might be. And anything was better than sitting at Long Point Farm,—where a mahogany rocker and a silver teapot made a man think queer things,—obliged to keep William Blake busy, and listening, listening to the rain on the roof. For to one idea he held fast. That which was broken could not be offered as if it were whole, especially if it were a man's life, or his career, or both. If he could not, for instance, so much as read his own mail, he could still play the man. It was not too late. And June Carver need never know.

The windows of the Betty Latch cottage looked as ruddy as her scarlet garden did by daylight when Hawthorne dismounted before the door. It was Hannah who let the stream of light flood out upon the Admiral and his master.

Hawthorne followed her into the gay little sitting-room, where an old brass lamp with a yellow shade lighted every corner. He felt as if he had been a long time away.

"You can sit down," said Hannah grudgingly.

Hawthorne turned and looked at her keenly. She had not added, "You poor fool," but that was in the tone of her voice, he thought.

"See here, Hannah," he said, suddenly laying his hand on her polka-dotted sleeve; "you don't like me at

all, do you?" Hannah looked down at his hand. "If I'd had my way," she whispered, "it wouldn't have happened," and strode out of the room.

Then in came the Geranium Lady with her hand out. Hawthorne held it a little too long, wondering what in the world Hannah meant. He also wished to look at June's gown, which was soft and crêpe and green. It was the first color he had seen her wear, and he liked it, though it made her seem pale, he thought. He saw, too, that she was different to-night from any other June he had known.

She drew her chintz curtains with their parading peacocks, and sat down by the yellow lamp.

"Is Long Point Farm still there," she asked him, "or is it blown away?"

"The old house rocked that second night," he answered.

"I thought about you—and William Blake. It seemed dreadful to be so near."

"I should rather be on the bridge in a hurricane," he said propping a magazine against the lamp, "than sit inside and listen to the seven devils of the sea shriek down the chimney. So Blake and I patrolled the Beach. A derelict was washed up on the shore, and a couple of trees have blown down in my yard. I think that's all the news. Oh, yes, I ran out of tobacco. But, then there was the—the rain on the roof. . . . So I tried your theory. And do you know? I think it works very well."

"Do—do you?"

"I heard about a thousand voices, all saying the same thing."

"How odd! Mine all say something different."

"Did you get your problem solved, during the rain?"

"Oh," she said, bringing her hands together in her lap. "No, I was too—busy."

He hoped that she would not look like this very long, because it was running a risk. There were resolutions that it was hard to keep.

"Busy?" he said gently. "But you couldn't work in the garden. What kept you so busy?"

She did not look at him. "There are so many other things to do, you know. Oh, the whole world is full of them! Sometimes I think perhaps it is wrong to have a garden at all."

"That isn't the problem, is it?"

"Only part of it."

"Because I might help solve that."

"I don't see how you could very well."

"It is never wrong to bring beauty into the world," he told her. "Didn't you know that? And your garden—why—what if it weren't just red geraniums? If—if to only one person it seemed like something more, if it were a symbol of something he needed, and nearly missed once, a—a kind of red mantle of courage that he hoped to be worthy to wear—then would you think it wrong to have a garden?"

It was now that the defiance came flashing into her face.

"Ah, no!" she breathed. "No, no, I shouldn't. . . . Do you think it could be all that to—anybody?"

"Yes, I think it could. But don't ask me to tell you how, because that's one of my problems."

"I didn't ask, but I thought—perhaps—there might be a special—reason?"

"If there is, it's locked up where the mysteries live. I haven't the key. Have you?"

He smiled over at her in inquiry; and with a little exclamation she jumped up and turned away, to the fireplace, anywhere, to hide her face from him. It was still pale, but there was a swift and windblown joy that rippled into sheer gaiety.

"Oh, well," she laughed at nothing, with her elbows on the mantel shelf, "maybe it's lost. Never mind, you'll find another, someday!"

He rose, too, and came near her, speaking over her shoulder, gravely.

"If I thought you knew where it was—There's more than you can know—I—I wasn't joking about a—mystery— If you did—June—would you tell me?"

She suddenly faced him, her shoulders against the mantel.

"There's always a mystery on the Island," she laughed. "Captain Madison says so. Oh, Mr. Hawthorne, I trust it isn't an awful one!"

He looked at her rather blankly.

"Because if it's awful I don't want to hear it to-night. Let's not talk about mysteries. I like gardens better to-day."

She looked up at him as he stood, rebuffed. But from her distance she was tender, with a sweetness.

"See," she said, "this was meant to be a homy evening, entirely without problems. I thought you would come to-night. And I remembered that we had never had a fire together. So I laid it myself all ready for you to light."

With a successful laugh and a little shake of the shoulders he said:

"You are perfectly right. You always are. Problems are for rainy weather, and it cleared this morning. . . . It was kind of you to honor me," he added, smiling down at the neatly piled kindling with large back log most scientifically placed. "Where are your matches?"

There was soon a brilliant fire in the Betty Latch cottage, in spite of a confession once made to Jim Brant.

They sat by this fire that was theirs together, and the echo of her name he had used still hung in the room. He sought other topics obediently, yet they knew, somehow, that both [CONTINUED ON PAGE 47]

Our Community Christmas Tree

A HOLIDAY FESTIVITY

*With masking and music, gifts and gayety
for the whole neighborhood*

By BERTHA DAWSON

IT WAS War Times! It was Hard Times! Christmas was coming, and it looked as if it were going to be rather hard to have it as jolly as other Christmases. The three grown-ups of the family were in consultation on the sunny porch, where, wrapped in furs, the invalid spent the short hours of the winter day. She was an irrepressible invalid, always able to think of such lots of things for other people to do, and full of a burning interest in things that were really not her business at all. The Youngest Thing ("that ever Happened" was his full title) balanced himself on the arm of a wicker chair and announced that, financially speaking, he didn't see how Christmas was going to be managed.

"We must just spend half what we did last year," he said.

"It's so dreadful to retrench," sighed the invalid. "The really nasty part of being poorer is trying to live as if you were just as rich. Let's have an altogether different Christmas and not give any presents at all."

"Oh, Mother!" almost howled the Heir of all the Ages, now aged six, who snatched up to take part in a conversation in which, even at some distance, he had sensed the word Christmas.

The Visiting Angel perceived a brooding look on the face opposite her, and said:

"Now, what do you think would be a nice kind of Christmas? Tell us exactly what your plan is, and we'll try to do it."

Thus encouraged, the invalid began:

"Well, I think it would be nice to have a great big outdoor Christmas tree, to which all the people in the village would be invited. It must be sparkling with lights, and covered with presents for the children; and they will dance and sing around it; and have a real Santa Claus, assisted by real fairies to give out the presents,—only first he must come dashing up in a real Santa Claus sleigh loaded with toys,—and there should be a great, big bonfire to keep warm by,—and hot cocoa and buns handed round to everybody. And all in the afternoon when the sun is brightest, about three o'clock." And turning to the small boy, she asked:

"Would you rather have a party like that and only one present for yourself, dear, or no party and a whole lot of presents, like last year?"

"I would rather have the party and only one present," said the child decidedly.

"We'll do it," said the Visiting Angel heartily. "We'll do all the work, and have it exactly like you say."

That was only the beginning of our great Community Christmas Tree. We have really cold winter up here in our village and all preparations were made accordingly. The first thing was to get everybody interested. Half a dozen ladies put their heads together over the teacups one afternoon, and a scribe was appointed to "write it up" in the local paper. Here is the notice we put in:

To the Children

HAVE you ever seen a Christmas tree that grows outdoors, covered with magic lights glowing under the stars? A fairy tree, sparkling with gold and silver, that has just moved in out of the forest? A tree that belongs to everybody, that every child in town can have a part in, if their parents are wide-awake kind of people who know how to get in touch with Santa Claus! For Santa Claus is going to be here, driving a sleigh full of presents, and there will be music and singing, and a big bonfire to keep warm by, and hot cocoa to drink, and all sorts of funny costumes.

Don't go to sleep after dinner on Christmas, but look out of the window for Santa driving through the town about three o'clock, with blowing horns, and jingling bells, and then put on all your warmest clothes and come up to Mrs. Youngest Thing's garden, and there you will find old Santa Claus, the jolliest friend the children ever had!

P. S. If the weather is bad, a notice will be posted at noon on the Town Hall door, and Santa Claus will come the first fine day after Christmas.

To the Grown-Ups

THERE is a gloom over all the world. The news of the thousands slaying each other in Europe seems to put the hope of



peace and good will far away. Nearer home, we are having hard times, and much unemployment. We must believe that we will someday learn to avoid war and periodic hard times, each a terrible reproach to the intelligence of our civilization.

But let us put away these thoughts at Christmas time, and come and play with the children. Let us make it a day, not of exchanging useless presents with grown-up people or of cooking and eating unusually stuffy meals, but let us have a frolic outdoors with the children. Mr. and Mrs. Youngest Thing are going to erect and decorate a Christmas tree on their lawn. Every person in the town who loves children is invited to make some child happy by sending in a present tied up and plainly labeled with that child's name.

You will readily see that if you will provide for one family, your own or another not so fortunate, and that if everyone else will do the same, there will be no difficulty in giving every child in town a present and some fun on Christmas Day.

Some children are coming in fancy dress, as at a carnival, and if you can manage anything like this for your family it will add a good deal to the fun and merriment. But be sure in any case that your family wear their warmest clothes! Mrs. Youngest Thing will be at home next

Monday afternoon, December 14th, and will be glad if any ladies who are willing to give a little extra help, either with the decorations, or on Christmas Day, will come in about four o'clock and talk the matter over. Strangers are welcome. Any Christmas decorations will be gladly accepted; and would not one of our choirs offer to come and sing carols for the children?

The whole town was soon agog with the novel idea. The children—well, they decided one and all to be there! Then the toys began to come in, all kinds of queer bundles. The Local Improvement Society gave some money to buy toys, and this was judiciously expended, making in all more than two hundred toys averaging in value about twenty-five cents apiece. Some jolly girls volunteered to fill two hundred bags of colored taffeta with candy; one lady donated the cocoa, another the buns and the local milk dealer gave ten gallons of milk.

About a week before Christmas a skirmishing party went out into the woods to select the tree. The largest truck and strongest team in town soon brought back a shapely hemlock thirty feet high, and with mighty cheers it was erected in the middle of the lawn.

A large load of dry pine knots appeared as if by magic and was piled about thirty feet from the tree. Then a load of benches was borrowed, for the children to sit on around the fire to warm their toes.

One of the grocers lent his red sleigh and white horse, and these were gayly decorated with bells and evergreens, colored feathers, and black fur robes, not to mention a sack, bulging deliciously out at the top with toys. Santa Claus brought a big white cat, as large as himself, for fun and company, and together they drove around the town soon followed by a swarm of shouting, laughing children. At three o'clock they all came up the drive, making such a noise, and there was the Fairy Tree, a thing of beauty indeed. The Youngest-Thing-that-ever-Happened had surpassed himself in arranging its hundreds of lights, flags, Chinese lanterns, stars, cornucopias, and glittering ornaments—all shining in the sun of a perfect winter day.

A brown bear suddenly appeared, and began tumbling about in the snow; the presents were given out; the children sang; everybody drank their steaming cocoa and walked about in the snow, and shook hands and said "Merry Christmas," and looked as if they meant it, too. The Town Band marched up and played some Christmas carols, and then descended to "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which set young feet dancing in the snow, while the moving picture man turned his camera on the pretty scene.

It was all over, the last guest had been whisked home in his sleigh, and the family party sat around the grate fire in attitudes of exhaustion.

"Some party!" murmured the Youngest Thing, looking through the window, where the tree, lovelier than ever in the darkness, sparkled in a hundred different colors. "Are you satisfied, girls? It seemed to me pretty jolly."

"It was the loveliest Christmas I ever had," said the invalid, giving the tired Angel's hand a hearty squeeze.



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The Christmas Hearth

A Tower Room Talk by

ANNE BRYAN McCALL



IT HAS been my good fortune to spend the better part of my life in houses of lovely and memorable personality, if I may use that word; for houses have always seemed to me to have very nearly as much individuality and personality as people.

My own old home was by no means a place of luxury, unless one had in mind that luxury of the spirit called homelikeness; but it had a most lovely personality. It was a house of comfortable proportions, of old and quiet furnishings, of a peculiarly lovely light which filled its rooms, tempered by much greenery outside.

At all times it was dear to me, and I never could choose between the seasons there. But there was one season—I realize it now, looking back upon those years—which, though not more lovely than the others in outward meaning and charm, had yet more meaning to the old house itself, I am very sure; that season which, with biting winds and lovely but cold blue shadows, wild storm and soft-falling snow and crisped earth, brought us more intimately back to the old house itself.

She was very like a person, that old house. If there was some motherliness in her, and I think there was, the other seasons must have stood to her for the sunny daylight hours when we children came and went as free as birds, occupied with a thousand wholesome outside interests. But the winter was the hour of her ultimate triumph and service, the time when her heart was most warm, and we were gathered against it, and held close, while—the outside world well forgot—she instructed us in the ways she loved; taught us concerning the great and good, for certain books were a part of her tradition; told us stories of fancy, and "fairy tales to charm the ear;" and, gathering us all around the hearth fires, gave us that sense of dependence on her and on each other which is the best and the loveliest. I think, that home has to offer.

Then we were glad to be with her; then we were loath to leave her; then she had us gladly dependent on her, eager at her knee, or happy to be in the shelter of her arm.

It is from all this that I know, had you asked the old house itself which season it loved best, it would in silence have indicated to you these things. We are all gone from it now; but if it thinks at all it is on that season, I am sure, that it dwells most often, when the evenings closed in early, when we all drew near, and our young faces were lit up by candlelight or firelight.

Perhaps that is why, though there were many other things memorable about it, I always think of it as a house of hearths and fireplaces. The one I remember earliest was the nursery fireplace, but there were fireplaces throughout the house.

All through my childhood, lights—firelight, lamplight, candlelight—played a lovely and poetic part. When we went to bed it was by candlelight or firelight; or often, in winter, only by bright firelight. I can still see the shadows on the wall, rising and falling, soft and funny and pad-footed and grotesque, leaping up and down noiselessly in company with the fire.

Friendliness and Companionship

I CAN give you no idea of the friendliness and companionship of it all. There was no loneliness or fear of the dark. There were cheer and courage and faith in plenty, and you were well entertained besides.

I have only told you all this so that you shall better understand why I have chosen this title for our Christmas talk, and so that you will realize why it is a hearth fire stands to me for the heart of a house. And this being so, you will understand, also, why I could wish that in every home throughout the land a hearth fire might blaze at Christmas time.

Sometimes I think we are amazingly dull to the lovely and spiritual meanings that lie in all material things. For, beautiful as reality is, it is forever possessed by a more lovely and spiritual import. Much as the body is possessed by the indwelling soul, these commonplaces about us are possessed by lovely symbols and higher meanings; beautiful, for instance, as is the actual fire on the hearth—and I know few things more lovely—yet lovelier still are the cheer, the friendliness, the spiritual warmth, and welcome and sympathy it symbolizes.

This is the heart of the house. Here its inmates and guests draw near to share together all that which makes home lovely. Here the personal grievance, the egotistic opinion, the self-centered plans are laid aside for wider sympathies. Here, all those invisible bonds which bind together the hearts of men and women unite all those who gather together under this roof in one company and one kindness. This is the place of meeting, of warm greeting, of love and companionship and sharing.

I know very well, I need not be told, that the hearths are not what they used to be. It is a day of hot-water systems and steam-heated houses, and the romance of the hearth is, without doubt, much gone by.

Yet this in no way alters the charm or meaning of the hearth fire nor detracts one tiny flame from the warmth and loveliness of its meaning. I am one of those who believe that nothing is ever wholly lost to us, and hearth fires themselves withdrawn, their meanings and symbols remain—an even lovelier enrichment. To prove this to

you it would be only needed to point out that if all those who have no hearths were suddenly to find themselves possessed of them, there is hardly one—I could vouch for it—who would fail to light a fire on that hearth on Christmas Day, yes,—though every other day in the year might find it cold.

And when you come to look into this circumstance carefully, you shall find your practical man as imaginative as a poet. For Christmas Day, it appears, is no colder than any other; indeed, the temperature may have risen considerably. If your practical man has done without a fire all the rest of the season, certainly there is no especial reason he should need an extra heating on this day. Yet see him rub his hands; hear him say: "Yes, let us have a fire on the hearth, by all means; and some Christmas greens if you have any. Do what you like about that—but build a fire, anyway."

What is it, then, that lies back of all this? Why, it is nothing but what we sometimes call "the idea of the thing;" but that is, in more exact language, the spirit, the immaterial and inner meaning of the thing—the spiritual symbol.

For, without analyzing his thought, the most practical knows that hearth fires symbolize even more warmth than they give out; more cheer than they disseminate; more friendliness and companionship than they invite or encourage.

I like to think it results from some unconscious, unguessed wisdom in us all, some native nobility we possess but do not reckon on, which comes forward at such seasons, and selects what is right and fitting for us to do and, like a master, sets us about tasks we would not have thought of for ourselves in our everyday work-a-day humors; commands us to build fires on hearths we have left cold; summons us to sweep and garnish these rooms of our homes and our lives; and bids us touch with fire these hearths and hearts which have perhaps long been chill, and in which, indeed, there have burned too few fires of love and pity and warmth and sympathy the year through.

Sometimes it seems to me incredible that any of us should go about with cold hearts. I know there are those who make much of Christmas, who toil for weeks to fashion gifts for those to whom it is their custom to give Christmas remembrances; their houses are hung with cedar; their Christmas service is attended; the Christmas hymns sung; the Christmas blessing taken, and yet the heart remains cold. Cherished grudges, bitter jealousies, old selfishnesses, covert cruelties, and greed that ignores the rights of others—these are the gray ashes on their hearths where the warmth of love and pity and mercy and sharing should have been.

Cold Hearths

NEVER, it would seem, in all the history of the world, was there greater need for keeping the fires of our lives bright than now, when the actual hearths of thousands upon thousands are cold and desolate, and no fire burns on them for the warming of Love's hands.

The war which has swept over our dear and cherished world has indeed made another place of it. Shell fire and beacon fire there have been, in horrible plenty; bomb and shrapnel, and searchlights in the night, searching, searching, brother for brother; and all this because through year after year, so many hearth fires went untended and were allowed to die down. Had hearths been universally warm throughout the world could this have befallen us? Without greed and intolerance and selfishness—religious, political, individual—could this, do you think, have come to pass?

We cheat ourselves with attributing our disasters to shadowy, far-away and impersonal causes. "It is fate," we say, or it is others, not ourselves, who are accountable. But all this is idle folly, and a cheap and false acquittal. This world failure is ours, also, yours and mine; and what are we doing now to amend it?

Are the hearth fires of our own lives and our own personal Christianity lighted or unlighted? Are the doors of our lives generously open, or barred?

We quote so often: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these—" I wish we quoted oftener those other words even more full of meaning: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not unto me."

For there is no such thing as living nobly in large generalities. The question always comes back to the intimate, the personal, the fires of our own hearts and hearths. There is no such thing as loving Him and serving Him by light of altar candles and with glad carols in our churches, and neglecting His brothers and ours—even to the very least of them—whose hands want warming at the hearth fires of our own lives.

That is the Christmas truth of which the high stars are aware as they look down on these, the humble houses of our habitation and our lives. Are these hearths dark, these chambers ungarnished, or are they bright and warm in hope and honor of His coming?

As I go to the window, as I always do on Christmas night to look out on the world,—looking once more on the ancient stars that saw His birth,—all my heart rises thankful for so much beauty and glory; but thankful, too, as I turn back to the warmth of the little house that I love. And as I hold my hands to the blaze and watch the flames, I say over to myself, half a prayer and half thankfulness: "Hearth fires, hearth fires at Christmas!"

Christmas comes to Alderbrook Farm

*But before the holiday there's plenty of
work to be done in barn and orchard*

By ROBERT LANE WELLS



WINTER is supposed to be a time of rest on the farm. On some farms this theory holds good; but they are badly managed farms. Every properly organized business enterprise ought to run smoothly the year round, with never too great a rush and never a season of nothing to do. Farmers are generally beginning to appreciate this and to plan their entire year's work with this principle in view. At Alderbrook we have not yet reached any highly developed system, but we are far from being idle these winter days. My original plan of using the winter months largely for the practice of my profession has fully developed the foreseen difficulties. Most folks want to build in the summer time; and though they plainly ought to do their planning during the winter, only a small minority will actually be so foresighted. I had one good substantial commission which occupied me for several weeks in December, January, and February, but I had time, too, to plan and work on the purely agricultural projects at Alderbrook.

Getting in the Wood

LAST spring we accumulated a fine supply of store wood quite incidentally to other improvement operations on the farm. Naturally, during the summer months we have not drawn heavily on this firewood supply; yet it seems to be instinctive for farmers in this New England country to lay up wood, like a squirrel lays up nuts. The time for this is winter, in spite of the fact that a good deal of the board has to lie over a year before it can be used.

Two first-class reasons justify this program: First is the one already mentioned, that it gives employment to the winter months. The other is that the heavy hauling can be done during the period of snowfall. It is much easier and cheaper to handle heavy freight, like logs, for example, on sleds over the snow than on wagons over some of our rough country roads. So, as soon as there is a good cover of snow and ice on the roads, properly packed down, as soon as "the slippin's good," as we country folks say, the wood hauling begins. Also the hauling of fertilizers, grain, lumber for the new house, or any other heavy or bulky stuff that has to be handled anywhere on the year's program. "Getting in the wood" is therefore a phrase which means any heavy, solid work.

Winter Pruning

OUR orchards are always our first care. So we are constantly looking for a chance to do something for them. Now December is not down in the books as the time for pruning, and our advisers all told us to delay till February or March. Nevertheless, we were very anxious to be in time with all the orchard work, and so we did do some pruning. This was in the old orchard. The young trees required very little, and we thought that if there were really any preference in seasons we would wait in their favor. The old trees we cared less for; but they didn't need a world of cutting, either. We had given them a pretty good cleaning up the previous spring; but this regeneration of a neglected New England apple orchard is always more than one monthful, anyway. Indeed, our good neighbor, Mr. Handy, and our professional advisers all concurred that three years should be given to make a good job in that line. The first year you cut all the dead and broken limbs and amputate the tallest tops. This latter practice has come to be known somewhat specifically as "dehorning," and a serious practice it is, too. The second year you complete this part of the work, removing smaller branches, "dehorning" secondary limbs and generally eliminating all the evidence of past neglect. The third year is required to shape up the abundant water-sprouts, which always start, and make room for real fruiting wood to grow.

So in December we undertook this second instalment of rehabilitation on our old orchard, and really carried it through. We found out, though, why folks do not usually prune apple trees in December. We nearly froze to death up on those bare tree tops. Though we chose the pleasantest days we could find, though we wore the heaviest clothing we could provide, though Margaret brought out coffee and boiled it in our sight with a welcome camp fire of apple-tree prunings, still we found it anything but an agreeable task.

As far as we can see, however, the work is just as successful, from the standpoint of the trees, when done in December as when done in the orthodox month of March. Our experience all supports the old proverb, which avers that "the time to prune a tree is when the saw is sharp."

Our pruning at this time followed very closely the prescription outlined above for the second year's treatment. We completed the removal of undesirable main branches and headed our trees back to a point where we could treat them properly with the spray pump. This means that we allowed no framework branches to stand more

than twelve feet above the ground. This requires some heroic "dehorning;" but if anything we erred on the side of clemency.

Some Science

ANOTHER matter aroused a lot of discussion and interest on our farm at this time. Our dairy was a small side line with us, for up to this time we had not sold anything from it but one calf; but it seemed plain that we ought to go further into the live stock business. We wanted to do the best we could by our small complement of live stock and in so doing to learn proper methods against the inevitable day when we must have more.

Discussion turned mainly on feeding problems. Every time you meet a neighbor coming home from town he has a few bags of grain or meal on board. The farmers themselves regard it as a scandal. They say that the grain bill eats up the milk check. They think that their salvation lies either in getting a higher price for milk or in buying their feed more cheaply. There is much talk of growing more corn and oats instead of buying these expensive materials from the West and paying heavy freights on them.

All of which is sensible enough; but my inquiries led me to seek a solution in the other direction, namely in the way of more scientific feeding. It seems entirely possible that an efficiency study of cow feeding would show how to use less expensive feeds or how to reduce quantities. I had considerable correspondence with one of the live stock professors, and I found he took this view, also. Truth to tell, I suppose I got the idea largely from him in the first place. He also put me in the way of several books and bulletins in which this subject is treated exhaustively.

Dairy Rations

UP TO this time we had been buying wheat middlings or mill feed from the local dealer and feeding five or six pounds of it twice a day to each cow along with her hay. When the professor—my favorite professor, for I consulted several—first wrote me his prescription it was hard for me to take it seriously. It was as follows: Silage, 20 lb; mixed hay, 12 lb; corn meal, 3 lb; bran, 3 lb; linseed meal, 1 lb; cottonseed meal, 1 lb; gluten feed, 1 lb.

This represents the allowance for one dairy cow for one day. The professor explained that I could buy any or all of these just as well as I could buy wheat middlings, and though some of them cost more by the pound they contained more actually digestible nutriment.

In a blind sort of way I had understood that some materials had more nutriment in them than others, but the professor sent me a bulletin giving in full the chemical analyses of all possible cattle foods and showing just what portion of each is available and useful and what portion is waste.

What is more, certain of these commercial cattle foods contain large quantities of protein, while others contain chiefly starch, the former being much the more expensive and valuable. For proper feeding, however, a ration has to be made up so as to contain about five and one-half parts of starch to one of protein.

We couldn't supply the variegated dietary outlined in the professor's cow ration, but we did think it worth while to buy some corn meal and some cottonseed meal in place of straight wheat middlings, which we had been using. We did so, and our revised ration then became: Rowen hay, 15 lb; wheat middlings, 5 lb; corn meal, 3 lb; cottonseed meal, 2 lb.

Christmas Comes

A SIGN of our complete naturalization into the community was to participate in the Christmas festivities. First of all, of course, we had our good time at home. Margaret's father and mother came on from Ohio and spent the season with us, to our great joy, and especially, of course, to the joy of the grandchildren. We had a big Christmas dinner necessarily, as befits the country and the New England tradition.

But the chief thing was the joint Christmas tree in the town hall. This is what everybody called it—just the Christmas tree—a perfect unity of expression for a perfect unity of idea, representing a substantial unity of community life.

Jerry Spaulding acted as Santa Claus and distributed presents to everybody. Henry Thompson received a beautiful sweater, which everybody knew was knit for him by Mary Elder, and it was passed to him down the aisle by Santa Claus amidst the loud acclamations of the whole company. There were plenty of jokes, such as an excelsior wig for Lawyer Reynolds, our bald-headed citizen, and a box of cigars for Deacon Sevrance, a most hot-tongued opponent of tobacco, and two toy baby carriages for the Belden twins. There were also some kindly gifts of woolen blankets and substantial provisions for the two or three poorer families of the town for whom times are hard, especially in the winter. These families, however, would never apply for public help, nor would they accept charity as such. But in the general joy of Christmas giving they can hardly resist the good will of anonymous neighbors.



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Wherever you live, Armour's Grape Juice will carry to you the true, luscious flavor of choicest ripe Concord from the famous vineyards of New York and Michigan.

Armour's Grape Juice

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

has all the healthful, refreshing, vitalizing properties of full-bodied Concord Grapes, carefully picked and perfectly prepared.

Pure, unfermented, unsweetened and undiluted—it is pasteurized. Armour's Grape Juice offers to children and convalescents a health beverage equal to orange juice. Recommended as an excellent dietetic remedy having genuine food value.

Armour's Grape Juice is for every season and for every occasion. It can be served plain, with sparkling water, or in a hundred other equally pleasing forms. Order in the new Family Case of six pint bottles.

Armour's Grape Juice maintains the superior quality-standard of **Armour's Oval Label Products**.

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Armour's Veribest Foods offer the housewife over a hundred different products, cooked and ready to serve, all absolutely pure and all deliciously natural in flavor. Pork and Beans, Luncheon Beef, Sandwich Dainties, Salmon, Sardines, Tuna, Ketchup, etc. All U. S. Inspected. For digestible mince pies, use **Veribest Mince Meat**.

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Armour Oval Label Products, including Star Bacon, Clovebloom Butter, Devonshire Farm Style Sausage, Glendale and Silver Churn Olives, are sold by leading merchants.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

Distributing Through 385 Branches, Each Managed by a Food Expert

The Christmas Exchange

A department of household news

Contributed by **COMPANION READERS**

PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to \$16.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows: \$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems.

\$3.00 for the second best.
\$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch.

\$3.00 for the second best.
All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less).

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS—The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month.

Contributions received between November 8th and December 8th are eligible for the March prizes. All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the March number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the March number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted.

Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts sent to this department, as positively no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

For the Christmas Tree

THE "Candy-kid" sells very readily at church fairs, and makes an amusing Christmas tree decoration. Cut two pieces of stiff white net in oblong shape, ten inches long, with extensions for arms at sides. Round the top for head, and cut a slit through the center extending four inches from bottom, to form legs. Sew together the two pieces of net with over-and-over stitches in red wool or heavy thread, fill with hard candies, using peppermint sticks for the legs and the arms, with shorter pieces for the feet. Use a large flat peppermint with painted features of chocolate for the head. Fasten a miniature apron about the waist, and paste a piece of paper the shape of a chef's cap on its head. Attach a tiny tin spoon to one hand.

M. E., New York.

Solution for Fireproofing

AT CHRISTMAS pageants, plays and Christmas tree parties where inflammable decorations are used, there is always danger of fire. Here is a certain method of fireproofing any fabric, even the children's clothes, without injuring them any more than a dip in water. A solution of ammonia phosphate is used, which is easily and quickly made. Dissolve one pound of phosphate (a white powder obtained at any drug store) in one gallon of cold water, and a clear solution is formed in which the fabric to be fireproofed should be soaked for five minutes. The garment can then be taken out and allowed to dry, after which it may be worn with perfect safety, as it is absolutely fireproof. Just think what a safeguard! *Dr. C. F. P., New York.*



For the small invalid

A TREASURE bag for Christmas will delight a young child confined to the bed. Make a long strip of pretty chintz or denim arranged in pockets like the illustration. Finish the strip with ends to fasten at either side of the bed, and when the pockets are filled with a pad, crayons, cards, scissors and pictures to cut out, the little patient will be content for long periods, with all of her possessions spread out before her.

G. R., New York.

A mending Brownie

ONE woman has found a unique way of adding joy to her family on Christmas Day. She notices throughout the year ornaments and little useful articles that are laid aside because of needed repairs. She often hears the remark "I'll have this mended as soon as I can," and knows that something else is added to the list. She quietly collects and keeps them until the end of the year is at hand; then she has them repaired and put in good order.

E. S., New York.

Protection from dust

A MOST serviceable dust cloth is made from a yard of double-faced cotton flannel. Cut a square twenty-four inches and hem. Make another square twelve inches and stitch on three sides to larger square. Outline a hand and stitch, leaving wrist loose. In dusting, one's hand is protected from all dirt and grime and at the same time dusty corners are easily reached and cleaned.

Mrs. E. J., California.

An ingenious tea wagon

I MADE a very useful tea wagon from an old washstand by removing the back, the drawer and the drawer frame, sawing off the two legs below the bottom shelf, and adding an axle and wheels from a child's wagon. Add brass casters to the remaining two legs, and use the towel racks at ends for the handles. I also made two removable trays from picture frames, placing fancy crochets under the glass and adding brass handles. The whole thing was stained mahogany, and my improvised tea wagon was complete.

Mrs. E. H. P., New Jersey.

A brush for velvet hats

INCHES, inserting a piece of cardboard to stiffen, and stuffing with cotton. Add a strap of tape for the hand. You will find this brush removes dust without injuring the nap of the velvet at all.



E. R. M., Pennsylvania.

Homemade lollypops

MY CHILDREN teased for penny "suckers" and these I did not care to have them eat. In order to give them good, wholesome candy in the form of suckers, I made candy of one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of weak vinegar, and a lump of butter. Cook till brittle when tried in cold water. Whittle round, smooth sticks from a piece of ordinary pine box. Lay the sticks on buttered paper and pour a little candy on the end of each, leaving till firm enough to mold with the fingers. You have about twenty very good suckers with little expense or trouble. The children are delighted, and have lost all taste for the harmful "store" variety.

L. M. I., California.

A bird's Christmas tree

A LOVER of birds and animals of all kinds noticed how cold and desolate the little birds looked on the bitter cold days, and an idea occurred to her. Why not give the birds a Christmas tree? She procured a little tree about three feet high, decorated it with strings of popcorn and cranberries, and, in deference to the birds' taste, added roasted peanuts and small pieces of suet—the choicest delicacy of all. The tree was placed on the roof of the porch, and proved so popular with the birds that she declares that every year, without an exception, her Christmas will include a tree for the birds.

M. B. T., Ohio.

A Christmas suggestion

IF YOU have little money this year for gifts perhaps my plan will help: If fond of embroidering, go to a friend and ask her if she hasn't some towel or doily which she wants embroidered, but has not the time to do. Ask her to let you embroider it for her as your Christmas gift. If you sew, maybe she has some unfinished piece of sewing. My friends have accepted my suggestion with great alacrity, and I know my gifts are something which are "really, truly" wanted.

V. S., California.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S REMINDER

DECEMBER is the month—

To help your children to pack a box for a children's hospital or home.

To finish all gifts, wrap them and put postage on ten days before the twenty-fifth.

To plan the Christmas festivities to include a lonely friend.

To set a lighted candle in each window on Christmas Eve.



My Little Seventh Son

The story of
A CHRISTMAS BABY

Told by HIS MOTHER



I HAVE always loved babies. When our first son was born it seemed as though I could scarcely wait to see him. I simply idolized him, and I loved every one of the five that followed just as much, if more sensibly. When I realized I was to have a seventh child my youngest was fourteen months old and my eldest twelve and a half years.

The baby had required a great deal of care, as he was not at all well until he was ten months old, for it took so long to find the kind of food that agreed with him. I had been keeping a few boarders for some time to pay off a mortgage, and had only the help of an untrained seventeen-year-old girl, and was nearly always tired, so very tired.

I had to pray hard about it. Over and over again I prayed "O God, let something prevent this child from coming to me. I am all worn out now, and we are so poor. The little ones I have do not have the care that is theirs by right. I am cross to them when I ought to be kind. Let this new burden pass on to some childless woman and let me mother my six."

About seven weeks before Christmas, Walter, six years old, developed measles and Walter and Mother were in quarantine in the back parlor.

After the first few days of feverishness the patient felt pretty well, and the days of his convalescence were spent most happily with shears, old magazines, colored paper and paste pot, while Mother told Christmas stories and sang Christmas carols, as that glad time was so near. At last the doctor said he could join the family again. I was so thankful! . . . But the very day Walter left his prison room, Jack, nine years old, went in it with the measles, followed the next day by little Arthur, and there were more red spots to anoint and many drinks of water to be given.

I have heard Jack tell since then that the nicest time of his life was when he had the measles. He had the room decorated with paper chains, and made pretty picture books with magazine pictures, and had lots of fun trying to make an old clock go. Little Arthur cut out paper dolls, automobiles, etc. I sang Christmas carols over and over again and made up endless Christmas stories.

One week before Christmas the back parlor was itself again and the baby clothes back in place. During that week the padding was made, and the day before Christmas the cranberry sauce was cooked and the chickens prepared. Christmas Eve the two eldest boys and I trimmed the tree and filled five stockings. They had bought presents for their small brothers and also tree ornaments.

Early Christmas morning the stockings were emptied to many Christmas greetings, and presents were brought to my bedside so that I might see how good Santa had been; then the girl gave the children their breakfast and they went to church and

heard the wonderful story of the "Little Baby" born in the manger. When they came home, their father led them very quickly into my room to see another little baby boy born on Christmas Day. He was so lovely that we all forgave him for not being a sister, though we were disappointed. The Virgin Mary and I knew what it was to have a wee little baby nestling close to us on Christmas Day.

From the time I was able to be about my eldest son was a wonderful help with the baby. He would hold him when he fretted, and read aloud the "Lays of Ancient Rome," of which he was very fond, while he rocked gently to and fro in the big rocker. Whether the rhythm suited the baby, or the reading was so dry that it bored him, he eventually went to sleep. Once, when the little fellow was about five weeks old and was crying terribly with the colic, and though I had done all I could for him I could not get him quiet, Big Brother took him from me and hugged him close, and he was asleep in a short time. The boy was so proud to think he could do more for Baby Joseph than his mother.

He began to lose flesh, as my other baby did, so I had to stop nourishing him myself. After trying several combinations, I finally found the right food for him. I had him weighed twice a month and he gained a little each time. When I took him to the Better Babies Contest, out of eighty small contestants he came out fifth and was called an Honor Baby, though he did not get a prize.

Joseph was two years old last Christmas and we all feel that he is the most precious thing we have. He loves Big Brother dearly and they have good times together. Sometimes Brother is a "horse" and round and round the rooms they go.

The darling is so happy when the younger brothers play train with him, with the chairs all in a row; or they dress up and make a little Indian of him, or have him for the baby bear when they are big ones.

When I am as tired as can be—one gets tired when one has no help and there are so many in the family—I take my baby in my lap, as I sit down to rest a minute, and ask him if he loves his mother. Both little arms go around my neck and the soft little face is pressed against mine, and we are both content. At other times, if I am dressing him and he cannot reach to my neck, he will clasp my arm close to him and often kiss it. He seems more loving than the others were, but they were all such sweet babies.

At night our baby goes to sleep in his little bed up-stairs, holding his mother's hand. Sometimes he will agree to hold Father's or Big Brother's, but he likes Mother's best. Though he is only two years old, if I explain to him that I must get Father's supper or wash the dishes, or give Jack his medicine, he will stay alone and go to sleep.

I am so glad he came to me, for he is more comfort than care—my seventh son—my Christmas baby.



"I'll give them the best!"

"I'll be Santa Claus tonight,
And everywhere I go
I'll leave this nourishing delight—
The finest gift I know!"



And he comes every day.

This merry little Santa Claus is always
ready to bring you

Campbell's Tomato Soup

He carries on his capable shoulders all the burden and bother of soup-making, while you get only the enjoyment and satisfaction.

Why not have the full benefit of all this? Why not order this wholesome soup by the dozen at least, and have it always at hand?

You can't have it too often. It will do your family good every time they eat it. It improves their digestion, adds to their pleasure, promotes their health and vitality.

Why not phone or send to your grocer for a dozen right now?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Appetizing Flavor

reaches perfection
in cakes made with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Pure and wholesome as the grapes in
the vineyard, whence comes the Cream
of Tartar from which it is made.

Royal Baking Powder adds only
healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum—No Phosphate



Christmas Fun For Every One



*At the Family Party, the Formal Feast
and the Sunday School Tree*

MATCHING LAUNDRY TICKETS

Slips of paper of various sizes and colors were marked with ink to resemble Chinese laundry tickets. These were given to every member of the household, who were told to wrap their gifts as they wished and enclose a message. Then they were to tie these gifts up in brown paper so that they would look as nearly as possible like packages received from the laundry. The name of the person for whom the gift was intended was then to be written on one end of one of the slips; the other, the nameless end, was to be pinned or pasted to the package, and the slip torn irregularly in two. The name end was to be held by the giver until Christmas morning and then dropped into a bowl placed for that purpose on the library table, while the packages were piled about the tree.

When the family were assembled the head of the house distributed the named ends of the slips, and one or two people tried at the same time to match the torn edges of their slips to those on the packages beneath the tree. As soon as the right package was found its owner took it and retired to the family circle to give some of the others a chance to match one of their tickets.



sions a little. GERTRAUDE S. TWITCHELL.

The Goose That Laid Golden Eggs

THE sofa had been moved into the bay window and remained covered all day. Absolutely nothing could be ascertained as to the hidden mystery.

Christmas Eve, when all the clans had gathered and the open fire started, Father removed the sheet and disclosed a goose sitting on her nest.

He announced that this goose came right out of the fairy tale book, and that she laid golden eggs. To prove his statement he brought forth from the nest a round package done up in gold paper. All of the small presents had been done up in gold paper, and placed under the goose, while the larger ones were put on the floor at the foot of the sofa.

The goose was made by drawing the outline on white cambric, stitching around the outline on two thicknesses of the cloth, leaving an opening at the base. It was stuffed with newspapers and the opening sewed up. The bill was a clothespin covered with yellow tissue or crepe paper, and the eyes were shoe buttons. After stuffing the goose, sheet wadding was wrapped around it and artificial snow sprinkled over it.

INEZ F. PENNIMAN.

Holly-boy Place Cards

THE jolly Holly-boys and their Mistletoe-cousins are very quaint on place cards for the Christmas hostess, and they are easily made. Hot-pressed water-color paper is used, as this has the best surface for drawing and painting.

Cut the cards square, and large enough to leave room for the name at the bottom below the figure. Trace the designs very carefully, being sure to get the "expressions." The cards may be left square, or the upper part of the figure may be cut out. Make a cut from each side straight in to about the middle of the figure, and then cut out the upper part of the design close to the outlines. Do not try to cut out between the arms and body as the strips will be so narrow that they will be likely to tear.

After the designs are carefully traced, go over the lines with waterproof black drawing ink. When the outlines are dry the colors may be applied. Use either the ordinary water colors or the transparent colors, such as are used for coloring post cards and photographs. Go over each figure with clear water first before using any color.

Paint the Holly-boys' leaf suits with a medium deep green, the color of the natural holly leaf. The Mistletoe-cousins should be painted with a light tone of green, having a tiny bit of blue added. All the legs and arms are to be painted with brown. The Holly-boys' heads are colored with a bright red, while the Mistletoe-cousins are to be very faintly shaded on one side with a delicate green. If the transparent colors are used, the outlines will show through clearly, but if the ordinary paints are used, it may be necessary to touch up the outlines again after the colors are thoroughly dry.

Cut a narrow strip of this cardboard and paste the end to the back of the figure and bend the strip so the card will stand up.

Another novel way of using the cards is to cut the entire figure out and place the initials on it. Then fasten one end of a strip of cardboard to the upper part of the figure at the back, leaving about an inch of the top end of the strip free. This is bent back and down, forming a

Christmas Movies

THERE were six in our family, and with four invited guests our Christmas party numbered ten in all. Partly because we could not afford expensive

gifts, and consequently wished to make the most of the mere giving, and partly from a desire for "something different," we decided to have a Motion Picture Party.

A large sheet was tacked in the doorway between two rooms for our "screen." We darkened the room where the "audience" was seated, and left a bright light in the adjoining room behind the screen. One person was requested to go to this room, select from the table a parcel addressed to himself, open it, and upon ascertaining its contents step close to the screen and express in movements the nature of the gift, that the rest might guess what the package contained. When the article was rightly named he again took his place with the audience, and the correct guesser went behind the screen to go through the same "stunt."

LOLA A. WEST.

Introducing Mrs. Santa Claus and Son

A NOVEL Christmas program was produced by our church when we presented Mrs. Santa Claus and son.

Mrs. Santa was a large woman dressed in a huge fur coat and bonnet, with a mask to prevent the children from knowing her. Bob, her son, was a tall lanky boy similarly attired, with his fur cap pulled down over his ears.

The pair came into the church after the program was over, Bob carrying a bag of presents and Mrs. Santa jingling sleigh bells. Mrs. Santa explained that "Pa" had taken a severe cold from overwork and was unable to be present.

Mrs. Santa took the gifts out of the bag, calling off the names, while Bob distributed them.

ETHEL RIGGS.





Happy Christmases

Four new plans for pleasing the children
and the grown-ups

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS: When the doctor examined my wrist, he shook his head firmly and said: "Christmas or no Christmas, you're not to do a thing with this hand for a month."

I lay back in my chair, closed my eyes and groaned aloud, not for the pain in my wrist, which was bad enough, running like needles up my arm, but in despair before the problem that faced me. How was my family to have the Christmas? Who would make Eleanor's dress? Who would crochet Mammie's tippet and muff? Who would dress the dolls, make the cakes and candies, trim the Christmas tree?

After the necessities of living were provided for, there was no money in our household for luxuries. Santa Claus had been created each year by myself, out of scraps and stitches and midnight toil and backaches—a hard-earned myth, yet in no sense a grudgingly-earned one! I had always felt that in the joy of my five youngsters I was richly repaid for every sacrifice I had made.

Heavy now of heart, because I could not make a prodigal gift of myself, I set to work to do my best with things as they were. I called in Eleanor and Theo, my eldest, and told them they would have to make Christmas for the babies and each other.

To my relief and surprise they were delighted at the prospect; and at once, hauling out materials, they began their labors. I, sitting in my chair, hands helplessly folded in my lap, directed; they, with ever-mounting enthusiasm, followed my directions and brought their results to me for criticism and suggestion. They were only ten and twelve, but how their fingers flew—with what surprising dexterity!



In a short time the closet which was set apart to hold all completed articles was full to overflowing. There were balls made of twine covered with bright worsted; tiny stuffed animals; carts made from berry boxes. There were dolls of all sizes and descriptions, pea-head dolls, rag dolls, clothespin dolls and paper dolls. There was a wooden workbox, "To Eleanor, from Theo," with a design of flowers laboriously hacked—or carved, let us say—in the top; and a knife for Theo, which Eleanor had bought with her hoarded pennies. Then, too, there was a great, mysterious bundle, guarded with wrapping paper and cord, marked "Private—Keep Out," which I was to know nothing about till Christmas Eve.

And when that time arrived, we had a tree in addition to all our other surprises. For Theo knew a man who was driving back into the hills on a day's business, and allowed him to go along to hold the horses. Upon his return he proudly presented the tree, which he himself had cut. A tiny tree it was, not half big enough to hold all the presents, but very bright and beautiful with candles, strings of pop-corn, candies and Christmas cakes.

That Christmas was the happiest one I have ever spent. Up to that time, I had not sensed the real significance of the Christmastide for either myself or my children. I, in doing all the giving, had been robbing my children of the best part of their Christmas heritage, their opportunity to serve each other.

LOUISE FALLENSTEIN GAUSS.



A Christmas Wonder Ball

A PUMPKIN wonder ball is a novelty at a children's Christmas party. It consists of a big ball of yellow yarn which looks like a pumpkin, in which are concealed little gifts—brownie dolls, rings, stickpins, and the like. The end of the yarn is fastened to a green stem, on which it is wound as fast as it is unreeled to prevent a tangle. Let the smallest child have first chance to unwind until the first gift falls out, and so on until each little guest has a gift.

LENA M. REILLY.



A Christmas Merry-Go-Round

LAST Christmas the resourceful mother of several small children wound a large hoop with scarlet crepe paper, and at regular intervals fastened to it securely twelve pieces of inch-wide scarlet ribbon, each of which was equal in length to the diameter of the hoop, the fastenings being concealed under small poinsettias made of red crepe paper. The free ends of the ribbon were caught under a huge paper poinsettia and the whole was suspended from the chandelier.

Ten-cent toy animals were suspended from the hoop by short lengths of narrow red ribbon. Dolls rode astride some of the animals, while the others carried tiny packs concealing small gifts.

The merry-go-round turned in a most realistic manner when the suspending cord was twisted.

ANNA NIXON.



A Novel Christmas Tree

"JIM," I said to my husband one morning shortly before the Yuletide season, "the mother of five boys who no longer believe in Santa Claus is sometimes at a loss to know how to deal with Christmas."

Our boys range from seven to fifteen years, and the growing sophistication of the older lads during preceding Christmases had been a matter of regret to me.

Jim's eyes followed mine through the open window to the great live-oak on the lawn, where lithe, swift-climbing figures and excited shouts suggested that a race to the top of the tree was in progress.

The rounded top of the big oak swayed suddenly under the tempestuous grasp of the victor; the other lads sank back into comfortable crotches. The idea for which I was seeking came to me.

It is not an idea that can be utilized everywhere; it belongs to the green oak of the Southern Christmas or the ever-green of the North.

The day before Christmas we sent the boys to the farm for a country frolic. They went with knowing smiles, casting sly looks at the library door as they departed.

Immediately we were busy. An electrician was set to work wiring the oak, not stringing the tiny bulbs in the usual artificial festoons, but setting them more irregularly along the outermost twigs, where they were partially hidden by clumps of leaves. Our active man-of-all-work fastened the gifts about the branches. We did not use the old ornaments of former Christmases, they seemed tawdry and trifling against the immensity of the oak. Instead the tree bore actual fruit; oranges, bunches of bananas, pineapples, gleaming yellow among the leaves; grapes, red apples, bound to small stems; gay bags of candy and nuts swinging in unsuspected places.



It was dark when the boys returned, walking unaware past the richly-laden tree. They rushed at once to the library, only to draw back disappointed.

"I suppose we're getting too old for Christmas trees," said the fifteen-year-old, possibly remembering certain scoffing remarks of his regarding the Christmas celebration; but there was a catch in his voice at this abrupt putting away of childish things. They all trooped quietly back to the porch.

Suddenly the vague mass of the oak leaped into many-hued life. There was a moment of silent delight as the boys gazed spellbound at the spectacle of their giant playmate in this bright Christmas dress. Then, with a unanimous shout, they dashed toward it, and were up among the branches like squirrels. It was a game of hide-and-seek, of hidden treasure, as well as a Christmas tree. Packages lurked under limbs and swung in shadows. It seemed to us, watching in the shadows, that the charm of the out-of-doors, the freedom of the open sky, the touch of mystery night lays upon all things, served to brighten and add zest to our Christmas joy.

ALLISON STEVENSON.

UNIVERSAL Home Needs Electric

Electric Kettle No. E212 \$1.00
Electric Coffee Maker No. E214 \$1.00
Electric Coffee Maker No. E215 \$1.00
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UNIVERSAL Home Needs for the dining Room

American-Shellfield Plate No. 8114 \$1.00
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UNIVERSAL Cutlery

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No. 15 Black Japan Steel 8 inch \$1.00
No. 12 Black Japan Steel 8 inch \$1.00
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No. -100 Black Japan Steel 8 inch \$1.00

UNIVERSAL Christmas Gifts

Handsone and useful presents which bring permanent pleasure and make a Merry Christmas last the whole year through.

For Women—Electrical devices for use in dining room, kitchen and boudoir, time and work saving kitchen appliances, Casseroles, Vegetable Dishes, Fine Table and Kitchen Cutlery, Shears, etc. For those seeking the last word in exclusive table service the new UNIVERSAL American-Shellfield Plate will appeal.

For Men—Carving Sets, Pocket Knives, Razors, Vacuum Bottles, Carafes, Lunch Kits and Motor Lunch Sets are most appropriate.

Whether you spend \$1.00 or \$50.00, this Trade Mark is your protection. Each piece so marked

UNIVERSAL

is guaranteed in every respect. On sale at all good stores. Send for Free Booklets.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
723 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Specialties

Vacuum Bottle No. 100 \$2.00
Vacuum Bottle No. 101 \$2.00
Vacuum Bottle No. 102 \$2.00
Vacuum Bottle No. 103 \$2.00
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UNIVERSAL Home Needs for the Kitchen

Electric Kettle No. E212 \$1.00
Electric Coffee Maker No. E214 \$1.00
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MOTHER is doing precisely what her mother did nearly thirty years ago. She is using the soap she believes to be best, not only for shampooing, but also for the children's bath. She knows, as her mother did, that Packer's Tar Soap is pure and clean and cleanses thoroughly, but very gently.

Pure vegetable oils, glycerine and pine-tar—these are the materials of which Packer's Tar Soap is made. Each is used for a definite purpose—to cleanse, to soothe or to heal.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"



Send 10c for a sample of Packer's Tar Soap. State whether cake or liquid soap is desired. Send also for Manual: "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment." Thirty-six pages of practical information. Free on request.

THE PACKER MFG. COMPANY
Suite 85q 81 Fulton St. New York



The Gift of Real Usefulness
This Cello Metal Hot Water Bottle of nickel-plated brass, gleaming like a big silver basket in its handsome holly box for Christmas, is a most useful and acceptable gift. It has the real gift, Christmasy spirit of something extra in quality and at the same time very useful and permanent.

CELLO Metal Hot Water Bottle

Is the dependable, always-ready hot water bottle for the household. It cannot dry up, crack or burst. It never fails in an emergency and lasts indefinitely. Boiling water cannot harm it. Patented expansion device keeps its shape perfect.
Ask your drug store or department store for the Cello, favorite three-pint size, with dainty, soft, blue flannel bag, in holly Xmas box, only \$2.50. Other sizes, 2 pints—\$2.50; 5 pints—\$3. If your dealer doesn't have them, order direct from us, giving dealer's name. We'll ship prepaid, with guarantee of satisfaction or money returned.
A. S. CAMPBELL CO., 280 Commercial St., BOSTON, MASS.

Better Mothers

A Service for Mothers and Expectant Mothers, and for all others who are interested in Better Babies



HERE is a big piece of news that will delight the heart of every mother: The Better Babies Bureau has started a service in the Mothers' Club, especially for mothers of babies under one year of age. So many of our expectant mothers, after their babies come, beg us to continue sending monthly letters that we have decided to help them through the first year of their baby's life.

Month by month, from the day we receive notice that the baby is born, we shall send cheerful letters of advice and instruction on the care of babies. We shall teach mothers how to bathe and dress them; how to feed them; how long they should sleep; how much they should weigh; what are the causes of colic and constipation; and many other things that every mother needs to know if she wants a Better Baby. A mother may register her baby any time before it is a year old and receive the letters. All we ask is two cents postage for each letter to be sent. There will be twelve letters in the service, one for each month of baby's first year.

Records from State Boards of Health show that the greatest number of deaths among babies occur during the first year; and doctors tell us that most of these deaths are preventable, if mothers only knew how to take care of the little lives entrusted to them. So let us get together for the sake of the babies.

Mothers may come to us with anything that troubles them. Mrs. Benton, our Club Counselor, is always ready to answer questions, and you may be sure she understands your needs. If you are too busy to write a letter you may simply send in your name and address to the Better Babies Bureau, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, with the baby's age, and the small amount to cover the postage of the letters; and then see if the letters of advice will not help you with some problems that have been bothering you for a long time!

If you are an expectant mother, of course you want to begin from the beginning by getting the monthly letters before your baby comes. And remember, when he does come, we are going to help you care for him.

You need not worry about what you will do after the nurse leaves, because Mrs. Benton will tell you—and tell you just as a mother would tell her daughter. Our Expectant Mothers' Circle is growing into a great big band of earnest women, extending over this country, Canada, Porto Rico, Cuba, and even far away China and India. Perhaps you didn't know of it in time to get the benefit of all the letters; but even if it is a little late, you will find much to help you in the last few letters. And of course you do not want to be left out of our "Wonder Circle." Send your name and address to Caroline French Benton, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, together with the month in which you expect your baby, and ten cents to cover the postage on the letters you are to receive. Your secret will be guarded because the name of the Better Babies Bureau does not appear on the envelope.

If you are neither a mother nor an expectant mother, but are interested in helping other mothers to improve their babies, you may still write to us, because we have a Council Room for the benefit of all those who want to further the cause of Better Babies in their community.

Here are extracts from a few of the letters that come daily to Mrs. Benton's desk:

"You have been so good to me through my long period of waiting—and it has been very long out here on my lonely farm—that I am coming back to you again. I am all at sea. I never came into contact with babies before I married, and now that I am back from the hospital I am thoroughly frightened at the thought of my responsibility. Please, please, help me." Mrs. J. S. P., Iowa.

"I am so pleased with the letters I have been receiving. What a great boon they are to expectant mothers! I shall undoubtedly have to turn to the Better Babies Bureau many, many times before I get the habit of handling a small baby; and it is such a relief to know of a reliable source of information." Mrs. E. M. S., New York.

"My husband is a medical student, and so he is as much interested in your letters as I am. You are doing a wonderful piece of work. It seems to me that there can be no one in the world who needs help so much as the expectant mother, no one who feels so much alone with her problems and who, in thousands of cases, could not bear to go for advice to neighbors or friends." Mrs. F. C. D., Vermont.

"I am on a Canadian ranch, fifty miles from a doctor and ten miles from a little post-office, my nearest neighbor; so I feel that you can help me very much in my first experience of this kind. I am no longer young, so I worry a good deal about the coming of my baby. You have cheered so many, many women, help and cheer me too, won't you?" Mrs. W. H. H., Canada.

"I found your letters in the Expectant Mothers' Circle so helpful that I am enclosing herewith ten cents, so you will send them to a friend of mine. And please transfer me to the Mothers' Club, for my darling baby came last week, and I must have help because I don't know a thing about babies!" Mrs. H. R. E., Texas.

"How can I thank you for all the help you have given me—and for those dear little announcement cards? Owing to financial reverses I had to eliminate everything but absolute necessities, and as this is my first baby the little cards pleased me particularly. And your last letter is a gem of conciseness. The specific directions you gave made much more impression on my help than hours of lectures on surgical cleanliness would have done, and there was no risk of offending." Mrs. M. J. S., Minnesota.

"My baby is just six months old and there are so many things I need advice about. I wonder if you can make room for me in your Mothers' Club. She has a bad cold now; tell me how to dress her so she won't be catching cold all winter. Tell me everything." Mrs. G. E. P., Kansas.

"I enclose one dollar for two more Baby Record books. This makes seven that I have bought—one for my own baby and the others for gifts. It is the best record book I have seen. Rose O'Neill's illustrations are certainly attractive. I have pasted in one of your announcement cards, which I sent out when baby came, and am taking kodak pictures for the photograph spaces. It is great fun filling in the record as baby grows. I would not be without it; and what a treasure it will be in years to come!" Mrs. C. M., Missouri.

"My baby was big and fat when he was born, and now, at three months, he is so thin and pale it makes my heart ache. He cries so much, but the doctor says he is not sick. I am nearly distracted with worry. Can't you give me some advice? I don't know anything about babies, and we are so far from the doctor." Mrs. A. S. B., Missouri.

"Now that my time is drawing near, I would appreciate so much having the assurance that you will send me monthly letters after my baby comes, on how to bring him up. Could you keep on with your letters? They have been such a comfort—the few that I have had—that I don't like to think of not receiving them any more. It would be like losing a friend, a very dear and wise friend." J. W. S., Iowa.

"I have been reading your Better Babies page with interest for months, and now my first baby is coming to me. I am thirty-three years old and terribly afraid. I need all the help and encouragement I can get, for I am so low-spirited and terror-stricken. I want my baby, and I want it to be a Better Baby; but I need encouragement—helpful words, that a busy doctor does not give, and that I have thus far failed to find anywhere." Mrs. L. H. B., Michigan.



After the Christmas Dinner

After dessert, pass around a dish of delicious Lenox Chocolates. For an after-dinner nibble no more appropriate confections could be served. In every box of

Lenox Chocolates

there's a wide variety of tasty centers—some hard, some soft—and a flavor to please every taste. When buying the Christmas presents, don't forget Lenox Chocolates—the gift that all will appreciate, all will enjoy.

In half-pound, pound and five-pound packages.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

First Thing To Buy Baby and Mother

KIDDIE-KOOP
The Best—Economical
KIDDE-KOOP
The safe, hygienic place for baby's clothes and linens. White enamel wood—durable, fireproof, and easy to clean. Holds about thirty or more. Fully enclosed by a heavy wire mesh. Has all the latest improvements and is a real baby's closet. Write for FREE Folder and 10-day Trial Offer.
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Made in Canada by J. H. Thomas Mfg. Co., 12 Carthage Road, Toronto.
*Patented Approval of Good Housekeeping Institute

Write for new booklet of Fall and Winter styles

Maternity Gowns
AND STOUTS \$12.75
made to measure of best-run satin material, all styles. Also skirts, coats and corsets. Gowns \$2.50 up. Ask also for new regular wear catalog.
MRS. GRACE MINOR, Dept. E.
725 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PETER RABBIT
Jolly Little Bunny
in blue coat, white trousers, with \$1.25
pint hot water bag in body
MRS. PATTY W. COMFORT, North Cambridge, Mass.

Comfort for New Born Babies
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOOKS
Your Baby
Should Be Kept Warm With Non-Nettle White Flannels
Tendered Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the roughness of woolen fabrics. Therefore, no irritating sores, no weakening of baby, and no disappointment after washing. We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. WE DO NOT SELL TO DEALERS.
Send for Free Sample Case and receive sample books as illustrated. Also catalogs showing 50 styles of white Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits (Baptist), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. No advertising charge. For 25 cents we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$2.70 if bought separately.
Write at once or see this advertisement.
THE LAMSON BROS. CO.
337 Second Street Toledo, Ohio
Sole Distributors Non-Nettle White Flannels

The
Real
GiftThe
Enduring
Gift

Give Something that GOES

Every child's heart is just set on something that gives a ride. That is why the little folks in your home will be "tickled pink" with a "Fairy" Velocipede, Bicycle or Tricycle.

See their eyes light up on Christmas morning when they see their favorite "Fairy" cycle waiting to take them riding.

Fairy

Velocipede, Bicycle, or Tricycle

All "Fairy" cycles are made of highest grade steel—beautifully finished—full nickel-plated parts—ball bearings—scientifically designed—easy to ride. They develop young muscles without fatigue. Doctors endorse them.

Easy to Get

Every "Fairy" product is fully guaranteed. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If not sold in your immediate locality send for free

booklet which illustrates, describes, and gives prices. We will make it easy for you to buy, no matter where you live.

The Worthington Company
1504 Cedar Street Elyria, Ohio

X. BAZIN

DEPILATORY
POWDER

When You Wear Evening Gowns

—at the theatre, dinners, dances, parties—all call for the use of X. Bazin Depilatory Powder, the efficient and necessary toilet requisite. X. Bazin Depilatory Powder

Removes Hair

from face, neck, arms or underarm and does not cause it to return thick and coarse. Has been used for over 75 years in Paris and New York. Ask your dermatologist or doctor.

50¢ and \$1.00 at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't X. Bazin send us 50¢ for trial bottle. If you send \$1.00 for large bottle, we will include FREE a 25¢ jar of our famous Soso Cold Cream.

HALL & RUCKEL, 209 Washington St., New York

Baby is Healthy, Happy, Safe, Comfortable

The Baby Cariole

A Practical Economy

The advantages of the Baby Cariole as a Bassinet, Crib and play yard make it a practical economy. "Better Babies" should have less handling—more freedom and fresh air. The Baby Cariole is made light but strong—easily and quickly set up without tools—collapses into neat package for traveling or storage.

Remember the Name—The Baby Cariole

Whether you have a baby or not, we want you to know about the Baby Cariole and our famous Toys that Teach. Write today for Free Booklet. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us—we'll see that you are supplied.

THE EMBOSSEING CO.
18 Pruyn St. Albany, N. Y.



Women's Clubs

By CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON



Trained Motherhood

Obedience—the fourth month's study

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is one of a special series on Trained Motherhood, by Mrs. Benton, Counselor of the Better Babies Bureau. This series will extend throughout the club year and is planned for the use of large clubs or small, informal meetings of mothers who are interested in the problems of parenthood. Monthly programs will be outlined and definite work suggested in each article. Mrs. Benton will be glad to answer inquiries if a stamped envelope is enclosed with the request.

The Program and Reference Books

THE relation between parent and child in the past. Authority. The present-day relation. The necessity of training the will to obedience. The parent who commands. The parent who cajoles. The parent who argues. The reasonable position.

Readings from Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young, Jacob Abbott. (Harper's.) Love and Law in Child Training, Emilie Poulsson. (Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.) Bits of Talk About Home Matters, Helen Hunt Jackson.

THERE is no chapter in Colonial history more full of domestic tragedy than that which deals with the practice pursued at the time, of breaking a child's will. Those times when the parent was an autocrat have gone forever, but the problem of obedience is always present.

Parents sometimes shrink from the plain duty of training a child to obey. They fail to see that obedience to law is the great underlying principle of good character and good citizenship. No one should try to evade the responsibility of giving a child his right start in life by making him obedient

to his moral obligations and duties.

The initial step in all child training is the same; it lies in the self-control of the parent. Even in its cradle a baby must learn to give up his own way. But it is after babyhood has been passed that the great difficulties arise. Some parents argue with their children, trying to persuade them to obey. Others use force, and some yield to the child's whim to avoid a struggle. But these all fail of their effect in the long run, and then the exacted obedience vanishes also.

At this point clubs should read from "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young." It solves many problems in a practical way. The best plan is calmly and firmly to insist on obedience, and then afterward explain why it was exacted. Of course for babies this is not practical; but it is surprising to find how even a very young child learns that a parent is reasonable when this method is pursued, and of its own accord ceases to ask, "Why?"

The child as an individual has a right to its own will, one we dare not refuse lightly, and certainly one we dare not take from him altogether. A parent's experience is meant to help the child avoid mistakes as far as may be. When the child realizes that his parents are trying to help rather than govern him, the will to become obedient has begun already to shape itself. The one great point to realize is that the state of obedience is a temporary one; it is only the means to a great end—that of training the child's will toward constant right-doing. The child who has learned to trust, obeys, and so forms a habit of right-doing which in itself is character.

Will you not write to me and let me help you in your difficulties with your child?



The Garden Club

GARDEN clubs are yearly becoming more popular everywhere among women. It does not matter whether a club is made up of women who own only tiny back yards in cities, or of dwellers in a suburb where vegetables and flowers share the same plot, or of those who own large estates and have gardeners and glass-houses. The work in the garden is all that counts. Every club member must promise personally to hoe and dig and plant in her own garden, and not content herself with merely reading about gardening.

A study of the old-time gardens in history and literature will be interesting if a club has planned to go thoroughly into the subject.

The general topic of horticulture should have several meetings; after this clubs should undertake the study of some simple botany, or a portion of a chapter from some good textbook may be used at each meeting, in addition to other and more attractive topics.

One topic of practical interest should be introduced early in the club's existence—how to make the garden harmonize with the house. Club women should understand what sort of a garden is needed. An old-fashioned garden looks well with a Colonial house or a farmhouse, and a stately formal garden can harmonize only with a house which possesses those same qualities. Then, too, the color scheme of a garden is important. It takes study to know how to plan the whole so that the colors will blend perfectly, and it takes careful planning to know how to avoid having empty flower beds at any period from spring till fall.

Dividing the main subject into fourteen heads, this outline may be developed to suit individual clubs: The Study of Conditions; Planning the Garden; The Choice of Flowers for the Garden; The Care of the Garden; The Formal Garden; The Old-fashioned Garden; The Wild Garden; The Alpine (or Rock) Garden; The Rose Garden;

The Water Garden; The Japanese Garden; The Kitchen and Herb Garden; The City Garden; Lawns and Shrubbery.

Certain kinds of gardens may be effectively reproduced in unusual places. Clubs should cover this subject thoroughly to see what varied effects can be achieved. An interesting wild garden may easily be made where one lives near a wood and meadow. The city garden includes not only that of the window box and indoor plant stand, but also the gardens made to-day on apartment house roofs and in little back yards. It is wonderful what can be done with such small spots; clubs should read the book called "The Gardenette" on this point.

School gardens for children are among the modern movements for their benefit, and city clubs will find here a place for civic work on practical lines.

Books on Gardening

STANDARD Cyclopedia of Horticulture, L. H. Bailey. (Macmillan.) Garden Making, L. H. Bailey. (Macmillan.) The Flower Garden (Simple and Practical), Ida D. Bennett. (McClure, Phillips.) The Well-Considered Garden, Mrs. Francis King. (Macmillan.) Making Garden with Hot Bed and Cold Frame, Claude H. Miller. (McBride and Nast.) Wall and Water Gardens, Gertrude Jekyll. (Scribner's.) The Wild Garden, William Robinson. (Scribner's.) The Commuter's Garden, Walter B. Haywood. (Crowell.) Miniature Window Gardening (The Toy Garden), Phoebe Allen and Dr. Godfrey. (Jas. Potts.) Making a Bulb Garden, Grace Tabor. (McBride, Nast.) The Gardenette, B. F. Albaugh. (Stewart, Kidd.) Among School Gardens, M. Louise Greene. (Russell Sage Foundation.)

All Garden Clubs are invited to join the national club, the Women's Agricultural and Horticultural Association.

NOTE: To anyone interested in the Garden Club a complete outline for a year's study will be sent if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Address Garden Club, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

Your baby—like this chubby Borden Baby—won't feel the winter cold if you wrap him up snugly and take him out every pleasant day—if you see that he sleeps enough, exercises and has the right food.

When your own milk fails or you find for any reason you cannot nurse your baby, give him a substitute that his tiny stomach can digest. It is part of your mother-wisdom to choose a food—when nature's supply is unsuitable—that will make your baby strong and sturdy—

Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE ORIGINAL

"Eagle Brand"—full of nourishment—is an ideal food for your baby.

Babies reared on satisfying "Eagle Brand" are happy and contented. While it is natural for all babies at times to cry, a well baby is seldom irritable or fretful for any continued period. If your baby is restless and does not seem satisfied, if he cries after feeding and does not sleep quietly and peacefully, in all probability the food you are using is not agreeing with him. Under these conditions you can safely place your baby upon "Eagle Brand." For 58 years thousands of anxious mothers have found it a safe substitute where breast milk has failed. It is easy to prepare. Just add to freshly boiled water that has been cooled to the right feeding temperature.

"Eagle Brand" is made of rich, full-cream milk from healthy cows. Scientifically prepared so that your baby can digest it. Pure, safe, wholesome and nourishing.

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Received the
GRAND PRIZE
(Highest Award)
at the

Panama-Pacific International Exp.
at San Francisco

Use "Eagle Brand" in all your cooking where you need milk and sugar. With it you can make delicious rice meringue, rich velvet cream, dainty desserts and many other savory dishes, all at less cost than ever before.

Send the coupon today for "Baby's Welfare"—which tells you how to keep your baby well. Also "Baby's Biography" to record events in his babyhood, as well as "Borden's Recipes," which tell how to improve your cooking.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857
If you go to San Francisco be sure to visit our exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Food Products Palace.



Borden's Condensed Milk Co., W.H.C.12-15
108 Hudson St., New York.
Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to keep my baby well—and send also "Borden's Recipes," your book of original recipes which shows me how to save money on my cooking.

Name.....
Address.....

"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1916



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

4 Fairy Tale Pictures

By Jessie Willcox Smith

This is one of the best and most novel calendars we have published. It is arranged in four leaves—each leaf picturing a scene from a popular fairy tale. A brief word story of the tale appears on the back of each picture.

The illustrations are by that world famous child artist, Jessie Willcox Smith. The scenes are from the following fairy tales:

Cinderella — Jack and the Bean Stalk Little Red Riding Hood — Goldilocks

Every child will delight in seeing these favorite fairy tale characters attractively illustrated in brilliant colors. Everybody will appreciate the artistic conception of these child-like myth children so masterfully painted by this famous artist. You'll keep it for art's sake long after the calendar has served its purpose. The pictures may be framed as there is no advertising on them.

The calendar will be a daily reminder of the satisfaction given by

"Swift's Premium" Hams and Bacon

How to Get the Calendar

This beautiful calendar will be sent to any address in United States for 10 cents in coin or stamps:

- or—Trade-mark and five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons
- or—Labels from five of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons
- or—4 Covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons
- or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers
- or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers

(Add 10c extra in Canada on account of duty.)
When you write for calendar, address:

Swift & Company 4101 Packers Avenue Chicago

For December Days

Everyday menus with varied recipes

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

In charge of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery



NOTE: In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

1
Breakfast
Stewed prunes; cereal;
scrambled eggs; Shaw
muffins; coffee.

Luncheon
Oyster stew, pickles;
gingerbread; tea.

Dinner
Hollandaise halibut;
paprika potato cubes;
creamed cauliflower;
string bean salad; orange
pudding, orange sauce.

2
Breakfast
Cereal; tomato toast;
doughnuts; coffee.

Dinner
Vegetable soup, toasted
triangles; *breaded pork
chops; *tomato celery
sauce; mashed potatoes;
creamed lima beans;
Newton lapdock.

Supper
Baked beans; dill pick-
les; finger rolls; orange
jelly; Littleton jumbles;
tea.

3
Breakfast
Halves of grapefruit;
chicken's livers; hashed
brown potatoes; popovers;
coffee.

Dinner
Mock consommé, pulled
bread; stuffed roast
chicken, giblet gravy, cran-
berry jelly; glazed sweet
potatoes; mashed turnips;
tomato jelly salad; crème
au fruit; demi-tasse.

Supper
*Crab meat sandwiches;
canned pears; Wellesley
cake; ginger ale.

4
Breakfast
Cereal; buttered eggs;
English muffins; coffee.

Luncheon
Baked beans; brown bread
toast; crackers; jelly,
cream cheese; tea.

Dinner
Southdown soup; cold
sliced roast chicken; scrub
potatoes; *best salad;
prune whip.

5
Breakfast
Stewed apricots; cereal;
fried bread; coffee.

Luncheon
Minced chicken on toast;
doughnuts; cheese;
Russian tea.

Dinner
*Ham en casserole;
dressed lettuce, Columbia;
dinner rolls; Marlborough
pie; cheese squares;
demi-tasse.

6
Breakfast
Cereal with dates; French
omelet; rye muffins; coffee.

Luncheon
Corned beef hash; pepper
relish; finger rolls;
*peanut butter fudge;
luncheon cocoa.

Dinner
(Vegetable)
Berkshire soup, imperial
sticks; baked
macaroni au gratin;
sautéed lima beans; tomato
sauce; corn fritters; apple
pie; cheese squares;
demi-tasse.

7
Breakfast
Oranges; salt pork frit-
ters; Johnny cake;
coffee.

Luncheon
Fried sausages, apple
rings; baked potatoes;
luncheon caraway cakes;
tea.

Dinner
Baked fowl, oyster sauce;
riced potatoes; escal-
loped tomatoes; fig
pudding, yellow sauce.

8
Breakfast
Halves of grapefruit;
fried hominy with maple
syrup; coffee.

Luncheon
Grilled sardines; clover
leaf biscuit; baked ap-
ples; sponge cake;
cocoa.

Dinner
Delmonico finnan had-
die; Spanish potatoes;
spinach timbales; lemon
meringue pie; cheese.

9
Breakfast
Cereal; bacon curls;
Cincinnati coffee bread;
coffee.

Dinner
Veal cutlets, brown gravy;
riced potatoes; stewed
tomatoes; boiled rice with
raisins, vanilla sauce.

Supper
Chili; unsweetened
wafer crackers; gold cake;
ginger ale.

10
Breakfast
Belmont baked apples;
Spanish omelet; quality
muffins; coffee.

Dinner
Caviare canapés; roast leg
of lamb, brown gravy,
mint jelly; Franconia
potatoes; creamed peas;
lettuce, Russian dressing;
coffee ice cream; nut
caramel cake.

Supper
*Belmont minced chicken;
celery; finger rolls;
coconut cream pie; tea.

RECIPES

BREADED PORK CHOPS (if tried becomes popular at once): Order pork chops cut thicker than usual, wipe, cut flank and tenderloin from bone, and skewer to remaining chop, pressing into good shape. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put in frying pan and sprinkle top of each with dried bread crumbs. Pour in boiling water to one half the depth of chops, cover closely and bake in a slow oven, one and one-half hours. Remove cover, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown. Arrange on hot platter and garnish with celery tips. Serve with Tomato Celery Sauce.

TOMATO CELERY SAUCE: Finely chop one onion, one green pepper and one large bunch of celery. Mix, add two and one-half cups of canned tomatoes (from which some of the liquor has been drained), one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, two tablespoonfuls allspice berries and two-thirds cupful of vinegar. Let simmer one and one-half hours.

CRAB MEAT SANDWICHES: Cut bread in one-fourth-inch slices, remove crusts, and toast. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls chopped green pepper, and cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one-half cupful thin cream and three-fourths cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, to which is added one-eighth teaspoonful of soda. Add two cupfuls of finely cut soft mild cheese, and when cheese is melted add one egg slightly beaten, and season to taste with salt, mustard and cayenne; then add one cupful of flaked crab meat. When heated, spread between slices of prepared toast. Canned tuna fish may be substituted for the canned flaked crab meat.

BET SALAD: Cut cold cooked beets in one-fourth-inch slices crosswise, and slice in cubes. Mix with Boiled Salad Dressing. Take off the outside leaves of a small heavy cabbage and cut cabbage in quarters. Cut in very thin slices, using a sharp knife, and soak in cold water until crisp. Drain dry between towels, and moisten with Boiled Salad Dressing. Arrange cabbage in salad dish and surround with the prepared beets.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING: To one cupful of sour cream add one egg, slightly beaten, and one-fourth cupful of vinegar. Mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Add to first mixture and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Strain and chill.

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE: Put two cupfuls of white sugar and two-thirds cupful of milk in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until a soft ball may be formed, when mixture is tried in cold water. Remove from range and add four tablespoonfuls of peanut butter, a few grains salt, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until creamy and add one-third cupful of raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, turn into a buttered pan to three-fourths inch in depth. Cool slightly, and cut in squares.

BELMONT MINCED CHICKEN: Melt one-fourth cupful of butter, add one-fourth cupful of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of chicken stock (the liquor in which a fowl has been cooked). Bring to the boiling point and season with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of paprika and one teaspoonful of salt. Add one cupful of cream, one cup minced chicken, two-thirds cupful of cooked sweetbread cubes, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls truffles or sweetbread cubes or chicken livers cut in rather large pieces. Let stand in double boiler twenty minutes, turn into a deep serving dish and pipe a border of duchess potatoes around dish close to edge, using a pastry bag and tube. Put under gas flame or in a hot oven to brown potatoes.

HAM EN CASSEROLE: Order a slice of ham cut two inches thick, wipe and remove the outside edges of fat, put in frying pan, cover with tepid water, and let stand overnight or for several hours. Wash and pare medium-sized potatoes and cut in very thin slices crosswise; there should be two and one-half cupfuls. Put ham in casserole and cover with potatoes. Add milk to cover (about two cupfuls). Cover and cook in slow oven one and one-half hours.

A Christmas Railroad

*Which can be made
at home to please
the small boy*

Designed by
JOHN D. ADAMS



Telegraph pole



Signal tower

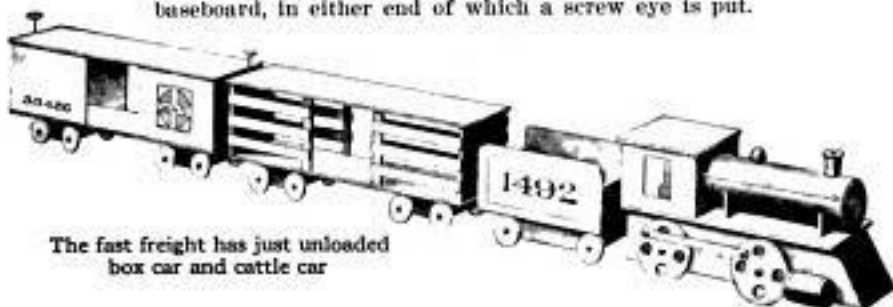
CLEAR working drawings for the telegraph pole, the signal tower, and the train of cars, and directions for making may be obtained for five two-cent stamps. Order H-296, Toy Railroad, and address the Handicraft Department, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

SET up the signal tower and half a dozen telegraph poles connected by light cord for "pretend" wires, and the little boy engineer can run his freight train anywhere on the playroom floor, in a corner of the living-room, or on the side porch. The three semaphores of the tower are worked by levers on cords.



The coal car and the flat car can be coupled to the train

THE baseboards and trucks of all the cars are practically alike. Each truck consists of a plain rectangular block with a small wheel running on a screw set in at each corner. Washers are provided at each side of the wheel to prevent rubbing. The trucks so formed are then fastened to the under side of the baseboard, in either end of which a screw eye is put.



The fast freight has just unloaded
box car and cattle car

Gifts for Your Girl Chum

That cost little time or money

Designed by JOSEPHINE HOW

THE handle of the parasol pin-cushion is a white bone knitting needle. For the sides cut ten pieces of cardboard two inches wide at one end, slightly less than one-fourth inch at the other, four and three-fourths inches on one side, and five inches at the other. Cover these with figured silk, and sew corresponding sides together. Cut ten pieces of cardboard slightly shorter and narrower, cover them with lining silk and slip them in place. Overhand each section on the wrong side to its corresponding section.

From a piece of lining silk, three by eight inches long, make a cover for the center cushion by sewing the ends together and shirring the two edges around the needle. Stuff with wool to make a cushion about two inches in diameter and fasten in place.



Parasol pin-cushion for
the twelve-year-old



A corsage rose to please the eighteen-year-old

MAKE five petals for the corsage rose from old-rose chiffon lined with white, four and a half inches long and two and a half inches deep, doubled. Gather to the foundation and add five more petals entirely of old-rose, then a shirred piece two inches deep around the rose outside.



For the sixteen-year-old at board-
ing school

THE tiny paper handbox above has motifs cut from chintz and pasted on to form a pattern. The cover is tied with old-rose ribbon to match contents.

THE traveling case is of blue linen cut envelope shape. The edges are bound with white tape, and the outside pocket for soap is lined with rubber.

Schoenhut ALL-WOOD Dolls

AN
AMERICAN
INVENTION

MADE
IN
U. S. A.



An
Invitation to Meet
Miss Dolly Schoenhut
Who Can Do Almost Everything But Talk

No, Miss Dolly is not a real girl, but you can hardly tell the difference. See Miss Dolly, her brothers and sisters and all her Schoenhut playmates at the best store in your town.

They are the most attractive and lovable little folks in the world—and the healthiest. They are made all from wood and are practically indestructible. Even the heads are modeled of solid wood. Some are beautiful character heads modeled by artists. All are artistically painted with natural oil colors, giving a finish superior to any other doll heads.

Schoenhut All-Wood Perfection Art Dolls are fully jointed—not with elastic cord, but with our patent steel springs with swivel connections. The parts are held tightly, but are flexible enough so that the dolls will hold any pose. Having no elastic cord, they never need restringing. They come with the finest quality mohair wigs or with hair carved on wooden head painted natural colors.

Schoenhut Dolls never break and cause heart-aches. Your little ones cannot know the full joy and pride of doll possession until they own a Schoenhut. Our illustrated book shows Schoenhut Dolls of all sizes and prices. You ought to have this book to help you to select a doll that your child will love and use for years. Send for it now. The Schoenhut Dolls, being a new invention, are not stocked by all dealers; therefore, we will supply you direct from the factory if your dealer cannot supply you.

Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys

Toys that gladden the hearts of our dear little ones—
Appeal to boys and girls alike of any age

The funniest thing you ever saw. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of. The donkey is better than any animal Barnum ever had. The clowns can make grown-up people, as well as children, laugh for hours.



The figures are made of solid wood, fully jointed with elastic cord, painted in oil colors. The clowns are dressed in fancy costumes. Will stand the roughest kind of treatment. There's no end to the fun—new tricks, each more grotesque than the last, are constantly discovered. You can search Toyland through and you'll find nothing to approach Humpty-Dumpty's Circus. Ask to see it at any Toy or Department Store.

Schoenhut Toys for 43 years have been made by American labor in an American toy factory—the largest in the world—modern, sanitary and well-lighted.



This button-shaped trade mark on the front of every genuine Schoenhut doll.

THE A. SCHOENHUT CO.
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Makers of the world-famous
Schoenhut Toy Piano

Schoenhut's "Modlwood" Toys

All-wood construction toys for the small youngster whose unskilled hands cannot master the more complicated toys. They are made from clean white wood (not painted). Can be constructed and dismantled as well, satisfying the boy's craving to know "what's inside." Locomotives, Automobiles, Touring Cars, Racing Cars, etc., can be made. Get your dealer to show you these toys, also the Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys. If he cannot supply you, send us his name, and we will mail you illustrated literature free.





Puritan Model

FOR SMALL ROOMS.

This dainty upright is especially designed for studios, bungalows, apartments, and wherever space and price count, yet quality is demanded. Musically it is so superior that, after examining all the leading makes, a prominent college bought 27 of these pianos.

Our new catalogue describes this and other attractive uprights, grands and players. Write for it.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are acknowledged leaders in the high-grade field. Their sterling integrity of construction, delightful tone and tasteful designs have made them the choice of over 400 Educational Institutions and nearly 60,000 American homes.

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If no dealer near you sells the Ivers & Pond, you can order from our factory as safely and advantageously as if you lived nearby. We make expert selection, prepay freight and ship on trial, in your home, in any State in the Union. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans. For catalogue and valuable information to buyers, mail the coupon now.

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IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

107 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

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For Your Catholic Friends

You doubtless number among your friends many of the Catholic Faith and have given much thought as to what would make suitable Christmas gifts for them. We have solved this problem for you. Send a chain of



Beautiful, Jeweled Rosary Beads, with Scapular Medal Attached

These not only make an ideal and suitable gift, but will go to your Catholic friends as a token of your highest regard and are sure to be appreciated and held dear.

\$1.00 Post-Paid

It is 18 inches long made with durable gold plated chain in satin lined case, like illustration. This rosary is supplied in Assorted, Gem, Amber, Crystal, Jet, Emerald, Sapphire and Opal. Mailed anywhere, postpaid on receipt of One Dollar. This Rosary is guaranteed for five years and is the same quality generally sold at \$1.00 in stores.

OUR GUARANTEE Your Money Back If Not SATISFIED
JOHN J. O'KEEFE & CO., New York, N. Y.
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Snug Comfort for Tired Feet

Parker's Arctic Socks

Are in C. & P. S. G.



Warm, restful, beautiful, bed-sleepers, bath, skiers, winter than self-sole slippers.

Worn in rubber boots above perspiration. Made of knitted fabric lined with soft white wool fibers. Washable, unbreakable, Parker's socks in every pair. In all sizes at dealers or sent postpaid for \$2.00 a pair.
J. N. PARKER CO., DEPT. J, 25 JAMES ST., MALDEN, MASS.

COLUMBIA MERCERIZED CROCHET

The cotton noted for its lasting lustre, smoothness, and durability. Made by the makers of the famous Columbia Yarns—that is sufficient guarantee of its high quality.

White and color in all sizes. Colors in four coarse sizes.

ONE PRICE 10c

The Columbia Cottons Manual of Crocheting (Third Series) shows beautiful articles and tells how to make them. 10c at dealers or by mail.

COLUMBIA COTTONS Philadelphia



Christmas Gifts in Filet Crochet

That you can make at home to hang on the Christmas tree

Done in silk, wool and cotton, and Designed by EFFIE A. ARCHER



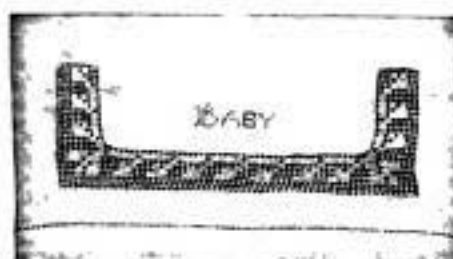
This Pierrot collar has a frill of Georgette crepe, edged with silk crochet



Grandmother's or granddaughter's shopping bag

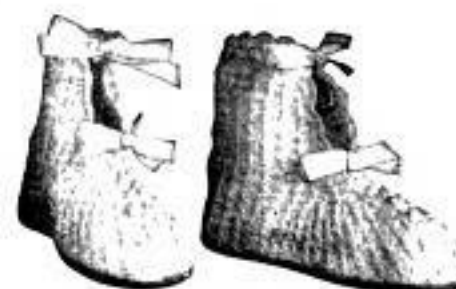


Crocheted of silk in fashionable black and white check to wear with a coat



For baby's exclusive use

THE "garden gate" bag above is of gun-metal faille trimmed with a band of filet crochet in the same shade. The handle is also of crocheted silk.



Pink shoes to fit baby's pink toes

A SIMPLE design in filet crochet decorates this baby's towel of fine huck. The letters can be done in cross-stitch or French knots.

Just below is a lamb's-wool slipper sole covered with crochet net at back and edged with pink ruffled ribbon—a practical powder puff for the shoulders.



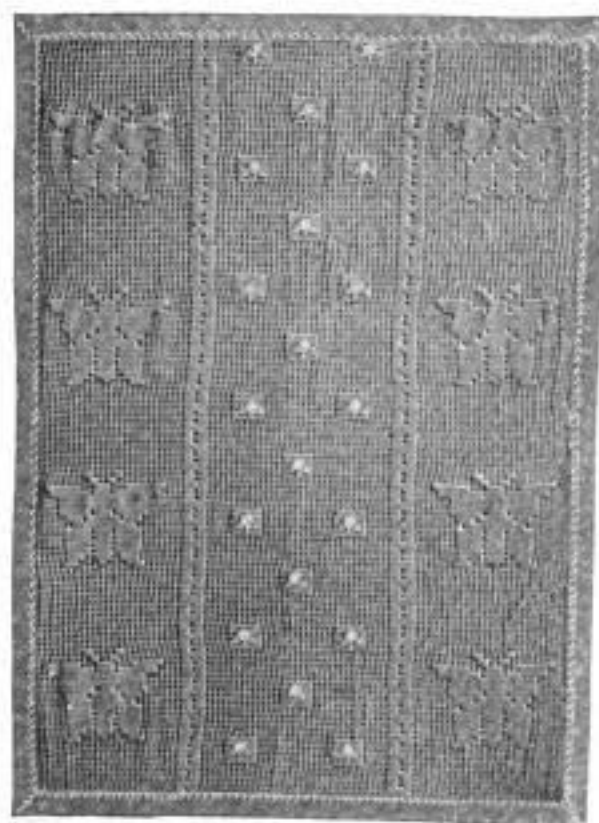
Of gay silk to wear with the suit coat

THE little booties are crocheted in pale pink silk with French knots of baby blue. The soles have lamb's-wool linings.

Five green leaves and one orange, one gray and one rich purple berry make the attractive spray at the left, which may be worn on coat lapel or as hat ornament.



To powder your shoulders



A baby's afghan of filet crochet in white wool backed with pink satin and with little pink roses embroidered down the center

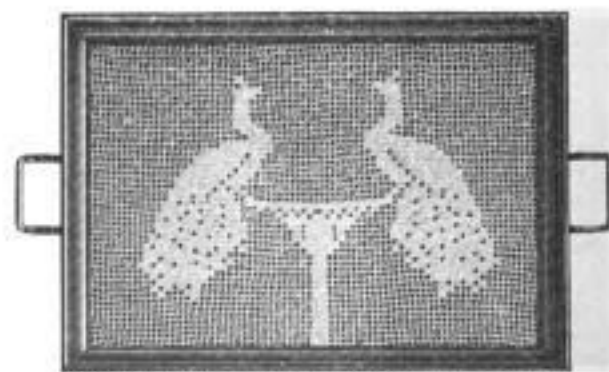


From his "best girl"

The tie above is crocheted very firmly in two harmonious shades of green silk.



Fichu for an elderly lady, made of Georgette crepe, ruffle edging crocheted of silk



"The Peacocks" in ecru filet crochet framed in mahogany make a handsome tray



Satin handbag for an elderly woman

A WORKBAG in the shape of a hat "brim full" of pins, and whose crown is an empty bag, is pictured at the right. It is made of blue satin.



THE two hearts which form the sides of the figured silk bag are held together by double strips of blue silk shirred to form roomy pockets.



Ready for a dainty bit of sewing

Gift Bags for Christmas

Designed by
JOSEPHINE W. HOW

TO MAKE them you need gay cretonne, a sheet of cardboard, remnants of silk, a few lengths of ribbon, and a knowledge of plain sewing—that is all

This bag in a graceful basket design can be very quickly made



GRACEFUL in design the basket bag above is practical, too, for it slips easily over the arm and forms a secure holder for an unruly ball of yarn. Its round base is of covered cardboard.

The satin handbag, if made with a buckram foundation, keeps its shape indefinitely and is suitable for use in the afternoon or evening. It is lined with lavender satin and made with two pockets inside for a mirror and a powder puff. The handle is of silk cord, with a covered button mold and loop for a fastening.



A chair for the little girl's sewing

COVERED with small figured silk the sewing chair above is a pincushion, needlecase and holder all in one, for the back of the chair forms the needlecase, and the padded seat and pincushion, if lifted, will disclose a stow-away place for threads and thimble.

For knitting it is difficult to find a more useful holder than the five-sided melon bag covered with green taffeta silk with a watermelon-pink lining.

Appliquéd cretonne flowers decorate, and cording outlines, the five-piece base of the lavender linen bag, which holds needles and yarn.

DIRECTIONS for making the bags on this page, with working diagrams and measurements, will be mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps. Please order H-295, Gift Bags, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Almost too pretty for a laundry bag



Melon-shaped bag for knitting



A quaintly-shaped knitting bag

THE two black-and-white bags with flowers appliquéd are very decorative. The striped bag, which measures twenty by fourteen inches, is ornamented with a single motif cut from cretonne. The edges are turned in and hemmed. The basket-shaped bag with handle of gold cord is of washable material and is decorated with a border around the top, cut from printed linen. The edges are finished with coarse black buttonholing, and the whole thing mounted on an oval cardboard base.



A luxurious party bag made of a Roman sash

ROOMY enough to hold all of the family's unmended hose, the gay linen bag at the left is made with stiffened ends to which the gathered sides are attached.

The vividly striped bag above is made of a Roman sash with fringed ends. It need not be cut at all but merely folded through the center, the sides overhanded together, the casing made and draw strings of gold cord inserted.



A bag to make darning a pleasure



Checked linen and cut-out flowers make this handsome bag

The Little Gift

All of these pleasant trifles can be made at home and mailed for a two-cent stamp



Another pocket nécessaire—this is actual size



"Rosy Ribbons" is a willing friend

CUT "Rosy Ribbons" out of stiff cardboard, paint her either blond or brunette, wind her with lingerie ribbon, and stick a bone or silver bodkin into her skirt.



Pin-and-needle case for the shopping bag

THE pin-and-needle case is of ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and three inches long. Line with flannel, put in pins, threaded needles, tiny safety pins, add a snap fastener to hold it folded.

THE little lingerie holders just below are made of narrow ribbon, embroidered with tiny flowers. They snap together and hold the lingerie at the shoulder securely. These two have been slipped over a small fringed sachet to make the gift more dainty.



Lingerie straps and a small sachet



"Betty Emery," a guest for the workbasket

TWO five-inch strips of blue satin ribbon, two inches wide, make the pocket nécessaire. Stitch to make a bag at each end. Draw up one bag with ribbon to hold tiny reels of cotton. Stiffen bottom casing with strips of feather-bone, for a thimble pocket. The roses and apple are "just for pretty."



Flower sachets in soft colors

FLOWER sachets, made of half-inch satin ribbon, have stamens of artificial flowers sewed among the looped petals.



Case for bodkin

A silver or bone bodkin may be enclosed in this flowered ribbon case



Behind this ribbon flower is a flat sachet of delicate perfume



To wax thread



Sweet pea with green sachet behind

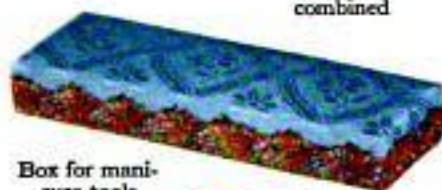
A PENNY doll, bayberry candle drippings and narrowest ribbon made the thread-waxer at the left, molded in a thimble.

Christmas

SEND that difficult person who doesn't like the ordinary gifts a round basket of Christmas greenery, fern, mistletoe and holly.



A bag and a box combined



Box for manicure tools

THE rose satin bag is securely sewed into the gay box above and paper is pasted over stitches.

FOR the little girl who won't take care of her nails choose some small and serviceable (but pretty) manicure tools and put them in a box covered with brocade.



Small traveling cases

A Christmas basket may have many variations



Suggestions

A MATTRESS pincushion, well stocked with pins of all sorts, and given a substantial loop to hang it by, is a treasure



The useful pincushion

THE Japanese basket below is filled with sewed-in bags to hold toilet necessities. A satin elastic with bow goes round outside.



Lid and inside plan of a handy toilet basket



BROCADE cases, with gold braid edges, for folding shoe horn and button-book,

BOXES for round dollies, covered with wall paper and ribbon-tied, are very useful.



Gifts You Can Make

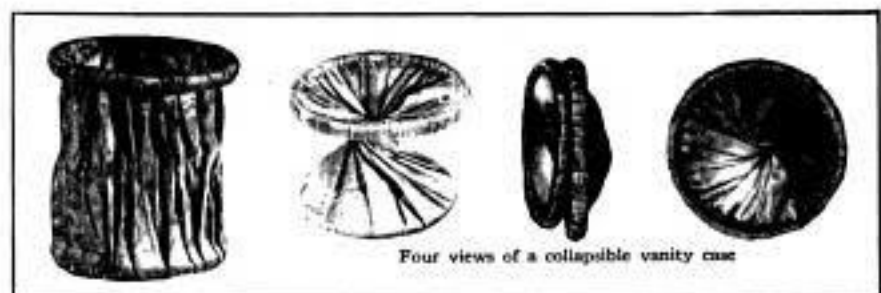
if you do simple basketry, china painting, or sewing

FILLED with short-stemmed flowers, with asparagus fern twined round the open-work handle, this basket makes a lovely table centerpiece. It can be easily made, too.



An unusually decorative basket with a "Jacob's ladder" handle

FOR powder puff and powder, the vanity case with mirror (shown below) is as odd as it is useful. It folds flat, and when open is four inches high and two inches in diameter.



Four views of a collapsible vanity case

FOR vanity case make silk tube with base the same size as mirror. Put mirror inside, face up, and gather just above it, to hold it in place. Finish top of bag with wooden ring (curtain ring or bracelet) large enough to fit over mirror when case is folded. When finished, turn inside out. It is a secure holder for powder.



The graceful design of the basket above shows clearly when the flowers are removed

PATTERNS of the designs and directions for decorating the tea caddy and the cream pitcher illustrated on this page will be sent on receipt of five two-cent stamps. Please order H-298, China Painting, and address Handicraft Department, in care of the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



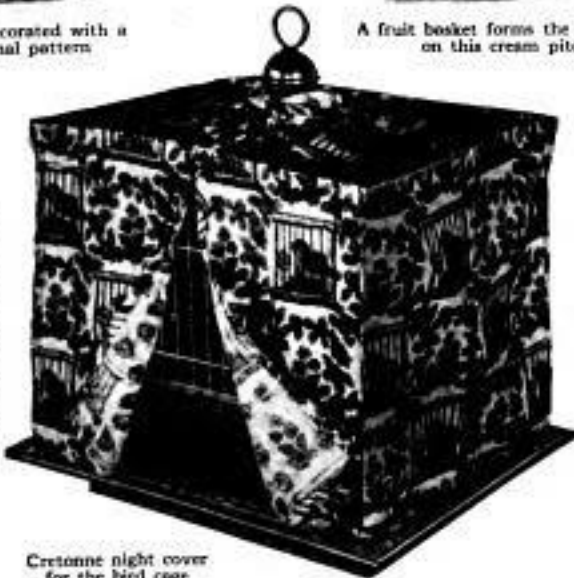
Tea caddy decorated with a conventional pattern

DIRECTIONS for making the basket will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps. Order H-297, Flower Basket, Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



A fruit basket forms the main motif on this cream pitcher

WOULD your bird like a cover to protect him from a draft or a bright light at night? It only takes an hour to make one.



Cretonne night cover for the bird cage

CUT a round opening in the top of the cover and finish with binding and cord to tie at top and bottom. Choose pretty chintz or cretonne.

GIFTS by MAIL

Daniel Low & Co.

ESTAB. 1867

Lovely new diamond and pearl pendants with 15-inch chains.
B7272 Sold gold \$48.50
D5281 Platinum \$25.00

E948 Quaint Japanese Signet Ring with any two initials, solid gold \$3.00. Give initials and size.

M253 Black Walrus grain belt with a heavy sterling silver monogram buckle, two or three initials. Give initials and belt size \$3.50

J2430 A unique off-handled Tea Maker in sterling silver \$1.25

R1357 A try silver clothespin to hold a man's tie 35c. As Place Card Holder on goblet \$3.75 doz.

N149 A gift that gives more lovely every day. Three narcissus buds in a green Japanese bowl. Hand decorated box with Christmas greetings 60c.

"I let 'Daniel Low' do my Christmas shopping for me."

"The Daniel Low buyers search the world over for Christmas gifts that are just a bit different. Their splendid catalog is, I believe, a secret of success in selecting gifts."

Why not let us send you a copy of our helpful catalog? You find clearly pictured and accurately described 10,000 gifts—novel, artistic, useful—gifts in jewelry, table silver, Sheffield plate, toilet articles, leather goods, travelers' conveniences, and a variety of novel things such as one would not find in a day's shopping in a big city.

You find in the catalog just the right gift for father, mother, Tom, Mary—in short it suggests to you the most appropriate gift for each of those whom you wish to remember, and saves you hours and hours in the planning of your Christmas shopping. You will be pleased with the quality of our goods, and the dainty way we pack everything will delight you. Once you have tried the Daniel Low way you will wonder how you ever shopped the old way, with its hours of stamping, its weary waiting and its last-minute extravagances.

Among our customers are the wives and daughters of Governors, Congressmen, Bankers, and prominent business and professional men, as well as people of more moderate means. Our catalog appeals to discriminating buyers in every walk of life—not only because of the time and trouble saved, but also because of the substantial money saving. You shop in your own home, you get just what you want, and you pay no more—often considerably less—than you had planned. We prepay the transportation charges and guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

Write us Today for Your Copy of Our Catalog
DANIEL LOW & CO.
Jewelry and Silversmiths
217 Essex St. Salem, Mass.

R3061 Heavy sterling silver link Cuff Buttons with the new black enamel initial \$1.50. Give initial.

S686 Hammered sterling silver Pocket Knife, two blades 75c.

R2433 Peter Rabbit, the latest novelty in Babyland, appears on this sterling silver ring 25c. Give size.

Sterling silver baby spoon and fork with fascinating Peter Rabbit handles
J1070 Spoon \$1.00
J1071 Fork \$1.00

S356 Leather Ribbon Box with roll of ribbon and sterling silver baby ribbon runner \$1.00

S480 Embroidery hoop, Sterling rim, holly design; diam. 5 1/2 in. Tied with red satin ribbon \$1.00

L1152 Purse, 4 1/2 x 4 in., black patent leather with white edge \$1.00

Use a
Face Powder for Your Face

A general toilet or talcum powder is not suitable for use as a face powder. Such powders, although usually pure and harmless, do not have the qualities of Henry Tetlow's Gossamer or other high-grade face powders.

HENRY TETLOW'S GOSSAMER

Is soft and "feathery." It contains ingredients that actually soften and nourish the skin, while talcum powder is simply neutral and inert. Henry Tetlow's Gossamer is translucent, allowing the natural color of the skin to show through. It never rubs shiny.

Henry Tetlow's Gossamer is made in White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette tints.

Trial portion for comparison with talcum or other powders free upon request.

HENRY TETLOW COMPANY, Philadelphia
Established in 1849

HAMILTON BLANKETS

Will Please You Too

They will always be soft, fluffy and warm no matter how often you wash them.

You can get them in almost any coloring and size. By glancing over the pages of our beautiful catalog you can see them in their actual colors. This catalog will be sent free on request. It contains some gorgeous Indian Robes suitable for dens or couches and some more modest ones adapted to motor car use.

A Doll Blanket

The same in quality as our large bed blankets, size 12 in. x 24 in., will be sent prepaid on receipt of 20 cents in stamps or coin. Address

Shuler & Benninghofen
Dept. 12 Hamilton, Ohio
and do not forget to mention your dealer's name

All-steel Front
Grooved non-skid
Runners

Wins Every Race

The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls!

Flexible Flyer

with new construction—the all-steel Front

Stronger, easier than ever to steer and control. The swiftest, strongest, safest sled made. Its grooved runners of chrome nickel steel prevent skidding; and its scientific construction throughout is the reason why it outlasts 3 ordinary sleds.

Nine sizes—ranging from 38 to 102 inches long—including new Junior Racer at \$3.50. Sold by leading Hardware and Department Stores. Insist on the genuine—unless it bears this trademark it isn't a Flexible Flyer.

FREE Cardboard model shows how it steers. Also attractive booklet. Write us for them today.

S L Allen & Co Box 1101 U Philadelphia Pa



What the Needleworker Can do with

ROYAL SOCIETY CORDICHET

"The Perfect Crochet Cotton"

As a means of beautifying wearing apparel and producing attractive articles of home decoration, you will be charmed with the results obtained through the use of Royal Society Cordichet.

Cordichet is a six-cord, perfectly balanced crochet thread which works with exceptional smoothness, giving that firmness and evenness so essential in lace-making, tatting, crochet and macramé. It is made of long fibre Sea Island Cotton, highly mercerized and possesses unusual lustre.

The handsome Nightgown yoke illustrated is garment No. 480 in the new line of Cordichet Package Outfits. This package contains fine quality nainsook ready for making, full directions for working the yoke and sufficient Cordichet, wound flat on cards, to complete. Retail at \$1.25 (except in Canada and foreign countries).

For other items of wearing apparel and household adornment involving crochet work, see the assortment of Royal Society Cordichet Package Outfits at your dealers. Each contains complete materials and instructions, and offers a most pleasing opportunity for you to become acquainted with the quality and lasting beauty of Royal Society Cordichet.

Cordichet is obtainable in 15 sizes—white and ecru, 1 to 150; also in boil-proof colors in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70.

All sizes and colors 10c per ball (except in Canada and foreign countries).

Note:—Expert crocheters find that crochet cottons unwind more freely from the inside of the ball. Try it.

ROYAL SOCIETY Crochet Book No. 6 is a most valuable reference guide. A series of simple, illustrated lessons in crochet. Price 10c.

ASK YOUR DEALER

He has in stock or can procure for you all Royal Society articles. Illustrated Circular on Request.

H. E. VERRAN COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Union Square West New York

Useful and Unusual Embroideries

In French knot,
satin and outline

Designed by

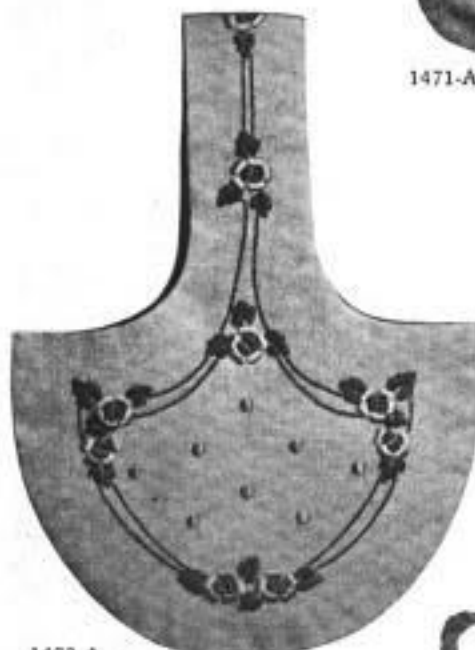
EVELYN PARSONS

THE SMALL sewing bag, 1471-A, is of tan linen with French knot embroidery. The flowers are blue and rose with yellow centers and green leaves. It is lined with blue silk.



1471-A—Bag with garlands of French knot flowers

EMBROIDERED Bag, 1471-A, six inches deep. Attach lining to top of bag. Stamped on linen 30 Cents Embroidery cotton (blue, rose, yellow and green) and tan silk cord 25 Cents



1472-A—Knitting bag for worsted

THE Christmas Gift Leaflet, a collection of Miss Parsons's best designs, will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

1472-A—Tan Linen Bag to slip over the arm when knitting; it holds a large ball of worsted. The flower design is worked in pink and green, dots blue. It is lined with blue silk and embroidered on both sides. Stamped linen (10½ x 7½ inches) 35 Cents Embroidery cotton 13 Cents



1473-A—Bag in eyelet work

IMPORTANT! Directions for ordering: Give name and full address. Remit by check or money order. *If stamps or currency are used it is at sender's risk.* The Companion cannot hold itself responsible for the loss of such remittances in the mail.

To any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Please address all orders to the Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



1474-A—Embroidered white linen handbag

LINEN BAG or hair receiver, 1473-A. The top is gathered over a bone ring.

Stamped linen (size 6½ x 8½ inches) 25 Cents Embroidery cotton and ring 10 Cents

1474-A—Bag with flower design in pink and green, dots blue. Blue cord is run through buttonholed blue loops.

Stamped linen (7½ x 6¼ inches) 35 Cents Embroidery cotton and cord 25 Cents



1475-A—Workbag of tan linen worked in colors

1475-A—Workbag large enough to hold crochet work and needles. It is made of tan linen (unlined). Flowers in two shades of rose with green leaves and blue lines.

Stamped linen (16 x 14) 75 Cents Embroidery cotton and tan silk cord 25 Cents

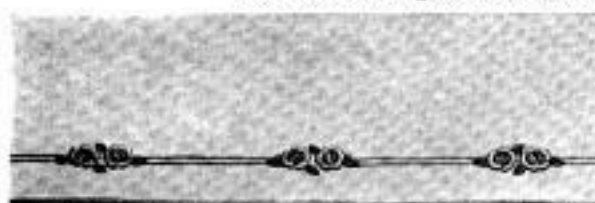


1476-A—Apron for chafing-dish suppers

Embroidered in color with ribbon at waist to match the embroidery, this lawn apron, 1476-A, makes a charming gift. Fine, sheer lawn is used. The top is finished with beading.

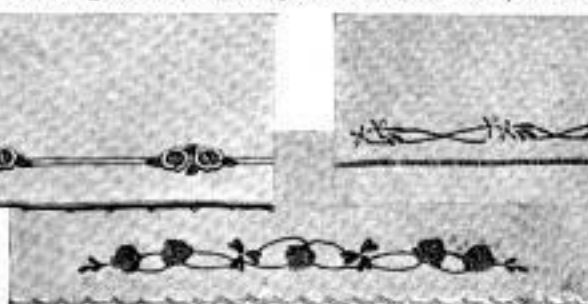
Stamped apron 35 Cents Embroidery cotton (pink, blue, yellow or lavender) 5 Cents

The three flower guest towels, 15 by 22 inches, are stamped on huckaback



1477-A—Rose Towel. Roses in two shades of pink with green leaves. Outlines and buttonholed edges are blue.

Stamped towel 50 Cents Embroidery cotton 13 Cents



1478-A—Clover Towel. The clovers are pink French knots with green leaves and white buttonholing.

Stamped towel 50 Cents Embroidery cotton 8 Cents

1479-A—Hemstitched Towel. Blue flowers with yellow centers and green leaves. Sufficient material allowed for one-inch hem. Stamped towel 50 Cents Embroidery cotton 8 Cents

For Every Member of the Family

Embroidered Gifts of
all kinds

Designed by
EVELYN PARSONS



1481-A—Gray leather tobacco case worked in blue squares and black outlining

1481-A—Stamped tobacco case (4½ x 4½) 65 Cents (Directions for making are sent.)

Embroidery silk, rubber lining and snaps 20 Cents Case fits in man's pocket.

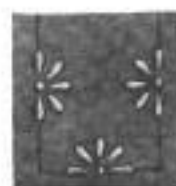


1480-A—Pin tray

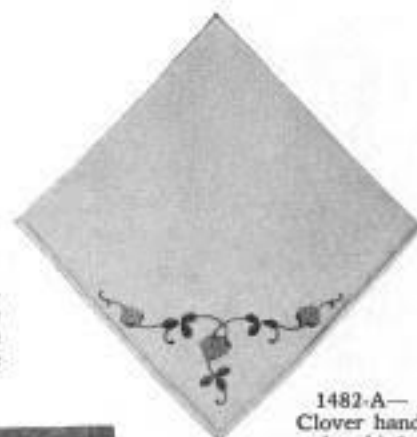
THE pin tray is made of four-inch embroidery hoop bound with ribbon. Stretch the linen over it and tack it in place. Finish the tray with a band of ribbon tied around the outside and add bows on either side.



1483-A—Grey ooze leather pin case, open

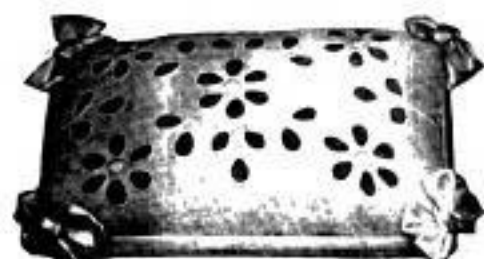


1483-A—Closed



1482-A—Clover handkerchief

1482-A—Stamped handkerchief of fine linen with hand-drawn hem 40 Cents Embroidery cotton 3 Cents Clovers are pink French knots, leaves green.



1484-A—Cushion four and one-half inches long for hatpins

1484-A—Cushion made of pasteboard box ¾-inch high. The bottom is covered with silk, the top padded with wool wadding. When the linen is tacked in place finish with a band of ribbon, and bows. Stamped linen 10 Cents Embroidery cotton and box 8 Cents



1485-A—Hairpin case bound with ribbon, with two pockets



1486-A—Tiny sachets to pin on lingerie

IMPORTANT! For directions for ordering see opposite page!

1480-A—Stamped linen 10 Cents Silk floss (pink, blue, or yellow and green) with hoop 15 Cents

1483-A—Stamped case (3½ x 3 inches folded), and silk (blue and yellow) 45 Cents

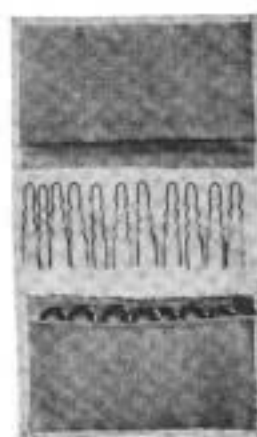
1485-A—Case stamped on pink, blue or lavender linen (five inches wide) 25 Cents

Embroidery cotton and eiderdown 8 Cents

The apron is of a strip of linen. The back ends at waist and is plaited into belt.



1487-A—Chafing-dish apron with clover design in pink French knots, and green leaves



1485-A—With eiderdown pin holder

APRON stamped on 18-inch linen \$1.00

Embroidery cotton 10 Cents

Perforated pattern 20 Cents

1488-A—Stamped linen bib (material allowed for ¼-inch hem) 30 Cents

Embroidery cotton 5 Cents

1489-A—Stamped tray cloth 45 Cents

Embroidery cotton 5 cents

(Directions are sent for placing colors on bib and cloth.)

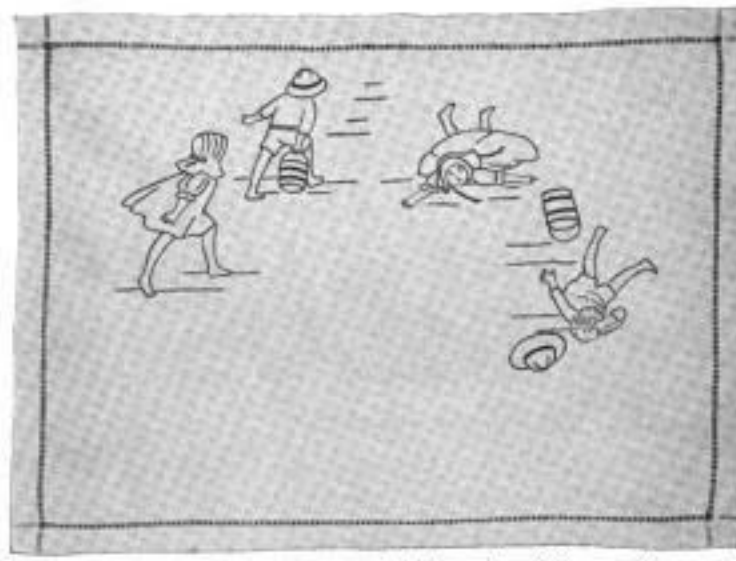
1486-A—Two stamped linen sachets 15 Cents

Embroidery cotton 3 Cents

Leave cases open at top to insert fresh sachets. Button-hole top of front and back, baste together, and complete.



1488-A—Bib worked in outline



1489-A—Jack and Jill tray cloth in red and blue outline



Why You Get
Best Results with

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ROYAL SOCIETY
Embroidery Materials

When you execute a piece of needlework, the cost of materials is slight when compared with the value of the finished product. It is your time and effort that count—and yet these may be brought to naught by thoughtless selection of threads or flosses.

To the needleworker who appreciates these facts and wishes to see her time and pains crystallized into a piece of work whose quality shall be unquestioned and whose beauty shall be permanent, Royal Society Materials are especially recommended. There is a Royal Society thread or floss in just the size and twist required for any purpose. Be sure you secure the correct one for your work.

For instance, Strand Floss in pure white and fast colors is ideal for cross stitch, darning, loop stitch, etc. Can be split or used in the full strand.

Flosselle Special—pure white in 8 sizes, in long skeins, is specially desirable for monogramming, satin stitch and all kinds of white embroidery.

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On the Christmas Table

The decorative possibilities in simple everyday materials

Planned and photographed by Anna F. Aitken



Rosy apples and bananas, ferns and alder-berries make a charming color scheme

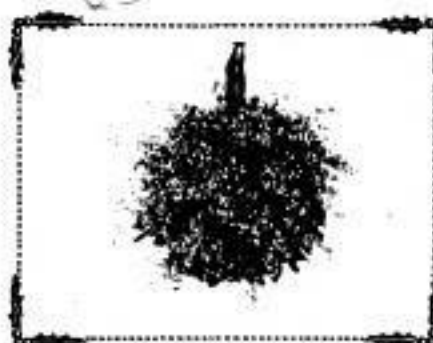


Grapes in a birch-bark basket are delightfully sylvan



Fill a ruby glass bowl with white narcissus flowers and leaves and evergreen sprays

NO CHRISTMAS table in the land need go unadorned, for the loveliest decorations are often the simplest, which are within the reach of everyone. The country woman is especially fortunate for she is rich in countless woodland treasures—the little green pipsissewa, the trailing ground pine, the feathery princess pine, and the shining laurel. These combine delightfully with the misty blue juniper berries, glossy black dogberries, gray-white bayberries, and orange bittersweet. The Southern woman has gray moss and fragrant orange flowers.



Over the holiday table hang a ball of glossy laurel brightened with berries

AN ORIGINAL feature of the Christmas dessert, as well as a pretty table decoration, is the basket of grapes, above at the left. Small bunches of Almeria grapes are tied up with bits of Christmas green for individual guests. Graceful ground pine is carried up over the slender handle of the birch-bark basket to make the whole arrangement a perfect study in gray and green. Instead of the basket of birch bark a simple little glass flower basket or a brown holder of woven wicker, reed or raffia, now so popular, might be used.



Trailing gray Southern moss adorns most effectively a simple bowl of oranges and kumquats

AS FRUIT is always a part of the Christmas feast, it may well be used for a centerpiece. The city woman here has as great an opportunity as her country sister. Grapes, oranges, kumquats, bananas, apples and winter pears can be simply arranged to make an inviting decoration.



With a rich brown basket, the gold of oranges and the blue-white of bayberries are beautiful

DON'T have a Christmas dinner without a Christmas centerpiece. The simplest touch often brings the true Christmas feeling into Christmas decorations. Give the everyday dining-room fern dish a gay scarlet covering of crepe paper, or tie red bows on the candlesticks. A tiny toy Christmas tree in a pot, or a real little evergreen branch hung with joke packages done up in tissue paper and tinsel is a very festive centerpiece. A popcorn pie is a jolly holiday feature for the table. Fill a large pan with snowy popcorn in which are buried small gifts to be drawn out by dangling red ribbons. A funny Brownie centerpiece can be made from two shining red apples, four skewers, and a pointed white paper cap.



A bit of winter landscape is created with a table mirror, pretty stones, moss, and tiny evergreen trees

NOTHING delights the children quite so much as make-believe landscape, and even grown-ups like the illusion. With a small table mirror, some tiny evergreen trees, stones and moss, a veritable out-of-door Christmas scene can be attained. If a little red-coated Santa Claus peers out from the bushes by the lakeside, with a pack of candies for all good children, he is sure to add to the fun. A slight sprinkling of snow dust on the trees and rocks is a realistic touch and makes the lake seem like a glittering surface of ice. Wee toy rabbits, squirrels and other woodland creatures might be concealed as favors among the underbrush. An ingenious mother may be able to provide small gingerbread animals.



A miniature Yule log can be simulated in a little lichen-covered bit of bark filled with Christmas fruits



For a long table, a silver dish heaped with bonbons may be arranged with wreaths of ground pine and holly



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A Christmas for Tony

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

her back to his room. He was moving in the little bed "where he lived," and Mother Margaret wiped her eyes and lighted the gas, and wondered how she could keep the happy news.

She went to him to arrange his pillow. He opened his eyes and smiled—as all his life long he had never failed to smile when first he opened his eyes and saw her. Then, at some memory, the eyes flew wide.

"Is to-morrow Christmas, Mama?"

Without just the combination of events which had set her head whirling, Mother Margaret would never have answered as she did.

"Yes, darling. To-morrow is Christmas."

His face lighted. "Is it?" he cried.

"Is it to-morrow?"

"Yes," she said again, "to-morrow."

"Will the surprise be when I wake up?"

"Yes," she said, "the surprise will be when you wake up."

He smiled again, and drifted off to sleep. As she smoothed the tumbled covers, the old grip and terror came to her at sight of the little wasted body. The momentary quiver which she had felt died away. Why should he not believe that it was Christmas Day? She knew the heart of a child, knew that the day makes all the difference. Tony should think that he had one Christmas, in any case!

It was past one o'clock when she finished the last of the roses. Tony was sleeping heavily. She turned down the gas and went to work.

The bed, left from the days of her housekeeping, had a high, slender white frame, meant to hold a canopy. From this down to the foot posts ran two cords carrying roses, and roses ran along the foot rail. Working slowly and quietly, she brought the tree from the other room to stand by his side. She had not yet had time to examine the ornaments—she and Tony could do that together. His stocking, the poor little disused stocking, with the big red apple and the orange, she tied to a bough reaching toward the little boy, like a friendly hand. The library books were spread open at pages of bright pictures. The chart of colored birds was pinned to the wall. The sprig of holly was fastened to the coverlet. At the last moment, from scraps of her green tissue, she had fashioned a semblance of holly wreath, with a bit of red paper twisted here and there for berries. She slipped behind the bed, and hung the wreath in the window. When, in the "little hours," she crept to her own bed, she was without fatigue.

She woke at dawn, and was dressed and back in his room before he had opened his eyes. She lighted the gas, and then she kissed him.

"Merry Christmas, Tony!" she cried.

He struggled up, lovely with sleep. And in upon his dreams came the lines of the roses, and the soft greenness and beauty and brightness of the tree. He sat up, his head thrown back, an expression of almost angelic wonder in his believing face. And he was, with all his joy, a practical little Tony.

"W-w-where'd you get that?" he cried.

"Oh, Mama! Mama! Mama!" he cried. "Oh, Mama! Mama! Mama!"

And there was something in his cry that opened Mother Margaret's heart like a flower.

A child before its first Christmas tree, that is an experience apart. Tony was mute. Tony was shouting. Tony was leaning forward to touch things. Tony was leaning far back to win the effect of the whole. Tony was absolutely and unutterably happy.

So was Mother Margaret—for a while. Then Tony said an unexpected thing.

"Think," he said, "that little Jesus was born to-day. Really, truly to-day."

Mother Margaret looked at him.

"They cannot tell surely, which day, you know, son," she said uncertainly.

"Oh, it was to-day!" Tony told her positively. "I know it was to-day."

Then, when he took in his hands the library picture book, there was the story of Bethlehem of Judea, and she must read it to him, and he listened as if he were hearing it for the first time.

"It was this morning!" he said over dreamily. "The Star in the East was this morning, Mother Margaret. It seems true, now I've seen my tree," he added quaintly.

He seemed possessed with the idea of "to-dayness."

"Think," he said again, "all little boys is got a tree now. Right now. And me, too!"

It was a long, enchanted day; and she waited until the final possible moment to close it.

"Tonykins," she said at last, "now the roses have to come down while Mama puts them into a box and takes them to their own family. And while she's gone, you can lie here and look at the tree, can't you?"

"Yes," said Anthony, "an—an' it'll talk to me!"

Unquestionably the tree talked to Tony. But the amazing thing was that it also talked to his mother, on her way down to the factory.

No sooner was she on the street from the happy holiday humor of their room than she was faced accusingly by the bustle and clamor of the streets on "the night before Christmas." Everyone was intent on something outside himself.

Everyone, Mother Margaret thought, would have known it was Christmas, if he had not been told.

All save Tony. Her heart smote her when she thought of that. For Tony, in the little bed where he "lived," all the blessedness and peace of to-morrow had descended to-day, and he had lived them faithfully. And on Christmas morning, on Star of Bethlehem morning for all the rest of the world, it would all be past for him; when for all the rest of the world it would be dawning. . . .

CHRISTMAS dinner they ate together on Christmas Eve, there at Tony's bedside, with a royal feast of one thing extra, spread on a little sewing table set in the shadow of the tree.

"Now, dear," said Mother Margaret when they had finished, "the twenty-four hours is almost up, and the fairy is going to come for the tree. You're sure you won't mind—aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mother!" Tony's eyes were fastened on the tree as if he feared it might vanish if he looked away.

"And you are going to feel more glad that you had it than sorry to see it go?"

"Oh, yes, Mother!"

Tony's eyes were still on the tree.

"I wish," he said, "I wish Christmas was to-morrow too. I like to feel like I feel when it's Christmas."

She sat beside him, silent, when outside the door came the tread and tap which they were both expecting. And somewhat to her bewilderment Mother Margaret admitted four visitors. There was the kindly, practical woman; and the librarian with the pleasant eyes; and the maid with the Dear Child in her arms.

She set the Dear Child down, and the Dear Child ran to Tony's bed, and in her hands was a box.

"Little boy!" she shouted. "See what! See what!"

She laid something beside him. And when, trembling a little with the wonder of it, Tony had unwound this, there lay his longed-for clay and some unbelievable modeling tools. Mother Margaret's eyes flew to the librarian. And the look of the two women met and clung, with something living in the faces of them both. And so it came about that when the maid drew the little tree from the room, Tony hardly knew.

They went away with happy greetings, and waving hands, and promises to meet again.

"I—I—I bring you my kitty and my fimbler!" shouted the Dear Child, kissing her hand. "That other day," she added importantly.

An hour later Tony opened his eyes sleepily.

"Make a great big racket, Mother Margaret!" he surprisingly demanded.

"Why, dear?" she asked.

"Cause if I go to sleep, then it won't be Christmas any more," said Tony, and drifted off with his smile still on his face.

CHRISTMAS morning, the true Christmas morning, came with a white mantle and a bright face. Mother Margaret woke to hear the city one tumbling peal of early bells. She sprang up and threw on her dressing gown, with her pretty hair falling about her shoulders, and ran to Tony's room. He was still asleep. Resolutely, and even joyously, she stooped and kissed him.

"Tony, dear!" she said—but there was something like a sob in her voice.

"Wake up! It's Christmas morning!" His eyes flew open, and stared straight into her eyes.

"It's Christmas morning," she repeated tremulously.

A look of pain came to his face.

"Did I dream my tree?" he asked.

"No!" she cried, "no, dear. You did have your tree. Mother told you yesterday was Christmas because we could just have the tree that day—and she wanted you to have all the fun—all of it, Tony—" She broke down, and buried her face in his warm neck.

Something of the solemnity and old wisdom born in a child when a grown person apologizes, or explains, or in any wise treats him as an equal, came growing in Tony's face. But this was overshadowed now, by a dawning joy.

"Mother!" he cried, "Truly? Truly, is it Christmas again?"

"Not again," she said. "But it's Christmas."

He sat up, and threw his arms about her.

"Oh, I'm glad—I'm glad!" he cried.

"Why, Mother. Then it wasn't just the tree that made us happy, was it?"

She held him close. And as they sat in each other's arms, in the bare room, with no tree, no roses, and even the clay for the moment forgotten, there came overwhelmingly to the woman, and dimly to the child, the precious understanding that Christmas is a spirit.

And the spirit was with them, and made a third presence in their sudden, indefinable joyousness.

Tony drew a little away, and laughed up at her.

"Mother Margaret!" he cried. "It's Christmas—it's Christmas!"

"Yes," she said, "yes, dear. Don't you hear the bells?"

Tony shook his head. "We don't need the bells, Mother," he said. "Why, Mother Margaret!" he cried, "maybe now we can get the feeling every day!"

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The Geranium Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

were glad he had said what he did about her garden.

"There's a nice little town at the other end of this island," he remarked, after he had turned the back log over with the tongs. "You know we once said we'd go there."

She shaded her face from the fire.

"I had to ride over on business to-day," he went on. "It seemed like a pretty place. I had luncheon at the Bayview Inn. Will you go someday with the Admiral and me?"

"Why—perhaps."

He glanced at her in surprise. "I thought you would like it."

There was the first strained silence they had ever had, and at the end she flashed out:

"Yes, I'll go! I will!"

She had never been like this before.

"Rather an odd thing happened while I was at the Inn," he added presently.

"I heard two men talking at the table next mine. It reminded me of what we said once about skill. Even that fails sometimes, doesn't it? They were telling about a poor devil for whom the same man who did so much for me could do nothing. I gathered that he had gone away and left the wretch—dangling in a place you may have heard of—where there's gnashing of teeth. . . . I don't know why I'm telling you this." Miles Hawthorne took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. But he laughed a little. "It—it rather hit me, all at once."

"Why not tell me?"

"It was very easy to. You see, the man, the one who is—who is blind—has got on my nerves all day. I hope somebody was kind to him!"

"I'm sure somebody was."

"Just to hear you say it in that voice," he told her, "makes me believe it."

After a long silence, in which June Carver had started three times to speak, and three times closed her lips, he went on, leaning forward with his hands folded between his knees.

"I hope you won't think it cowardly of me to say this."

"I don't think I shall!" Her smile was one of amusement.

"This is what I've been thinking all day, ever since I heard about the man in Atherton. . . . What if I had never seen you?"

She closed her eyes.

"Allah is good, they say in the East. I think it is true. Whenever you turn your face to me I think that! But, do you know, I have the strangest idea that if I never had seen you I shouldn't have entirely missed your beauty. I feel as if I had known the ghost of it before, somewhere, the very soul and heart of it, that one can't see anyway. I don't understand that, unless perhaps such supreme things are universal and eternal, and one gets a fragment now and then in the few beautiful moments that come, I trust, to everyone!"

She looked across at him finally.

"You made one come to me now, by saying that!"

"I'm glad!"

"Mr. Hawthorne,"—her dark eyes became appealing—"I want to ask you something. And it's going to sound like a silly little question, to you. But it is one that would trouble a woman."

"Do you think men don't have that kind, too?" he asked.

"Would you ever think badly of me—very badly, just because I put things off?"

"Think badly of you?" He started to his feet as she said that, and plunged past her, stumbling over the rug.

"Think badly of you! . . ."

Flinging back the peacock curtains he swung open the casement. The crisp air rushed in off the invisible scarlet garden. He breathed it deeply, and leaned for a second toward the silent sustaining Presence there in the dark. . . .

And this time it was he who made the quick change of subject. He still stood at the window with his back to the room, while the cool fragrance came stealing in. He talked about anything—it did not matter what—to the girl in the chair behind him.

"The storm has removed all traces of the channel I helped make in the Bench. The Pond is very high. They'll have to make a new cut soon. But Jim and I shall be ready by that time."

"It must be rather nice," June took up the gauntlet, "to make a dream come true for someone."

"Oh, he would have pulled it off finally. He had seventeen dollars."

And so they talked on, they did not know about what. It was late and he said that he must go. The Geranium Lady's restrained tenderness came now like notes on a muted violin. She appeared passionately to desire to do something for him.

As he stood before her, saying good night, she caught up a book from her table. Running rapidly through it to see that nothing was left in the leaves, she thrust it out to him.

"Take this. Please get William to read it when—you run out of tobacco next time."

He thanked her and went away. And on the Deep Bottom road he remembered that she had told him nothing at all!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 48]

57

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THE AMERICAN BOY

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The Geranium Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Miles Hawthorne did not wait until he was out of tobacco to begin the book the Geranium Lady had lent him. The next afternoon he and Blake began reading on the veranda of Long Point Farm-house. A fragrant breeze fluttered the old vines but it was no fresher or sweeter than the breeze that blew through the little book.

She had just plainly wanted to give him pleasure, and she had known what to do. She always knew what to do!

After supper Blake was unexpectedly obliged to go for more milk. Hawthorne awaited his return in the living-room. No fire burned on the hearth, by his command, and so there was no reason for sitting by it. Besides, a small mahogany rocker now stood on the leopard rug, where it had last been occupied. It was perhaps just as well not to sit opposite that. Hawthorne walked up and down.

The windows were blocking out the last of the twilight when Bone shuffled in with the lamp.

"I sha'n't want that to-night, Bone, not till William gets back," he told the negro.

"I don't want no light?" queried the old man, astonished. His black face was oddly agitated. He peered at the tall man anxiously. William Blake had dashed off with the excuse about milk as a result of something Bone had communicated, something that the winds must have borne on wings to Long Point Farm.

"I don't want no light? Pshaw now, Mistah Hawthorne, dere ain't no good nebbber comes o' folkses settin' in de dark!"

"Perhaps not, Bone; but I don't care for the lamp, thank you."

"Yas, sah," replied the negro; but he did not go away. He shuffled closer with his halting step, and held the lamp high.

"Do anythin' ail y'all, sah? Yo' ain't sick or nothin'?"

"No."

"Ah 'clare to goodness, what's dat ole pipe?" expostulated Bone, beginning to look around the room. "A gentleman wants his pipe in de evenin'. Jes' y'all wait a minute. Ah'll find it fo' yo'!"

"It's right here in my pocket, Bone. A gentleman can't smoke all the time."

But the old man's expression became more perturbed.

"Won't yo' let ole Bone light it, honey,—sah?" he quavered.

And to please him Hawthorne handed him the pipe. After it was safely lighted Bone shuffled off, taking the lamp with him.

There was no fire on the hearth, and the mahogany rocker stood there, the one that just demanded a woman to sit and sew in the sun, but by and by Hawthorne went and sat opposite it, long before Blake's return.

The secretary found him there, when he came in a little out of breath.

"Did you get the milk?" inquired Lieutenant Hawthorne.

"Y—yes," stammered Blake.

"It was a long walk. You should have taken the Admiral."

"That's all right!"

"When you've got your breath I wish you would finish this, please."

He indicated the little book he held.

"Yes, sir. I'll read it now."

"Wait a minute."

Hawthorne opened the book, while Blake adjusted the lamp.

"I found a sheet of paper in here. Did you leave it to mark the place?"

He relinquished the book and paper.

"No, sir," said the secretary.

"Does it look important?" Hawthorne smiled rather grimly to himself as he asked the question.

"No, sir," repeated Blake. "I shouldn't say that it was important. At the top it says: 'Night Song at Amalfi.' Blake's voice was low, and oddly emotional for a colorless young man. Standing by the table he read from the thin sheet of paper, while Hawthorne listened, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I asked the scattered stars
What I should give my love,"

One could tell it was meant to be sung under a starry night sky by the way Blake read it.

"They answered me with silence,
Silence above."

"I asked the darkened sea
Where the fishers go;
It answered me with silence,
Silence below."

"Oh, I could give him weeping
Or I could give him song;
But how can I give him silence
My whole life long?"

Hawthorne stood before the secretary, grasping at the paper.

"I think it was copied out of a magazine," Blake was saying.

"Give it to me!"

Hawthorne crushed the small sheet of notepaper in his hand.

"Understand this. She looked through the book to see that nothing was left in it. I remember now. We had no right to see it, no right at all. It was my fault. We must forget it—every word! We'll finish the book another time," he added. "Good night, Blake."

"Good night," said William Blake, and tiptoed out of the room.

Somewhat later Miles Hawthorne raised his head from the mantel where he had suddenly leaned it. He threw a bit of paper onto the ashes in the fireplace, having first held it to a lighted match. It had flamed up bravely.

IT WAS on the following morning that Sally was driven, rather more rapidly than comfortably, to Long Point Farm, and that Miles Hawthorne received an invitation to go up Shamawna way fishing. He was very glad indeed to go, for the little book, at length finished by William Blake, had one of those happy endings that are so common.

A long drive was before them, the familiar way lying through Deep Bottom and Bijah's Cove, past the Betty Latch cottage. However, at the outset Captain Madison made a detour, turning off to a back road.

The real reason for the skipper's sudden interest in fishing, and also for his unprecedented avoidance of the beaten track, was that Bijah's Cove had an unwelcome visitor to-day. At nine o'clock Captain Madison had received a telephone call from Mrs. Bartlett, who only the evening before had revealed to him the mystery that had excited all Bridgewater. She had said that a man with a brown beard and a "build" that to some might suggest Mr. Weatherwax had just driven up to the store and inquired the way to Bijah's Cove. Upon being given directions he had asked how he might recognize the Betty Latch cottage.

It was then that Captain Madison decided to go fishing.

The other side of Bridgewater, on the road to Shamawna Bight, a man walking in the dust looked up as the buggy creaked past. He removed his hat somewhat before Hawthorne's tardy greeting. Already Jim Brant had heard of the visitor at Bijah's Cove and of Captain Madison's fishing trip.

"Are we prepared for the great event, Jim?" Hawthorne called out to his partner.

"Yes, sir," answered Brant. "They callate ter git at it to-morrow."

That night, long before the buggy had returned, the moon in her second quarter hung over the cove, with a star to bear her peaceful company. No breath of wind stirred the surface of the water to trouble the beauty mirrored there, and the dark trees stood out in chiseled immobility. Silence slept in the gentle hollow, except for the call of a whip-poor-will who complained grievously in the grove, his note sounding now among the trees that sheltered the Betty Latch cottage and now in the thicket across the road. But at the opening of the door of the cottage, and a movement among the bushes opposite, he flew away in a fright. A few minutes later his call came back in dying sweetness from some hushed glade across the meadow.

The Geranium Lady came out into her garden, that looked black instead of scarlet in the blue moonlight. With her was the visitor who had asked the way of Mrs. Bartlett, the man Jim Brant had seen in Atherton. They stood together in the midst of the garden.

June Carver talked this time, looking into the man's face as if she would make him understand something. And when after a long time there was no change in those granite outlines, her hands went out in a fluttering gesture over the dark velvet of her flowers.

The man drew her to him and kissed her cheek.

"Good night, June," he said briefly.

"I will see you to-morrow."

When he was gone the Geranium Lady went into the house and shut the door.

After a long, still space the whip-poor-will returned to the grove. He called, called, called in the silent night. And Jim Brant, moving out of the thicket with Indian stealth, this time did not frighten him.

It was no half-breed who strode off across the hollow, leaving the Betty Latch cottage to smile in the tranquility.

As he had lately been "all white" Jim Brant was all Indian to-night. But it had been a white man who had kissed her—and that man was not Miles Hawthorne!

The moon had set and a black curtain had fallen over Bijah's Cove before the flop-flop of Sally's feet heralded the return of Captain Madison and Lieutenant Hawthorne. They did not take the back road this time, but drove by the Geranium Lady's cottage. A light still burned there, in the little dormer windows of the roof. Sally fell into a walk on the sandy road; and as they passed the door the fragrance from the hidden garden floated out to them, in gracious greeting. . . . Marvelously enough it was not "just red geraniums" there under the velvet mantle, which was now black. And the sweetness of it might have been the Geranium Lady's own smile. . . . As the scented breath reached him Hawthorne took off his hat under cover of the darkness, in recognition of the challenge of the garden. And he looked up just once at the squares of faint golden light.

The next day the Beach was opened again. The last man to work on it was Jim Brant.

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

Chloe Malone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

"One sees—it is necessary that I make this my career."

"Oh, my little one!" laughed Madame Lejeune, with a scrap of a lace handkerchief against her lips. "This is delicious. *Et bien*, if I say that he is a millionaire, my young man?"

"Then bring him hither!" retorted Chloe, with a lift of the chin and a sudden impish sparkle of the big eyes that the inextinguishable youth in the little old lady met and answered.

Mrs. Malone was silent after a sigh and one futile syllable.

"You are Dennis Malone's child," said Madame Lejeune at last, tapping her forefinger against the back of one tiny hand. "That sees itself."

"I am my mother's child, too," Chloe asserted jealously. "Am I not, *chère petite*?"

Mrs. Malone's answering murmur was hardly speech.

From the darning line of the footlights rose a hiss and a thud. The curtain had fallen on the first act. Lights went up all over the house.

"And 'Celeste Aida' was all I heard—absolutely!" cried Chloe in startled regret.

"I loathe 'Aida'—all noisy tunes and kings in petticoats. If it had been something worth listening to I should have seen that you listened, my little one." Madame Lejeune assured her calmly. "We receive now. Why has not Verdi written the March of the Young Men? Positively they sit frozen, those Renaud girls. Not a husband between them. Doubtless they burn candles to St. Anthony, too, poor dears."

"Do you think—do you think that anyone will come to talk to me?" begged Chloe. Her eyes were brilliant with nervousness.

"Do not look so hungry, and it may be that two will come," Madame Lejeune regarded her godchild tensely. Suddenly the beautiful old face softened and warmed. The old lips trembled for a moment.

"If I were a man," said the old lady fiercely, "by the nine gods that are no more, I would come to talk to you!"

"And I should be so proud of your coming that I would turn up my nose at the king," said Chloe, laughing adorably.

There was a step at the back of the box—two steps—then three. Against the light three figures loomed, not Gaius had nor Hercules, yet masculine, black and white as to garments, unbelievably smooth as to hair, and flatteringly eager as to smile.

"Ah!" said Madame Lejeune. The exquisite and gracious hauteur of her tone gave you instant vision of Versailles—powdered curls, and rendezvous by moonlight.

"Ah, Doctor Despard! Without you it would not be the first night of the Opera. Mr. Charpentier, is it not? And Mr. Jumel? This is very charming—"

From her chair, as from a throne, Madame Lejeune controlled the moment, enormously enjoying its freshness.

"Marie!"

Mrs. Malone leaned forward, smiling faintly.

"I think you know Doctor Despard—and Mr. Jumel? May I present Mr. Charpentier, Mrs. Malone?"

Mr. Charpentier bowed rather deeply. It was the depth of his bow, momentarily amusing Madame Lejeune's eyes, which covered from the old lady Mrs. Malone's curious silence.

The great moment remained.

"To-night," said Madame Lejeune regally, "my little girl comes out into the world. I permit you to welcome her, gentlemen!" She named them to Chloe with stately effect, and Chloe, sitting like a princess in a fairy tale, with her valley lilies in the crook of her arm, her eyes deep with happiness, smiled, and gave her hand, and held her head high, and said to herself behind sweetly curling lips:

"Steady, my dear! They say the same thing to every one of you! Steady!"

There was something back of the glory of those eyes, after all.

So the entracte passed, and there were others who came to welcome Chloe, a quite satisfactory stream of others. But the lights went out over the house, and the curtain rose again, and Madame Lejeune's young man, who was also a millionaire, had not come.

Chloe had rather looked for him. So had Madame Lejeune, but Mrs. Malone, sitting quietly in the background, beyond a murmured word and a pale smile, had favored no one.

Once Chloe leaned to her with a whimsical little plea:

"*Chère p'tite*, you are enjoying my party?"

And Mrs. Malone answered softly, with a queer pause in the middle of her sentence.

"But it is—a wonderful party, Chloe."

That was all. It did not seem strange to the girl that back of Madame Lejeune's silver brocade her mother sat silent. Madame Lejeune was always a little overwhelming, and Mrs. Malone very often silent.

It was after the third scene, to which Chloe had really listened, as it happened, that the young man who was also a millionaire eventually came, brought by that Henri Martin for whom Madame

Lejeune was so sorry because his wife wore a curl across her cheek.

"Madame Lejeune," said Mr. Martin—he was sadly bald and wore no curls across his cheek or otherwise—"this is for me the greatest pleasure of the evening—the whole horseshoe is talking of your debutante."

"Imbecile!" said Madame Lejeune indulgently.

Mr. Martin drew back a little, and laid his hand upon the arm of the tall young man who stood beside him.

"Dan," said Mr. Martin, "I make you my debtor for life. Madame Lejeune may, if you please her sufficiently, present you to Miss Malone."

Madame Lejeune smiled thoughtfully.

"Mr. Kinlock, is it not?" she said.

Mr. Kinlock replied in a deeply pleasant voice that it was. He had friendly eyes, and his lips were firm, if the merest trifle too full. A rather startling impression of strength and cleanliness emanated from him. His hair, obviously proof against insistent brushings, was red and curly.

"I shall be awfully happy," he said, without embarrassment, but equally without undue assertiveness, "if I may meet Miss Malone."

Some moments later, having met both Miss Malone and Mrs. Malone's mother, he drew up a chair, and with a look for permission that was not altogether humble seated himself just where the sapphire velvet of Chloe's coat, draped across the back of her chair, might touch his arm. Mr. Martin tactfully engaged Madame Lejeune. Like most of his race, he felt his obligations.

"I wanted to meet you," said Mr. Kinlock, when Chloe first looked at him fairly. "I've been watching you all evening from the Martins' box."

"How nice!" Chloe observed; she added, lifting her lashes slowly, "and how awfully impertinent!"

"Wasn't it?" agreed Mr. Kinlock, untouched. Then when Chloe smiled, he continued evenly, "I don't suppose you mean that. Women like to be looked at, with admiration."

"You may look at me, if you like,—I don't mind," said Chloe, "but you are not to tell me that you look."

"Why not?" he inquired practically. "Because if I am conscious of your looking, I cannot look as nice as I otherwise should."

Mr. Kinlock laughed, displaying strong white teeth.

"You don't even talk like the rest of them," he commented frankly.

"I should—to most men," said Chloe. She looked at him, smiling serenely. With all her youth, her utterly unblemished freshness, she had, subtly, a little air of garnered experience. She had had it in her cradle, which, of course, Mr. Kinlock could not know.

"No," he said, "you are different."

"So," said Chloe, "are you."

They liked each other warmly from the moment.

"To prove that I've been watching you, I'll tell you—you came in just as our stout friend started on his first real time. You were late, weren't you?"

A sudden color flamed in the girl's soft cheeks. A spark lit in her eyes.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Courtenay Wheeler?" she demanded abruptly.

"Scientist chap?"

"Then you do know him!" Chloe exclaimed.

"He's been down here working on the boll-weevil. Yes, I should say I do know him. I stand to lose quite a bit unless a bug he's encouraging gets busy enough to kill off a lot of other little bugs. Why?"

"Tell me about him," said Chloe imperiously. "The boll-weevil? Then you must own cotton somewhere."

"A plantation or two up around Natchez."

"And he's working for you?"

"No, oh, no! Wheeler's with the Government. He's been working at the Louisiana Station, Experiment Station, you know. But he's a keen entomologist—quite a reputation for a young man—and it begins to look as if he were getting warm in the matter of finding something to put the boll-weevil out of business. You're not interested in all that?"

Chloe made an impatient little gesture with her left hand.

"You like him, Mr. Wheeler?"

"Hardly know him, personally," said Mr. Kinlock, crossing his knees and looking thoughtful. "He's a queer duck. Lots of brain, but no temperance. Now I've got an awfully interesting temperament, one of the rarest in captivity. Goes with my hair." He smiled engagingly.

"What do you mean—no temperance—about Mr. Wheeler?" Chloe insisted ruthlessly.

Mr. Kinlock sighed. "Women," he explained, "He doesn't like 'em. I tried to take him round a bit—but he freezes solid at sight of a ruffle. No use for the hand that rules the world."

Chloe fingered a little black and gold pin that held an end of lace on her gown. She smiled, with lowered eyes.

"What, if I may ask," inquired Mr. Kinlock, "has Wheeler to do with your late arrival? Do you know him well? You weren't supposed to know anything so dangerous as a man before to-night, were you?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]



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Chloe Malone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"We ran into him on the way down," said Chloe sweetly. "That is, he tried to pass us on the avenue—it was very slippery—and my chauffeur, Boggs, quite accidentally, ran into him and took a wheel off his taxi."

"You don't say so!" chuckled Mr. Kinlock.

"We had never met him—it was really very awkward," Chloe continued with dignity. "And he was on his way to a train. So in common decency we had to take him to the depot." She added after a reminiscent pause, "That made us a little late."

"Most good deeds do," said Mr. Kinlock.

"But I rather liked him," Chloe objected; "one can't help liking a man a little, after one's just taken a wheel off his taxi, and I did not notice that he froze solid, as you express it."

She added, after another star-eyed silence, "His hand was cut, and I bound it up."

"Some people," said Mr. Kinlock grimly, "have all the luck. If I ever cut my hand, the best that happens to me is a little colloidion."

"Sh—!" said Chloe, "the curtain's going up." She set her lips primly, but her eyes shone.

"I'm going to stay," Mr. Kinlock announced in a defiant whisper.

"I am quite sure my godmother will be charmed," said Chloe demurely.

Mrs. Lejeune was gracious, at least. She said good-by to Mr. Martin, and conceded Mr. Kinlock's remaining with them in a single smile of various meanings.

"No one is to speak to me," she commanded. "I wish to hear at least one scene to-night, and this will do as well as any."

At the end of that scene, however, she gathered her wrap of gray velvet and her wonderful blue fox furs together, and announced her departure with a decision which admitted of no protest from the others.

"In my days of rose-color I stayed always to the end," she said. "I adored the suspense. The tenor's undying death pangs were romance itself to me. Now, I suffer tortures for fear Amneris will crash through the top of the tomb upon the poor man's head. She is fatter, that woman, than even a soprano has right to be. . . . Marie, *ma chère*, good night. . . . My little one! . . . Mr. Kinlock, you may see me to my carriage."

Upon his return some ten minutes later, Mr. Kinlock made his way through a pleasing assemblage of masculine callers, and preoccupied once more the chair directly behind Chloe. He stayed, without question, and with a not unlikable assumption of friendly right to be there.

"Send me away if you get tired of me," he suggested cheerfully.

Chloe looked at him, and smiled with an untroubled audacity. "When I find you tiresome I will send you away," she assured him.

She was very happy that night. She looked out into the glittering horseshoe, and the women's gowns made for her eyes a garden. There were jewels in the horseshoe, but they were only dew in the garden. The music that rose vibrant and throbbing from the orchestra sent little shivers of ecstasy along her nerves. The eyes of the man at her elbow were kind. They might, for Chloe, have been the eyes of the world. The scent of her valley lilies brought vaguely back the eyes of the other man whose hand she had bound up. The other man's eyes had been kind as well. But that, said Chloe to herself, was merely Adventure. You are lucky if you have Adventure—to spice your dreams. Life itself must be something different.

Life is different. In the shadows of the box, as the curtain rose upon the lovers entombed, Mrs. Malone swayed in her chair, and uttered a tiny moan.

"Chloe!" she said faintly. "I am sorry—" The rest was in French, gasping and half-uttered.

Chloe sprang up blindly, dropping her flowers upon the floor, and knelt beside her mother's chair.

"She is ill," she said after a moment, turning a white and frightened face to Kinlock's questioning eyes. "She is suffering, very much. What shall I do? I never saw her like this before."

Mrs. Malone, her head lying weakly against her daughter's shoulder, moved trembling lips in a barely audible whisper.

"Take—me—home."

"Yes, *chère petite*—at once! Can you—can you stand?" begged Chloe, fighting the tears out of her voice, the terror out of her eyes.

On the stage, Rhadames besought his love in liquid music.

"Let me," said Kinlock. He put his arm about Mrs. Malone, and supported her slender weight.

"Get your wraps," he said gently to Chloe, who stood trembling violently beside him, "and your mother's, and let me take you home at once. That's the best thing. Don't be frightened. Just come very quietly. The house is quite dark—"

Chloe put on her blue velvet cloak with fingers that stumbled, and laid her mother's wrap tenderly about the drooping shoulders. She left the lilies lying

on the floor and never thought of them again.

"I am ready," she said. At the door of the Opera House, to which Kinlock half led, half supported Mrs. Malone, a word to the door man brought a big gray limousine, soft-cushioned and silent.

Kinlock looked to Chloe for directions. Crouched in a corner of the machine, with her mother's head once more upon her shoulder, she gave them to him, and the car presently slid off along the narrow street, its windows streaked with rain.

When Kinlock carried Mrs. Malone up the stairs of the quiet, dark old house on Dufossat Street, she fainted in his arms, but she opened her eyes when he laid her, at Chloe's speechless gesture, down upon the bed beside the great-grandmother's mirror, and moved her lips weakly for a moment before she could speak.

"Chloe—" she said at last, "like this all evening—a doctor—my poor baby!"

Chloe went down upon her knees beside the bed, setting her teeth upon a sob, but not before in answer to Kinlock's look she had whispered to him chokingly:

"Telephone—next door."

She was up from her knees and bathing her mother's white face with pungent French cologne long before Kinlock came back. He was gone twenty minutes, and the doctor, a small thick-set man with a pointed brown beard, was with him when he returned. Kinlock named him hurriedly, a name that spoke in New Orleans for itself.

"I took the liberty of going after you, Doctor," he said at the foot of the stairs, "because Mrs. Malone seemed to want you rather badly. If you'd like me to go for a nurse—"

"I'll let you know when I come down," said the doctor.

He looked at Kinlock a little curiously. Kinlock's name also, at that time, spoke for itself, chiefly in syllables of five figures and over.

"I take it I can go right up," said the doctor.

Chloe met him at the head of the stairs. Her eyes were horribly frightened, but she had steadied her lips somehow. She still wore her white and silver gown, but she had changed her wonderful slippers for a shabby little pair of red felt shoes with black fur tops—the sort of thing you see in the magazines, for old ladies. The wonderful slippers had sounded too gayly upon the naked floor.

After all Kinlock did not go for a nurse.

The doctor came down in half an hour—such are the margins of life and death—and said that Mrs. Malone would do very well now, but that a heart like hers ought not to be subjected to removing wheels from taxicabs, and that he would be back to see her again in the morning.

It was then half past twelve by the clock.

At twenty-five minutes before one Chloe stood in the dim and drafty hall, lit by a single gas jet, and said good night to Mr. Kinlock, whose red hair had something the suggestion of dull embers against the shadow.

"I can never forget," she said—she still wore the white and silver gown, and the incongruous little old-lady shoes—"how good you've been to us. But for you, my mother might have—" She dared not say the word. Her eyes filled with tears. "If you ever want anything of me," she finished recklessly, "ask it—that's all!"

Mr. Kinlock held the hand she gave him, closely. His friendly eyes were all at once on fire with a more than friendly flame.

He said briefly: "Don't be too generous. I may take you up on that someday."

"The Malones do not forget their promises," Chloe told him. She shivered a little. The hall was none too warm.

Mr. Kinlock saw the shiver. He released her hand lingeringly.

"Good night," he said, and his eyes were only friendly now, "I'm a brute to keep you talking."

Chloe let him go, but when his hand was on the door knob, she called him back in a frantic whisper.

"Oh!" she announced. "Oh! If you could see B-Boggs. I forgot all about him!"

"Great Scott! Your chauffeur!" said Mr. Kinlock.

Chloe dropped her eyes. Then she broke into an hysterical little laugh. Then she drew herself up to her full height, some five foot three or thereabouts.

"He isn't mine," she said royally. "I only played he was. Will you telephone the Washburn Garage for me, please? He belongs there."

"I will, Your Highness," said Mr. Kinlock. He bent his red head, and touched his lips to the hand she stretched out to him. He did not laugh—even with his eyes.

Which is possibly why, when the door closed behind him, Chloe stood dreaming one soft mysterious moment before a faint voice called her, and, all dreams forgotten, she went swiftly up the stairs.

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

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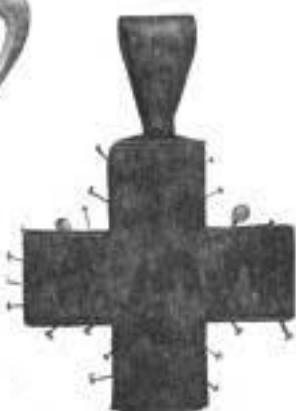


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The mustard jar in Colonial design is decorated with border and all-over design done in delicate pink and fresh apple-green and a deep gray-blue.



Ever ready to aid those who desire pins is this little Red Cross cushion



Tiny enough to be carried in a hand bag is this miniature sewing case, three inches high, of gray suede.

THE table cover with the rose stencil should be made of fine crash in a natural color or round thread linen. Make the flowers deep pink and the leaves of dull green. The stencil can also be used on curtains.



A table cover bright with stenciled roses

PATTERN ready to cut out for rose stencil can be obtained for five two-cent stamps. Order H-302, Stencil, Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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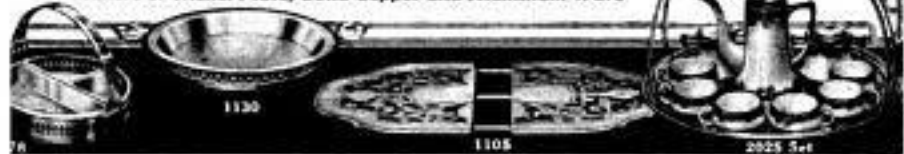
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The Disappearance of Edna Kent

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

to bring the color coursing back into her cheeks.

"Mrs. Kent," I said, "I have come to tell you that Edna is alive and well."

"Thank God, Mr. Burns!" she cried. "You're sure? Tell me you're sure!"

"Just as sure as I am that I am sitting here. She left this note for you. I don't know why it wasn't found before. It probably blew onto the floor, was picked up in the confusion, and tossed away. I found it down-stairs among the waste papers." So saying I handed her the bit of paper I had found. It was a note signed "Edna" and read:

"DEAR MOTHER: I am going away because it seems the best thing for me to do. You will understand. But you and Father must not worry. I am going where I shall be perfectly happy. Good-by, dear Mother. I will write to you, after a while. Your loving but 'obstinate' daughter, EDNA."

She read it through again and again, while the color came and went in her cheeks. At last she turned an appealing glance at me.

"What does it mean, Mr. Burns?" she demanded.

"That's what I came to ask you, Mrs. Kent. The note says that you will understand. What does Edna mean by that?"

She was genuinely puzzled. "Mr. Burns, I give you my word that I haven't the least idea."

"You don't remember any disagreement that might have left a hurt spot?"

"Mr. Burns, I have been in this hospital five days. I have had plenty of time to think. I have gone over every minute of Edna's life so far as I can remember it, and I can't put my finger on a single incident that seems to throw the least ray of light. Of course, Edna has always been sensitive, almost foolishly so. But I can't think of anything—"

Her eyes fell on the note again, and she gave a startled cry. "Look!" she gasped, thrusting it over to me. Her finger pointed at the word "obstinate" which Edna had enclosed in quotation marks.

"I noticed that," I said. "She's quoting you. Do you remember when you used that word?"

She did remember. It had been a few weeks before Edna's graduation. She had gone up to Mt. Pleasant to visit her. She found Edna changed by her last year at college, markedly more serious, and obviously affected by the spirit of social service, which was then very strong in the school. She mentioned casually one day to her mother that she had made her plans to enter a social settlement after her graduation. That plan was not at all in accord with Mrs. Kent's ambition for her, and mother and daughter had had quite a spirited argument one evening in Edna's room. Mrs. Kent insisted that a daughter's first duty was to her parents. Edna had been away four years; she, the mother, had smothered her loneliness for the sake of her girl's development, living all the time on the hope of having her back again for a little while, at least. For Edna to destroy that hope just for the sake of some imagined service to a lot of strangers whom she had never seen was nothing less than cruel. So Mrs. Kent had said.

Edna had refused to be convinced, and her mother for the first time had lost her temper with her. She had called her an "obstinate girl," and then, regretting it immediately, had taken her in her arms and kissed her. That ended the discussion. Edna had never brought the subject up again, and Mrs. Kent had so far forgotten the whole matter that it had never occurred to her as being of the slightest importance in connection with Edna's disappearance.

"To think that I could be so blind!" sobbed the little lady. "To think that her own mother should drive her away from home!"

"You must be quiet, Mrs. Kent," I said, "and trust me absolutely. Edna is alive. She is well and happy. Within a week I shall be able to bring her back to you."

She pressed her hand in silent gratitude. I had told her that she should have Edna back again within a week. That was a pure guess, and one on which—as events proved—I was by no means able to make good. But I knew positively that Edna Kent would be found.

At the Kent home I found two telegrams of interest. The first was from my operative who had been set to find young Peterson, the boy who telephoned Edna on the day she disappeared. He was located with his parents in Atlantic City. He was nothing but a boy, and not a very wise boy, either. When he read in the morning papers Mrs. Kent's story, mentioning the fact that a man had telephoned Edna on the afternoon of her disappearance, he became panic-stricken for fear his name would be brought into the case. And fearing this, he had taken the one sure means to bring it about. He had slipped out of town so soon after Edna that the newspapers immediately connected the two events. As a matter of fact I had been convinced [CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]

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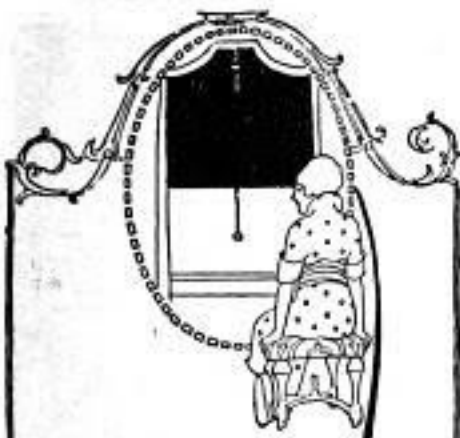
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The Disappearance of Edna Kent

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

from the beginning that he knew nothing whatever of Edna's plans, and that proved to be the case.

The second telegram was from Pittsburgh. It read:

"J. I. Jeannette Ingalls, fifteen forty-six Chester street, Chester social settlement. J. I. out of city shall I trace?"

I had hardly finished with the telegrams when one of my men from the taxi companies put in an appearance.

"We got a clue, Mr. Burns," he said. "I found a fellow who remembers taking a girl to the Union Station. Girl's description corresponds to Miss Kent's. But the call didn't come from here. It came from a drug store, Number 72 Market Street. There's the report:

"Call from 72 Market Street, afternoon of August 31st. Driver McCabe. Took young woman corresponding to description of Miss Kent to Union Depot. Offered to carry suit case, but she refused. Paid him and went into station alone."

"Careless work somewhere," I said; "you ought to know this can't be the girl. This says August 31st. The girl disappeared September 3d. Also I told you she had two bags, not one."

The man was crestfallen but he stuck to his story. "I know what you told me, Mr. Burns; but we've gone through those drivers a dozen times, and that's the only call for a month that looks anything like what we want."

So, a young woman, corresponding in a general way to Miss Kent's description, had called a taxicab on Monday afternoon, and gone to the Union Station, carrying one bag. Miss Kent with two bags had disappeared four days later. Could this girl, who had called the taxi, be Edna Kent? Impossible. The taxicab driver was sure of the date—Monday. Moreover, my man told me, the clerk at the drug store recalled clearly a young woman, with a suit case, who had waited for a taxicab at the store. He was not sure which afternoon it was, but he knew it wasn't Thursday, September 3d, for Thursday was his day off. Also, he was positive she had only the one bag.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. "Get down to the Union Station," I said. "Find the station master and get me a list of every train that left the station between four o'clock and midnight Thursday, September 3d."

It took four days' work by a dozen men before I was able to get the information I wanted out of that train list. But four days later I left Southton for Cleveland, Ohio, where I spent a day. The following morning I was in Southton again in the parlor of the Kent home. Mr. Kent was there, pacing nervously up and down. Mrs. Kent, too, had been brought back from the hospital. She was weak still, and very pale, but looked like one who had died and been brought back to life.

"I got your telegram," Mr. Kent broke in almost before I had my hat off. "I can't begin to tell you how wonderfully happy it made us. Tell us quickly, Mr. Burns, when shall we see our little girl again?"

"I don't know just when you'll see her again," I answered. "But I can tell you where she is this minute. She's with Mrs. James F. Pearson, a well-to-do widow of Cleveland, Ohio, aboard the steamship 'Pretoria,' bound for Liverpool. She's traveling under the name of Edna Pearson; but she's perfectly well, and perfectly happy, and you can talk to her by wireless to-day if you choose."

"She's done nothing at all to be ashamed of, Mr. Kent," I concluded. "Just a girl's foolish, impulsive act; and if it hadn't been for all this unpleasant notoriety you might have her back again at once. As it is, I imagine she will want to stay away until things quiet down a bit. But she's safe, never fear for that. And someday you will have her safe home."

As a matter of fact, that "someday" was longer delayed than I had imagined. It was five months before Edna Kent entered the home that she had forsaken so mysteriously. But during every day of that five months she was never more than a hundred yards removed from one of my men.

FIVE months and a few days later I spent an evening in the Kent home at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Edna was there. It was something in the nature of a celebration. After dinner we had our coffee in the Kent library, and there Edna opened up the subject that was apparently on the minds of them all.

"I don't see how you did it, Mr. Burns," she said. "I was so absolutely certain that no one would ever find me until I wanted to be found. I was going to write to Mother after a while; but I wasn't coming home again until I had made a name for myself in social work. I couldn't bear to have another dispute with her, but I was so sure I was right. And Mrs. Pearson's offer was so wonderful. And to think that you had your hands on me two weeks after I went away! It seems marvelous to me."

"It surely [CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]



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(156)

The Disappearance of Edna Kent

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

does," assented Mr. Kent. "Would you mind telling us, just in the family, Mr. Burns, how you knew that you would find news of Edna in Cleveland?"

"Certainly not," I laughed; "but the worst of real detective stories is that when the mystery is explained you see after all that it's just good common sense properly applied. It no longer seems marvelous at all. No man or woman or child can disappear from home without leaving some track. That's my pet theory, you know. Every person who steps out of the beaten path, even innocently as Edna did, leaves footprints in a dozen different places, if one is only trained to see them. Take your own case for instance, Edna. You laid your plans very cleverly, I'll admit. And I'll have to admit, also, that you had me a good deal baffled for a little while. I couldn't figure out what had become of that other bag of yours. Then suddenly it dawned on me that you must have slipped the smaller bag inside the suit case, and if that was the way you did it, then the two bags must have been empty when you took them from here to the drug store and called the taxicab. Am I right?"

"Absolutely right," she laughed. "I thought so. And the check man at the station confirmed my suspicion. I said to him:

"Do you remember a young lady?—I gave him your description and showed him your picture,—do you remember that young lady bringing a bag here on Monday, August 31st, and taking it out again on Thursday, September 3d?"

"Surely he remembered you. He said you came back on Tuesday, asked for your bag, and slipped a few things into it. Again on Wednesday you brought some more packages and asked for the bag a second time. This time, he said, you checked a second bag with the first one. And on Thursday you paid your account and took the bags with you."

"My next task was to get a list of all the trains that left the depot on that Thursday afternoon, with a list of the conductors, brakemen, and Pullman porters, together with duplicates of the Pullman diagrams. The diagrams, you see, enable us to jog the porters' memories. We went at it this way:

"On Thursday afternoon, September 3d, our man would say to the porter, after consulting the diagram, 'you pulled out of Southton with nine passengers. Do you remember—lowers 1, 11, and 12 were vacant? You had a woman in lower six and another woman in eight, and the rest were men.'

"You see, that made it pretty easy for the porter to remember. We had to put about sixty porters through the process before we got the one who had carried you. Perhaps you remember him, a big, swarthy fellow who looked as though he could whip Jack Johnson?"

"I remember," laughed Edna. "When we got to reminding him about his passengers on that afternoon, he didn't have any trouble in remembering you—a good-looking young lady in lower nine with two bags. Well, when I had got that far the rest was comparatively easy. The train carrying you was bound for Cleveland, so to Cleveland I went, too."

"I had learned from your mother of your interest in social settlement work. If any further proof were needed your correspondence with Jeannette Ingalls supplied it. So I went from settlement to settlement, gathering statistics on unemployment," and at each settlement I remarked:

"I met a mighty attractive young woman in Southton a few days ago who was coming to Cleveland to work in a settlement. I don't remember her name," (you see I thought you would have changed it by that time), "but I hope I run across her."

"And, sure enough, in the College Girls' Settlement, the head worker spoke up right away: 'You must mean Mrs. Pearson's protégée. She started for New York day before yesterday. Mrs. Pearson is going to take her for a trip through Europe before she starts in her work here.' The rest, of course, was easy."

"Well, it still seems marvelous to me, Mr. Burns," said her father, "to think of your finding what train she went on."

I laughed. "If it had been you or I, Mr. Kent, we'd have had a better chance of getting away unnoticed. But a porter can usually remember a pretty girl who has traveled alone in his car, if you jog his memory with the diagrams."

"There's only one thing I regret in the whole business, and that is that you didn't let me start my search for Edna before the newspapers had had their chance to cover the case with unwholesome publicity and cruel suggestion. If parents only realized that what they need in such cases is experienced advice, with the greatest possible promptness, and the least possible publicity, a good deal of suffering would be avoided. For no pretty girl can contrive to disappear in the United States without leaving some trace that can be followed, providing the trace be not too old."

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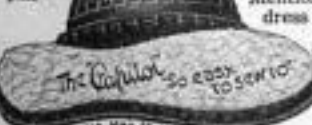
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The Rising Tide

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Chapter III

SOMEHOW or other, Mr. Weston did "put the office business through;" but the persuading of Mrs. Payton was a job of many days. So far as opinions went, he had to concede almost everything; of course Freddy's project was "absurd;" of course "girls didn't do such things" when Mrs. Payton was a young lady. Of course there was enough to keep her busy at home, if she would devote herself to her music, or even if she would try to be an artist. Besides, there was always dear Mortimore, for whom a true sister, such as girls used to be when Mrs. Payton was young, could do so much. Yes; Mr. Weston could see that there were all those things to be said on the subject. Still, why not let Fred find out for herself how foolish her scheme of self-support was.

"She won't believe us when we tell her it's foolish," he said; "but when she has used up all her allowance, and cleared, perhaps, at the outside, \$14.50 the first year, she may see that earning her own living doesn't pay."

"It mortifies me to death," Mrs. Payton moaned.

"I don't like it myself."

"What does Mr. Maitland say to it?"

"She says he says it's 'corking'." Arthur Weston quoted; "I wish they would talk English. The smallness of their vocabulary is as stupid as it is astonishing. Do you think she cares about him?"

"I wish she did," Mrs. Payton said; "but she isn't human. Rather different from my girlhood days! Then, a girl liked to have beaux. One of my cousins had a set of spoons—she bought one whenever she had a proposal. I don't think Freddy has had a single offer. I tell her it's because she cheapens herself by being so familiar with the young men. Not an offer! But I don't believe she's at all mortified. I wish she would get married."

"Why do we consider marriage the universal panacea?" Mr. Weston pondered. But whether he knew why or not, he believed it was a panacea, and even plotted awkwardly to administer it to Frederica, for young Maitland was a good fellow, straight and clean, and with money behind him. The worst of it was, that Maitland could not be counted on to discourage Fred's folly; indeed he seemed immensely taken by all her schemes, and the more preposterous she was, the more, apparently, he admired her. Yes; Maitland was as full of half-baked ideas as Fred herself. They were a pair! But there was this difference: the young man did not give you the sense of being abnormal; he was only asinine.

But Fred was not normal. A week later, "F. Payton," had been painted on the index of the Sturtevant Building, and Arthur Weston, pausing as he got out of the elevator, read it with ironical eyes. He was about to let the panels of the revolving door push him into the street, when Mr. William Childs entered, and hooked an umbrella on his arm.

"Hey! Weston! Most interesting thing; do you recall the twenty-third Sonnet? You don't? Begins:

As an imperfect actor on the stage;

don't you remember? Well! I've made a most interesting discovery."

His prisoner, saying despairingly, "Really?" looked for a way of escape—but the crook of the umbrella held him.

"In a hurry? Hey? What? Well, I'll tell you some other time." Then the umbrella was reversed, and pointed to the index. "Perfect nonsense! What?"

"Girls are very energetic nowadays," Mr. Weston murmured, rubbing his arm. "She'd better put her energy into housekeeping. Woman's place is in her own home!"

"Fred hasn't any home of her own."

"Well, why doesn't she get one? Why doesn't she get married and get one?—instead of laying down the law to her elders! She instructed me who I should vote for, if you please! Smith is her man, because he believes in woman suffrage. What do you think of that?"

"I think she's a good deal like you or me, when we want a thing put through."

"No such thing! Smith is the worst boss this state ever had. I told her so, and—Hey, there! Stop—I'm going up!" he called wildly; and skipped into the elevator. "Tell her to get married!" he called down to Arthur Weston.

"Girls don't marry for homes, nowadays, William," that gentleman ruminated, as the revolving door urged him into the street. "There are no more 'Clinging Vines.' Mrs. Payton is one of the last of them, and, lord! what a blasted oak she clung to!"

He had an unopened letter from Mrs. Payton in his pocket, and as he sauntered along, he wondered whether, if it remained unopened for another hour or two, he could lie truthfully to her, and say he had not received it "in time" to come and talk over Freddy. "For that's what she wants, of course," he thought, dolefully; "it's a nice point of conscience; I'll go and sit in the park and think it out. By the time I decide, it will be too late to go,—and then I'll open the letter! Why do women who have nothing to say, always write long letters?"—he touched the envelope with an appraising thumb and finger—"eight pages, all full of Freddy's sins!"

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

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"By Parcel Post, Insured"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

talking. He was of the good-looking, dissipated type, yet with something appealing about him, too, the sort of man who knows too well that he is the victim of his own weaknesses but cannot pull up.

They laughed, Dick and Nina; and she turned to look out at the parade as he pointed to one very short-legged parader, almost toppled over by the big banner he carried.

The crowd behind Nina surged up against her, and Dick put out his arm and shielded her from the press. They were standing so when the scene changed and the parade was taken up from some other vantage. Nina turned to Ken, breathlessly.

"I never was so excited in my life," she said. "Think of being in the movies! I'm going to make Father and Mother and Marion come down here tomorrow night. Wasn't it wonderful, Ken?"

Kenard did not answer, and Nina saw then that his face was black with anger. He was evidently controlling himself with difficulty.

"Why—what's the matter?" she asked, startled.

For answer he led the way out of the theatre. In absolute silence, a fiery, burning sort of silence, he walked by her side until they came to a street where passers-by were few. Then he turned to her furiously.

"What were you doing meeting Dick Reynolds down-town?" he demanded.

"Oh, silly!" said Nina, quite relieved now that she knew the reason of his rage. "I didn't meet Dick Reynolds. He just happened along."

"He just happened along, eh?" said Ken. "Well—I don't believe you."

"Oh, Ken," cried Nina, "you don't mean that!"

"I do mean it," he declared. "I've told you over and over that Dick isn't a decent sort, and I won't have you seeing him and talking to him—do you hear? And—you let him put his arm around you. You can't deny that. I suppose."

"Ken, I'm ashamed of you," said Nina. "You know perfectly well that Dick Reynolds is nothing to me, and never has been. And he didn't put his arm around me, he simply put it behind me to shield me from the crowd. He hardly touched me."

"That's a likely story," said Ken. "You women can lie and twist out of anything. You'll tell me next that you weren't in the picture at all."

Now Nina was a reasonable girl, but this was a little too much.

"I suppose," she began, trying to steady her voice, "that you can't realize what you're saying. But, all the same, you're going too far. You can't tell me that I lie to you—now or at any other time."

There was a silence after this—tense and cruel.

"You're unreasonably jealous," said Nina, "and you've never liked Dick Reynolds. Of course, you don't realize that Dick's always been one of our crowd. He's lived in the same block and we've all gone to school together ever since kindergarten. Just because he's been drinking too much isn't enough reason to make me cut Dick entirely. He's never had a chance, poor boy, brought up by that sour old stepmother of his, and if all of his friends turn their backs on him, where'll he end? He'll go to the dogs surely, then. Look at it a little more honestly, can't you? You know that he's nothing to me."

"He's in love with you," flashed out Ken, "and he's nothing but a bum! Do you hear? a bum!"

Nina's own anger flared up at this. "You're unjust and mean to say such a thing!" she cried. "I'm—I'm surprised at you, Ken. You don't seem yourself at all to-night. Suppose we don't talk about it any more now. We'll settle it tomorrow, when we're both feeling more sensible."

"We'll settle it right here and now," declared Ken. "What I want to know is—do you intend to keep on being friendly with Dick Reynolds, or do you intend to respect my wishes?"

"You are most unreasonable and—and tyrannical," said Nina with spirit. "And I shall certainly not respect your wishes, as you call it, in any such absurd way. I shouldn't respect myself if I did."

"Very well then," said Ken. "I suppose this ends it."

"Yes," cried Nina, "this ends it. And let me tell you, Kennard Carpenter, that I'm glad that I've found out what a cruel, hateful person you are before I married you. Take your ring back. I don't want to wear it another minute."

And she banged the door. The frenzy in which she had uttered those last words ended with the slam of the closing door, and Nina found herself in the familiar hall as one who is dazed from some dreadful shock. Was it true? Had she quarreled with Ken? Wasn't the whole thing a horrible dream?

The noise of the door had brought Mr. Scott from his paper.

"Hello," he said gayly. "Where's Ken?" Then, as he saw Nina's white face and staring eyes. "Why—Nina—what is it?"

Nina stumbled into his arms.

"Father," she said, "Ken's gone—"

and she burst into tears.

But after the first shock of the thing Nina would not be pitted. She asked her father to tell her mother and Marion, and then she went to her room and locked the carved dower chest, full of her beautiful linen. She took the key, and walking to the window tossed it out into the night, and she did not even wait to hear it fall.

"I've got to go on living," she said to herself. "I've got to go on living for years and years and years." And she repeated this over and over to herself until, mercifully, the sheer monotony of it lulled her into sleep.

The days that followed dragged interminably. She did not see sometimes how it could be that hours could be so long and days so endless. She did not want to go out; and she invented household duties. Her mother and Marion were too tender with her—sometimes their solicitude was harder to bear than indifference would have been.

"I'm glad," Marion told her mother, "that Ken's gone, if he could be capable of doing anything like this to Nina. I could kill him. Sometimes in the evening when the telephone rings and Nina looks up expectantly with those great eyes of hers, . . . and then, when she realizes that it isn't Ken! Oh, Mother, I think it's cruel that people have to suffer so much just for loving each other."

"I can't imagine," said Mrs. Scott anxiously, "why Ken doesn't see that he was in the wrong. He's a sensible boy at heart. I thought he'd surely come to himself and ask her pardon. I suppose he's proud and obstinate, and miserable."

"I hope he's miserable," said Marion vindictively. "I hope he's the most miserable person in the world. I thought, too, Mother, maybe he'd write—but he hasn't. I'm sure. He's gone out of town, on a long trip to the lumber camps, I heard. But I thought surely—Oh, well, if he isn't man enough to see what he's losing in losing Nina, just for pride and obstinacy, and poor Dick Reynolds—well, she's better off without him. That's all I have to say. And, oh," she concluded, "isn't Nina fine! She just holds her head up and smiles when she's dying to get off by herself and cry."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scott, tears suddenly coming to her eyes. "Yes, Nina is fine. Marion, you young people never think, but—yes, you will understand if I tell you that any mother would so willingly bear pain herself to save her children from it; yet, when it comes to them, it's a new glory to being a mother to see them brave and fine—like Nina."

Marion gazed at her mother with awed eyes. It was not often that Mrs. Scott opened her heart to her younger daughter. "I wish Nina could hear you say that, Mother," said Marion at last; then, to break the tenacity that deep feeling always brings, "I'm going out for a run in the snow. How quickly winter's come this year. It doesn't seem three months since Ken and Nina broke off with each other. It'll soon be Christmas."

Nina, coming in at that moment, caught the word. "Why, so it will," she said. "Mother, you and I must go shopping." And she caught her breath. Last year she had done most of her Christmas shopping with Ken. She wondered endlessly about Ken. Where was he? Wouldn't he write; wouldn't he ask her to forgive him? Surely, surely, she could not be mistaken in him so utterly, he wasn't a strange alien person who said harsh, unforgivable things, and meant them—no, that couldn't be Ken. But the days dragged on without any message. Marion had told her that he was out of town. She was glad of that, for it saved her many inevitable inquiries among their set.

In the meantime, there was much to be done, just as there is always much to be done in every normal home before the Christmas holiday. The days seemed to go a little faster with all this bustle and preparation. She made up her mind that she would not let her own unhappiness darken the holiday, and so she planned a specially elaborate decoration for the house; garlands to wind the banisters, wreaths in every window, twisted ropes of ground pine and bunches of holly in all the down-stairs rooms of the house, mistletoe at every doorway, and for the dinner table a miniature Christmas tree twinkling with gay ornaments and lit with tiny candles.

And how she worked at it all, for most of the materials had to be bought in the rough, and the garlands and wreaths must be made by her own fingers. Then, at the very last moment of Christmas Eve, the supply of greenery ran short. Nina called to Marion:

"You'll just have to go down-town and get me some more holly," she said. "I can't finish up without it. Hurry, dear; and get it with lots of berries, won't you?"

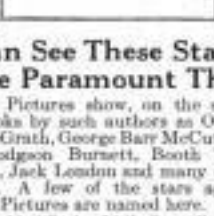
Marion affected to grumble. "It's perfect madness," she said; "we've got enough ornamentation now to do for six houses instead of one. And, besides, I'm wrapping up presents."

"Then you need a change," declared Nina, from the top of the stepladder, where she was nailing up wreaths. "Hurry along—and, remember, plenty of berries!"

(Continued on page 57)

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Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and other photoplays to be announced later—Lasky, by arrangement, Morris Galt.

Blanche Sweet in "The Warnings of Virginia"; "The Case"; "Stolen Goods"; "Secret Orders"; the Lasky-Bureau Production, "The Case of Becky"; and "The Secret Sin"—Lasky.

Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian"; "Cameo Kirby"; "Captain Courtney"; and the Pallas Production, "The Gentleman from Indiana"—Pallas.

Marguerite Clark in "Wildflowers"; "The Grappling"; "The Goose Girl"; "Greta Green"; "Pretty Sister of Jose"; "Seven Sisters"; "Helena of the North"; "The Petrol and the Pauper"; and "Bill Waters"—Famous Players.

John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico"; "Are You a Mason?"; "The Dictator"; "The Inconceivable Duke"; and "The Red Widow"—Famous Players.

Hazel Dawn in "Noble"; "Clarissa"; "The Heart of Jennie"; "The Fatal Card"; and "The Masquerade"—Famous Players.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

Marion put on her red sweater coat and velvet tam-o'-shanter and ran out into the early winter twilight. As she did so, she bumped pell-mell into a tall overcoated man who was standing on the sidewalk.

"Pardon!" said Marion, crisply. Then, "Why—Ken?" She caught her breath, then turned on him angrily. "What are you doing here, I'd like to know. You've almost broken Nina's heart—perhaps you want to make her a little more unhappy, you great big cad!"

"Oh, Marion," said Ken, wincing as if she had struck him, "don't, don't! If you knew how I've suffered—"

"I hope you have," said Marion, following up her advantage waspishly. "I'm glad of it. Nina's too good for you and your horrid temper! She's a million times too good. Oh—I'd—I'd like to beat you!" She clenched her fists.

Ken stood quite still now and hung his head. "I wish you would," he said humbly. "I deserve it. Marion, you don't know anything about what it means to have a temper like mine. All the time I was saying those bitter things to Nina, I knew they were lies. I knew I was a cad, as you say, . . . and yet I couldn't keep from going on and hurting her, and hurting her. But I hurt myself much more—for I—I lost her." He turned his head as he spoke and looked up at the lighted windows of the house.

Marion could see how gaunt was his face, how deep-cut were the lines of suffering. He looked old and sad.

"I suppose," said Marion, less harshly, "that I needn't have said quite such mean things, Ken. But, I tell you, to see Nina break her heart, and to know that it was just your foolishness—there isn't any punishment that I haven't wanted to give you."

"Well, I'm punished," said Ken. "I'm punished more than you could ever punish me, Marion. Be glad of that if you want to. Nothing makes any difference now."

"When did you come back?" demanded Marion irrelevantly.

"About an hour ago," he answered. "I came right up here; but I didn't have the nerve to ring the bell. Do you suppose she'd have seen me—if I'd have asked for her? Do you, Marion? She didn't answer my letter."

"Your letter!" cried Marion. "She never got any letter. When did you write?"

"I wrote up at the first lumber camp I went to," said Ken. "I had time then to think what a fool I'd been, and how mean and unjust. And I asked her to send me a little note to say if there wasn't some way I could make it up to her. Are you sure she never got it? I thought, when she didn't answer, that she just couldn't forgive me. And I wasn't surprised. I don't see how she could care for me after what I'd said."

"I'd like to know," Marion demanded, "if you think Nina is the kind of girl to say she loves a man and then change about because he makes a fool of himself. Nina's an angel. Oh, dear—I'm arguing first one way and then the other! I can't help feeling sorry for you, Ken. And if she'd ever got your letter, I know she'd have written and forgiven you. Yes, I know it'd make Nina happier than anything in the world—if you'd come back—and behave yourself."

Ken seized her by the arms. "Do you mean it?" he asked, eagerly. "Do you really mean that, Marion? Don't tell me anything just to be kind to me. I want the truth, whether it means that I'm to go and not see her, or whether it means that I—that I—" he ended chokingly.

And now Marion veered quite around. "Well, you poor boy," she said, in quite a comforting, maternal voice. "Why—honestly and truly, Ken, I am absolutely certain that Nina cares just as much for you as she ever did, she's been so unhappy; and she's so plucky she wouldn't let us pity her—but I could tell. Come in with me. I'll see her first, and then—I'll send her out to you."

"Oh, Marion," cried Ken, in pitiful relief, "you're the best girl in the world, after Nina. I can't thank you—"

"You needn't," said Marion. "I'm doing it for Nina, not for you—though I do feel sorry for you, I'll admit," she concluded fairly.

They walked slowly up the steps to the house.

"Wait a minute," said Ken doubtfully, "maybe she won't see me if you just tell her that I'm here. Can't you, can't you tell her something else, something to get her to come out in the hall? I'll know the instant I see her whether she'll forgive me. Can't you just say there's someone here to see her—or a letter—or something?"

Marion considered a moment. "I have it!" she said, and opened the door. Nina was still on her stepladder when Marion entered.

"Why, you're back soon," she said. "Where's the holly?"

"I didn't get it yet," said Marion breathlessly. "You see—right outside the door I found—I found—a man with a—Christmas present for you. . . . it was the postman, the parcel-post man."

"Well, where is it?" said Nina, still intent on her wreath.

"Oh," said Marion, finding her story now a little difficult, but inventing rapidly, "it came by parcel post, insured, Nina, and you—you have to sign for it yourself. It's—he's—out in the hall. It's a very important, a very valuable package, and only the person to whom it's sent can sign for it."

"How funny," said Nina. "I wonder if it's from Aunt Elizabeth. Well, I'll come then, since it's so important—and so valuable."

She backed down the stepladder and, turning, went out to the hall. Marion heard her cry of unbelieving joy and then she resolutely shut the door.

But after a decent interval—fifteen minutes by the clock on the mantel-shelf—she cautiously opened the door and stuck her head out.

Ken and Nina sat on the hall seat, side by side. His arm was around her, and they were gazing at each other as only those whose suffering has been suddenly and miraculously changed into happiness can gaze. Their faces were radiant. They were quite unaware of her presence and would probably go on being unaware of it indefinitely, so Marion gave a warning cough.

"Perhaps," she said to them, in a raspy little voice, "Perhaps you'd like to hear the very latest Christmas carol—I've just composed it: 'Peace on earth, good will to Ken.'"

Fannie Merritt Farmer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

was reached from that invalid chair. The school kept five assistant teachers and five maids busy all the time. At her weekly demonstration lectures on Wednesdays, in the morning to home-makers, in the evening to professional cooks, the audiences numbered usually between one hundred and fifty and two hundred. These lectures were regularly reported in the Boston "Transcript" and the report was copied all over the Union.

The average Back Bay girl topped off her school course by a season in a private class at Miss Farmer's. There were fifty-three such classes last year, numbering eight to a class, besides the marketing classes for society girls, and eighteen classes of trained nurses. Chinks of time were filled in by the faculty in private lessons to professional cooks.

Every month Miss Farmer herself addressed an eager audience through the pages of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. For ten years she conducted that department—the longest continuous record of such a page contributed by a single author since the history of women's periodicals began.

In her days of health Miss Farmer also gave many demonstration lectures before women's clubs, at one time traveling all the way to the Pacific Coast with distinguished success.

For all this, and not forgetting the books, the achievement of which Miss Farmer had most reason to be proud was that which gave her the right to call herself "Mother of Level Measurements."

Soon after her graduation from the Boston Cooking-School, she taught a

class of little girls, among them her own niece. One day she said to one of the children, using the language of her day, of the Boston Cooking-School, "Marcia, you want one spoonful of baking powder. Remember, when you measure baking powder you want to make it as rounding as the spoon hollows."

The child retorted, "But if I do that way I might get it different every time. Why don't you use two level spoonfuls?"

Miss Farmer saw the point. From that hour she preached and taught level measurements for all ingredients. She incorporated the idea into her book. Twenty years ago Miss Farmer judged a recipe contest for a certain brand of flour. Of eight hundred recipes sent in, only five per cent used level measurements. Two years ago in judging another contest for a brand of gelatine, she found to her delight full ninety per cent of the recipes submitted using the accurate measure. It meant nothing short of a culinary revolution.

This was Miss Farmer, a practical, womanly woman, with many of the strong points of a strong man to work and fight, deeply impressed with the importance of lifting cookery to its rightful place of dignity as a science and an art, a woman unsparing of labor, who thought little of herself, a woman so generous in giving that what she had was really in spite of herself.

No wonder when they wanted a name for the country house at Harvard, Massachusetts, Miss Farmer took such delight in planning, but did not live to see completed, they called it in loving memory of her, "Weidon"—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."



For Your Home Made Xmas Candy—

Fresh Dainties, Marshmallows, Turkish Delight—these and many other wholesome candies make delightful Christmas gifts.

This recipe is for YULE-TIDE DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part 1 teaspoonful of the Lemon flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add 1 teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped into cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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The Fashion Department

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD



Fashion Suggests the Unusual Gift

The bandbox for itself and what it holds

IF YOU are looking for an unusual Christmas gift for your mother, a girl friend or any woman, the bandbox is sure to offer the answer to the problem. Years ago, when our grandmothers were young, it was quite as necessary to have the bandbox beautiful as it was the hat it contained. Later the hat box became a hat box, and nothing more. Now history is repeating itself, and gay bandboxes of every material and color are the vogue. They are often employed, too, to give an effective note of color to the bedroom, and so are sure to prove welcome at Christmas time. If you want to make the bandbox present quite complete you can include a hat or a pretty cap of lace or tulle.

THE bandboxes illustrated on this page are most attractive in style and material, and with a little time and clever fingers can easily be made at home. Plain cardboard boxes can be covered with all sorts of material—silk, cretonne, wall paper. Quite an effective box can be made of white silk, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon and black silk tassels. Another can be covered with rose, old blue or light green silk, finely shirred and trimmed with dull gold lace, cords and tassels. Then others, less expensive ones, can be developed in wall paper or cretonne. The latter with a black background is effective. Gold braid may ornament cretonne boxes, and ribbons those of wall paper.



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for this sample
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Bouquet Laurence



Actual Size of Sample Bottle
Laurence loves this perfume—she believes you will love it, too, and want to make it your very own distinctive perfume. It is a rich but delicate fragrance, a truly Parisian odor, mingling rose and jasmine, lily and hyacinth, and other flowers of France with the scent of rare and costly Oriental flowers.

The sample sent you will be real extract, which is so rich and lasting that a single drop will linger for days.

Please send 10 cents to help pay the cost of distribution and a generous sample will go to you by return mail. Address

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Soundest Teeth Succumb to Pyorrhea (Riggs Disease)

Without Pain, Ache or Warning, and Have to Be Pulled

SYMPTOMS: If your teeth become loose; if your gums bleed after brushing, or feel sore, tender or inflamed—take heed, for these may be warnings of Pyorrhea. All of us are in danger of Pyorrhea—even children.

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For the Woman Who Stays at Home

Negligees for idle hours and an apron for busy ones

These designs chosen by

GRACE MARGARET GOULD

THE Woman's Home Companion makes a feature of its "two-in-one" patterns. The woman who is in need of a negligee or two will find pattern No. 2908, illustrated at the bottom of the page, just suited to her needs. With the aid of this adaptable pattern she can make a plain, simple wrapper, and also an effective negligee. The wrapper may be developed in challis or French flannel in a becoming shade, and simply trimmed with silk braid or a little puffing of silk, just as preferred. Chinese or Japanese silk embroidery in band form would give an original touch to the negligee made of crêpe de chine, with chiffon angel sleeves.

With illustrations by

EDWARD A. POUCHER

THE apron on this page has all the good features of a house dress, yet can be used for all sorts of hard wear. It fastens with two large buttons, making it very simple to adjust. In a pretty material, with striking buttons and a little ornamentation at belt, armholes and neck, it would serve as a "best" apron; or it can be made plainly for kitchen uses.

Negligees No. 2907 is shown in chintz or cretonne, and these materials make charming and inexpensive little garments. A slightly more dressy sacque is No. 2668, and with nice lace would make a useful addition to a trousseau or a welcome present at Christmas.



No. 2907—Belted Negligee Jacket. 34 to 44 bust. Price of pattern, ten cents.



No. 2906—Apron in House-Dress Style. 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust. Pattern, ten cents.



No. 2668—Kimono Dressing Sacque. 32 to 44 bust. Price of pattern, ten cents.



No. 2908—Adaptable Negligee, Angel or Short Sleeves. 32 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, four and three-eighths yards of thirty-inch, or four and one-eighth yards of forty-inch material, with five eighths of a yard contrasting material for trimming and one half of a yard for angel sleeves. Pattern, ten cents.

For back views of these negligees, see page 58

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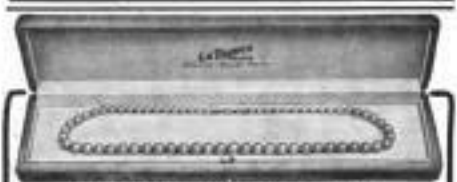
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This unique and artistic design of a horseshoe and horseshoe nail makes a very handsome ring. The horseshoe has a solid gold top, the nail is solid sterling silver set with a fine genuine garnet. The horseshoe is considered an omen of good luck. The combination of the gold horseshoe with a fine precious garnet set in the bright silver nail makes a very pleasing and beautiful effect. This nobby ring will make a most appropriate and lasting holiday gift.

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Wear this ring for one week, show it to your jeweler; if not satisfied, we will refund money. New Ready—New Catalog 153

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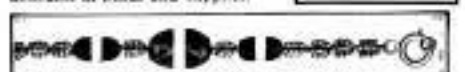
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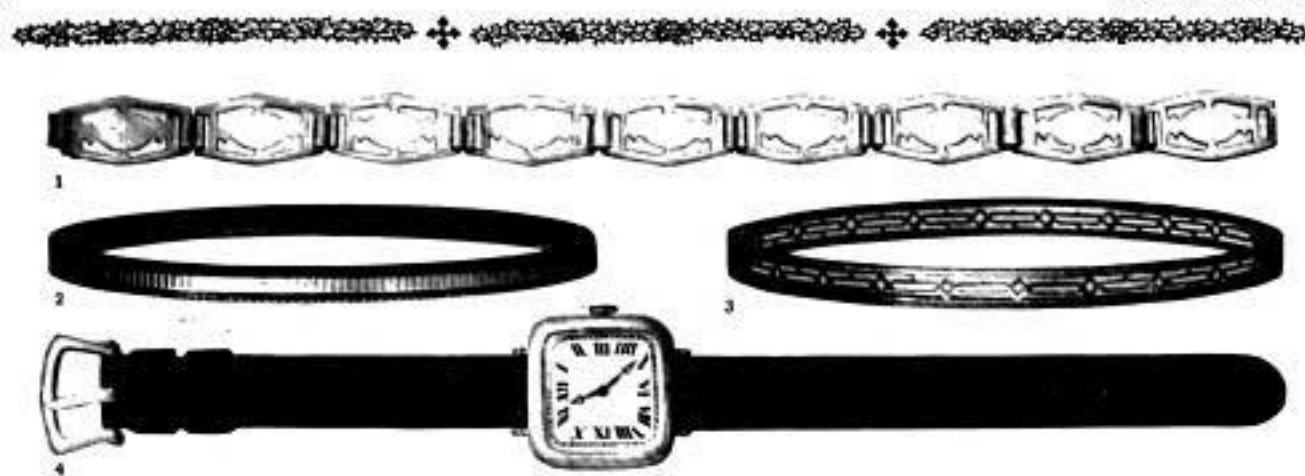


Lattice Purse



Cross, Fan, Mail and Purse Chain

ISAAC D. ALLEN CO., 21 Water St., Boston, Mass.



The New Jewelry, its Choice and its Use

The science of adapting color and design to the individual

By LILLIAN PURDY GOLDSBOROUGH

A CHANGE has taken place in the estimated value of jewelry as an accessory of dress. Indeed, the well-dressed woman of to-day realizes that, no matter how beautiful her gown, her costume is not quite complete without its harmonizing jewel.

In the selection of a piece of jewelry to be worn with a certain costume upon a certain occasion, the principles governing its application are carefully considered by her who would master the art of its appropriate use. The subject of fabric, for instance, together with outline of face and figure, will determine the proportions of the ornament, the heavier pieces being suitable for thick materials and for the woman of rather large build, while the daintier jewelry adapts itself gracefully to chiffons, silks and laces, and to her of slender form and smaller features. The lines of the gown are equally significant, as a point of consideration, the jewelry that renders a tailored suit smart and chic, for example, failing entirely in its effects if applied to afternoon or evening gown. Again, the element of color plays an important part in the decision. Not alone must the prevailing color of the costume be taken into account, to attain either a blending or a contrast of tone, but complexion, eyes and hair bring their pressure to bear in the perfection of the ensemble.

The cheap, tawdry jewelry has now been replaced by artistic pieces, so that it is no longer necessary to spend large sums of money to secure original pieces that are in good taste. There are exquisite pieces of daintiest construction in wirework green gold. These trinkets are sometimes decorated with platinum by means of a new process of applying this metal to fine gold. A few stones give color and brilliance to the pendants of cobweb lightness thus fashioned, illustrating the trend toward smaller and daintier jewelry. Engine-turning, engraving, or enameling beautifies the brooches of similar structure and of oval or circular outline, whose interiors are not always open, as formerly, but are often filled with delicate traceries of

gold, set with precious and semi-precious stones, or perhaps touched with the ever-desirable platinum.

A woman's vanity usually dictates that her favorite color is the one that is most becoming to her. She is likely, therefore, to seek a stone of this preferred color in selecting a jeweled ornament, since it accentuates her individuality. To match hair or eyes in certain details of dress has long been thought a wise rule, and the blond woman of azure eyes, to whom the soft pale blues of purest quality appeal, will find the lighter aquamarines or the blue moonstones a charming blending of color upon the gown of softest blue crepe or chiffon. Quite as lovely is the pink Kunzite, which offers the contrast that the French are so prone to adopt.

For the afternoon gown of darker blue velvet, the star sapphire gives a pleasing harmony. The jeweled touch for the street costume of crow or midnight blue may bear at its heart a sapphire, chosen from those of the Orient or Montana; or a black opal, which blends, yet gives a burning contrast, may be deemed most effective.

A brunette finds her stone-harmonies in pink tourmalines, beryls, black opals and amethysts, and the reds of rubies, garnets and corals. The odd Alexandrite, with its rich reddish purple tone, blends well with some of the new shades.

The elderly woman who clings to soft gray will choose amethysts, Kunzite, pink beryls and green tourmalines.

The dainty little spot pins of fashions—so called because adjustable to any desired spot on a costume—serve a two-fold purpose by supplying the desirable bit of color and by clasping collar or waist at the right point.

The silver friendship bracelet is still in great demand among the younger generation. It affords a unique form of remembrance in the succession of the monogrammed links, each one of which is the gift of a friend and is strung upon a narrow velvet band until the bracelet is complete, when it is properly assembled at the jeweler's and is supplied with a silver clasp.

THE descriptions and prices of a number of the jeweled ornaments are given below the pictures. For the other ornaments the descriptions and prices are as follows:

- No. 1. Silver Friendship bracelet. Price 15 cents per link, 25 cents per clasp, entire bracelet, \$1.75.
- No. 2. Bangle of green gold with strip of platinum inlay in center, \$15.
- No. 3. Green-gold openwork bangle, \$11.
- No. 4. Square watch on black silk strap, in gold \$45, in silver, \$30.
- No. 5. Green-gold pendant of chaste design with platinum inlays and a square sapphire, \$9.
- No. 7. Gold La Vallière in Oriental design with seed pearls and sapphire, \$10.
- No. 9. Necklace of amethyst beads alternating with oval beads of engraved green-gold and round gold beads having roundels of crystal in them, and a long slender pendant of green gold bearing a crystal roundelle, \$75.
- No. 11. Gold chain with genuine Wedgwood cameo pendant, \$5.



The spot pin shown below is of engine-turned gold and light blue enamel, \$2.50

The circle brooch shown below is of 10-karat gold with engine-turned surface, \$1.40

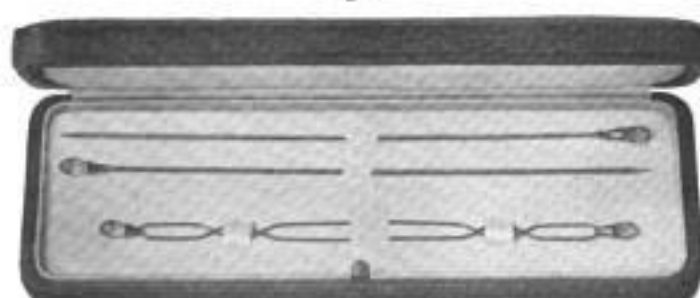


6 Spot pin of black enamel, enclosing a wreath of platinum and decorated with four pearls, \$6



13

Another spot pin. This is an extremely interesting design, which at very small cost combines marked originality and real beauty. Made of green gold and enameled with an openwork design, dark blue enamel and three pearls. It sells for \$5



16 Juliet set consisting of two hat pins and two veil pins, each bearing an amethyst set in gold, \$10



12 Quaint Japanese gold ring with any two initials, \$3



14 10-karat gold brooch set with seed pearls, one diamond, and black enamel, \$10



15

Oval brooch of green gold with platinum inlay decorated with four pearls and a peridot, \$9.50. The design of this pin is new, unusual and very artistic

The Blouses Worn in Paris

Direct importations to please American women

Illustrations by

AUGUSTA REIMER

NOW that the tailor-made is so universally worn in Paris, the costume blouse has a decided style position. The three models on this page show the most fashionable new features: the gilet, or vest; fluffy wide frills; equally fluffy undersleeves; the V neck with high collar at the back, or the very new, very uncomfortable choker collar. It is the long sleeve that is considered most modish. It may have deep, close-fitting cuffs, or puffed undersleeves. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2900



No. 2901

THE three shirt-waist models illustrated on this page show true French ingenuity in the combination of simple designs and original features. The odd applied facing of No. 2900 would be best emphasized by developing it in corded cotton or striped voile. For the other blouses, wash silk, French flannel, crêpe de chine, mercerized cottons and pongee are all good materials. A novelty of the season is washable satin, and washable pussy willow taffeta is also seen.



No. 2902

No. 2903

No. 2904

No. 2901—Costume Blouse with Wide Frill: 34 to 40 bust. Quantity of material required for 36-inch bust, three yards of thirty-inch material, or two and three-fourths yards of forty-inch material. The price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2903—Costume Blouse with Pointed Vest: 34 to 44 bust. Material for 36 bust, one and seven-eighths yards thirty-six-inch, or one and five-eighths yards forty-two-inch, three-fourths yard for vest, one-half yard for girdle and revers, five-eighths yard for undersleeves and under-vest and one-fourth yard lace for collar. Pattern, ten cents.

No. 2905—Costume Blouse with Choker Collar: 34 to 38-inch bust. Material for 36 bust, two yards of thirty-six-inch, or one and three-fourths yards of forty-two-inch, one and one-half yards for undersleeves, cuffs, pointed collar and fronts, three-eighths yard for vest and one-fourth yard for choker collar. Pattern, ten cents.

HAVE you seen the new Pattern Catalogue of Woman's Home Companion fashions? It will surely help you if you make your own clothes. Just send a two-cent stamp and it will be promptly forwarded to your address. Send your request to Pattern Department.



No. 2905

No. 2900—Tailored Waist with Applied Facing: 34 to 42 bust. Quantity of material required for 36-inch bust, three and one-half yards of twenty-seven-inch, or two and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch. Price of pattern, ten cents.

No. 2902—Shirtwaist with Plastron: 34 to 44 bust. Quantity of material required for 36-inch bust, two and three-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch, or two and one-eighth yards of forty-inch. The odd-shaped cuffs and the novel plastron are special features of this waist. The price of this pattern is ten cents.

No. 2904—Shirtwaist with High or Low Collar: 34 to 46 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material. Though not shown in the illustration, this waist may be worn with the collar low and the front opened two or three buttons. Pattern, ten cents.

PATTERNS or catalogue may be obtained from either of our depots. Enclose the correct remittance to: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

The new velvet striped taffeta is used for the gilet of this French blouse
For back views of these waists, see page 58

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The Cream of Society

When you buy toilet cream be particular—you cannot afford to be otherwise. Select the one that has stood the test of years of constant use—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—and your skin and complexion will show you why it is so universally favored.

Since its introduction to New York society women twenty-five years ago,

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

"The Kind That Keeps"

has been preferred by ladies whose social standing and duties require the maximum of good appearance. Its daily use induces a natural healthy flow of blood through the skin, cleansing the pores, nourishing the tissues, and bringing the fresh glow of health, youth and beauty. After a long day about the house, or shopping, or motoring, you have only to massage a small quantity into the face to learn how it will steal away the hard, drawn, dry feeling and leave instead a skin which feels refreshed and clean—and is hygienically clean.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream rubs well into the skin and leaves no shiny, oily surface—justly characterized for 25 years with "The Kind That Keeps." Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 75c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50.

Two Samples FREE

A sample of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and a sample of Poudre Amourette, the distinctive face powder, will be mailed free. A postcard will bring both samples. Write to-night. Address Dept. K.

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They may be dangerous. Flakes, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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Resinol Soap

gives natural beauty to skin and hair



Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use gives to the skin and hair that natural beauty of perfect health which even the best of cosmetics can only imitate. Pimples, redness and roughness disappear, and in a very short time the complexion becomes clear, fresh and velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the Resinol which this soap contains and which physicians have prescribed for years in

Resinol Ointment, in the care of skin and scalp troubles.

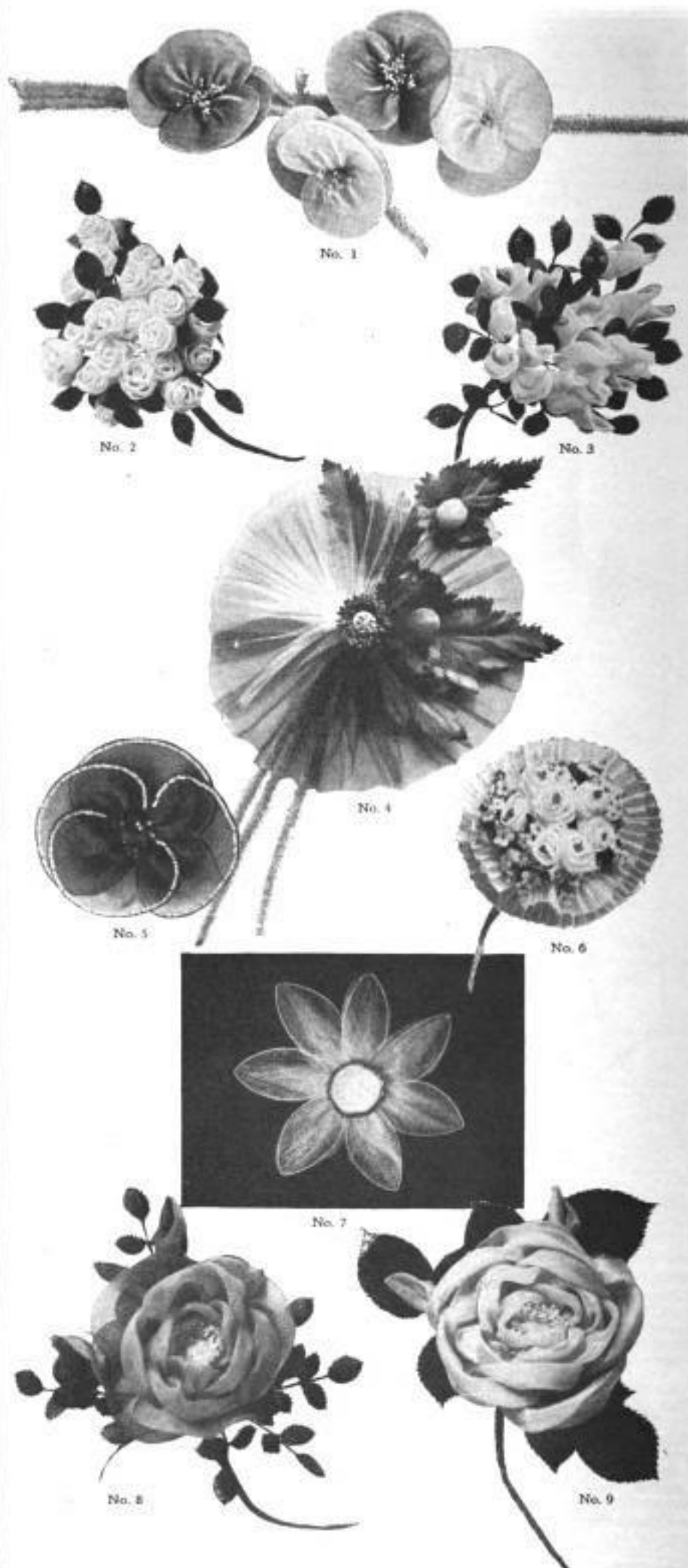
If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before washing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 1-A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Chiffon and Tulle Flowers

that make acceptable Christmas gifts

Designed by PEGGY ENGLEMAN



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A Marvel of Comfort

If you are stout or slender and want perfect comfort in stockings, get Holeproof stockings with Newlastic Tops. These tops stretch wide without binding, yet always return to shape. You can get these lisle tops on silk, silk-faced or cotton Holeproofs. And six pairs of the Cotton hose are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. Three pairs of Silk are guaranteed three months. If any of the pairs fail within that time you get new hose free. Thus you save endless darning.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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(702)

A PRETTY flower of chiffon or silk is sure to make a most acceptable Christmas gift. This season, many afternoon as well as evening gowns depend on the artificial flower for finish and a touch of color. Done up in a pretty box and tied with dainty ribbon these flowers have a very festive air. They are easy to make, and inexpensive, too, for the smallest amount of materials will make any one of those shown on this page. To be truly successful, the giver should study her friend's costumes and tastes, and choose the flower that is sure to be a favorite and that in color will match her dresses.

COMPLETE and easy-to-follow directions have been written for all of the flowers shown on this page. These directions will be sent to any address on receipt of four cents sent to Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, ordering H-294, Artificial Flowers.

Gifts for the Children

Some happy surprises for Christmas Day

Drawings by M. EMMA MUSSELMAN



No. 2670—Stuffed Cat, cut in one size. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2009—Doll's Clothes: Romper, Overalls and Sacque. Cut for dolls 10 and 18 inches high. Material for romper and overalls, five eighths of a yard of twenty-seven-inch material for each; for sacque, three eighths of a yard. Pattern, ten cents. No. 2910—Stuffed Elephant, cut in one size, 9 inches high. Pattern, ten cents.



No. 2911—Cowboy Play Suit, cut in 4- to 10-year sizes. Material required for 8-year size, four and one-fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material. Price of pattern, including hat, belt and pistol case, ten cents. Make it of strong, durable khaki.

No. 2912—Soldier Boy Suit, cut in 4- to 10-year sizes. Material required for 8-year size, three and three-fourths yards of twenty-seven-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents. Excellent for entertainments or ordinary everyday play wear.



Transfer face for rag doll



No. 1632—Br'er Rabbit, cut in one size. An easy toy to make for the top of the Christmas stocking. Price of pattern, ten cents.



No. 2913—Child's Quilted Wrapper, 1-, 2-, 4- and 6-year sizes. Material for 4-year size, two and three-eighths yards of twenty-seven-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents. A pretty and warm little garment. Have it all ready to slip on Christmas morning.



No. 2928—Rag Doll, including Transfer Pattern for Face. Cut in one size only—18 inches high. Price of this pattern, ten cents.



Three animal toys that will be warmly welcomed by the children: No. 1917—Stuffed Dog, cut in one size. Price of pattern, ten cents. No. 1916—Toy Cow, cut in one size. Price of pattern, ten cents. No. 2671—Stuffed Horse, cut in one size. Price of pattern, ten cents.

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Her Christmas Morning

KODAK

The gift that provides the means for keeping a happy picture story of the day.

Kodaks, \$6.00 up. Brownies, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



furnishes good fun for impromptu entertainment. The Emerson Automatic is better than an orchestra for formal dances. It produces specially prepared music in the correct tempo and with the "dancing accent." Insert the roll, adjust the automatic expression device, turn on the electric current and take your place with the other dancers! The music will automatically repeat as long as desired.

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EMERSON PIANO CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

THE patent rubber clasp saves darning. This clasp does away with the usual stocking troubles: holds 'em securely and neatly always. You'll be glad you bought Children's Hickory Garters.

Do you want a pair for trial? Mail 15 cents, state child's age and give color preference, white or black. FREE—We'll also send you an illustrated school tablet, containing children's jingles, with the garters.

Write for a pair today

A. Stein & Co.
Makers PARIS GARTERS
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Protect Yourself
At Soda Fountains
Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE



The Food-Drink for All Ages
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Delicious
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Others are Imitations



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Simple, compact and durable, the

VANITIE Portable Electric Lamp

has a greater range of usefulness than any other lamp made. Its peculiar versatility is convincingly demonstrated when used in the music room. Attached to the piano and its adjustable shade tilted to the correct angle, perfect illumination of music and keyboard is obtained. No hurtful glare, no annoying shadows. Just a soft, clear light—and your eyes perfectly protected.

Elegantly finished in old brass or nickel, the Vanitie is an adornment to every home. Its moderate cost, five dollars (Canada five-fifty), repaid a hundred-fold in efficient lighting service.

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Indeed Makes the Hair
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Such is the testimony of those who have used Petrole Hahn-Vibert conscientiously. They confirm and increase our confidence in its beneficial properties. It brings lustre and health to hair.

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always bear the name Tycos in red.
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GIVE your children the benefit of your knowledge. Teach them to take care of their feet by wearing Coward Shoes. These shoes will strengthen weak ankles and enable your child to walk correctly.

FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN

Sold nowhere else

Send for Catalog Mail Orders Filled

JAMES S. COWARD

224-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York

Mr. Barker and the Twins

Part Four of a serial for YOUNG FOLKS

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA

THE STORY UP TO THIS POINT: The Temple twins, Geraldine and Constantia (known to their friends as Pro and Con), have arrived to spend the summer at West Melton with their father's aunt Sally. The girls are quite fascinated by the old-time mansion where the gentle old lady lives, and are especially interested in Lafayette's powdering closet.

The first evening, Uncle Henry, another relative, comes to call with his two nephews, Tom and Joe, who are just "plain boys," have uncomplimentary opinions of girls, and are not disposed to be friendly to the twins.

During the evening's talk the girls mention their little dog, Mr. Barker, to be sent to them shortly from New York, and are led to believe that the boys do not own a dog. The next day the twins discover a secret room, meet some new friends, and think they spy Mr. Barker in the boys' possession. Consequently, in the boys' absence, they explore the barn, find the dog and hide him in the secret room. They indignantly deny to Tom and Joe stealing "their own dog," but are suddenly chagrined by the arrival of Mr. Barker from New York. Through old John, the coachman, they learn that the boys own a dog which Uncle Henry refuses to let them keep at his house, and the mystery of Mr. Barker's double is therefore solved.

To make up for their hasty action, the girls secretly get Uncle Henry to let the boys send for their dog.

The Grateful "Aged Aunt"

"A LETTER from Father," caroled Con jubilantly, prancing through the dining-room into the shaded library, where Pro sat buried in a big easy chair and a book. "It's my turn to read aloud. O-oh!" She stopped so suddenly that Pro dropped her book, looked up, and said "O-oh!" too.

There, in the hall door, stood a good-looking blue-clad young man with his straw hat in his hand. "May I come in?" he said.

"Why, it's Honor's brother Jack," exclaimed Con. "Do come in. Is Honor with you?"

"The Temple Twins, by all that's lucky!" ejaculated the young man. "It seemed so dark after outdoors that I didn't recognize you at once. Are Tom and Joe likely to happen in? If so, there'll be a lynching right on your front lawn in about two minutes and a quarter."

The girls had both jumped to their feet, and were staring at him in wide-eyed surprise. "What in the world do you mean?" gasped Pro.

Just at that moment, a blood-curdling yell resounded through the old-fashioned room. Con sprang to the front window.

"There are about two hundred boys racing up and down the street!" she cried. "I didn't know there were so many in West Melton. I wonder what they are after."

"Me!" answered Jack laconically. "I didn't know there were so many either, till I got up against them."

"What do they want of you?" demanded Pro the practical.

Jack explained rapidly: "I happened to belong to a party of Sophs that stole some fellows from their Fresh banquet this winter. And one of them has come to visit a cousin in this little burg; and he caught sight of me this morning, and he and his cousin rounded up a posse of West Meltonites and set them on my trail. I got wind of it when I stopped in the blacksmith shop to have my motorcycle mended, and the smith let me out of the back window."

Con's eyes were blazing with excitement.

"We'll have to hide you," she cried. "If Tom and Joe are with them they may dash in any minute, and Aunt Sally isn't at home to stop them. Oh, Pro, could we put him in the secret room? Aunt Sally said 'a friend in need,' you know."

"Oh yes, oh yes!" answered Pro, jumping up and down in her anxiety. "Come on, hurry! Some of them are turning in at the gate now."

Stopping only to close and lock the front door the girls flew up-stairs with their protégé, skipped in through the powdering closet, where they kept a candle in readiness, and so on up the secret stair to the tiny room at the top.

"Oh, I say!" cried Jack, surveying its dimly lighted interior. "Isn't this immense? A real secret room! But, do you know, I think you girls ought to run right down the back stairs and out somewhere, so nobody will suspect you and ask questions. I don't want to get you mixed up in any trouble of mine."

Con, of course, hated dreadfully to leave the scene of action, but she finally yielded and de-

scended with Pro, very much excited, to the upper hall.

There goes Betty to answer the bell," whispered Pro, leaning over the banister. "Come on now, and slip down the back way while she is gone."

The two girls stole to the back door and peeped cautiously about. Nobody was in sight. Evidently the "mob" had all collected in the front.

"Come on," whispered Con, "Betty can't hold them a minute when they hear Aunt Sally isn't home, so we must run for the river."

Thrilling with excitement, they ducked behind the nearest lilac bushes, dashed through a brilliant patch of sunshine to the row of quince trees beside the barn, circled that and then flew down the elm-bordered path that led to the little boathouse at the water's edge.

"Goody!" cried Pro. "What luck that we have the boat mornings this week! Jump in, Con."

"Isn't this more fun?" sighed Con, after they were safely around the willows of the bend. "Now just around the island, and then we can go innocently back and see what's doing."

"Oh, look out," cried Pro. "You know—"

Too late! In her excitement Con had forgotten to look out for a dangerous shoal, and there they were, stuck fast and tight.

Two hours later, Con was still digging frantically in the mud with the one oar they had left, while Pro shouted "He-elp!" disconsolately at intervals.

Suddenly they caught the welcoming sound of an answering hail, and around the island appeared a boatload of boys, rowing up-stream.

"Why, hullo, if it isn't Pro and Con!" cried Joe's familiar voice. "How long have you been here?"

"Oh, ages!" answered Con; "and we sink deeper and deeper every minute!"

Haven't seen anything of a fellow running by here, have you?" asked another boy, "a tall fellow in a blue suit and a straw hat?"

"No," answered Pro truthfully; "you're the first persons we've seen since we stuck here. Do hurry, please, and push us off."

"I guess we're on the wrong trail then," grumbled Tom. "I thought when we found the boat gone that maybe he had it. Come on, fellows, hustle up and haul these girls off."

Getting stuck around the island was such a habit in West Melton that the work of rescue had been reduced to a science. In an astonishingly short time the girls and their boat were out in mid-stream again, with both oars safely in hand.

"We'd better go back to your house, then," cried Tad Jenkins, turning the head of the boys' boat down-stream.

"Oh, Tad," cried Con suddenly, "what did he look like—that man you were looking for?"

"Why, we told you before," said Tad. "Blue suit and straw hat. Have you seen anybody?"

Con nodded thoughtfully, while Pro stared horror-struck. What was Con thinking of—to give away anybody who had come to them for help! Had Con no sense of honor?

"Speak up, Con," urged Tom. "Where and when?"

"Why-er," said Con slowly, "of course he mayn't be the one, but I did see a man in blue with a straw hat."

"He's the one!" shouted the boys. "Where did you see him? Which way was he going?"

"Well," answered Con, "just before we got to the island, ages ago of course, I saw a man in blue going along the road toward Meadsbury. Didn't you see him, Pro?"

Pro nodded rather blankly. "Why, yes," she said; "but—"

"Of course he mayn't be the one," agreed Con. "I can't guarantee it. What did you want of him, boys?"

But the boys had no more time to waste on talk. In two seconds they were leaping ashore and racing off hot-foot toward Meadsbury.

"Why, Con," breathed Pro, "that was old John, in his blue overalls and palm-leaf hat."

"Of course," giggled Con; "I said he mightn't be the one they were looking for. Come on, Pro, hustle now. We've got to get back and get Jack off while the boys are chasing my wild-goose."

"Oh, here they are, Miss Sally," cried Betty, as the girls reached the back door, and in another minute she was starting breathlessly on what was evidently a third or fourth description of her thrilling experiences.

"Don't trouble much, then, about dinner, Betty," said Aunt Sally kindly. "We will make a cup of tea, and serve anything you happen to have. Can you be ready in ten minutes, my dears?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]



"Oh, I say," cried Jack, "a real secret room"



THE CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE

EDITED BY
JACK, BETTY & JEANNETTE



Verses for Little Girls and Boys

By Three Little Readers

A Treetop Lullaby

By Dora Long (aged eight)

Softly, softly, the wind was humming,
Up in the tree tops high,
Softly, softly, the wind was humming,
This low sweet lullaby!

"Birdies, dear Birdies, do you love me?
For I swing and sway the old oak tree."
"Yes, yes," said the birdies, "yes, yes
we do."

And the wind said "Good," and away
he flew.

A Seashore Song

By Emma Garey (aged thirteen)

The little waves of water
Ripple o'er the thirsting sands;
The little shafts of sunlight
Sail off to distant lands.

The little clam and sea-shells
Are ships of the ocean blue,
The sea-shells are the captains
And the clam-shells are the crew.

A Christmas Jingle

By Martha Brown (aged eight)

Away at the cold North Pole,
There is not a single soul
But one little fat, jolly man,
Now guess who if you can.



Christmas Contests for the Children

Santa Claus says: "A prize of a one-dollar check to the winner in each of the following contests—and thirty books and toys from the Brownies' play shop for good work! Merry Christmas and good luck to you!"

Story: Subject—"A Surprise Visit."
Length, three hundred words.
Verse: "A Christmas Wish."
Drawing or Photograph: "Caught."
Remember the new age limit!

Rules—read carefully.

1. All work must be original.
2. Age limit twelve years.
3. Write on one side of paper only.
4. Write name, age, and address plainly, on contribution.
5. Send all contributions in time to

- reach this office before December 8th.
6. Do not roll manuscripts or drawings.
7. Address: "Children's Contest Department," WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Directions for Making a Complete Little Magazine

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

First, trim the page on the outside black line, then on the cover page cut the three edges of the window on the heavy black lines so it will swing up and open like a hanging door.

Now fold the sheet double on the red dotted line so that the cover page is on top. Fold again on the blue dotted line, still keeping the cover page on top. Then pin or sew the center crease through all the pages, and cut the lower edges.

THE EDITORS—JACK, BETTY, and JEANNETTE.

Christmas Number JACK AND BETTY'S MAGAZINE

JACK, BETTY & JEANNETTE COMPANY



WRITTEN BY
CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS
ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS



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to do the mission for which God, our Heavenly Father, sent Him to earth. Parents and grew into boyhood, stunch of heart and noble of spirit, ready as he worked on in the joy of his simple tasks. So Jesus lived with his grew, happy and free, spending many hours in the little shop with Joseph. Joseph could carry on his honest trade as carpenter. And the baby Jesus into the city of Bethlehem. There they found a little home where as before. After Herod died, Joseph took Mary and the baby Jesus back to Nazareth, in Galilee, where Joseph and Mary had lived before their journey and Jesus out of his kingdom. Christ Child, for he did not know that God had told Joseph to take Mary. Little boy babies in Judea, thinking in this way he would put to death the angry, and called his soldiers to him and commanded them to kill all the Now, when the wise men did not return to Herod, he was very, very was from God and he obeyed at once and took Mary and Jesus into Egypt. the young child to destroy Him." Joseph knew that the Angel's warning into Egypt, and he then there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and flee before them, for the Lord appeared to Joseph, in a When they had gone, the Angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph, in a another way. Christ Child was. So they departed and went back to their own country a dream in which He warned them not to return and tell Herod where the But God saw into Herod's wicked heart and caused the wise men to dream Him, as he had said, but so that he could send his soldiers to kill Him. wise men of the baby, Jesus, but not so that he might go, too, and worship and power; so he meant, sat impatiently waiting for news from the Jesus, this new king of the Jews, might grow up and rob him of his throne Herod, like many kings, had a wicked heart and was jealous for fear cease, and myth. And they gave the gifts they had brought, precious gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The wise men rejoiced with great joy, and went quickly into the stable east bed them to the lowly place where the Christ Child lay in the manger. The wise men set out on their camels, and the star they saw in the many come and worship him also." young child, and, when ye have found him, bring me word again that I and then sent them to Bethlehem saying, "Go search diligently for the called the wise men to him secretly, and asked them all about this star. Herod could not answer this question and it troubled him greatly. So he seen His star shining in the east?" They meant the baby Jesus. But East who asked: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews for we have in the city of Jerusalem; and there came to him three wise men from the

the country of Judea, Herod was the king of Judea and lived in his palace Now, at the time when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, which was in stable and round about the mother and child. saw, and bowed down in worship. A beautiful holy light shone in the Jesus, was lying in the manger. The shepherds wondered at what they promised, they found them in the stable of the inn, and the little baby, city of Bethlehem to look for Mary and Joseph; and, just as the Angel had When the Angel had disappeared the shepherds went at once into the toward men." and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all all so strange that they grew afraid. The Angel said to them, "Fear not: over their flocks at night. As they watched, the Angel of the Lord appeared in the same country there were in the fields shepherds, keeping watch wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger. And there, on that very night, God sent the baby Jesus to Mary, and she told that they might spend the night sheltered in the stable of the inn, so crowded that there was no more room there; but Joseph and Mary were the Mary and Joseph, had come to pay their taxes, and the inn was already stayed at the inn there for lodgings; but the city was full of people who, Bethlehem late in the evening, and weary with their long journey they went to the city of David, which was called Bethlehem. They reached descendant of the great King David, took his wife Mary and together they a command that all men should be taxed, and that everyone should go to the city in which he was born to pay the money. So Joseph, who was a In those days Caesar Augustus was ruler of all the world. He sent out shall be great and shall be called the Son of God." little son and that she should name him Jesus. "For," said the angel, "He God sent the Angel Gabriel to Mary to tell her that God would send her a perfect named Joseph, and his wife, Mary, who was a good and holy woman. Long, long ago, in the city of Nazareth, in Galilee, there lived a carpenter named Joseph, and his wife, Mary, who was a good and holy woman. to bring love, hope and peace to everybody. And this is how it all happened:

The Story of the Christ Child

The Wise Men and the Shepherds



The Star Shone Still Over the Stable



The Puzzle Page

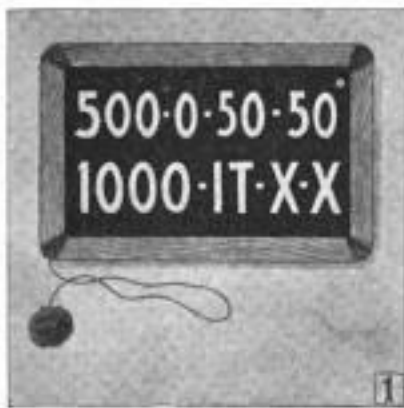
Can you guess these hidden presents?

By SAM LOYD, JR.

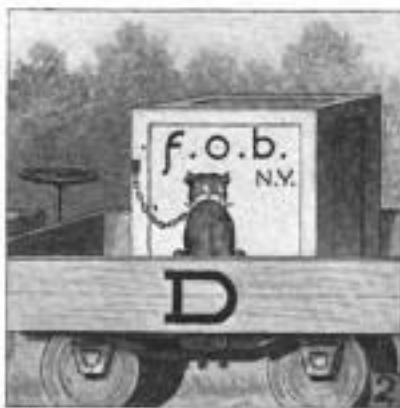
EACH one of the pictures below represents two presents for a member of the family. Number one is for baby and represents Doll [D (500), O L (50) L (50)] and Mittens [M (1,000) I T tens (X-X)]. Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. All contributions, to be eligible for the prizes, must be received on or before December 8th. Address all communications to Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.



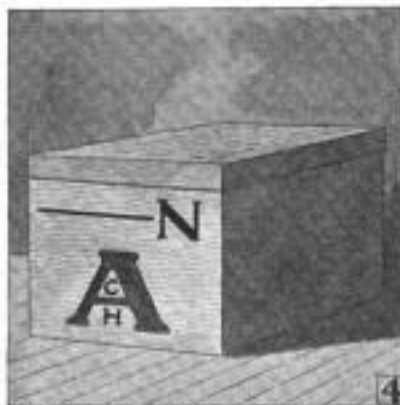
No. 1. For Baby—the answer is given above



No. 2. Two presents for big Brother



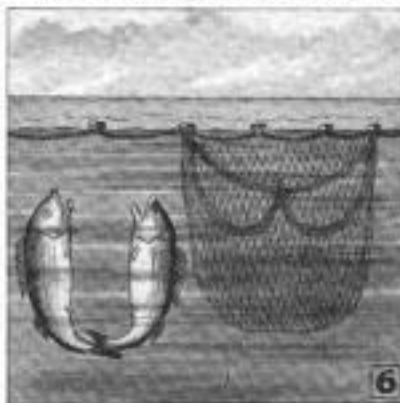
No. 3. Two presents for Bobby, aged five



No. 4. Two presents for Sister: she is engaged



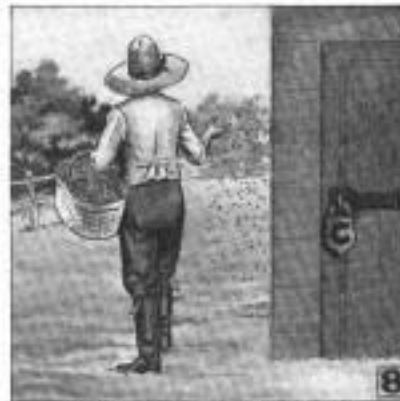
No. 5. Two presents for Grandfather



No. 6. Two presents for Grandmother



No. 7. Two presents for Father



No. 8. Two presents for Mother

October Puzzle Answers

THE answers to the puzzles published in the October COMPANION are: No. 1. Moonfish, Starfish; No. 2. Pike, Spear, Sheephead; No. 3. Scup, Silverfish; No. 4. Drumfish, Black Bass; No. 5. Herring, Goldfish, Ringfish; No. 6. Cuttle, Scabbard, Swordfish, Soldier fish; No. 7. Sole, Skate; No. 8. Perch, Minnow, Catfish, Parrotfish; No. 9. Sunfish, Rayfish.

September Prize-Winners

The honor prize of ten dollars for the complete set of correct answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page is awarded to Emily Granger, Portland, Oregon.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the next best letters and helpful suggestions are awarded to the following solvers:

Mrs. Nellie F. Cary, Mass.; Veda Williams, Ky.; Orrestes Caluceto, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. Richards, N. Y.; Mrs. George Uhl, Cal.; Mrs. C. W. Pratt, Mich.; Olga J. Belt, Mo.; Mrs. Leigh Hallam, Texas; Marguerite Allen, N. Y.; John A. Clapp, Cal.; Miss Maude L. Dille, Ohio; Mrs. Jennie E. Leet, Wis.; Mrs. F. L. Galigher, La.; Charlotte E. Hopper, N. J.; Miss Dorothy B. Huskins, Mass.; Mrs. David Streck, Ore.; Marcia W. Brown, Kan.; Joseph Bidwell, Conn.; Mrs. S. Howard Wilson, Pa.; Mrs. Kate S. Collins, Texas.

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The development of a wonderful idea has resulted in 50,000 of the best people in this country enjoying these advantages. They "pick up" in a year more knowledge than they ordinarily would acquire in a number of years—by reading the crisp, interesting articles accompanied by beautiful pictures which come with

THE MENTOR

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Send postpaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed
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minum and Old
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The Christmas Dinner

Directions for preparing the turkey and other good things

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

In charge of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

ROAST STUFFED TURKEY: *Selection*—In select-
ing a turkey choose one that is plump, with smooth
dark legs, and with cartilage at end of the breast-
bone soft and pliable. Cock turkeys are usually
considered better than hen turkeys, unless the latter be
small and very plump. When preparing for a large num-
ber many prefer to cook two ten-pound birds rather than
one large one, as the meat is finer grained.

To dress and clean: Remove hairs and down by hold-
ing the bird over a flame (from gas, alcohol or burning
paper), turning it until all parts have been exposed to
flame. This is called singeing. Cut off the head and draw
out pin feathers, using a small pointed knife. Cut through
the skin around the leg one and one-half inches below
the leg joint, being careful not to cut tendons. Place leg
at this cut over edge of board, press downward to snap
the bone, take foot in right hand, holding turkey firmly
in left hand, and pull off foot, and with it the tendons. In
some birds tendons have to be drawn separately, which is
done with a steel skewer. Poultry drawn at market seldom
have the tendons removed unless ordered. It is an im-
portant step, for they become hard and bony when cooked.
Make an incision through skin below breastbone, just large
enough to admit the hand. Remove entrails, gizzard, heart
and liver; the last three are known as giblets. The gall
bladder, lying on the under surface of the right lobe of
the liver is removed with the liver; this should not be
broken, as the bile which it contains imparts a bitter flavor.
On either side of the backbone may be found the lungs, red
and of spongy consistency. Care must be taken to remove
every part of them. The kidneys, lying in the hollow,
near the end of the backbone, must also be removed. Remove
the windpipe and the crop
by inserting the first two
fingers under skin close to
neck.

Cut off neck close to
body, leaving skin long
enough to fasten under the
back. Cut off tips of wings.
Remove oil bag and wash
bird in cold water.

To clean giblets: Re-
move thin membrane, ar-
teries, veins, and clotted
blood around heart; sepa-
rate gall bladder from
liver, cutting off any of
liver that may have a
greenish tinge. Cut fat
and membranes from giz-
zard. Make a gash through
thickest part of gizzard
and cut as far as inner
lining, being careful not to
pierce it. Remove the inner
sack and discard. Wash
giblets, and cook until ten-
der with neck and tips of
wings, putting them in cold
water and heating water
quickly. This is used for
making gravy.

To stuff poultry: Put
stuffing by spoonfuls in
neck, using enough to fill
the skin, so that bird will look plump when served. When
cracker stuffing is used allowance must be made for the
swelling of the crackers. Put some of the remaining
stuffing into body and shape remainder into cakes. If
the body is full, sew skin; if not filled, fasten with a
skewer.

To truss: Draw thighs close to body and hold by in-
serting a steel skewer under middle joint, running it en-
tirely through body. Cross drumsticks (legs), tie securely
with a long soft string and then tie to tail. Place wings
close to body and hold in place by inserting a second
skewer through wings and body, and fasten neck skin
under back with wooden skewer. Turn bird on its breast.
Cross string attached to tail piece and draw it around each
end of lower skewer; again cross string; fasten around
upper skewer; fasten string in a knot and cut off ends.

To roast: Dress, clean, stuff, and truss a ten-pound
turkey as directed. Place on side on rack in dripping pan,
rub entire surface with salt, and spread breast, legs and
wings with one-third cupful of butter, rubbed until creamy
and mixed with one-fourth cupful of flour. Dredge bottom
of pan with flour. Place in a hot oven, and when flour on
turkey begins to brown, reduce heat, and baste every fifteen
minutes until cooked, which will require about three hours.
For the basting, use one-half cupful of butter melted in
one-half cupful of boiling water, and after that is used,
baste with fat in pan. Pour water in pan during the cook-
ing as needed, to prevent flour from burning. During the
cooking turn bird frequently so that it may brown evenly. If
turkey is browning too fast, cover with buttered paper to
prevent burning. Place on hot platter, remove string and
skewers, and garnish with stuffing cakes, celery tips, a
string of cranberries and a skewer stuck with three cran-
berries in breast. Decorate legs with paper frills.

TURKEY STUFFING: Melt one cupful of butter in four
cupfuls of scalded milk, and pour over four cupfuls of
cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper, and poultry
seasoning, then add two eggs, slightly beaten. After stuff-
ing the turkey make remaining mixture into cakes, put in a
slightly buttered pan and bake one hour, basting with a
small quantity of liquid in pan in which turkey is roasting,
when basting turkey. The eggs may be omitted if the
stuffing is not to be served when cold. These cakes make
an attractive garnish for the turkey, besides forming an
excellent way to add to the amount of dressing.

BROWN GRAVY: Remove liquid in pan in which turkey
has been roasted; skim off six tablespoonfuls of fat;
return fat to pan, place on range, add six tablespoonfuls of
flour, and stir constantly until well browned; then pour
on gradually, while stirring constantly, three cupfuls of
stock (in which giblets have been cooked). Bring to the
boiling point, and simmer five minutes. Season with salt
and pepper; then strain. Add chopped giblets to gravy.

POTATO BASKETS: Select medium-sized potatoes of
uniform size. Wash, pare and scoop out some of the
center. Drop into cold water; soak one-half hour. Cook
in boiling salted water ten minutes, and drain. Place in
pan in which turkey is being roasted, and bake until soft
(about forty minutes) basting with fat in pan when basting
bird. Fill with Turnip Cubes, Maitre d'Hôtel.

TURNIP CUBES, MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL: Wash and pare
turnips, cut in one-half-inch slices, and slices in one-half-
inch cubes; there should be two cupfuls. Cook in boiling
salted water twenty minutes, or until soft. Drain, and mix
with Maitre d'Hôtel Butter.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER: Work three tablespoon-
fuls of butter until creamy, and add one teaspoonful
of lemon juice very slowly; then add one-half teaspoonful
of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half
tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.

GLAZED SILVER SKINS: Peel small onions of uni-
form size and cook in boiling salted water until ten-
der. Drain, and sauté in butter to which is added a small
quantity of sugar, until
delicately browned, turning
frequently. Remove to hot
vegetable dish, and pour
over White Sauce.

MENU

Oyster Cocktails, 1915	
Christmas Consommé	Bread Rings
Radishes	Salted Almonds
Pimiento Timbales	Mushroom Sauce
Roast Stuffed Turkey	Brown Gravy
Potato Baskets	Turnip Cubes, Maitre d'Hôtel
	Glazed Silver Skins
Christmas Salad	Crisp Crackers
English Plum Pudding	Hard Sauce
Apricot Coupe	Almond Cakes
Bonbons	Demi-Tasse



Ready for the festive board

**CHRISTMAS WREATH
SALAD:** Remove sec-
tions of grapefruit and
orange, and arrange alter-
nately in a large circle on
a salad dish. Between sec-
tions put thin strips of red
pepper. Surround wreath
with shredded lettuce and
garnish center with water-
cress. Pour over California
French Dressing.

**CALIFORNIA FRENCH
DRESSING:** Mix four
tablespoonfuls of olive oil,
two tablespoonfuls of grape-
fruit juice, one-half tea-
spoonful of powdered sugar,
one-half teaspoonful of salt
and one-fourth teaspoonful
of paprika. Put in jar and
chill thoroughly; shake well
before using.

**ENGLISH PLUM PUD-
DING** (an unusual and
simple variety that does

not call for spice): Put one cupful of suet through the
meat chopper, and cream, using the hands. Add one cup-
ful each grated raw carrot, grated raw potato, and mo-
lasses; then add one and one-third cupfuls of bread flour,
mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one teaspoonful
of soda. Seed one cupful of raisins, cut in halves, and
dredge with one-third cupful of flour and add to first mix-
ture; then add three tablespoonfuls of brandy. Turn into
a buttered mold (not having mold more than two thirds
full), adjust and tie down buttered cover, place on trivet
in kettle, half surround with boiling water, cover and let
steam four hours, adding more water as necessary, keep-
ing water at the boiling point. Garnish with holly. Ac-
company with Hard Sauce, made like recipe in the Novem-
ber COMPANION.

APRICOT COUPE: Remove contents of one can of apri-
cots, drain and cut fruit in small pieces. To sirup add
one-half cupful of sugar, and let simmer three minutes. Add
apricots, and continue boiling until sirup is thick and apri-
cots are very soft. Half fill coupe glasses with vanilla
ice cream, put one tablespoonful of prepared apricots in
each, cover with ice cream and garnish with red Bar-le-Duc
jam and strips of angelica.

ALMOND CAKES: Work one fourth of a cupful of but-
ter until creamy, and add one half a cupful of sugar,
gradually, while beating constantly; then add the yolks of
four eggs, beaten until thick and lemon-color, one-fourth
cupful of milk and seven eighths of a cupful of flour mixed
and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat
thoroughly and fill small paper cases two thirds full of
mixture, sprinkle with shredded almonds and powdered
sugar, place in pan and bake in a moderate oven until deli-
cately browned. Serve in paper cases.

BREAD RINGS: Cut bread which is stale in one-eighth-
inch slices, and shape with a doughnut cutter. Brush
each one with melted butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese,
seasoned with cayenne. Bake in a moderate oven to melt
cheese and brown rings. Arrange on a plate, covered with
a lace paper dolly, and serve with Christmas Consommé.

NOTE:—In these recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring
cups, divided into thirds and quarters, are used; also tea and tablemeas-
uring spoons.

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Christmas Money

If you'd like to have more of it to buy the Christmas gifts you want for your dear "folks," read what the Secretary of the Companion's money-earning department has to tell you:



"Last night I wrapped up and hid away a beautiful Christmas present for dear Mother. She doesn't know a thing about it, for I bought it with the money you sent me, Miss Clarke!"



"A Christmas tree and everything to go with it, for my little folks; that's how I will spend my last Pin-Money Club check," writes another Companion reader, Mrs. L. H. H., Ohio.



"How good my lovely warm furs feel these cold days! The Pin-Money Club paid for them, and I still have enough for my Christmas presents. Haven't I done splendidly in this short time?"

I WONDER if you are like a girl I know who sat down the other day with a pencil and a great white sheet of paper and planned the most delightful Christmas list you can imagine:

"For Mother: a soft gray silk dress with lilac flowers, and a money order to pay for having it made.

For Father: a surprise package—humidor of tobacco; meerschaum; two nice neckties; box of handkerchiefs; favorite newspaper for a year.

For George: fine camera.

For Tom: little pearl stickpin.

For Mary: pink satin slippers.

For little Grace: tiny gold bracelet.

For Aunt May: Red Seal record.

For each of the girls: my picture."

All just what her "dear folks" want for Christmas. And then this girl, without having to worry her head about "Can I afford this?" "Can I pay for that?" put on her things and went right down-town to buy these lovely presents.

NO SHE isn't a "poor little rich girl," as they say—rather a rich little poor girl! She is Miss Amy S. M., a teacher on a small salary. But she is also a member of the Pin-Money Club, this money-earning department of the COMPANION, and she earned the extra money to pay for her Christmas gifts right here in the Pin-Money Club.

She is just one of hundreds of COMPANION readers: business girls and teachers, stay-at-home girls, busy housewives and mothers, who would be able to do very little Christmas-giving this year if it were not for the extra dollars which they are earning in the Club.

As one Club member put it:

It is no easy matter for a girl or woman to earn extra money in any ordinary way, and I must admit I thought it would be quite impossible for me with all my housework to do, and no training of any kind. And here I have stepped right in and been so successful I can't thank you enough, Miss Clarke. You will be our Santa Claus!

Instead of the very slim Christmas I thought my little folks would have this year, with your last check I am plotting some lovely surprises for them, including a real Christmas tree. I can hardly keep the twinkle out of my eyes and the fixings away from the children's eyes.

I am so happy over my success I am writing to tell my sister-in-law about the Club, so she can earn a nice check before Christmas, too!

How I wish every generous COMPANION reader, mother or sister or daughter, whose Christmas happiness threatens to be spoiled by that vexing old ogre, "no money," could read that letter!

I, too, know so well what it means to plan a beautiful Christmas list, and then have to cut down on this one and that for lack of money, and "scrimp" on the presents for the very ones you love the most, because they will understand. That's why the P. M. C., though it is an all-the-year-round Club and helps out whenever money is needed, always at Christmas time is just a blessing!

THERE is not space in the COMPANION to tell you half about the Pin-Money Club—just this much:

It is the COMPANION's money-earning department for all COMPANION readers. Girls and women who live on farms and ranches, little towns and big cities, belong to the Club, and all succeed at earning money.

There are no dues of any kind. The Club is open to you—and you may write and ask me all about it without obligating yourself in any way. And especially if your pocketbook lacks even one dollar to make your Christmas list complete, or if you need \$50 for the gifts you'd like to give your dear folks; if besides this you need new fall clothes, or furs to keep you snug and warm; or money for any of the hundred uses money can be put to: you have time now to earn that money here in the P. M. C.

Hurry up and write me just a little note so I can tell you how!

Marquet Clarke

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



Put your plate
right here!

Discover the appetizing taste of luscious tomatoes prepared with just enough pure spices to add piquancy.

You'll want to EAT Blue Label Ketchup—a small taste won't be enough to satisfy you.

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Add zest to all it touches

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WHITALL TATUM COMPANY New York and Philadelphia.

"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

Letters to Editors of Special Departments

Dear Children's Editor: I wish to thank you for your prize check. I bought my dog Jupiter a collar with the money. I want a camera now, and if I get a prize I shall buy one. Good-by, from H. A., Michigan.

Dear Travel Editor: Many thanks for so kindly enclosing me that delightful article "Two Foreign Countries in Two Weeks." It has made two new friends for the COMPANION.

Mrs. G. A. L., Rhode Island.

Dear Fashion Editor: I am going to tell you a bit of personal history to show you just what a pattern of proper proportions and "chic" can do for us, who must be well-dressed and have apparently no time to study the situation. I am organist in the Methodist church, president of the Woman's Club (a federated club), mother of three beautiful children, do all my washing and ironing (but my husband's), do our cooking, and make all the clothes for our two little girls and myself—even underclothes. We are always well and suitably dressed, and to achieve this I use WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION Patterns. Need I better voice my appreciation? To me you are indeed very real, and truly a personal friend.

Mrs. R. H. T., California.

Dear Better Babies Editor: I wish to thank you for the many helpful suggestions I have received from your department and your cheery, encouraging letters. I knew so little of all the necessary preparations for receiving a baby in the home that I should have been quite at sea without them.

I thank you, too, for the announcement cards. Am enclosing stamps for them, "What Every Mother Wants to Know About Her Baby," "Hints to Mothers," and Standard Score-Card, and fifty cents in coin for Baby's Book. I want everything your wonderful service can give me, you see.

Mrs. L. J. S., Minnesota.

Dear Handicraft Editor: I wish to apologize for my delay in acknowledging the lovely designs for baskets that you sent me. They were just what I wanted, and I thank you so much for them.

F. C., New Jersey.

"Two Darlings"

Dear Editor: I have been taking the COMPANION for over four years, and it has been a real companion to me. Miss Porter and Miss McCall are my two darlings, and I hope you will always have them in the COMPANION. Their writings are so inspiring. Miss Tarbell, too, is among the writers of ennobling thoughts for the year. Her essay, "A Young Girl's Thoughts," should, I think, be read with great earnestness by many parents, and mothers especially. We cannot prevent girls from following their own course unless we have noble, thoughtful mothers to teach them.

Mrs. J. S. J., Saskatchewan.

Via the News-stand Route

Dear Editor: Permit me this opportunity to say I know of no magazine which I enjoy more thoroughly than the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION; each and every department is such a help in solving the many daily problems. And unlike many magazines, each succeeding number seems a little better than the last. While not a subscriber, each number finds its way in the home via the News-stand Route. E. P., New Jersey.

A Letter from the "Waste and Silent Places"

Dear Editor: In one number of the COMPANION I read with interest the letter from Chili. I, too, have felt the desire to know how women who lead such isolated lives make up to themselves for the companionship they knew in other, though possibly no less happy, days. Your magazine comes to me each

month, but I cannot say just how promptly, for if the snow is fresh the dog teams find it difficult to haul the letter mail and the insured parcels that needs must come when some of us in the wilderness happen to be short on sugar, coffee or other necessary food. In the early spring the magazines, papers, books, and so forth, are piled in the nearby office. Gradually they come over each week, but not until the trails open in June to cayuses do all of us get everything that lies stored at the other end of the line. The COMPANION is rarely left, for it is one that we of the wilderness consider a necessity, along with the sugar, the coffee and other "grub." If the dog team plays out, or there is fear of it, someone crosses the summit to help the carrier over the divide. At times men take the great sacks of mail on their backs and turn the dogs loose, for there is snow so bad that, no matter how willing a dog may be, he cannot wallow through it with a load. Then the dog sleds are discarded and the mail tied in deer hides, this being found an easier way of hauling the loads, especially later, when the spring thaw is breaking up the winter snow. By the middle of March the real difficulties come, for many parts of the trail then are bare, yet the summits closed. That means that cayuses must come up to the snow line on each side the divide, while the dogs must be used over the summits. This takes extra men, for the cayuses from over the hills have to be brought up to meet the carrier, who has to return to the cayuse he left on the other snow line, otherwise the poor beast would starve or freeze, out in the weather. Does this give you some idea of the difficulties of living in these waste and silent places? A. N., Idaho.

Judicious Spoiling

Dear Editor: I am constrained to protest against the advice given mothers in a recent COMPANION to oblige their children to eat food which they dislike. Most grown people have their likes and dislikes, and if it were a punishment to them to eat a despised article, how much more so it is to a child to whom small troubles loom as tragedies! The child's distaste should not be discussed, simply ignored until he has forgotten how much he hated a certain article. There are so many good and nourishing things, that if one is fancied disliked, how much better to substitute something else, thereby avoiding issues and friction, which everyone knows are harmful to a child's nerves and health, and disposition as well. And as for letting a child go without his needed nourishment till next meal if he refuses one article—the injustice of it is too apparent to need comment. Any grown person knows that "all gone" feeling that results from missing a meal, and active children need their food even more.

Not long ago I said to my mother: "How is it so many people don't like this or that article of food and I like everything?"

"Because you were not forced to eat things you didn't like as a child," she replied.

"Why wasn't I?" I then asked.

"Because I was," was the significant reply.

And on a par with forced eating is the theory of letting little babies "cry it out," when sometimes they cry from sheer loneliness. A baby I know of actually cried itself sick (and incidentally drove everyone in the neighborhood distracted) because its mother had made up her stubborn mind to let the baby "cry it out" on the advice of a cold-hearted nurse. Few people are born disciplinarians. Better a little judicious spoiling than injudicious "training."

Miss A. M., Mexico.

The Telephone—A Defense

Dear Editor: You are always so fair in giving both sides a hearing, please allow me a little burst of indignation against the universal disapproval of the telephone by every writer on household economy, budgets, marketing and the like. In all the hundreds of articles I have read, never a kind word have I seen for the telephone, which seems to me the one biggest help modern science has found for the housekeeper. How is housework ever to be lifted out of the drudgery class into a modern, efficiently-run business if women discard the labor-saving devices for the sake of a little false economy?

I have tried marketing in person, and personally find the economy all wrong. I found the average saving not more than ten cents on a day's purchases, or merely car fare; while the expenditure of my time and strength was a huge loss. I am a busy woman with three little children under school age. If it were not for the telephone I should be obliged to have a nurse, which would increase my living expenses too much and the children would lose thereby, as my companionship and care are far more valuable to them—also some of my strength would be used up, every bit of which I have to hoard to get through what I have to do and do it properly.

To benefit from marketing one must go in the morning before things are too much picked over, and I have heard many housekeepers remark that a morning trip to town meant a morning lost for other work, as by the time they returned in street clothes they were too tired to change and start with any energy at other duties.

I have found that an honest merchant will do his best for a regular customer, and seldom sends inferior goods. When through oversight this does occur I promptly return the goods, with a telephone call to explain, and have never failed to have the matter corrected with thanks for my trouble. I always inquire prices and keep track well enough to note any change up or down. When I first go to a new place I make several personal calls to get in touch with the stores, and in a large place with several clerks I always ask for the same man to come to the telephone, so that he soon knows about the class of goods I can afford to buy. In marketing by telephone there is no temptation to buy the many attractive things that one can do without but that a clever salesman makes one want. I make out my list and order it and get what I want and only what I want.

Mrs. F. B. T., Missouri.

A Letter to Answer

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of the COMPANION ever since I came to this country five years ago. My husband teases me whenever a new dish is served by me, or if I read some articles to him; the other day I made a lovely dress for my four-year-old girl—when I showed it to him he asked me if it was a HOME COMPANION dress! It was, too! Now, knowing that the COMPANION is read almost everywhere, I would like some of your readers to tell me if it is possible for a family with about one thousand dollars to start a little farm which would pay enough to live on.

My husband is a hotel man but has learned something about gardening and chicken raising while here in California.

Our only aim since we left Belgium has been to save enough to go back to the land, to raise our children in God's wonderful and beautiful garden far from the city crowds—but where? Is Florida good? We want the farm where there is a market for the products, at the same time the climate has to be healthful and the country attractive, neither a barren desert land like the country around San Diego nor swamps like in some parts of Florida.

Will your readers help us to find a place—at least to advise us? I would like to hear from Florida and Panama if possible. Mrs. O. H., California.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We will gladly forward replies from interested readers, to the writer of this inquiry.





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THE POSTSCRIPT



THE only advantage that the stately Front of the Book has over the Postscript is that the writers can go on and on in the calm assurance that when they have filled as many pages there as the law allows they can leap over to the Back of the Book, and again rumble on and on. This the Postscript cannot do; there is no kangarooing from this page. The Postscript would scorn to do it if it could.

This page is the refined gold of pure thought; a precious casket of winged words—with the wings clipped and with most of the plumed feathers of rhetoric plucked out of the tails. *Multum in parvo.*

But sometimes we wish the page were a bit bigger—this month for example. There are so many things to say. Let us begin with the beginning, the cover.

Of the millions who will see it and admire its gay Christmas air none would know (without the Postscript) that it came late, that a certain change was needed, and that poor Mr. Wireman had to work all night to make it. He began at five in the afternoon, and when the sun slanted in the north windows next morning, as he was putting on the finishing dabs, he was still cheerful. We like his cover—all except the bunny. The bunny ought to have pink ears. And is he safe? Has he been lectured as a member of the Fumigated Band?

What do we mean? you ask. Ah, but stay!

Exploring the Front

OPENING the magazine we find a story which perhaps you will read next after the Postscript. "The Rising Tide" by Margaret Deland starts off bravely. We are not sure that Mrs. Deland sat up all night to finish it, but she certainly put a deal of hard work on it either by night or by day. It is a good story, the best the COMPANION ever printed, and the longest since "Though Life Us Do Part" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Though "The Rising Tide" starts in gloomy Payton Street, in the shade of the dismal alanthus trees and in the more awful shadow of the Iron Dog, we soon find ourselves following Freddy to other scenes; a great deal happens, and you will not be looking for many of the happenings. It is clear that Freddy must be married off—a tough job. Freddy has her own ideas, and she is as stubborn as the mules on the car which goes tinkling through Payton Street, their "neat little feet cupping down over the cobblestones."

Of our first visit to Mrs. Deland we have a pleasant recollection. It was at her summer home at Kennebunkport; the house stood, and still stands, so near the river,—really an arm of the sea just around the corner,—that if the Iron Dog should ever visit her there he would surely fall in with a terrible kerplunk! But there have never been any dogs of this kind there, only Rough and Ready, the two sheep dogs; and now Ready is gone, and only Rough remains as Chief Inspector of Callers.

On this occasion there was a pleasant visit with Mrs. Deland on the back porch, and then departure. But something unsaid occurred to her, and she came hurrying after through the shrubbery with an agility which would have done credit to Freddy herself; and there was further conversation on the front porch.

Recollection is also clear of an hour some years later in Mrs. Deland's Boston home, when she outlined her first thought of "The Rising Tide." It was then to be a short story, and here it is a whole bookful; so little can an author tell what will befall when pen is applied to paper. But that day, as clearly

as now, there was the conflict between the older generation, who found Duty the most important thing, and the present generation, which goes forth looking for Truth, only sometimes to find that that other animal, Error, is masquerading in its skin.

Two Kinds of Pictures



IF THERE is one thing on which the Postscript prides itself more than another it is the way in which it presents exclusive features. While the Front may be original enough for practical purposes there is still, on occasion, a reminiscent flavor. Not so here. These modest words are put down because of a portrait herewith set forth, a portrait never before published, and the original daguerreotype seen of but few.

Regard, then, Mrs. Deland at the age of six weeks in the arms of her colored mammy, seemingly a very dark person. But mammy must have taken good care of the baby in her charge, as the picture suggests and the baby's present grown-up vigor testifies; but if she were here now would she approve of Freddy? She might like the Iron Dog, and would doubtless admire Howard Maitland, but would she look with favor on Freddy's real estate office?

It will be observed that the pictures for "The Rising Tide" are being made by F. Walter Taylor, who illustrated "The Iron Woman" and many other stories by Mrs. Deland. He has done other work for the COMPANION, including Mrs. Deland's short serial which we printed two years ago, called "The Hands of Esau," but this is the first long serial that he ever did for us.

Indeed, Mr. Taylor doesn't like to do serials, and will only consent in the case of those by Mrs. Deland. Of others he gets tired before he has finished, and sometimes they make him wish he had never been born; but he finds it different with Mrs. Deland's. Mr. Taylor never works all night like Mr. Wireman, though they both live in Philadelphia, where the nights are quiet and one may work or sleep according to taste.

Still Harping on the Fiction



WHILE on the subject of fiction and its illustrators, we must not fail to speak of "A Christmas for Tony" by Miss Zona Gale, and the big picture in all the colors by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens. It is a good story, and it would be hard to resist the charm of the painting. Mrs. Stephens lives in one of Philadelphia's suburbs, and in her studio she has a fireplace, the arch of which was once the front doorway of a stone barn where loads of hay were driven in. If you are visiting Mrs. Stephens and take a fancy to go out and pick up a few chips in a basket there'll be plenty of room for them in the fireplace. And then there is Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith's beautiful Christmas Fairy; and Miss Smith lives in Philadelphia too. It is hard to say just why there is such a run on Philadelphia artists this month.

Another story which may be observed upholding the Front is the second of the detective series by W. J. Burns. It is interesting, and it is illustrated by Harry Townsend (of New York!), but the Postscript wishes that Mr. Burns hadn't made the letter which Edna left behind become lost so easily. Letters that disappearing people leave behind aren't "blown onto the floor" and "picked up and tossed away." Mr. Burns ought to be able to think of something more ingenious than this.

We wish, too, that he would get a newspaper man to write his newspaper extracts. "A gentleman's voice asked for Miss Edna." This from a newspaper published in a town so big that sixty Pullman porters left on trains from one station between four o'clock

in the afternoon and midnight. But busy authors will make little slips.

Christmas Trees—and a Thought



THIS being the Christmas number it is pleasant to see so many pages devoted to holiday presents and entertainments. Slippers for Father seem to be rather neglected, but perhaps they have become standardized so there is nothing to say about them.

We are glad to see several accounts of how trees, still in their native outdoor soil, have been turned into Christmas trees. We read once of a California sequoia being utilized in this way. It was a small one, a mere sapling, little, if any, over two hundred and sixty-five feet high. The tale as told said they moved the church to the



"with my hands folded over my tummy as if I was very well satisfied with life."—Extract from a Letter.

tree and adjusted it around the base, of course cutting a large hole in the floor and roof. But this sounds more like one of these imaginary stories than an article which might appear in a scientific journal.

There was another tale of a community infected with the Japanese art feeling, where they brought in an old hollow tree with a picturesque limb on one side, and set it up in the church. But while the minister was making his remarks to the children a bear came out of the hollow trunk—you see how it was. The Postscript is glad to see that neither of these suggestions is included in the COMPANION pages.

Such an enticing idea is that of Kate Campion! Miss Campion couldn't afford to spend much on her little girl friends, so she bought cheap material and made them grown-up play dresses, with long trains and all the fixings, just like Mother. Of course the little girls loved these dresses.

Which somehow reminds the Postscript of a theory held by the best woman in the world, that the hardest thing the poor little children in orphan asylums have to endure is the awful clothes they must wear day after day and year after year. Five hundred ugly ill-fitting blue check aprons on five hundred little defenseless girls, she says, are enough to crush the last vestige of hope. She holds, too, that the horrible garments thrust on the despairing boys has an effect on them but slightly less appalling. She plans when she gets rich to establish a great Foundation to supply pretty clothes, not all

alike, for the little unfortunates in asylums, as a means of mental, moral, spiritual and physical regeneration. But the best woman in the world is never going to be rich, so the Postscript hereby presents the idea as a Christmas thought to some person who is already rich.

Better yet—best of all—we should like to see the people who haven't any children go and get all the little orphans and leave the dreary asylums empty. Then they could have real clothes, and on Christmas morning find heaps of toys on the floor at the foot of the bed.

A Bit of Literary History



ALMOST ten years ago the Postscript printed a little verse by Arthur Guiterman called "Strictly Germ-proof." It was copied in nearly every newspaper in the land, and afterward had a curious adventure. A man came from the other side of this globe which we inhabit, and one day took this verse and sent it to a newspaper as his own, where it was printed over his name. To Mr. Guiterman's protest the man said he wrote it years before and that Guiterman was himself the thief. For several days Mr. Guiterman was speechless—in fact it is doubtful if he has ever fully recovered his vocal efficiency. Now a volume of his verses called "The Laughing Muse" has been published by Harper & Brothers and in it is "Strictly Germ-proof." "In its way," says the "Literary Digest" in reprinting it, "Strictly Germ-proof" is as much of a classic as is "The Wreck of the Hesperus." We agree when the "Digest" adds, "it is so true in its satire and so delicious in its fun." We must present it again to our readers.

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears,
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And lectured it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure Iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup,
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

Thus we give the antipodean gentleman another chance to cry out that he has been robbed.

And so we come back to the bunny on the cover, probably not disinfected. The Baby is there, and might take him in hand, but we regret to say that the Pup is absent. Though the parrot and the doll and the soldiers seem ready to help. Perhaps sulphuretted hydrogen would give his wiggly ears the proper pink.

Hayden Carruth

A Woman's Achievement

An interesting feature to many of our women customers is the fact that Snider's Catsup is prepared from an old-fashioned home recipe of a woman who lived in the South.

Her home was famed for its hospitality and among other foods was her catsup, which later became famous.

Time and vicissitudes wrought many changes, which brought about the commercializing of the much sought after catsup recipe, and the result was the Birth of Snider's Catsup.

Man has been unable to improve on the good woman's recipe; therefore, the same careful attention is given to the selection of sound, ripe tomatoes, spices and other ingredients and to the boiling down just so it is thick enough to have a snappy, appetizing flavor and retain a nice, rich color, making it sightly, thereby appealing to the appetite.

The good hospitable woman had the satisfaction of seeing great success follow the home recipe her friends had so much enjoyed.

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receive them—so would others. Be a Colgate “SPUG” and act in harmony with the spirit of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving. The name Colgate on toilet articles corresponds to “Sterling” on silver—and stamps them as the highest quality—yet at moderate cost.

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